How I Managed My Husband.

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Jim
Will

GENERALSHIP

OR, HOW I MANAGED

MY HUSBAND

A TALE

By GEORGE ROY

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A. H.

TO

ALL LADIES

WHO PRACTISE

GENERALSHIP,

AND TO

THEIR LORDS,

WHO ARE PRACTISED UPON,

This Tale

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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Read this I think you will thoroughly enjoy it!

GENERALSHIP.

A TALE.

Part First.

INTRODUCTION—MY GREAT AMBITION—THE BATH—THE BUNKER—THE NEW HOUSE—THE SIDEBOARD—JOHN'S WAISTCOAT AND MY GOWN—OUR DAUGHTER, MARY ANN—LESSONS IN MUSIC—BAILIE MONRO'S INVITATION—JOHN'S TERROR AND SURPRISE—OUR NEW PIANO.

I'VE been perfectly annoyed, on not a few occasions, wi' the haverin there's been in a' the papers an' periodicals aboot the gen'ralship o' the Duke o' Wellington—the same as if there was nacbody in this worl' had ony degree o' gen'ralship to display but the like o' him! I'm sure, if it were weel looked into, the dochters o' Eve wad prove at least as great gen'rals as ever the sons o' Adam were; for I'm sure there's no woman that's married to ony man—I dinna care what he is—wha manages to lead a quiet, peaceable life, and get a' things her ain way (which I lay down as a fundamental principle that it's every woman's richt to get); I say, there's no woman wha manages this, that hasna during her lifetime just as muckle gen'ralship to display as ever was required o' the Duke o' Wellington. I'm sure I've often thought, long before I had any idea of authorship, that it wad mak' a real droll book, if I were to publish an account o' the gen'ralship I've needed wi' our John. Now, I'm sure our John's just as guid a man as ever ony

sinfu' woman was married to; an' yet, for a' that, John has a way o' his ain—he's a queer John that hasna a way o' his ain; and I wad say, if I were speer't, it's the niest thing to the chief end of woman to fin' out her John's way, an' to humour him accordingly.

I wasna lang o' finnin' out our John's way. Our John was aye a great man for hainin'—a great admirer o' Benjamin Franklin. John aye said, if he hadna ca't very canny i' the beginnin', he wad never taen sic a firm grip gin the hin'er-en'! Whan we set up house, it was in a very humble way—twa rooms and a kitchen; an' if John's taste had been a'thegither consulted, it wad hae just been one room an' kitchen. But he was like a' the lave o' the men folk on that occasion—a wee safter than his ordinar—so he gied in to the twa rooms an' kitchen; an', although we had a very compact, comfortable house, I was never a'thegither pleased wi't; for, frae ever I was a bit lassie, I had my heart fairly set on gettin' a house wi' a splendid dinin'-room. Now, how was I to get this managed? I kent that, if I were to propose to John to tak' a house o' that kind, he wad hae just flown up in a pawshun—for our John was a great man for keepin' doon what he ca'ed our annual expenditure; so I had just to watch my time and opportunity.

The first plan I tried was this—I bought sev'ral bits o' books on the hydropathic subject, and read them to our John, to see if I could get him interested in taking a house wi' a bath in't; kennin', as I did, that he wasna likely to get a house wi' that kind o' accommodation without gettin' the dinin'-room into the bargain! This, however, had nae effect; John just laughed at me. He said a' his acquaintances wha had baths, were never in them frae one year's en' to the ither for the purpose of bathin'—they were gen'rally used as lumber-rooms. John said he was sorry to say, that notwithstandin' the progress of

temp'ranee prineiples, the great majority o' the inhabitants o' Scotland hae a far better relish for a warm dram in the mornin' than a eauld bath!

However, by patience and perseveranee, I managed my point. Our John had a eousin in the north country, a minister,—a great gun o' a preacher—that he used to eorrespond wi' oeeasionally; an' in ane o' his letters the minister signified his intention o' visitin' Glasgow durin' the winter months. So John read me the letter he had written in answer, an' asked me how I liked it? So, at that moment, a very happy thought struck me; so, I said I thought it was a very eauldrife affair, indeed, frae one frien' to anither. I said, I thought the least thing he could do was to offer his eousin quarters durin' his stay in Glasgow. So, whan John heard my breath, he put the letter he had written in the fire, and wrote anither ane, in which he said, that he hoped durin' his stay in the commercial metropolis o' Scotland, the minister wad mak our house his home. So away went the letter; and, in a few days, baek cam' an answer, in which the minister said, notwithstandin' that he had had many offers o' lodging while in Glasgow, nothing would prevent him frae aeeeptin' the hospitality o' his earliest and best frien'.

I thought I saw my way braw an' clear to a better house now; but I thought I wad put a manuver in operation that wad bring the thing to a head that very day; so about four o'elock, whan I expected John to his dinner—ye ken, we had a very convenient bunker in the lobby for haudin' pots an' pans, an' the like o' that—so, about four o'clock, I turned out a' the eontents o' this bunker into the lobby, an' by the time that John eam' in, I'm in the midst o' stour gettin' the bunker cleaned out. So, whan John eam' in, he put his head in at the door, an' quo' he, 'What's ado wi' the bunker, guidwife?' Quo' I, 'I'm cleanin't.' 'What for?' quo' he. Quo' I, 'I was thinkin' that if your cousin, the minister, was comin',

it's the only place in the house whare I could mak' him a comfortable bed.' 'Bed!' quo' John; 'you wad surely never ask the man to sleep there!' 'An' what for no?' quo' I. 'In the first place,' quo' he, 'if it had nae ither fau't, it's no lang enough.' 'Lang enough!' quo' I, 'could he no double himsel' up a wee?' 'Double up the mischief!' quo' John; 'the man can never sleep there.' 'Whare is he to sleep, then?' quo' I. 'You should have thought o' that before you invited him,' quo' he. 'Me invite him?' quo' I. 'John, you forget it was yoursel' that invited him. But, John,' quo' I, 'I'm perfectly willing that you and me tak' the bunker, and gie the minister the bed-room.' 'To the mischief wi' the bunker!' quo' John, and gaed awa' ben to his dinner. He sat for a guid while, and said naething; an' at last he grumphed out, 'What did you say was the rent o' the house wi' the bath in't, that ye've been craiking about so lang?' So I told him; an', in a very laconic way, John said, 'Take it.' Quo' I, 'John, I'm your wife, an', if it's your orders, I'll be obleeged to take it; but mind ye, John, although it is to accommodate your frien', and though it will add to our annual expenditure, I'm sure I dinna grudge't!' I didna gie John lang to change his mind. I took the house that nicht; an' whan John saw't he was wonderfu' weel pleased wi't, an' opened his heart entirely.

We got a new carpet, a new set o' chairs, an' a new sofa, an' everything that our John, in the simplicity o' his heart, thought the room required. But I wasna a'thegither satisfied yet; for I never thought a dinin'-room was muckle mair than half furnished unless a body had a handsome sideboard. So the question now was, how was I to get my sideboard? I was feared to propose to John the purchase o' such a piece o' furniture—I kent the price o't wad fairly fricht him—so I had to gang cannily

about it in my ain way. It was about a fortnicht after we had flitted into our new house, that I happened to be in a cabinet warehouse, that was richt below our house. I was buyin' sev'ral bits o' trifles, whan the cab'netmaker showed me a splendid sideboard he had on han'. Quo' I, in a jokin' way, 'I wish ye wad sen' a body the like o' that, just in the way o' a present. I hae just a corner that wad fit it.' Quo' he, 'Just you say the word, an' up it goes this very minute!' Quo' I, 'An' what would our John say?' Quo' he, 'I wad leave you an' him to settle about that.' Quo' I, 'Ye dinna ken him so weel as I do, or ye wad ken he wasna so easily settled wi' if ye were to tak' him in that way. But,' quo' I, 'I'll tell ye a thought that has struck me this very moment. If ye were to ask me as a great favour—seein' that your warehouse is so crowded wi' furniture—to let that sideboard stan' for a time in our dinin'-room, I'm sure I couldna refuse ye; an' then, if I could fa' upon ony plan to keep our John frae lettin' it gang down the stair again whan anee it was up, I wad do my very best.' Nae sooner said than done—up cam' the sideboard!

Whan John cam' hame to his tea, I told him what the man had asked; an' he bein' very obleegin' about the flittin' time, I couldna refuse him; so I took John ben to see the sideboard. He said it was a very handsome piece o' furniture. If it wasna for the cost o't, he said, it wad be a great outset to the room. I said, the cost o't was the thing that keepit me frae thinkin' about it!

So we're standin' admirin' the sideboard, whan in comes a Mrs. M'Kinlay, an acquaintance o' mine when she was the young lass; a smart, clever hizzy she was, but was rather saucy in her young days, an' was gey an' lang o' bein' married, an' took a noodle o' a man i' the hin'er-en'; so she's been gey an' sair keepit doon i' the worl', an' 's raither sour't i' the temper—

raither a kind o' chaw't whan she sees onybody gettin' onything that she canna win at. So whan she got her een on the new sideboard, she perfectly changed colours—she turned a kind o' green; after the first glance, she never let her een see't, sat doon wi' her back till't, cut her message very short, an' awa she went. The first house that she ca'd at after leavin' our house, she said, certain parties, that she wadna name, she thought were goin' fairly to the mischief wi' extravagance. Wi' their new sideboards, an' what-not, she didna ken how it wad en'.

Weel, Mrs. M'Kinlay's nae sooner out at the door till in comes Mrs. M'Intyre—a real, flisterin' butterflee o' a body, wonderfully taen up about a' kind o' finery, whether it's her ain or ony ither body's. So she's no sooner in at the door till she hauds up baith her han's, an' says, 'Oh! Mrs. Young, what a beautifu' sideboard.' Turning to our John, she said, 'It wad be lang before her guidman wad fin' in his heart to buy such a splendid piece o' furniture;' an' then turnin' to me, quo' she, 'What was the price o't.' Quo' I, 'Five-an'-twenty pounds is the price o't'—an' our John winket to me, kind a weel pleased that I hadna simmer't an' winter't her in a' how the sideboard cam' there; for she was a body o' this kind, if she had been tauld the simple circumstances, she wad hae gane a' o'er the toon bletherin' about us bein' that fond o' finery that we had borrowed a sideboard.

Whan Mrs. M'Intyre took her departure, I proposed to John that we should hae a kind o' haunlin' by way o' heatin' the house; so John agreed till't in a moment—I never before saw him so willin' for onything o' the pairty kind. What the new sideboard had to do in bringing about this change, I canna tell, but, as I said, John agreed in a moment; so we sent bits o' invitation cards, an' a' our friends ca'd, an' signified their willingness to be present at our pairty, an' ane

and a' expressed their admiration o' our new sideboard.

So the night o' the pairty comes, an' I had a' my bits o' niceties laid out on the tap o' the new piece o' furnitnre. John had come hame raither sooner than usual, just to gie a bit han'; so just when a' thing is arranged tc John's taste, there comes a ring to the door, an' there's a very neat note handed in, sealed, an' addressed to our John. So he took the note, opened it, read it, an' lookin' very queer, without sayin' a word, handed the note to me. So I took it; an', as if I had nae idea o' its contents, read it aloud. This was a letter frae the cab'netmaker, to the effect that he had that day got what he thought a very reasonable offer for the sideboard, which offer he intended to accept; an' askin' if it wad be convenient to remove the sideboard that night? 'What are we to do, guidwife?' quo' John to me. Quo' I, 'I'm sure, John, I dinna ken; but if that sideboard gangs out o' here this nicht, we'll be a spekilation baith far an' near. But,' quo' I, 'John, it's my opinion that ye're just as able to pay for the sideboard as the man that's offered for't—an' maybe the ablest o' the twa; so I wad sen' for the cab'netmaker, an' see if ye couldna come to an understanding.' John was quite agreeable; so down went the servant, an' up cam' the cab'netmaker; so I took speech in han'—as if I had never ehanged words wi' the man on the subject before. When I had told him the whole particulars, he said it was a very peculiar set o' circumstanees—a very peculiar set o' eireumstances indeed; and seein' that it had happened so, he was perfectly willin' to let our John keep the sideboard at prime cost, namely, nineteen pounds. When John heard this—(ye ken he was aye fond o' a bargain)—he gaed awa ben for his pocket-book, counted out the nineteen pounds, put it into the man's han', an' said he was much obleeged to him. Now, ye see, in

place o' thinkin' that I had wheedled him out o' his nineteen pounds, our John's o' opinion that his clever wife, wi' her gude tongue, saved him six pounds in the purchase o' his sideboard. We had a very pleasant pairty. One thing leads to anither, especially one pairty to anither.

It was about a fortnight after our pairty that we receeived an invitation frae a Mrs. M'Arthur, a very stylish personage, that had been at our pairty, to a pairty in her house. I kent the leddy that weel, that I knew she meant her pairty was to throw ours entirely into the shade—to be conducted on a much grander scale a'thegither. At ony rate, we accepted the invitation; so I was in Stewart an' Maedonald's warehouse buyin' several bits o' trifles that a body will need for buskin' on sueh a gran' occasion, when ane o' the salesmen, a very smairt young man, showed me a splendid arrival o' magnificent gown pieces, the richest stuffs ever I saw—a bricht golden grun' wi' a licht blue flow'r rinnin' up thro't. So before I kent what I had done, I had said I wad tak' ane o' them; so it's packed up an' addressed to me, an' I'm comin' awa' doon the stair, when I thinks to mysel', what will our John say about my extravagance. So I turned awa' back, an' sought a sight o' their silk velvet waistcoat pieces—an' a splendid assortment they had; so I selected what I thought the finest silk velvet waistcoat piece in Stewart an' Macdonald's warehouse for our John. So, whan I got hame, I put my ain gown i' the drawer, an' locked it, an' laid John's waistcoat on the table; so whan John cam' home, I let him see what I had bought for him. He said it was a' nonsense flingin' awa' so muckle siller for a waistcoat for him—he could just hae gane in his auld ane; but John was like a' the lave o' the men folk, he was very easily consoled aboot the cost o' the finery that was to gang on his ain back! So John's waistcoat's

made, the nicht o' the pairty comes, an' there's ne'er a word aboot my gown.

Just at the moment that John was a' ready, a triflin' circumstance occurred that wad prevent me frae gettin' to the pairty at the proper time; so John bein' the very speerit o' punctuality, I got him advised to gae awa' himsel', an' I wad follow as soon as I could. So awa' went John in very good humour wi' his braw new waistcoat, an' what-not. Weel, the pairty was just what I thought it wad be—a won'erfu' display o' vulgar finery, every ane grander than anither. There was naething but saitins an' brocades, velvet polkas an' lace polkas, rings, chains, an' braceletts, in abundance. As our John looked on the surroondin' splendour, he began to think, that when his guidwife arrived in her antediluvian gown, she wad cut a puir flourish beside thae swells. John looked down to his new waistcoat wi' a remorse o' conscience. He wished I had kept the price o't, an' bought a gown to mysel'. John was very uneasy; for he kent fine there wasna a man in the company that could better afford to busk his wife than he could, if he had only ha'en the heart.

So at last I'm announced, an' John's heart's comin' to his mooth. He had kept a place for me in a corner, so as I michtna be observed. Mind ye, I took care that one dud shouldna mak' a fule o' anither; I had a' thing to correspon' wi' my new dress; so when I walked in, in such handsome style—for although I say't, I was the most magnificently dressed woman in the company—whene'er John got his e'e on me—he's no dull in the uptak', he understood matters in a moment—an' risin' wi' a face like an illumination, he said, 'Come awa, guidwife; ye're neither so young nor so bonnie as ye hae been, but ye'll hae to dae yet—here's a seat for you,' an' he shifted into the corner himsel', an' set me down to the best possible advantage. I took the first opportunity

o' giein' John a bit dunsh in the side wi' my elbow, an' quo' I, 'I kent your taste, guidman, an' I didna want to mak' a fule o' your new waistcoat.' John was that weel pleased wi' my gown, he said it was the bonniest gown ever he saw in this world; the decent man never speer't the price o't.

Weel, the next mornin' after the pairty, John an' me were lyin' ha'in a crack aboot things in gen'ral, an' John was raither divertin' me wi' some o' his observations on what had occurred at the pairty—for, though ye wadna think it, our John's a real droll man for noticin' things. John bein' in very good humour, I thought this was a very good time to broach a subject that I had been thinkin' on for sometime. Our lassie, Mary Ann, was twelve years o' age, an' had a decided taste for music, so I thought it was time that we should be sendin' her to get a few lessons on the piano; but I was aye feared to mention the matter to her faither—for John was greatly against bringin' up bits o' lassocks as leddies, as he ca'd it.

So, as I thought, now was my time; but whanever I mentioned Mary Ann's name in connection wi' the piano, John turned richt roun' wi' his back to me, an' quo' he, 'You're gaun fairly to the mischief wi' extravagance, betwixt ae thing an' anither;' an' there he lay, gruntin' awa' to himsel' aboot it bein' wiser like to learn her to wash a sark to her back, or to scrub a floor, an' the like o' that—so I just let him get his breath out. Aboot a fortnicht after this, I—thinking it was nonsense in me to be overruled in what was richt by a heidstrong foolish man, made arrangements for Mary Ann gettin' lessons in music, bindin' her down to keep the matter a secret frae her faither. Mary Ann made great progress; for, as I said, she had a decided taste for music.

It wad be aboot six months after this, that one day when our John was takin' a walk wi' Mary Ann in

his han', he met a very stylish acquaintance o' ours, a Bailie Monro; an', very unexpected to either John or me, we were invited to a pairty in the Bailie's house—ye see the Bailie's folk move in a circle, or maybe half a circle, aboon us—an' mair nor that, John was bidden be sure an' bring Mary Ann, for there wad be a number o' young persons present, an' they wad be most happy o' Miss Young's company. Weel, we went of course to the pairty; a quiet cozey pairty it was—no great display o' finery, just a hamely company o' decent folk, the chief portion o' the ev'nin's entertainment bein' the young leddies playin' on the piano, an' the auld folk admirin.'

One young leddie after anither was called on for her bit tune; an' it's wearin' roon', an' wearin' roon', like as if it was comin' to our Mary Ann's turn. I was aye takin' anither glint how her father was lookin'. He was very uncomfortable like; grey an' red aboot the lugg, an' let me do what I like, I couldna get John to look me i' the face. I kent fine he was thinkin' to himsel'—'If I had ta'en my guidwife's advice, my bairn wad have been able to acquit hersel' like her neebors.' At last Mrs. Monro comes up to Mary Ann, an' says, 'Now, Miss Young, will you favour us with a tune?' Quo' Mary Ann, 'I'm afraid I canna.' 'Come,' quo' I, 'ye monkey! I'm sure, if ye canna, it's no yer faither's fau't; he's spair't nae pains to learn ye. Gae awa,' quo' I, 'an' let's hear what ye can do.' Our John looked at me as if he could hae swallowed me at ae mouthfu'—I never saw him so angry like in his life; he looked as if he were sayin', 'Oh! guidwife, ha'e ye fairly forgotten ye'rsel', to affront me so afore sic a company.' 'Gae awa,' quo' I, 'an' do yer best.'

As Mary Ann yielded obedience to me, her faither played claucht at her; ye see he thought she was gaun awa to make a fule o' hersel'—thought she was gaun to be like a man that didna ken whether he

could write or no till he tried! But Mary Ann raither jinket her faither; an', afore he kent whare he was, Mary Ann was seated at the piano, makin' it go in a style that not one o' them that had gone before could touch at, for she played beautifu'. Whan she had played a tune or twa, she struck up Sandy Rodger's favourite—

'My mither wad ha'e me weel merrit,
My mither wad ha'e me weel merrit:'

an' our John looked at me as if he didna ken whether he was sleepin' or waukin'. He was that weel pleased wi' his daughter's accomplishments, that the very neist day he not only ca'd on the teacher an' paid the half-year's teachin' that was due, but ca'd at a music warehouse an' sent hame a piano—one o' the finest instruments in Glasgow. What he paid for't I didna ken—it's my opinion he thinks shame to tell onybody the price o't. Now, ye see, that's a bit sma' specimen o' my gen'ralship; an' the beauty o' ony bit sma' vict'ries that I hae gained is that they were gained withoot ony fechtin, just by pure, ingenious, womanly stratagem. I never saw a man yet that I didna think could be managed if he were ta'en in the richt way, that is, if he were a sober man. Guid keep you or me, or ony o' my readers, from hae'in onything to dae wi' the management o' either man or woman that's no sober; for, when folk tak' to the likin' o' whisky, it's my opinion the deevil himsel' tak's the management o' them, an' it's no easy takin' a job out o' his hands.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Second.

GENERALSHIP DEFENDED—MORE MONEY REQUIRED—THE BAD DEBT—JOHN HIS OWN BEAGLE—PURCHASING IN THE WHOLESALE WAY—MY MOTHER—THE MYSTERIES OF GLASGOW—THE AULD LAIRD'S DEAD—WEE WILLIE'S PROPOSAL—JOHN SETTLES THE MATTER.

I THINK the result has proved that I was right when I said that my 'Generalship' wi' our John would make a very interesting book; for, although in my first publication I gave but a very sma' specimen o' my ingenious manœuvres, I am led to believe that thousands upon thousands, in a' parts o' the world, hae gained baith pleasure and profit therefrom. If there was ony way o' making compliments into ribbons, I'm sure my mutch would be buskit in such a style that it would (to say the least) compare wi' ony o' the wreaths o' laurel that ever encircled the brow o' ony o' the victorious generals o' the masculine gender.

I mean to tell you, by this round about allusion to the wreaths o' laurel, that my 'Generalship' has drawn out compliments not a few; and yet, I must confess, the general chorus o' praise has been intermixed wi' a few solitary notes o' blame. Some very wise men are afraid that my example is calculated to produce an unwholesome effect in learning women to rule by the arts o' deception. I have just to remind such short-sighted philosophers that I gave the

secrets o' my taetics to the besieged as well as to the besiegers—to the 'lords of creation' as well as to their better-halves—so the only effect the publication of my stratagems can produce must be merely the increase of our general knowledge. Regarding the feelings of those who shudder at the idea of a woman even *innocently deceiving* her husband for his good, I have to say their feeling arises from their ignorance o' human nature. We're a' deceived frae the cradle to the grave—frae the time we swallow the first nauseous pouther under the impression that we're merely suppin' jelly, to the time that we swallow the last compliment frae the doctor, when he tells us, as he sees the hand o' death closing upon us, that we're looking a great deal better to-day. If men were straight lines, squares, or circles, certain unswerving rules might be laid down for their management; but seeing that the great majority o' them are sueh a queer compound o'—what will we call it?—lines of beauty, if you please—I think that woman does her duty who sueeeeds in making her lord and master happy and comfortable, although she should keep to hersel' the secrets o' the scenery and machinery by which the pleasant result is brought about.

But I must go on with my story. The natural result o' the big house, the sideboard, the new piano, and what-not, was, that it took a very different sum to keep the big house frae what it took to keep the wee ane; so I found that, without an advance o' allowanee, it would be impossible for me to get on. It was quite a common oceurrenee now, when John came home in the evening, for him to bring a frien' or twa wi' him, who were, of eourse, shown into the best room, me getting the hint on the sly to make tea for them, during the preparation of which John would call on Mary Ann to favour the eompany wi' a tune. Mary Ann kent fine the tunes that pleased

her faither best; so she would strike up o' her ain accord, 'Caller herrin',' 'Duncan Gray,' 'Roy's wife,' and the like, generally winding up wi 'Tullochgorum,' or maybe, by way o' contrast, 'The land o' the leal.' Ye may say John was proud to show off his daughter's musical powers.

I mind one night, after a very uppish gentleman had taken his leave, John said, 'Mr. So-and-so seemed rather astonished at Mary Ann's playing. I wonder if he thought musical genius should be confined exclusively to his skinny-necked daughters!' Now, this music an' showing off o' Mary Ann was a' very good; but it wasna done upon naething. I couldna get a sixpence-worth o' cookies without the sixpence, nor yet a sixpence-worth o' London-buns, for an extempore tea-shine, without the sixpence; and tea wasna got for naething, and sugar wasna got for naething, and even the penny-worth o' cream cost a penny, to say naething o' the cost o' the plain bread an' butter; a' these items o' cost put together came to siller. Now, our John seemed never to have got the slightest glimpse o' this fact; for although, if I wanted ony sum for ony special extra outlay, I got it at once for the asking, my weekly allowance was the same as it had been for years.

Now, this I found would do no longer; so I made up my mind that an advance o' allowance was indispensable. I had, however, great reluctance to mention this to John in plain English. My first thought was that I would gang to the country for the matter o' a fortnight, and leave Mary Ann and her faither to keep the house, and broach the subject o' my advance by asking John how muckle it had ta'en to keep the house in my absence; but then I thought that it was likely that John, when I was awa' frae hame, might dispense wi' a' company, and so the cost o' his house-keeping wouldna be a fair criterion. I was still undecided as to how I would proceed, when

John cam' hame one evening in very bad humour. When I speert what was the matter, he said it was a matter that I couldna mend. I said, if it was a secret I didna want to know't; but if it was onything connected wi' his business, he might tell me. John said he had made a most annoying bad debt with a fellow, whose money he had never fingered; and what made it so provoking, he said, was, that he had trusted him because he had told him a lang fair story about his wife and Mrs. Young (me) having been at the school together.

I needed no more. I kent that the delinquent was that useless creature Mr. Patrick, who, in a temporary blink o' great apparent business prosperity, married my auld school companion, Mary Mathieson, and immediately thereafter gaed a' to 'pigs and whistles.' Poor Mary! She was the bonniest and best-hearted lassie in a' the school. I've seen her mony a time gi'e her forenoon piece to a beggar-wean an' fast hersel'. I felt a kind o' sickness at my heart when I looked round on a' my ain comforts, and thought on Mary Mathieson's hard fortune. John said the way in which he had been taken in was nothing short o' a direct swindle, which he said he was determined to punish, although it should cost him ither as much as he had lost. John had never before taken any debtor to law, his motto being, 'Never spend guid siller lookin' for bad;' but in this case, he said, he was determined to roup them to the door, although it shouldna put a penny in his pouch. I wud hae fain putten in a word for Mary, but I was feared I might only make matters worse; so I thought it was best to let John get a night to sleep on his resolution to be avenged, thinking that, with a new day, might come a more charitable thought.

I thought I wud never fa'en asleep that night. I couldna keep frae mixing up my braw house, my new piano, an' a' the rest o't, wi' John's revengfu' inten-

tion towards his debtor. I felt as if I could hae cheerfully sold the new piano to save poor Mary Mathieson, but that I kent was in no way necessary —John's loss was neither gaun to make him up nor doon. John waken'd in exactly the same humour as he had fa'en asleep. He took a hurried breakfast, and was just about to set out to employ a beagle to take all legal steps for the recovery of his lawful debt.

I found I must speak now, or it would be too late. So I said, I thought John would be better before he had ony dealings wi' the beagle tribe, to go himsel' and see what of value the defaulter had. I said, 'Although I had seen but very little o' the beagle fraternity, I kent fine they were quite fit to undertake to see after his interests, and at the same time take a bribe frae his debtor to let him slip through his fingers.' John thought there was reason in this, and so said he would go direct and tell Patrick what he intended to do, and just take a bit note o' what he saw on the premises. As he was gaun out at the door, I said, 'Mind, John, that whatever Patrick may be, his wife is an honest man's bairn, and has as kind a heart as yoursel', John, and that's kind enough.' Awa John went. I was in nae way feared that he would do anything o' an extreme nature, seein' that he was gaun about it himsel', so I sat down to think how, in the face o' this bad debt, I was to broach my demand for my additional allowance.

As they say in the wee stories, I thought, an' thought, an' thought, but could hit upon no idea likely to suit my purpose. I had a nasty pain in my brow, so I went an' baithed it in cauld water, an' just as I was laving it up on my temples, a' in a sudden I saw my way as clear at a glance as if I had been maturing the plan for years. I was quite sure I had struck the right nail on the head, so I just composed mysel' patiently to wait John's return.

I hadna to wait long; it was no time until I heard his foot on the stair. It was easily kenning that he was in a different mood; he came up step by step at great deliberation; his ring the night before was a perfect jerk; now it was a gentle tinkle. When he sat down, the first words he said were, '"Forgive us as we forgive our debtors;"' adding, 'these are beautiful words.' I took no notice of the change, but speert if he had taken the proper steps. John's answer was, 'Yes, I have taken the proper steps; God help yon puir, heart-broken woman.' John grat like a wean as he said, 'It would melt the heart o' a stane to see yon pale, beautiful face, lookin' down upon her three helpless infants.' 'You didna say onything to hurt her feelings,' I said. 'I hope not,' said John, 'she is very poor; I gave the children half a-crown the piece, and promised that you would call with some little necessaries—some of the children's cast-off clothes would be of service.' All that I could say was, 'God bless ye, John, ye're my ain kind John yet.'

After we had gotten our tears dried, I couldna help saying, wi' a smile, 'I kent, John, ye were best to gang about your ain beaglein' yoursel'; I kent ye warna the man to do dirty wark in prosecuting poor, feckless, unfortunate creatures, even although they had cheated you a wee.' John just laughed, and said he would stick to his auld plan o' looking upon bad debts as so muckle bought wit.

Now was my time to introduce my new idea; so I said, 'Weel, John, it's no muckle that I can do to make up your loss, but I'll do what I can. I've been thinkin',' quo' I, 'o' a plan by which a very considerable saving might be made in our household expenditure.' John listened with profound attention as I went on, 'We have hitherto been in the habit o' purchasing everything for the house in sma's; now this is very unprofitable, compared with the advantage

o' purchasing in quantity. I ken, for instance, several families who purchase their tea at the wholesale price, eightpence the pound cheaper than I pay for't buyin't in quarters. Now, ye ken, John, we have no occasion to be at ony sic disadvantage. If ye were going to some o' the big merchants, and givin' an order for the matter o' ten pund o' tea, ye would get it at the wholesale price; now, ye ken, ten times eight is eighty, and eighty pence is six and eightpence, a very respectable sum. An' then there's butter, by purchasin' a kit at a time ye save the matter o' a penny or maybe three-bawbees the pund, and cheese the same; and the same, indeed, wi' every article o' domestic consumpt.' John speer't how it was that I had never thought o' that before. I said I didna ken, but better late than never. John said he was sure he could buy anything as cheap as any man in Glasgow. I said the sooner he tried his han' the better.

That very day, by John's word o' command, hame cam ten pund o' tea, a quarter o' hunderweight o' sugar, a kit o' butter, a big thumpin' cheese, an' a barrel o' flour. I didna speer, but took it for granted that John had bought them at the lowest cash price, and paid them on the nail. I had mony a queer thought during that week as to whether in givin' me my usual allowance, John would propose ony plan for my gradual liquidation o' his rather extensive disbursements. I was prepared wi' my answer if he had. I meant to tell him to let the payment stand till I was able to gie him't a' in a lump; but decent John put my usual allowance into my han', evidently perfectly unconscious that he had ony claim to the slightest drawback, and when we were takin' our breakfast on Sunday morning, John said it was a first-rate plan buying in the wholesale way. It wasna only that it was cheaper, but it kept the house so fu' and hearty. I merely said, we were aye learning.

Shortly after this I had another manifestation o' John's thorough satisfaction wi' the new system o' purchase. A Mrs. Gilmour, the wife o' one o' John's brethren in trade, during a forenoon call, told me, in rather a pettish humour, that she had been getting my economical housekeeping cast up to her. It seems that, during a confidential conversation wi' our John, Mr. Gilmour had been speaking about the dearness o' things in general, and had happened to mention how muckle it took to keep his house, when John, in his pride o' my management, told my moderate allowance, which, it seems, had so much astonished Mr. Gilmour that he couldna haud his tongue about it, but gaed hame flytin' on his wife. I ance thought o' putting Mrs. Gilmour up to the plan o' gettin' Mr. Gilmour to purchase in quantities, but on second thoughts I saw I was better to keep my thoom on't, for Mrs. Gilmour wasna a woman o' great discretion, and might, in self-defence, have opened John's een rather wide. So I didna put it in her power, but merely said I did my best wi' the allowance I got, an' she be't just do the same. But when, a short time thereafter, John told me that Mr. Gilmour had been speaking to him again about his wife's extravagance, I told John he should put Mr. Gilmour on the plan o' purchasing in the wholesale way. John did so, and although they have been reaping the benefit o' my discovery ever since, I do believe neither Mr. nor yet Mrs. Gilmour have as yet the slightest idea how it is that Mrs. Gilmour's siller pairts so much better than it did. If Mr. Gilmour thinks on the subject ava, it is that Mrs. Gilmour has been the better of being spoken to.

Now that my monetary arrangement had been satisfactorily settled, I had a project in my eye that would, I knew, require very judicious management. My mother was turning auld and frail, and since my last brother was married, the body was lonely,

so I had a great desire that she should come and bide wi' us, but I was fear'd to broach the question either to my mither or John. Before John and me were married, it was ane o' the stipulations that he was to bring nane o' his frien's to bide wi' us, and I was to bring nane o' mine. This, ye may guess, was a proposition o' my ain, to prevent the possibility o' me getting my guid-mother set down at my lug. Puir body, the bargain was very unnecessary, in so far as she was concerned, for she died the day that Mary Ann was born, and that was within a year o' our wedding. Weel, this bargain about keeping freen's at a distance was weel kent to my mother, and John had no doot guid mind o't; so I felt that unless I could get John to propose the taking hame o' grandmamma, it couldna be, for I couldna weel propose the breaking o' my ain bargain, and even if I had, my mother's proud spirit would hae spurned the idea o' any sic proposition, unless it had come direct frae the head o' the house; so I turned the matter owre and owre in my mind, and at last decided on a course o' action which, if it did nae good, would certainly dae nae harm.

I kept my mother quite in the dark as to my intentions. Now that she was by hersel' my mother's house was owre big, so I proposed that she should flit into a wee'er ane; if, I said, she could get a nice snug bit room, wi' a sma' bed-closet, it was a' that she required. Such a place, I said, would be easily kept clean, and the rent would be a mere trifle. My mother thought my suggestions very sensible, so she at once gave up her house, and her and me kept looking about in a' directions where we saw onything in the shape o' a sma' house to let. After I had taken note o' a goodly number o' ticketed dwellings, I asked at John when he could spare an afternoon to help me to fix on a house for grandma'. John said he was ready that afternoon if I liked, so I just took

him at his word, and sent Mary Ann owre for her grandmother, and her, and John, and me started on our voyage of diseovery. My mother had John's arm, so I took the lead, and if I didna open a few new pages o' the mysteries of Glasgow that day, to baith John and my mother, it was queer.

I began in one o' the very poorest loealities, which had a' the appearance o' consistency, seeing that it was a sma' cheap house that was required. The first house that I took them into—a miserable den—my mother fleat like a tinkler at the idea o' me going into such a place, and John said it was little wonder. My next eall, the house was a shade better, but my mother wouldna consent to look at it. She said it was in such a loeality that the children would be perfectly polluted, baith body and mind, when they came to see her. In the next house, my mother said (it was a big toom room, aboon a weaver's shop), that before she would live within hearing o' the everlasting cliek o' the hungry shuttle, she would rather gang to the poorhouse at onee. John said he thought it was a pity she had gien up her house, for it was evidently very difficult to get a small house in a suitable loeality. I said I thought they were baith very ill to please, and requested them to step on a little faster; I had plenty o' houses in my eye, and it was very strange if nane o' them would suit. The next house we gaed into had a good external appearanee, but the present tenant happening to be a sweep, the interior beat a' ever I saw. My mother grat as she came doon the stair, and said she wished she was ready for her house in the Ramshorn kirk-yaird.

My mother and John were making up their minds that they would go no farther for one day, when we came in sight o' a very clean-looking bit house, wi' a laigh door, the step o' which was whitewashed in the most tidy manner. When my mother got her eye on this house, she said, 'That's something like the

thing.' She would look at this one more. When I rappit at the door, it was opened by a very aged woman; she was the perfect picture o' venerable, humble respectability. I said we had come to look at the house; would it be convenient to let us see throug't? 'Quite convenient,' said the auld woman. 'Come in; it's a bonnie house. I have been in't for five-an'-forty years, and thought I would never need to leave it until I had flitted to my last house; but we dinna ken what's before us. The Lord's will be done; I am in his blessed hands, and he will not forsake me.'

My mother was the first to speak. She said, 'Ye're no leaving the house, then, o' your ain free will?' The auld woman's answer was, 'Oh yes, I'm leavin't o' my ain free will. I would nae doubt liked to hae gotten my time on't, but then, ye see, the auld laird's dead, and the new factor doesna ken me, and I'm a wee behind wi' the rent; and mair than that, he'll get mair rent for't. Ye see, me being so long a tenant, the auld laird let me sit still at the auld rent. Ye see, he counted me a guid tenant, because I took guid care and didna waste his property. I've paid the rent for five-an'-forty years, and wi' the exception o' a new hearthstane that he gied me o' his ain accord, when the auld ane was worn doon to the thinness o' a sixpence, I never cost him one bawbee for repairs; but then, ye see, the auld laird's dead, and the new factor doesna ken me. He says if I were to gie him a pound this week he wad let me sit still for another year, but where am I to get a pound in a week? If he had gien me a month til't, I might have managed it, for although my sight is greatly failed, I can work for twa-three bawbees yet.'

We were a' sittin' doon by this time. My mither asked at the auld woman if she could gie her a mouthfu' o' water. 'I can do that,' said the auld woman;

'guid spring water; I gang to the pump every morning—it's my first work.' As she took frae a corner cupboard an auld-fashioned cut crystal kind o' a goblet tumbler, she said, 'I've seen the day when I wad hae ken't whaur to borrow a pound in a strait, but it's changed times noo. Mr. Wotherspoon, the manufacturer, wad hae lent me a pound at ony time, or five pounds if I had wanted it, but Mr. Wotherspoon's dead. Mr. Parlane, the tea merchant, wad hae lent me a pound—an' he wadna trusted mony—but Mr. Parlane's dead. Mrs. Massie, at the carriers' quarters, wad hae been proud to lend me a pound, but Mrs. Massie's dead. A' my friends are dead noo, and the auld laird's dead, and the new factor doesna ken me.'

I looked to John; he was turning his head awa', and graiping in his pouch. I kenned what was coming; but my mother was before him, for taking frae her bosom a cambric handkerchief, she unfolded it on her lap, and producing therefrom a crackin' new pound note, which she put into the crystal goblet, and handing it to the auld woman, she said, 'That drink o' water is worth far mair than a pound; I never got sic a sweet drink in my life; the water has served my turn, and the pound will serve yours in the mean time, and believe me, honest woman, ye're welcome till't.' The auld woman looked like a body in a dream. When she could speak, she said, 'An' will I no need to flit yet—God's name be praised!' I never felt so proud o' my country as when I saw that intelligent, auld, genuine Scotch face turned in gratitude to the Giver of all good, and heard her simple words as she prayed for his blessing on the humble instrument o' his gracious bounty. We a' sought a drink o' the grand water, and John praised baith the water and the tumbler in a way that it was perfectly charming to hear.

Before we left, John speered at the auld woman if

he could render her ony service. 'Yes,' said the auld body, her eyes sparkling wi' tears o' joy, 'I'll be mueh obliged to you if ye'll gie me a han' to tak down the ticket.' John flung the ticket owre the house, and just as he had done so there was a eab passing, which John hoyed, and drove us home in style. When we got into our ain comfortable house, after the sights we had seen, I thought, an' my mither said, it was like entering into a superior state o' existenee. We a' took our tea wi' an extra relish. During tea, I told my mither and John that I intended that night to commence the weaning o' the baby, and so requested that grandmamma would stay with us for a night or twa, and take the night watch o' Jessie. When wee Willie (his father's favourite) heard this proposition, he struck in, 'If baby sleeps with grandmamma, I'll sleep with papa.' During the evening, Mary Ann played a number of auld-fashioned reel tunes at her grandmother's request, and we were a' real happy.

After we had a' got into our beds, John began to moralise about how thankful we ought to be that we had sie beds to lie in, when we saw the miserable places in which so many of our fellow-creatures had to lie down. As I was responding to this, wee Willie, taking grips o' his father's nose to eommand attention, said, 'Papa, will baby always sleep with grandmamma, and wee Willie always sleep with dear papa?' These childish words acted like inspiration in awakening the proper thought in John's mind, for he instantly dunched me wi' his elbow, and said, 'I say, guidwife, what's to keep your mither frae taking up her quarters here a'thegither; I'm sure it wad be far wiser-like than sending the body to ony o' the "beggars' raws," that we were seeing to-day; to tell you the truth, I thought black-burning shame to see you proposing that your mither should reside in any sueh localities. In such an idea there certainly wasna

much of obedience to the injunction, "Honour thy father and mother."' I making no answer, John said, 'Ye're no sleeping?' 'No,' quo' I, 'John, I'm no sleeping—I'm thinking.' 'Weel,' quo' John, 'What are ye thinking?' 'I'm thinking,' quo' I, 'o' the bargain that was made between you and me before we were married about no taking freens to bide wi' us; it doesna do, ye ken, to break bargains.' 'A fiddlestick for the bargain,' quo' John; 'do you think that if my mither had been living, that I, in my present circumstances, wad hae sent her to bide in ony o' the hovels we saw to-day?' I answered, 'I don't think, John, that if you had been even so inclined, that I wad hae letten you.' 'Well,' quo' John, 'what more your mother than mine? the fact is, guidwife, we'll just forget the bargain, for your mother will never go out o' this if I can help it.' 'You and her for't,' quo' I. 'Just that,' quo' John, 'me and her for't.' Then kittling wee Willie, he said, 'Yes, Willie, baby will always sleep with grandmamma, and wee Willie will always sleep with dear papa.'

I had pleasant dreams that night. Next morning, after breakfast, John took my mother by the arm and said, 'You and me will see if we canna get a house oursel's without ony o' her piloting.' He led the auld body into the room in which she had slept, and shut the door. What was said on either side I wasna curious to ken; when they cam' out, it was a' settled, and I was satisfied. When John went out to his business, my mother said, wi' the tears in her ee'n, 'That she houpit I would prove a dutiful wife, for Heaven had blessed me wi' a worthy husband.'

Now, I'll leave it to ony sensible person to say, if that darling project o' mine wasna managed to be brought about by legitimate tacties. Onybody who may happen to think that it was rather too well

managed, and that I am rather much of a manager, I would just warn them to beware o' expressing ony such opinion to our John. I just ken't one person that had the impudence to tell Mr. Young, that his wife was just rather clever (that same person had been twice what they ca' unfortunate in business). John's answer to him was, 'Maybe Mrs. Young has the share o' judgment that ye want; for I'm sure if ye had ha'en the tithe o' her common sense, yo wadna been so often on your "hunkers."' That's the way that the conduct of every woman should inspire her husband to speak of her, and such inspiration is easily given, if a woman has even but a sma' share o' sagacious forethought and prudent discretion, if she makes the best use o' what portion o' these simple virtues she has.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Third.

DECEPTION AND PERCEPTION—OUR VISITORS—MY FIRST LOVE—THE DANCING SCHOOL—WAKING DREAMS—THE STORM—ROTHESAY—WHAT THE WAVES SAID—MY RETURN TO GLASGOW—WILLIE HENDERSON'S MESSAGE—WILLIE'S SON CARED FOR—MY SAUT WATER QUARTERS—MY MANŒUVRE, AND JOHN'S SPEECH.

'INNOCENTLY deceiving;' when I wrote these words in the second part o' my history, I was perfectly sensible o' what I was about. I drew a stroke under them, an' so they were printed in italics. This was done to indicate that I kent they were words the propriety of which might be called in question. I wasna altogether pleased wi' them mysel'; but in the poverty o' our language I could find no other to suit my purpose. There is certainly something o' contradiction in the words 'innocent deception'—something of an intermixture o' black an' white, with an apparent intention to pass off the adulterated compound as the Simon Pure. I confess freely it seems to me impossible entirely to reconcile innocence and deception. Innocence is so essentially pure, an' deception so essentially impure, that they dinna very weel what the Norlan' folk ca' 'comploutre.' Although, however, I am puzzled to reconcile my words, I have no difficulty regarding the innocent purity of the idea I meant to convey. When I spoke o' a woman innocently deceiving her husband, I meant merely that a sensible woman might, by the judicious management of light and shade, exhibit to her lord his proper

course in the sea o' life, and so keep him clear o' the fatal rocks o' penurious narrowness and heartless selfishness, suggesting the right tack at the right time, by some ingeniously palatable contrivance, in no way likely to jumble the matrimonial boat.

Ye'll maybe understand better what I would be at, by an allusion to 'the Book,' when the prophet Nathan told erring King David the touching story of the rich man's killing the poor man's ewe lamb, that 'grew up with him and with his children,' that 'did eat of his own meat, and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter,' and so roused the sinful King to indignation at brutal selfishness. Immediately laying the guilt at David's own door, and so awakening him to a sense of his error, Nathan's story was what we (I wish somebody would make a new word) must call an innocent deeeption. Nathan's story, in itself a fiction, proved an excellent vehicle in conveying to David's mind a knowledge of the truth of his sinful position, by lulling any suspicion that he himself was the accused, until the case was fairly stated; it opened both his mind and heart to a full perception o' his crime. 'Pereeption'—what do you think o' that for a word to convey the idea that I'm hammering at—hoo would this do? Nathan's story to King David was a perception; my advising John to look after his debtor himsel' was a perception; my taking John to see a' the dirty dens, in looking for a house to my mother, and so awakening in John's mind the proper thought, viz., the taking the auld body hame, was a perception; indeed, a' my ingenious contrivances to bring about what was right, were properly speaking perceptions. I think that should do for a defence, so I noo proceed wi' the relation o' the simple truth o' what happened between John an' me, an' ye can ca' them perceptions or deceptions, just as it pleases your ain fancy.

It was just the day after my mither had fairly taen up her quarters wi' us, that a circumstance occurred to awaken in me feelings that I had believed for years were fairly dead. This circumstance was a visit that was paid me by a very old and very young man, a grandfather and his grandson. They came to consult me on a matter o' importance; but that you may understand the nature o' this visit, it will be necessary that I let you into a secret o' my ain, and I may as weel come out wi' the whole truth at once. John wasna my first sweetheart, nor yet was he the man I liked best. I firmly believe that John Young is the worthy husband that Providence, kind Providence, graciously provided for me, and I know I am truly grateful for decent John, yet I never had to him that feeling of passionate love that I had to my first lover, Willie Henderson; and at this moment my eyes grow dim, my heart palpitates, and my hand trembles, as I open to you the secret of my deep affection for a poor, weak, foolish man, whose clever head is now laid in an unhonoured grave.

I met Willie Henderson at the dancing-school, when I was eighteen. I thought the first time I saw him that there was something about him that I had never seen in ony man before. I couldna keep my een aff him, and somehoo I aye thought he catched me looking at him, and then the merry twinkle o' his e'e gaed fairly to my heart. He was a splendid dancer; a' the lasses in the school were in love wi' him, and so was I, 'at first sight.' That very night he took me up to the hindmost dance, and as he led me to my seat, whispered that he would see me hame. How the remembrance o' that night sets my heart a-glowing at this moment! It was the first time that I was letten into the strange secret of the heart's passion. I mind perfectly I thought it was surely rather forward to kiss me as he did by main force at pairting, and it the first time he had seen me, too. I

thought it surely wasna proper; but then it was done with such an open, hearty manliness, I felt I couldna wish that it hadna been done.

I didna sleep muckle that night, nor the next night either, nor for many a night to come, for, as regularly as the dancing-school skailed, Willie Henderson was at my side volunteering me what he called his 'brotherly protection,' on my way home. I tremble yet when I think on the nights I spent after my meetings wi' Willie. I soon learnt that it was no use to think o' trying to fa' asleep, and so used to sit doon at the window and look out to the moon and stars, luxuriating in glorious waking dreams, of soaring through boundless regions o' golden clouds for ever and ever, borne up in Willie Henderson's arms, his head resting on my bosom. I was fairly in for't, a burning fever o' uncontrollable love. How I now wearied for the hour at which the dancing class met, and what awful feelings I had when Willie took ony ither partner, even for a single dance! To say I had a feeling of jealousy on such occasions would give but a faint idea o' my state, when the thought o' a rival entered my mind, which it did, whenever Willie looked agreeable to ony ither woman. I felt as if I could have torn out baith their hearts; strong language you may say, but I only expect this part o' my story to be understood by the initiated in love's mysteries.

I had full six months of this dream of love; for it proved but a dream. My idol (for I worshipped him), although true to me, was a very frail piece o' humanity; this, his grossly improper conduct on many important occasions, forced even me to see. There was a cloud gathering in my mind, so very black that even the slightest glance at it gart me shudder. I dared not put my thought into form, and yet thousands of little circumstances conspired to force it upon me—these circumstances I now look upon as neces-

sary training that God, in his goodness, was giving me as a preparation for the shock I was about to receive.

I was sitting one day by mysel', humming a plaintive tune, when my father, coming and sitting down beside me, said, 'I am sorry to see that you are attached to that lad Henderson, for he's a poor, impulsive, passionate fool; if you value your own happiness you will give him up at once and for ever, his faults are such as do not mend, they will certainly get worse.' These words, although the first time I had heard any such, sounded in my ears like something with which I had been long familiar. I knew that they expressed the forbidden thought that a thousand times had sought entrance into my ain mind; I knew, in short, they were words of fearful truth. I promised to my father, with tearless eyes and a firm accent, that our intercourse was ended. At my father's suggestion, I wrote Willie to that effect. All this was done as if at the command o' some resistless instinct.

The consequence of the step taken came no way in view until the deed was done: it was then that the storm that had been so long brewing burst in my poor heart, when I fully recognised the fact that I was parted frae Willie for ever. My first thought was that I would go mad; if I can, at this distance, recall the thoughts of that fearful time, my wish was that earth and time, and all connected therewith, were annihilated, that I might enter on an endless eternity o' love wi' dear, dear Willie; but stern facts told me that no such annihilation was to be, and so I must subdue the wild storm raging in my heart. I must conquer my love. I mind distinctly of reasoning that it would be easier to pluck out my heart frae my breast than to pluck out the love frae my heart. My poor bleeding heart, how it swelled until I fondly hoped it would burst; but it wadna burst.

My passion through course of time became more calm, though I used to think not less deep. My physical strength gave way, and I was ordered to Rothesay for my health. The doctor, who knew nothing of my trouble, said if I could drink the mineral water, it, and the mild air, would soon restore me to perfect health. I had no difficulty in drinking the mineral water, its bitterness was sweet compared wi' the cup that I had drunk to the dregs. It was a strange time in my experience, my sojourn in Rothesay. I spent all my time when alone in writing long letters to Willie, explanatory of the circumstances that had compelled me to renounce his love, and urging him strongly to change his course of life, so that when we had both crossed this stormy Jordan we might meet on the shores of the better land—the land where parting is unknown. These letters, when addressed and sealed, I regularly posted right in between the ribs of the grate, keeping my eye firmly fixed upon my epistle until the last fragment of it was consumed. I would then, as if to consult the book of fate, open at random the Bible, and read the passage that turned up. My afflictions proved noble commentators in throwing light to me on passages that had been hitherto obscure.

When tired o' writing and reading, I used to go out and take long walks by the sea shore. With what interest I used to listen in these walks to the voice of the waters. It looks simple in me to confess that I really asked at the sea a thousand questions about Willie, and made mysel' believe that I could hear the waves distinctly answering, 'Ye'll get him yet,—ye'll get him yet,—ye'll get him yet.' This answer came, when the sea was calm, frae the gentle wavelets as they broke at my feet. When the sea was angry, and dashed against the rocks, it said with equal distinctness, 'Ye'll never get him,—ye'll never get him,—ye'll never get him.'

During these sea-side walks I used regularly to gather whilks, and coming home to my lodgings with them, boil them, and pick them to twa young cats that my landlady had. I found that there was a solace in this simple occupation. I used to think sometimes, when I began to be a little better, that the wee cats were as fond o' whilks as I was o' Willie Henderson. The job, however, which suited me best was one that I volunteered to perform for my landlady. She had bought a bundle o' worsted yarn for stockings, which she intended to work during the winter. This yarn she had, by some overlook, left in the cats' way, who, by diligent application o' baith teeth and claws, left it in one mass of unreddable raivels. This worsted I undertook to redd, which I managed to do without breaking a single thread. There was something in this work that suited well with my state of mind. In following the threads through all their tortuous twistings, my mind was withdrawn frae the raivels o' my ain life.

But I must cut this matter short. I was summoned to Glasgow to wait upon a sister who was attacked by cholera. I was in Glasgow exactly three hours after I received the message. My sister recovered, and every mouth was filled with the praise of my dutiful conduct. I next waited upon an aunt and uncle, who were both cut off by the fearful scourge. I was, in the opinion of all our circle, quite a disinterested heroine. I kent mysel' how little praise I merited. I no doubt risked my life; but what value did I, with my bleeding heart, set upon life? The excitement of the fearful trouble past, my own heart's pain returned in its full force; and after what I thought was due consideration, I resolved to throw myself once more in Willie Henderson's way, and, be't for weal or woe, cast in my lot in life where I had already irrevocably cast in my affections.

Wi' this intention I dressed mysel', and walked

leisurely along a street where I ken't Willie was sure to pass. As I was approaching the spot where I was expectig to meet him, I was overtaken by a cousin of my own, who insisted that I should take his arm. This cousin, although a married man, and the father of six children, had all the appearance of a dashing young *beau*. Hanging on his arm, I saw Willie pass. He pretended not to see us. In a fortnight from that day, Willie Henderson was married to a woman in every way my superior; but I had reason to thank God for my cousin's company that day.

Poor Willie's faults did, as my father foretold, grow worse. His wife, it is said, died of a broken heart: she left him with one boy. After his wife's death, Willie's downward course was very rapid; and now it was two months since his aged father had laid the head of his lost son in the grave.

It was this father, and this son o' Willie Henderson, that now waited on me. The auld man said, wi' tears in his een, that he didna understand it, but he had come to deliver a message to me frae his son. Willie, he told me, had been lang insensible; but just a few hours before death he had been ealm and composed, and in full possession of his faculties; and during that time, after expressing great contrition for his many errors in life, he expressed great eoneern for his orphan boy that he was leaving unprovided for to the mercy of strangers. He first said he had no friend on earth, and could only commend his child to the care of God; 'and then,' quo' the auld man, 'after he had been lang silent, he said he had one friend, and mentioned your name, telling me that I was to go to you, and say that Willie Henderson's last request in this world was that you would befriend his son. He said, too,—but I think he was wandering then,—that I was to tell yon, that if his fate had been a happier one, he might not have been the fool

he was; and then folding his hands, and saying, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son," —without a murmur, he died.'

The auld man brought his story to a close by saying—'I didna ken that Willie had been aequaint wi' you.' These words suggested to me a thought that proved of serviee. I answered, when I had dried my tears, 'Do ye no rather think that it was Mr. Young that your son spoke of? My husband,' I added, 'is well qualified to be an adviser to the boy.' The auld man stared as if he saw matters in an entirely new light, and said, 'It will just have been your husband he spoke of; but, you see, he spoke low, and my hearing's failing.' He then asked where he could see my husband; and I directed him to John's warehouse, and away he set with his grandson in his hand, to tell John the dying man's message, as he had told it to me.

Dinna think that I was careless about Willie's orphan. I have a superstitious notion that when I cross the 'bourne from whieh there is no returning,' Willie Henderson will be the first to meet me, and that he will come forth from the golden gates, leading my own little angel child, in token of his gratitude for my eare of his son.

When John eame home he was quite full of the message of the dying man. He said he knew William Henderson a little a good many years ago; he had then given him what he knew was good advice, but he said it seemed to him remarkable that it should have made such an impression on him that he had remembered it on his deathbed. I asked what he intended to do for the boy. He said he did not as yet know; if it had not been that he was on terms with a son of Mr. Maearthur, he would at once have taken him into his own office. I said that Mr. Maearthur's son would have no diffieulty in getting a

place, but it was a different matter with a poor orphan; besides, I said, it was just possible that if young Macarthur had once the secrets of the trade, his upsetting father might shove him into business on his ain account, and he might prove a very formidable opposition. John said, I should be made Prime Minister; for, now that he thought o't, it wad be downright folly to think o' taking young Macarthur; but how was he to get out o' the well? he had half promised to take him. Just, quo' I, write Macarthur a note stating the fact that circumstances, unforeseen until this day, have induced you to change your mind regarding the engaging his son. I said there was no use of going into particulars, and at the same time it was best to be plain evendown. John wrote the note there and then, and wrote anither to young Willie Henderson, telling him to be at his office next morning.

Baith these notes despatched, and John keeping on saying it was very strange that the dying man should have left his son in his charge, I, snibbing the door to prevent interruption, told John the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, regarding my first love; and told him, too, truly my reason for sending the auld man to him, viz., my indisposition to disclose my heart's secret to any one so long as my husband was unacquainted with it. John acted just like himself in saying as he did, that he would be a father to my friend's child. There was something in these words, nobly expressed as they were, that threw a touch o' romance into my love for John that it never had before. John told me, too, (it was a noble stroke) that he could understand my feeling to Willie Henderson perfectly, and that I was his first love. It was the first time I kent that John knew anything o' love's madness.

But to turn frae the affairs o' the heart to the common stratagems o' every-day life, it was the sea-

son for going to the coast, and I had my heart set on getting this year accommodation o' a very different sort frae what I had hitherto put up wi'. Our wont had heretofore been to go to Millport for a couple o' months, and take up our quarters in a wee bit room and kitchen, which we got for about sixteen shillings a week. Now, although this did weel enough when we were living at hame in twa rooms and a kitchen, it wasna just the thing to please me now; so, when John said I should be gaun doon to Millport to look for a house, I said it was nonsense to gang sae far frae hame to live in a beggarly hole; I said I thought it would just answer the same purpose if we were to flit into our ain washing-house for a couple o' months. John said he didna ken what wad please me; would I like a castle at the sant water? I said no; less than a castle would please me; I would be quite content wi' a bit self-contained cottage at Dunoon for one month, which I said would cost little mair than twa months o' a Millport hovel; but, I said, if he thought he couldna afford a decent habitation, I was quite willing to stay at home.

I got orders to take a cottage to please mysel' for one month. So the very next Saturday, at five o'clock, John landed on Dunoon quay, where he found me waiting to conduct him to his marine residence, 'Violet Bank Cottage.' John looked very proud when he saw me fluttering in my summer muslin; he gave me his arm, with pleasing gallantry, and we marched along quite in the style o' my lord and lady. When we came to the gate o' Violet Bank, John whispered, 'This is certainly an improvement on our Millport quarters.' John stood stock-still, when his attention was arrested wi' the sounds o' music that were issuing frae the open parlour window, and, wi' a look o' wonder, said, 'What's that?' I said, 'It's "When the kye come hame."' 'I ken,' quo' John; 'but ye haena'—'Yes, John,'

quo' I, 'I have brought down the piano. I thought it would be a pleasure to you to sit at your window and look out at the roses, and hear your ain bairn's sweet voice warbling in style our ain bonny Scotch sangs.' John said, wi' the water in his e'e, 'You do know the way to come over me.'

John ne'er liked the saut water half sae weel in his life; he was quite delighted that we had a spare bedroom. That bedroom wasna often without an occupant. John brought a friend down with him almost every night that he got down himsel'; and it was a true pleasure to me to keek out at the side o' the blind, and see John's proud, happy look when his visitors paused in the garden-walk to catch the sweet tones o' Mary Ann's voice as she sung some auld favourite, in honour of her father's coming.

The house was taken for one month, but I meant to stay two. John, I had no doubt, would agree to this, but I wished himsel' to suggest the re-taking of the cottage. So, one Saturday afternoon, when John had the company o' twa o' his favourite cronies —they were twa o' his auld school companions—just when they were starting for a sail up the Holy Loch, and a' in the highest possible spirits, I suggested to the landlady that, before she put a ticket on the house for the next month, she could see what Mr. Young said about re-taking it. So down her and me went to the boat—the landlady was spokesman; and when she asked at John about whether or no she should put up a ticket, John and his twa frien's answered her wi' a hearty roar o' laughter; and when I told them that I didna admire their breeding, and that John should give the woman a civil answer, they a' laughed as heartily as before; and when John said he would take the house for another month, they pushed out frae the shore, taking another hearty laugh.

This laughter was a mystery to me until they came

in, when I, questioning them tightly about their ill manners to the woman, was informed by one of John's frien's that John had been telling them about my sly way o' going about getting a fine house at the coast—by proposing one month instead o' two; and how he was sure I meant to stay twa months frae the first; and how, when John saw the landlady and me in consultation, he foretold that my time had come to nail him wi' the house for another month; and how, when a' John's sayings were fulfilled to the letter, they couldna but laugh.

When this explanation had been made, John took speech in hand and said, 'Yes, gentlemen, the government o' our house is carried on just like the government o' the country. I'm the conservative government in office, and the guidwife's the radical opposition. I pull rather backward, while she pulls, perhaps, too far forward; but, between us, things are so managed that few households are happier. So,' quo' John, 'come on, guidwife, wi' the pressure of out-door agitation, for all reforms that seem necessary; the resources o' the government are stronger than even ye think, and we have no national debt.'

I couldna but join in the applause that followed John's speech. My reply was, that I had a number of bills to bring before the government, which, I had nae doubt, would duly receive John's royal sanction. John brought that evening's fun to a close by singing,

'I wadna gie my ain wife for ony wife I see.'

GENERALSHIP.

Part Fourth.

PLUNDER AND PONDER—WHAT ARE JOHN'S RESOURCES—SECOND DAY'S BROTH—IF JOHN WERE TO FAIL—MY GRAND DINNER—THE MINISTER AND PROFESSOR—THE DYING STUDENT—JOHN'S COMMUNICATION—MY REFLECTIONS—JOHN'S ONE SORROW—MY RESOLVE—OUR PORTRAITS, AND HOW THE ARTIST WAS PAID.

I KNOW of nothing more curious than the association of ideas. There is no accounting for the way in which one thought suggests another. Our John's speech at Dunoon, concerning the way in which the government o' our house was carried on, brought at once to my mind 'Sermon Jane,' and her oft-repeated counsel; but as few o' my readers ken onything either about Jane or her counsel, I must tell you that 'Sermon Jane' was a rather simple maiden lady, who sat in the kirk seat wi' my father's family when I was a wee lassie. Jane's whole conversation, baith Saturday and Sunday, was about sermons. Every sermon that Jane heard she pronounced the most remarkable discourse that she had ever listened to, invariably adding, 'Yon was a sermon that we should a' plunder in our hearts.' Mony a ane had told Jane, that for *plunder* she should say *ponder;* but the last time I saw her she was a very auld woman, and she was plundering awa' the same as ever, and will do so to the end o' the chapter.

Ye may gucss I thought John's speech a very remarkable one, and so I plundered it weel in my heart. It exhibited so clearly John's philosophic knowledge o'

things in general, and my manœuvres in particular;—he was the conservative government in office, and I was the radical opposition; he pulled backward, while I pulled forward, an' a' the rest o't. Had John stopped short wi' this announcement o' his knowledge o' our relative positions, he would certainly, in a great degree, have paralyzed my progressive efforts. But no; John didna stop short there; he added (an' these were the words I pondered most), 'come on, guidwife, with the pressure o' out-door agitation for all reforms that seem necessary; the resources of the government are stronger than even ye think.' These words rung in my ears for days, for weeks, aye, for months, during which time I in a manner forgot all my projected measures.

The one thought that now took possession o' my mind was, to find out what the resources o' John's government were; in ither words, how muckle siller John was worth? Now, this I kent I wad never satisfactorily find out, if John could help it; for, shortly after we were married, I twice spier't the question point blank, an' got for my answer, 'If I had a' my debts paid, I think I would hae a pound to mysel'.' Now, altho' this was so far satisfactory, it was a very shuffling answer to my question. I kent, therefore, there was no use o' spierin' at John what his resources were; and although I studied the subject for months, I could devise no scheme likely to solve the difficulty.

At the last an' the lang, a circumstance occurred o' a very simple nature, that I thought might be turned to account. John came home one day a wee flustered, wi' a note in his hand. It was frae his cousin the minister, announcing that on the following day he would pass through Glasgow in the company o' a distinguished northern professor, and that we might expect himself and friend about dinner-time, when they should do themselves the honour of sharing

in our pot-luck. When John had read me this, I said very coolly, 'It's a pity but they had been coming the day; it'll be second day's broth the morn.' If ye had seen John's face as I went on, 'But then, to be sure, men like them attach no great importance to the provision for the carnal man; if they get a moderate allowance o' the simplest fare, they'll be better pleased than men o' the world would be with a table groaning with luxuries.' 'Have ye got ony mair confounded nonsense to speak?' quo' John. 'What's nonsense?' quo' I. 'That balderdash,' quo' John, 'about your second day's broth, an' a' the rest o't; you must give us a first-class dinner.' 'Weel, John,' quo' I, 'I count guid broth an' beef a first-class dinner; but if ye leave the matter to me, I'll take in hand to please your frien's. Ye seem to hae forgotten that the men are Christians.' 'Christians,' quo' John, 'are just like ither folk, in so far as relishing a good dinner goes; so I tell you, in plain English, once for all, you must not only give us a good dinner, but a grand dinner, in honour o' the minister an' the professor.'

'Weel, John,' quo' I, 'I think I understand now what ye want, but if you would just listen to me for a minute or twa, I'll give you one or two reasons that I have for avoiding the expense o' a grand dinner.' John looked daggers at me, but he listened, so I went on: 'There is at the present time very considerable embarrassment in the mercantile world; not a few worthy men have been under the necessity o' compromising wi' their creditors.' 'Keep out the word worthy,' quo' John. 'Weel,' quo' I, 'not a few men accounted worthy, have been unable to get the ends to meet. Now, John, dinna be angry at me, when I confess that I have often thought if you (which Gude forbid!) should ever need to ca' your creditors together, that an honest statement o' how your siller has gone would be a very queer document,

beginning, for instance, wi' the furnishing o' the big house to accommodate your cousin ; with so much for sideboard for the same; so much for extra finery for yourself and wife ; so much for teaching your daughter music, and ditto for piano to the same; and then item for expensive house at the coast for *two* months; and if you were to wind up the whole with so many pounds for dining Professor So-and-So, and the Rev. So-and-So,—admit yoursel', John, it wud be a wee daft-like; and mind, too, it wud be no apology for you that I had been chiefly to blame; no, John, you alone are held responsible, so ye'll just allow me to make all the amends for you yet in my power, by shoving your visitors by wi' the broth.'

John took a guid hearty laugh, and said, 'Weel, guidwife, if ever you had ony fears o' me failing, which I can hardly think, ye may keep your mind perfeetly easy; for although my guidwife had been twiee as extravagant in her notions as she has been—and she hasna been slow—she wudna hae spent the half o' my income; so,' quo' John, wi' a look o' triumph, 'let us hear no more o' the broth.' I quietly looked upon this admission as a very fair spark o' light, extracted by my cold strokes, and had no doubt that when I had, by entire compliance with his wishes, brought John to a white heat o' satisfaction, I wud get out what I wanted, viz., an exact statement o' how much John was worth. So I commenced my warming process by saying, 'Weel, John, as I am satisfied I can do it honestly, I'll make a dinner that will please either saint or sinner.' And I was as guid as my word. But I'll no set your chops a-wat'ring wi' a minute description o' my grand dinner. Ye'll judge it was as good as I eould make it, when I tell you the center dish o' my dessert course was filled wi' beautiful grapes, for which I paid ten shillings and sixpence the pound. When John saw my preparations, he was a perfect picture o' grateful

admiration. When I told him the price o' the grapes, he said he didna care although they had cost twice as much. He thought that the dish would hold another pound, which he thought I should get. 'But,' quo' John, 'I have perfect confidence in your taste and judgment, so I'll not interfere.'

Exactly at the time appointed the minister and his friend arrived, and it was just net four minutes frae the time they crossed the threshold until they had begun to their dinner. The professor took notice o' what he called my 'glorious punctuality.' He had never, he said, seen a dinner served with such despatch, and he never was in better humour to appreciate promptitude, for he was terribly hungry. I needna report the particulars o' the dinner; it will be sufficient to say that after the professor had said that it wasna genteel to comment on the quality of the good things provided for one's entertainment, and, further, that he didna pretend to be genteel, the decent man praised the quality of every dish, and the style o' my cookery, in language that would have done honour to a review of the works of Shakespeare.

He was an uncommonly funny man the professor; he gied us joke after joke until he had our John fairly hauding his sides, and every joke contained some concealed compliment to our 'worthy hostess' —me, of course. The professor, in his complimentary humour, went the length o' saying that Adam and Eve, in the garden of Eden, had never sitten down to a dinner half so guid as I had provided for them. In Eden, he said, they could neither hae soup nor salmon; neither fowl nor lamb; and he was quite sure the Eden grapes d'd not surpass those now on the table. He said something, too (half heterodox I doubt), to the effect that, if Mother Eve were permitted to take a glimpse o' our comforts, the poor body might be excused although she were to say a

word or two in self-vindication. But I must go on with my story. As we rose from the dinner table, the professor said he would be under the necessity of leaving us for a little, he had to pay a visit to the house of mourning; adding, with simple and unfeigned gravity, 'I am going to call upon a poor fellow, a student of mine, who has gone home to die of consumption.' There were tears in the good man's eyes as he said, 'he was my best scholar, but he is going home.' When I lifted two splendid clusters o' grapes and asked the professor if he would do me the favour o' taking them to his young friend, I got a profound 'God bless you,' and then, with a softened smile, he said, 'Poor Mother Eve had never in Paradise an opportunity of performing such a heavenly action.'

The professor came back to his tea, and we spent a real happy evening. Just as our visitors were taking their leave, to start wi' the last train, the professor told John that the dying youth had been dreaming, just as he entered, that a beautiful woman had brought him some delicious fruit, and, wak'ning, in his weakness, was weeping that it was but a dream; when my grapes being presented, he waved his transparent hand, making a feeble effort at giving three cheers. Our visitors departed, saying they should not soon forget our Glasgow hospitality.

When we got the house to ourselves, I asked John how he was pleased wi' my arrangements? 'Pleased?' quo' John, 'the fact is, guidwife, I never was so proud o' you as I am this night.' 'Weel, John,' quo' I, 'I wad be weel pleased wi' mysel' if it wasna for one thought.' 'And what thought is that?' quo' John. 'Weel, John,' quo' I, 'it's this: I'm rather afraid if you an' me were ta'en awa', the puir weans wadna get mony dinners like what we've gotten the day.' 'Wad they no?' quo' John; 'if I were to die the morn, I could leave every child I have two thou-

sand pounds.' 'Speak laigher, John,' quo' I, 'ye dinna mean to say ye're worth eight thousand pounds?' John answered me in a confidential whisper—'The last time I took stock I was worth nett eight thousand seven hundred and seventy-five pounds.' I tried to look perfectly unconscious o' my victory, and said, 'Weel, John, thank God for your prosperity, and tak care and dinna loss what we've made.'

I can easily believe that not a few o' my readers, who have followed me this far in my history, will be ready to think that, after the very important discovery regarding the amount of John's wealth, I immediately set about concocting schemes o' extravagance; but such was not the case. The night o' John's confidential communication, I sat down by the fireside, after a' the household had retired to rest, and had a lang spell o' quiet thinking. All my bygone life passed in review before me; and the ever-recurring owrecome o' my thoughts was, how grateful I ought to be to God for the way in which he had directed my path; how happy my life now was, compared with what it would have been if my own foolish desires had been gratified; what a different position I now occupied compared with what would have been my lot if I had gotten Willie Henderson instead o' John Young. I had strange thoughts as to how I would have acted, if I had been Willie's wife, and he had proved as foolish with me as he had done with another. I didna think my heart wad hae broken—no. If I had seen my home deserted, my means squandered, and my children uncared for, I fear I would hae done something desperate, and so I thanked God for worthy, decent, industrious, considerate John.

I will here more plainly drop a hint to my younger readers. Remember this: when torn wi' the pangs of disappointed love—of faithless friendship—of ruined worldly hopes, or prostrate schemes of ambition—if you keep right on in the simple paths of

goodness and truth, you will live to see the day when you will thank God for the very affliction that seems now so grievous. This is my experience, and the experience of all who have the fortitude to buffet the storms o' life; for

> Behind a frowning Providence
> He hides a smiling face.

All John's acts o' kind indulgence came up before me in the order in which they had occurred, and they were neither few nor far between. His dutiful conduct to my mother, his manly treatment o' Willie Henderson's orphan, and his open communication of his position to me, were the close o' a very lang catalogue o' praiseworthy actions. These actions o' John I contrasted wi' the very little that I had done to merit such kindness, so I began to consider what plan I could fa' upon to add to my husband's happiness. John had, so far as I ever knew, but one sorrow; that is, one truly deep sorrow. When our first son died, upon his second birthday, John got a sore stroke, but that was fair death; so John, through course o' time, grew that he could speak about a' the circumstances connected with wee Johnnie's death with comparative cheerfulness.

The subject o' his sorrow durstna be mentioned in his hearing. It was this. John had an only sister, a very clever and a very handsome woman. She had ony number o' beaus; amongst others she had one who was captain o' an American packet ship, a fine, dashing young fellow. He, we soon understood, was the accepted lover. It was settled that he was to make one other voyage, and they were to be married on his return; but the captain returned no more. The hull o' his ship was seen, it was thought, floating in the Western Ocean; this was all that ever was heard of her. John's sister wadna believe but what the ship would return. She said so emphati-

cally, whenever the subject was alluded to, 'He must come, and he will come,' that I was afraid her mind was a little shaken. I began to suspect the truth. I told my sister-in-law my suspicions, but she firmly denied the fact. It was a fact nevertheless. Poor John had no suspicion o' what was about to occur, and I, putting the evil day afar off, told him none o' my fears, and so, in due time, John heard one day, on the public street, frae a casual acquaintance, that his only sister, o' whom he had been so proud, was

A mither, yet nae wife.

I saw the first grey hairs in John's head the very day after. Poor John, I thought the shock would have killed him. I don't think he broke bread for full three days. He said, more than once, so utter was his prostration o' spirit, that he wished Mary Anne were laid beside wee Johnnie, to be away frae the snares o' this wicked world. John's deep sorrow at length gave place to what I thought was a settled angry pride. He would hold no intercourse with his sister, and I was forbidden even to mention her name. The last time I had mentioned it, John had been very angry.

Now, for a' this, I kent that John had still a strong affection for his sister, and I could notice that he had a strong partiality for all those whom he knew had befriended her. Miss Young had in no way sunk under her trial. She had a first-rate trade as a milliner, which, to the honour o' humanity be it told, fell no way off on account of her misfortune. Her intended husband's friends were very kind, and so she was happily independent o' her brother. But, oh, it was sad to lose a true brother's love, and Jessie Young had a yearning at her heart to be restored to John's esteem, that deepened into an intense passion.

I became aware o' this one New Year's evening.

When about eleven o'clock, as I stept across the street for some trifle that was required, I rapped upon a woman who was gazing intently up at our window. It was John's sister. She almost fainted in my arms. She confessed that for all her seeming indifferenee to her brother's treatment of her, she seldom went to her bed without eoming and taking a look up at our window. She said when she saw John's shadow on the blind it eased her heart. She warned me to say or do nothing in her behalf: the Lord, she said, would, in due time, restore to her her brother's love.

But I must proeeed wi' my story. The result, then, o' my discovering that I was richer than ever I expeeted to be, that John's eautious industry and economy had made me independent, was a firm resolution that I would bring about a reconeiliation between John and his sister. When I went to my bed after this lengthened cogitation, John was sound asleep, and evidently dreaming about his sister, for he twiee whispered her name. I thought that night as I lay there that my love for John was the most rational, pure, and holy passion that had ever lived in my breast. I had a self-satisfied eonseiousness that I was growing aulder and wiser. I didna forget, before elosing my eyes, to pray for God's assistanee in bringing about the reeonciliation on whieh I had set my heart. I must confess, however, that I did, the very next day, take a wee bit feminine advantage o' John's good humour over the way in whieh the minister and the professor had been entertained, by asking John, when he eouldna weel refuse me a sma' favour, to treat himself and me to our 'portraits.' No photographie trifles, mind; but gauey oil paintings, as large as life. My own vanity had, nae doubt, something to do with this request, but it wasna my ehief motive.

In visiting Mary Mathieson I got a little aequainted with a brother of hers, a modest young artist, who

shared his last penny wi' his sister in her distress. The poor youth's pennies werena very plentiful, so my chief motive for laying the foundation o' our protrait gallery was to give the young artist a job. John sat first, and the likeness was universally pronounced first-rate. John himsel' was quite delighted with it; he couldna get his sairing o' looking at it. For a good few days after it was finished, let me leave John in what corner o' the house I liked, I was sure to find him, when I gaed to look for him, gazing wi' admiration on his portrait.

When it came to my turn to sit, John watched every stroke o' the brush with the most intense interest; and, when the sketch began to indicate that the likeness would be a good one, John actually danced with satisfaction. During my second sitting, John drew a peculiar compliment to me frae the artist. Spierin' at the artist if he knew any woman of note that I resembled, the artist answered, 'No, not a woman; there is a compactness about the features and the expression that decidedly resemble the portraits of the great Napoleon.' John laughed, and I laughed, and the artist said, 'There was an openness about my face that Napoleon's had not; but for all that the resemblance was striking.' I said 'I hoped there were stronger traits o' common sense about my face than that of the famous little corporal; and so I really think there must be; for poor Nap., in common with all great conquerors, was mad on one point, viz., in stupidly believing that glorious ends can be attained by inglorious means. But I have not time to philosophise. My likeness, as well as John's, was first-rate.

When John was going to settle with the young man, I was afraid that, in his mercantile spirit, he might very likely put on the screw, and give the artist as little as possible; so I warned John to be

generous, and John said with emphasis, 'I'll give the painter every farthing he asks.' This was so far good; but I thought it was just possible the modest young creature might ask owre little, so I resolved to be present at the settlement; and it was just as I feared; for when John asked what he was due for the two handsome oil portraits, the bashful artist, rubbing his nose, said, 'Would you think seven pounds too much?' I here struck in—'No, not at all, seven pounds is very cheap; but then there's twa o' them, which helps the thing a wee.' 'So,' quo' I to John, 'shuffle out the cash—seven and seven are fourteen.' John looked queer, and the young man said, 'I meant—' I interrupted him, saying, 'I ken ye meant, in your simplicity and inexperience, to undervalue both your genius and your labour; but I wish you to remember in your after life, that in painting Mr and Mrs Young, you painted the portraits of a true gentleman and his lady.' John paid the fourteen pounds, saying to the artist, 'You have a friend in the great Napoleon.' The artist there and then volunteered to present me, gratis, with a portrait o' my mother, which pleased John so well, that he employed him to do the children in a group. Our portraits were the beginning o' the young man's prosperity; for he got dozens to do almost immediately amongst John's circle o' acquaintances.

When John, one day shortly after this, met Mary Mathieson and her three children, apparently comfortable and happy, Mary proudly told him of her brother's kindness, which now supplied her with every comfort, and told him, too, that he could never know the fervent gratitude o' her brother's heart to Mr and Mrs Young, for their handsome treatment, to which he owed the revival of his almost blighted hopes. When John came home that night, he told me o' his meeting with Mary, and how happy he was

in seeing the result o' our patronage. John made a verse o' what he called poetry that night; this is it—

Who'd taste all the sweets that's a mortal's in life,
Must have and submit to a sensible wife;
Though oft he may think she is going too fast,
The truth of her instincts will shine forth at last.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Fifth.

My Mother's Assistance—Mary Anne's Hint—I Give the Bailie the Time—The Bailie's Legs—The Macarthurs' Monument—Johnnie's Grave—My Funds—The Transfer—My Brother-in-law—My Disclosure—John at the Grave—The Watches—Family Devotion.

My reconciliation o' John and his sister wasna a matter to be hurriedly set about, so I resolved to give it due consideration, keeping my intention entirely to mysel'. In the meantime, our lives were very happy. I found the company and assistance o' my mother a great improvement. I could now, with perfect confidence, leave grandmother in charge o' the weans, and get out to return calls, whenever I was pleased to do so; and mony a time, when I had no call to make, Mary Anne and me set out in full style just to take a walk along Sauchiehall Road and down Buchanan Street, merely to see and be seen. In these walks we generally landed in John's warehouse, where, whether slack or thrang, John made us heartily welcome, treating us to London buns, tarts and cream, or, maybe, strawberries, with fatherly hospitality.

One day, when we entered more than usually grand, John said, with a look o' pride, 'I declare ye're like the first-rate leddies.' I said we were just like what we were; for wha could be greater leddies than an honest Glasgow merchant's wife and daughter? John, turning me roon' an' roon', I spier't if he could suggest ony improvement, when Mary Anne struck in, 'I know what would improve mamma.'

'And what would that be?' I askit; for I was quite unconscious what the lassie was thinking of; and Mary Anne replied with great promptitude, 'I would like to see mamma with a handsome gold watch and chain.' I merely eoughed, and John somewhat sharply said, 'I can tell you, Miss Extravaganee, that it will be some time before either you or mamma get a gold watch or chain from me; you would soon make me a poor man between ye.' Mary Anne looked quite chopfallen. So I said, 'I'm sure, Mr Young, if I were to say that I would like a gold watch, you would bring home one at dinner-time.' John smiled, and said, 'Don't be too sure of that, Mrs Young; if you were to ask me for anything that would be really grand and uneommon, I'll not say what I would do; but as for watches and chains, they have no appearance for the money. If, for instance,' John continued, 'you were to take a faney to a waggitawa elock, which you eould get fitted upon your shoulder, wi' the weights hanging down your baek, and the pendulum keeping motion wi' the motion o' your arm—which would really cut a dash on the Trongate—I wad hae nae objection to that; and as for Miss Conceit, if she would like a whole peaeock's tail to stiek in the erown o' her bonnet, I'll purchase one for her this day; but as for gold watehes, I don't believe in them.'

I was saying that John was uncommonly funny, when, the warehouse door opening, who should eome in but Bailie Monro. The Bailie was very eordial with both Mary Anne and mysel', and spier't very kindly for my mother and the children. John was looking uncommonly well pleased at the Bailie seeing us in sueh style, when the Bailie, pulling out a great big goold watch, and looking at it, said, 'I've let my wateh run down, ean you, Mrs Young, give me the proper time?' I was standing beside John, so, without a moment's hesitation, I turned round, snapped

John's watch frae his waisteoat pouch, and gave the Bailie the time, as I said, to one second. John looked as if struck dumb. So I broke silence by immediately asking the Bailie how he was liking his new house (he had just flitted). The Bailie was quite charmed with his new residence, and there and then requested myself and daughter (who had not yet seen his new abode), if not otherwise engaged, to step up with him just now, and see how we liked it. This invitation I accepted, and accepted likewise the Bailie's proffered arm.

As we were taking leave of John, the Bailie said, looking down to where he expected to see my watch, 'I am glad to see that you do not expose your watch. I was just sitting on a case where a poor boy was sent to prison for stealing a lady's watch that had been most improperly exposed.' My answer was, 'Whatever my vanity might do in making such exposure, my husband's good sense effectually prevents.' John looked bamboozled;—so, promising to return to get John's company on his way home to dinner, I sallied forth, for the first time in my life, cleekit wi' ane o' our genuine municipal authorities. If it hadna been for the honour o' the thing, I wad rather gane by mysel'; for the Bailie was very shauchley about the legs, and was very ill at keeping the step. At a distance, the Bailie's legs did weel enough; he wore very wide trousers, and looked quite the thing, but in close quarters he was sadly deficient. I couldna help thinking, as I hotched alang in my grandeur, that very likely the legs o' our great kings and emperors would be very spirly affairs, for as handsome as they look in their great robes.

I left Mary Anne to spend the day at the Bailie's, and returning, found John being bored by Mrs and Mr Macarthur about the plan o' a monument they were about to erect in Sighthill Cemetery, in memory o' a child, aged two hours. It was to be a very grand

affair, and John's opinion was asked regarding every particular. John had very little counsel to give on the matter. Graves and gravestanes were subjects he didna care for speaking about. Ye see, when our wee Johnnie died, we were in a comparatively humble position, so our first-born son was buried with very little ceremony, in a burying ground that was quite convenient to our house. When I first saw the grave, close beside the brick wa' o' a mill, I had a bitter reproach on my tongue for John's poor taste in his selection o' a resting-place for our child; but when I turned to speak it, and saw John's grieved face, I said, 'He'll sleep as soundly there as in a marble tomb.' John planted roses on the grave, but they a' withered and died. It was this circumstance connected with our child's grave, that let me know that John wished the Macarthurs and their monument far enough, when he saw me come in.

When John and me set out on our road hame, I gied John a hearty laugh about the Bailie's shauchley legs, when John told me, in confidence, that one o' them was cork. That accounted for my strange ruminations in walking with him. I couldna help remarking how unconscious we are o' our mony mercies; for I at that moment knew that I had never before felt thankful to Goodness for John's twa sturdy, handsome legs. John was greatly tickled with my mode of giving the Bailie the time, and my remarks about his good sense in preventing the exposure o' my watch. John said he was trembling lest I should come out wi' ony allusion to the waggitawa clock that he was for fitting upon my shoulder. I merely said I had mair sense. As we were coming cracking alang, we were, I noticed, drawing near the ugly iron gate o' wee Johnnie's graveyard. John took grips o' the bars, and said, wi' a sigh, 'It canna be helped now;' adding,

'Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath.'

When we had walked on a while in silence, John said, quite abruptly, 'I'm going to give you the watch.' It was strange; but at that moment I saw, for the first time, my way clear to bringing about the desired reconciliation. I answered, 'Weel, John, if you're going to give me a watch, if it's a' the same to you, I'll take the price o't, and purchase it when and where I please; and more,' I said, 'you must not mention the matter to either my mother or Mary Anne.' John was quite agreeable to adopt ony plan that I pleased, so in a few days I was in possession o' ample funds for the purchase o' my watch. From John's continuing the plan o' buying in the wholesale way, I had managed to save a very respectable sum; so the price o' my watch, added to this, made me quite a capitalist; so I at once proceeded to carry out the idea that had struck me at the graveyard gate, which idea was, that I would purchase a lair in the Necropolis, and have wee Johnnie removed from his humble resting-place, and laid down side by side wi' the first in our city.

Wi' the assistance o' the very civil keeper o' the place, I soon selected a tomb. I made choice o' a beautiful spot on the very top o' the hill. The sun broke through a cloud, and shone right down on the grave, just as I had decided upon it. This, although I am not superstitious, I looked upon as a good omen. The body was transferred with great care by the cabinet-maker who provided my sideboard. The auld coffin was enclosed in a new one, and everything done that I could wish. I told the strangers I came in contact wi' in this matter what was true, that I wished to spare Mr. Young's feelings, and so was going about the transfer myself. The reinterment over, I ordered a plain handsome monument. It hadna the falderals that Macarthur's had, but it was grander; and although simple, cost far mair siller. The simple inscription was—'By John Young, in

memory of his infant son.' I once thought of saying 'beloved infant son;' but, on second thoughts, I decided that John wasna a man that cared for exposing his love—his feelings were owre deep for that—and so I said merely 'infant son.' When the monument was finished, I spared neither pains nor cost in having my wee laddie's earthen bed-cover adorned wi' the most beautiful flowers. I made it the most lovely spot in a' the place.

I had got the decorations o' Johnnie's grave completed, and was thinking how I could make John aware o' the fact in the manner most likely to charm him, and so put him in a state of mind in which he couldna weel refuse my contemplated reconciliation, when a circumstance occurred which called forth the exercise o' my generalship in quite a new direction. This circumstance was a visit which our John received from a connection o' mine. This same connection (my oldest sister's husband) had never been a particular favourite o' mine. He was a vain, upsetting, would-be-fine gentleman. He belonged to a race that, from generation to generation, had been determined to be up, but had never managed it; the barrier to their elevation being their eager desire to appear in full flourish before they had time to gather ony strength of root—in other words, their desire to be fine ladies and gentlemen all at once.

The object of the present visit was very characteristic of the race. A son of my kinsman, who was at present a clerk in a wholesale cloth warehouse (he was twenty-two years of age), purposed, in conjunction with other two young men, who were now employed by the same firm, to start on their own account. The three young men saw a splendid prospect before them, which it only required the possession of a little capital to realise. To the attainment of this capital they saw their way pretty clearly. They purposed each to raise amongst his

own friends the sum of one thousand pounds, which amounts, united, would give them (so to speak) three thousand pounds of *bona fide* capital. This, they had an idea, would insure them at least three thousand of bank accommodation; and, with this amount of cash in hand, they could easily get six or seven thousand of regular trade credit; and so, with from twelve to twenty thousand amongst their hands, it would be all right with them.

The conclusion of this story (as ye will already guess) was, that Mr. Young was requested to advance the introductory thousand for his wife's sister's son. When this request was made, John looked at me with an annoyed expression of face, as if he doubted that I had surely been blethering about his riches. So I at once released his embarrassment by saying to my frien', 'how did it ever come into your head that a humble, working man like John could hae a thousand pounds to spare for ony sic purpose?' 'Indeed,' said the hopeful father, 'it did not come into my head until it was suggested to me by a gentleman connected with one of the banks to whom I was speaking of the contemplated firm, that if I could get Mr. Young to guarantee or advance the money, "it would be all right."' 'Yes,' quo' I, 'it wad be all right, in so far as the bank is concerned, nae doubt; but all wrong in so far as my husband is concerned.' My frien' requested that I would let my husband speak for himsel'. 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'as long as he likes, but I'll first gie you my views o' this contemplated firm as ye ca't.

'The purpose is that three very young men, who have neither experience nor capital, be bolstered into an extensive business by the following process: certain parties, supposed to be interested in them, in a friendly way, are to be imposed upon wi' plausible talk about fair prospects, to lend them so much; which imposition will impose upon certain other

parties to lend them so much ; which joint imposition will glamour the third parties to trust them so much and so much ; which compound imposition will, (I was at a loss for a word, so John stuck in "dodge"). Yes,' quo' I, 'dodge the whole business-public to trust them any amount. The sum total o' the whole conglomeration being, and no mistake, a great mercantile swindle. But,' quo' I, 'I have maybe said too much ; at ony rate, Mr. Young has no money to advance for ony such purpose.'

My frien' said he would return no answer to my libellous impertinence ; he wanted to know what Mr. Young had to say. John's answer was: 'Me and my good lady have seldom two opinions, and are certainly at one in this matter.' John stuck in 'my good lady' on account of the snob he was speaking to. 'You wont advance or guarantee the money, then?' said my frien'. 'Certainly not,' said John. 'If I were to do so I would do your son an injury, for it would be impossible that such an affair as you propose could succeed. Before men are qualified properly to manage capital, they must first have made some.'

As my frien' was taking his leave, he indignantly gave me to understand that he would not soon darken our door. I thank'd him ; and, by way of giving him something memorable at parting, I said, 'If this affair was gone on with, and ended as I was sure it would, they needna seek Mr. Young as security for the dividend.' He looked as if he would hae knock'd me down. But what did I care? If every ane were to treat their scheming frien's in the same way, mercantile morality would be a more abundant virtue.

I never saw John in better humour than when I returned, after showing my brother-in-law to the door. He said, 'When woman's rights were a' properly recognised, I certainly would be Chancellor of the Exchequer.' I said I had no ambition for ony

such extensive responsibility. I had plenty to do in managing my own little household. Indeed, quo' I, John, for as clever as ye think me, I've been puzzling my head a' this day about a very simple matter. 'Weel,' quo' John, 'if it's ony little matter that I can help you with, I'm sure I was never more willing to serve you.' I said that John could do all that I required by simply giving his consent to my project.

I then, as briefly as possible, told my uncomfortable feeling regarding wee Johnnie's resting-place, and my proposition to have him transferred to the Necropolis. John's eyes filled with water at the idea, but he said it was impossible; such a thing, he said, couldna be managed without creating a very annoying speculation, of which he could never think. I said it could be done, and no one, save and except our twa sel's ken onything about it. John persisted that it couldna be managed as I said. My final reply was, 'Weel, John, as an evidence o' how quietly it can be managed, I have to inform you it has already been managed.'

I needna bother you wi' the further particulars o' our conversation. In less than half-an-hour John and me were standing at opposite sides o' Johnnie's grave, the silent tears o' deep emotion happing in quick succession owre John's cheeks. I knelt as if to scent the budding roses, and, looking up to John, said, 'I have one request to make, which I hope, John, ye'll no deny me.' John's eyes seemed to say he would grant me anything, so I continued, 'There is just one human being, besides my husband and children, that I would like to have beside me when I'm laid here to my last rest, and that being, John, is your ain sister.' John covered his face with his hands. What passed is of no consequence. In a very short time John and me were wending our way to mak' a call at Miss Young's millinery establishment.

As we were coming along, John, perceiving at length where the price o' my watch had gone, stopped short, saying, 'Ye mustna be done out o' your watch;' and just at this moment wha should come up but Mr Smith the watchmaker, a great favourite o' John's on account o' his manly way o' speaking his mind about things in general. John at once said he wanted to purchase a watch and chain for the guidwife. Mr Smith said he never was in better circumstances to supply such an article, having just got to hand a splendid assortment of watches and chains. John selected a perfect beauty of a watch, and a chain of the most substantial and elegant description. As it was handed to me Mr Smith said, 'What would you think of taking another of the same for Miss Young.' John quietly nodded assent, and just as quietly Mr Smith packed up and handed me watch and chain number two, and away we came, and without speaking a word, walked direct to Miss Young's place o' business.

When we entered, Miss Young was serving a customer. On seeing us she put her hand on her heart and rested her brow on the counter. We walked into her little back room. I was wondering what John would say when his sister made her appearance. He had a guid wee to prepare for the meeting, for the customer was lang o' being served. When Miss Young at last came ben, John said, quietly, 'We've been lang o' coming to see you, Jessie, but we are here now.' I needna tell you o' the tears that both brother and sister shed; they were soon dried, and we a' took our tea in the wee room as if we had never known any estrangement. We learned that Jessie's boy was the adopted heir of his father's mother, with whom he resided, who would leave him well provided for.

To the astonishment of us both, Miss Young had seen Johnnie's grave in the Necropolis. When I

expressed my wonder at this, Jessie told us that, for years, she had often, in the gloamin', taken a walk through the auld burying-place, and spent mony a lonely hour seated on our child's grave. She had been there the day after the transfer, and seeing the freshly-turned turf, she had been stunned with the thought that we had lost another child, and that she was so far removed from her brother that she had not even heard of our loss. When inquiring at the grave-digger, she learned the truth, and so had closely watched the progress of the erection of the monument and the planting of the flowers.

The chief burden o' John's conversation to his sister was telling her the many virtues of his worthy wife. When Miss Young was called into the shop to wait upon a customer, I gave John the hint that the second watch and chain were purchased for 'Miss Young,' and that Mary Anne got quite enough o' indulgence without getting a gold watch yet. John at once took the hint, and opening both the cases, laid them down on the table. When his sister was once more seated by my side, John rose, and with a grace that I could hardly have given him credit for, lifted the watches, and, presenting them to us, said, 'A small token of esteem from your husband and your brother.'

John had always been in the habit of reading a chapter of the Bible to his assembled household before retiring to rest; but this night, for the first time, he requested us to kneel at the family altar, and poured forth the gratitude of his heart to the Giver of all good for his many, many mercies, with a true fervour that touched all our hearts. John has never since neglected the duty of family prayer, and I feel we're a' the better o't.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Sixth.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY—MY SILVER TEA SET—WILLIE AND MARY ANNE—MY DAUGHTER'S UPPISHNESS—KIRSTY AND HER LOVER — THE KITCHEN COURTSHIP — THE DETECTION — MARRIAGE PROPOSED — BRACELETS — THE BEST MAN — JOHN'S SISTER — THE WEDDING — BAB-AT-THE BOWSTER.

SHORTLY after the reconciliation o' John and his sister, as Mary Anne's birthday was drawing near, John one evening proposed to me that we should hae a bit party in honour o' the occasion. I at once understood that this party, although nominally in honour o' his daughter's birthday, was meant by John as a compliment to his sister; so I entered into John's project wi' a' my heart, and suggested that as it wasna often that we had onything o' the kind, we should hae a wiselike affair; that is, that we should invite as many folk as the house wad haud. John said he wad leave the matter entirely in my own hands; I could invite as many as I thought proper, and he would cheerfully supply the sinews of entertainment, viz., the cash.

I told John that I would require no assistance frae him for the provision of the good things; but if he liked to accept it, I would entrust him with one commission anent the party, which commission was, that as I wished to astonish our frien's a little, I would like that John, if he thought he could take the liberty, would ask Mrs Bailie Monro for the len' o' her new silver tea set to flourish on the occasion. 'And,'

quo' I, 'John, ye can make her sure that I'll tak guid care o't.' John's answer was, 'I canna do that, guidwife, but I'll tell ye what I'll do; if ye think a silver tea set would be an improvement, I'll buy one to-morrow.' 'Weel, John,' quo' I, 'that's just like yoursel'; and when ye are going to come out handsome, if ye would get it at least as massive as the Bailie's, it would please me a' that the better; the matter o' a five or even a ten-pound note is a sma' consideration on such a purchase, and yet it mak's a' the difference betwecn a commonplace and a tiptop article.' John said, I might just leave him alone in the matter, when he was going to go he would go 'the whole hogg,'—and so he did; for in two days thereafter home came a fine mahogany box, containing the grandest silver tea set that ever I saw. It wasna only a tea set, but a coffee set likewise; for there was a coffee-pot as weel as a tea-pot, and I could not tell which o' them was brawest. Mr Smith hadna in stock onything just quite up to John's mark, so he had telegraphed to London for something 'more exquisite still.'

I declare the thoughts o' John's kindness makes me quite poetical at this moment. Is not the thought a beautiful one? A loving husband, bent on the gratification o' his wife, commands the lightning from the thunder-cloud to carry his message, 'quick as thought of love,' to the knowing artificers in the world's great capital, and straightway the fairest trophies of their art are handed with a more precious smile of love to her, who, day by day, and year by year, enhances in her heart their value as one of the many gifts of a life-long affection!

Our party was everything that could be wished. I couldna help thinking that Mrs Bailie Monro lookit a wee chaw't when she first set her eyes on our new silver tea set; and I thought I heard her whisper to the Bailie, 'Ye see now that I was right,'

and the Bailie whispered back, 'Mind the tenth commandment.' Everybody present seemed anxious to pay Miss Young a' the respect in their power. Bailie Monro led her into supper, and seemed, without ony affectation, quite taken up with her; and so he might, for she was a woman that was really a treat to look at. Her beauty was of that full-ripe description that bordered on the matronly, and her silent sorrows had given her a look of quiet resignation, that made her, in the most comprehensive sense o' the term, truly beautiful.

I had just one annoying feeling in connection wi' the party, and this arose from the misconduct of the young lady in whose honour it was got up, viz, Miss Mary Anne. I had suggested, and John had approved the suggestion, that John's clerk, Mr William Henderson, should be one of the company. He had been often in our house on the Saturday afternoon, spending his half-holiday, but had never before been honoured with an invitation to a set party. The young man (his father in everything but his follies) came in first-rate style; he was dressed with the most exquisite taste. John whispered to me, when he came in amongst the last arrivals, that he was by far the best-looking man in the company. I said nothing; I had the auld stoun at my heart, that I fear will never leave me.

In the interval between tea and supper, we had songs in abundance, and Mr Henderson was the constant attendant at the piano, turning over the leaves o' the music with a grace that charmed all present. When Mary Anne was the singer, he moved about her quite like a perfect Adonis; and when he led her to her seat, I could notice he invariably squeezed himself in beside her, which circumstance seemed to annoy Miss Mary Anne not a little. I saw her, on more occasions than one, look quite angry at him, and gather in owre her frock, as if the proximity of

her father's clerk were likely to defile her garments. When I noticed this, I felt my fingers itching to gie her a reisle i' the lug; was the young man no as good as her in every respect?

The circumstance, however, that annoyed me most, was, that when we were forming to march into supper, Mr Henderson offered Mary Anne his arm, which her highness most decidedly refused, and was turning to make up to one o' Bailie Monro's sons, when her rejected snapped at her hand, held it as if in a vice, and pulled her after him with an iron will that took Mary Anne's dignity quite by storm. He jerked her down on a chair, and was down at her side before you wad say Jack Robinson; and then, during supper, when he offered to help his partner to anything, and she declined, she never got a second chance. Mary Anne's supper was very light. When I, in a joke, took notice of my daughter's abstemiousness, her partner said, quite heartily, 'she means to sing well after supper, and so wishes to avoid all plum-pudding obstructions.' Mary Anne looked daggers at him; and I thought, by the expression o' her face, that Willie was surely tramping on her toes. When Mr William Henderson that night took leave o' Mary Anne, I heard him say (I was watching them), 'You'll treat me with courtesy, Miss Young, the next time that I offer you my arm;' and wi' that he coldly bowed, and took his departure.

When I took Mary Anne to task for her misconduct to the young man, it came clearly out, that she had no objections to Mr Henderson's attentions when we were by ourselves, but in company she did not think that her father's servant was just a companion for her. 'Very good,' I said, 'the only fault I have to find with you is this—you should have objected to his private attentions as well as to his more public attentions, and henceforth I'll take good care that ye're no fashed with either public or private atten-

tions frae the same quarter; for to treat any one with cordiality in the domestic circle, and with disrespect in company, is the rankest form of the heart's infidelity.

The night after the party the servant was out; so I was sitting in the kitchen just thinking on my daughter's uppishness, when the parlour bell rung. I wondered what was ado that the bell was set a-going, seeing that baith John and Mary Anne (the sole occupants o' the parlour) kent fine that Kirsty was out. I answered the bell, and to my astonishment, John, who was sitting beside his daughter at the piano, told me that they required some coals for the fire, Mary Anne adding, 'bring nice little bits, and don't raise a dust.' I left the room with the full intention of returning with a guid big shovelful of coals, which I meant to empty right into Mary Anne's lap, and tell her to pick out the bits o' the size that pleased her; but before I had got the shovel filled, my wrath cooled, and I began to think of a more rational method of taking the superfluous conceit out o' my daughter.

The coals no making their appearance, John cam' ben to see what was keeping me. One word, I may say, showed John his error, and he begged a thousand pardons. He was proceeding to fill the shovel himsel' when I took it frae him, and bade him just sit down at the kitchen fire and see if Miss Young would see the propriety (before the fire went black out) o' mending it hersel'. This the lassie did not see; for when we returned to the room there wasna a spark in the grate, and Mary Anne was busy singing,

'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.'

I warned John to take no notice o' the fire. I admitted that it was mysel' that had spoiled the lassie, and I said I would find a means of curing her.

This idea, for several days, constantly occupied my thoughts; and at last I decided that it would be a guid thing for me to dispense wi' the services o' Kirsty (our servant) for a short time. My mother, Mary Anne, and mysel' might manage the work, and so I might learn my daughter what, whether married or single, would prove of as much service to her as her great musical accomplishments But the puzzler was, how was I to get clear of Kirsty? she had been with me for five years, and was a first-rate servant; I couldna give her her leave. I just saw one way that it could be managed gracefully—that was, if I could get Kirsty married. She had what I had no doubt would prove a faithful lover, Sandy Grant, one o' John's men; but although a decent lad, with the most honourable intentions, Sandy was an uncommonly slow coach; could I no give Sandy a shove in the right direction? I resolved to try.

I was on the outlook for an opportunity to forward Kirsty's interests for a considerable time, but could see no way except an open attack on the 'cannie man.' That might not produce the desired effect, and so do more harm than good. One night, all on a sudden, I decided upon instant action. John was frae home on some business, a very rare occurrence. It was past ten o'clock, my mother and the bairns were in their beds; and Sandy Grant, kennin' his master's absence, had quietly been slipped into the kitchen, and was now seated cosily beside Kirsty, crackin', as they say, like a pea-gun. Kirsty evidently seemed desirous to keep the presence o' Sandy in the kitchen a secret frae me, and I so far gratified her as to pretend that I didna ken he was there.

The watchman was just crying half-past ten, when I, proceeding on my assumed ignorance, cried in at the kitchen door—'Ye've no errand out the night, Kirsty,—I suppose I may lock the door?' 'Do so,' cried Kirsty, 'and mind and put on the chain.'

'Very good, Kirsty,' says I to mysel', and locks the door and takes out the key, and goes awa—no to my ain bed, but into a wee bed-room that had a door leading into the kitchen, through the key-hole of which I could see and hear all that passed between Kirsty and Sandy. I got quite into the humour o' studying love in humble life, as disclosed in the newest edition of Nature's living volumes.

If ony o' my readers should think or say that there was something o' the degrading character o' the spy in my so watching the lovers, I have just to say that there was no such thing. I was there, like a good angel, to watch approvingly what was right, and to prevent the possibility o' anything that was wrong. And more,—I would like to ken what woman o' ye, aye, or man o' ye, who had the privilege o' a key-hole through which ye could so read love's story, wouldna tak' a bit keek! If there be sic petrified embodiments of indifference, I'm no acquaint wi' ony o' them.

When I first looked through the key-hole, Kirsty was busy rippin' out the seam o' an auld gown, and Sandy was haudin' the end o't. Sandy was saying that it was the most absurd thing in the world to say, that man was a child of circumstances; to which Kirsty replied:—'There is no doubt, circumstances have a great effect. If, for instance, you had been born a king and me a princess, we couldna hae helped our position ony mair than we can the circumstance of being born, you to hard work, and me to a position o' servitude.' 'Weel,' quo' Sandy, 'there is no doubt truth in that. But still the circumstance of birth is of very little consequence. I firmly believe, that the prince and the peasant have a precisely equal chance of attaining the great prize of life, viz., contentment, and consequently happiness.' 'How d'ye mak' out that?' quo' Kirsty. 'I dinna think,' quo' Sandy, 'that it's in ony way difficult to mak' out. I believe that happiness in life depends entirely

on our obedience to nature's laws. If the prince disobeys these laws, he is punished just as certainly as the disobedient peasant; and the peasant's simple natural position gives him an advantage quite sufficient to compensate for the prince's apparently smoother path. I believe, for instance, that it requires a better man to make a good prince, than to make a good peasant.' 'And yet,' quo' Kirsty, 'if you were to get the chance, you would risk being a prince.' 'I don't know that,' quo' Sandy; 'I ken this—I'm just as happy sitting here in Mr Young's kitchen beside you as ony prince that ever was born could be in the company o' the most noble princess. External circumstances hae but little effect on the emotions o' the heart.' 'What do ye ken about the heart's emotions?' quo' Kirsty. 'Far more than ye would think,' quo' Sandy; 'I am sure the lowe o' love burns as brightly in my heart as ever it did in the heart o' ony man.' 'Weel,' quo' Kirsty, 'I must confess that love is a thing that I ken nothing about; how does it affect you?' Sandy answered—'Ye needna tell me, Kirsty, that ye ken nothing about love; I understand things better than that; but I'll tell you how it affects me. When I tak' to thinking o' you, which I do very often, I feel a pleasing glow at my heart, which gradually finds its way a' through me, and I feel as if in a kind o' vapour bath; I have thousands o' pleasant emotions. In a' the happy pictures that my fancy draws, you are aye beside me; my thoughts often pass frae earth to heaven, and I feel, as a perfect certainty, man's immortality. I feel as if God, in his goodness, could never extinguish the soul where he has kindled the flame of love; and then I sometimes think what would become o' me if ye were to dee, or——' 'Or marry some other body,' quo' Kirsty, 'for which, in the slowness o' your motions, ye give me ample opportunity.' 'Weel, Kirsty,' quo' Sandy, 'I think I would be showing

sma' respect for you if I were to marry you before I was quite certain I could make you comfortable.' Kirsty answered, 'We're never quite certain o' any one thing in this world.' 'We're quite certain o' this,' quo' Sandy, 'that where young folk marry without a trifle laid by for a rainy day, the bits o' bairns run a great risk o' coming through the hard.' 'But then,' quo' Kirsty, 'there is no certainty o' being fash'd wi' bairns.' 'Weel,' quo' Sandy, wi' great unction, 'that's in a good hand.'

They had a full hour o' this miscellaneous conversation, when Sandy at length said, he would be stepping for the night. I then could hear a gropping and a fumbling at the door, and a wonderful consternation at the key being amissing. After due search had been made, the lovers returned to the kitchen, quite undecided as to what course to take, when all on a sudden there was a most emphatic ring at the door bell. I was wondering if it could be John returned so unexpectedly, when Sandy Grant said, in great consternation, 'I declare to goodness if it's no that auld bizem o' a landlady o' mine come seeking me; I hear her pechin' at the door; what will I do?' Kirsty, with great apparent presence o' mind, pointed in the direction o' the kitchen bed, and said, 'Slip in below't.' Sandy obeyed in an instant, and Kirsty immediately screwed down the gas, and tumbled in owre the bed just as she was, and was sound asleep in one moment.

There was another terrible pull at the bell; so, Kirsty being sleeping, I answered the door, and let in the auld wife, who was sure that her Sandy was in the house wi' my Kirsty. A slight inspection of the kitchen, dark as it was, and Kirsty snoring like thunder, at once satisfied the landlady that her lodger wasna in my house. The auld body (she was a far-off frien' o' Sandy's mother, and so had a particular care o' her lodger), left, intending to go

direct to the police-office, to see if, through ony accident, he could hae landed there.

When I had got the landlady a' right, I returned to the kitchen, and said, 'Kirsty, I'm afraid there's something wrong; I've seen you sleeping mony a time, but never heard you snoring before;' and wi' that I screwed up the gas, and went straight to the bed, and turning down the claes, discovered Kirsty's full-dress night gown—Kirsty stubbornly keeping on snoring. I gied her nose a pull that brought the water to her een, and compelled her to admit her consciousness o' my presence. I asked her to tell me at once if the young man was in the house. Kirsty sat up, rubbing her een, and said, 'Weel, mistress, as sure as death—' when Sandy, frae below the bed, cried, 'Dinna tell a lie, Kirsty, to screen me,' and immediately came crawling frae his hiding place with the look o' a condemned criminal.

I stood back at a respectable distance frae the detected pair, and held up both my hands as in mute astonishment. When at length I spoke, I said, 'Weel, Kirsty, far be it frae me to condemn you, but puir, foolish lassie, your character's gone.' 'Character!' quo Sandy, and the one word seemed to choke him. So I said, 'Yes, young man, a puir, orphan lassie's character is no improved by concealing even a decent man below her bed.' Sandy scratched his head for a guid wee, and then said, 'I think, Mrs Young, ye'll believe me when I tell you that, however circumstances may seem to stain her reputation, Christina Simpson is, in the eyes of her Maker, all that an unmarried woman ought to be.' I answered that it was of very little consequence what I believed, I could hardly think that Mr Young would be inclined to keep a servant who had, to say the least, been guilty of a great indiscretion; and, if she were to leave me, how could I, with a clear conscience, give her a character? It would look rather funny if I

were to write to any lady that Christina Simpson was leaving my service on account of having concealed a man below her kitchen bed; but, for a' that, she was everything that could be desired in a servant. I doubt such a recommendation wadna prove of much service. 'I am sure,' quo' Sandy, 'it puzzles me to ken what to do or say.' My answer was, 'Do ye no mind, Sandy, what Boaz did to the virtuous Ruth?' 'Yes,' quo' Sandy, his face lighting up, 'and I'll marry Kirsty as soon as ye'll let her leave her place.' 'Weel,' quo' I, 'ye can put in the cries the morn.' Sandy looked as if hesitating, when Kirsty, speaking for the first time, said, 'I have thirteen pound ten.' Sandy at once answered, 'In goes the cries the morn; and I'll rin, for that daft auld wife will be dredging the canal by this time: it's one blessing she didna catch me here.'

As Sandy's heels were clattering down the stair, Kirsty took such a fit o' laughing that I thought she would hae hurt hersel'. When she was able to speak, she said (hauding up her finger to give point to her outcome), 'Ye kent frae the first that Sandy was in the house,' and then she lay down in the kitchen floor and laughed till I thought she wad gane into fits. The only intelligible sentence that I heard her speak that night was, when in ane o' the lulls o' her merriment she said, 'And Sandy says it's a' nonsense saying that man is a child o' circumstances.' The last thing that I heard before fa'ing asleep was Kirsty taking anither hearty laugh.

Next morning Kirsty was up by the screech o' day, going about the house with as much lightness and speed as if the prospect of matrimony had given her wings. Before breakfast time, Kirsty, taking Mary Anne into her confidence, the twa-some had the entire programme of the marriage arrangements drawn out. It was taken for granted that the marriage was to take place in our house. Kirsty said she was sure

her master wadna grudge her her marriage supper. Mary Anne was to be best maid, and Kirsty said, seeing that she had no frien's, her master would give her away. Kirsty was to be married in a plain white frock, and her hair was just to be plainly shed, and to have no ornament but one simple white rose. There was just one point on which Mary Anne and Kirsty had a difference of opinion. Kirsty wanted her white frock to be very short-sleeved, and she would, consequently, have entirely bare arms, to ornament which Kirsty had an abundant supply o' cheap bracelets (bracelets were Kirsty's weakness). Mary Anne had no objection to the white frock being short-sleeved, but as Kirsty's arms were uncommonly red, Mary Anne thought loose gossamer sleeves would be an improvement. When I took Mary Anne's side in this dispute, Kirsty said she would give in; 'but for a' that,' quo' Kirsty, 'the bare arms and bracelets are the real thing. I've seen Miss Faucit married four times; twice as the Lady of Lyons, and twice as Julia, and she had aye bare arms and bracelets.'

When Sandy Grant came up in the evening, the cries (he told us) were in, and Sandy was in the highest spirits. The cause o' his landlady's coming in search o' him was a very unexpected occurrence, no less an event than the arrival o' his cousin, 'Big Sandy Grant, from Australia,' whom Sandy said, 'had returned to his native land with a handsome fortune.' The cousins had been friends in youth, and so, in the first flush o' a revival o' early confidence, Sandy had told his cousin all the circumstances connected with his night's adventure, and of how he was in for matrimony. His cousin he said had behaved like a gentleman He had offered him any amount of money, and had volunteered to be best man. At this announcement, Kirsty gied Mary Anne a dunch on the elbow, and said, 'There's a chance for you, Miss Young.' I spiert at Sandy what age his cousin

was. He was forty. 'Weel,' quo' I, 'Mary Anne, I doubt, will not make a suitable best maid; but what would you think if I were to make an effort to get Mr Young's sister to act as bridesmaid?' Sandy said it was too much trouble, and that Miss Mary Anne would suit quite well. Kirsty, who seemed to catch my thought at once, said, 'The mistress kens best what will suit, and I'm sure if I get Mr Young's sister for a best maid I'll be a proud woman, for she's the most noble-looking lady in Glasgow.'

Mary Anne resigned all claim to the office with a most becoming grace, and asked at the bridegroom when he would bring up his cousin to introduce him to mamma. Sandy said he would bring him up the next evening if the mistress would allow him. 'Certainly,' I said; and at the appointed minute the bridegroom and the best man were shown into the dining-room. The best man was a handsome, sturdy fellow, with a tremendous brown beard. I liked him the moment I saw him; and when he gied my hand sic a manly squeeze, I marked him down as one of nature's nobility. Mr Grant had been told about the handsome lady that was to be best maid, and he was quite anxious to see her. I said she wasna what some folks would ca' bonnie; there was nothing o' the doll about her; she was more like a grand statue; but I told Mr Grant that I had my own reasons for requesting that he wouldna seek to see Miss Young until the night o' the wedding. Mr Grant was quite satisfied; him and me had a long crack about Australia; he didna exactly tell me how muckle siller he had brought home, but he told me quite plainly that he was independent for life.

When Sandy went ben to the kitchen to speak to Kirsty, Mr Grant told me he wished to make the bride a present, but he did not know how to go properly about it; he said he would take it as a favour if I would buy her a few things that she might require

with that, handing me a fifty-pound note. I took the siller, telling Mr Grant that I hoped he would never miss't, and that I would advise Kirsty to make it the foundation o' her fortune, by laying it by as a so-much for a rainy day.

Miss Young at first refused, point blank, to be best maid; she repeated the words 'best maid;' and then laughed, and then grat; when I said I hoped she wasna owre proud to be best maid to a poor, friendless servant lass. She gave in; and then she was going to come out in the most sombre style. This I at once objected to, and told her she must do the occasion all the honour in her power; and so, if she hadna a braw new gown that would suit, she must just get one. Jessie took a guid lang hearty greet, and then said, 'I have what should have been my own marriage gown.' I demanded a sight o't; it was pure white silk, trimmed round the skirt and bosom with garlands of roses. I pronounced it quite the thing. She had a sort of auld-fashioned diamond braid for her hair, which I most highly approved of. I gar't her try on all her finery, and when she saw hersel' arrayed in her bridal robes, her poor heart panted, until I was fear't she would burst the white silk gown; but this burst, which must have come, was better by now than on the wedding day.

Mr Young was quite astonished, when on his return home he found a' thing cut and dry for Kirsty's wedding. He wondered where we could get as guid a servant. I said that my mother, Mary Anne, and mysel' would manage the work for a wee, until we saw what would turn up.

Three weeks are no lang in passing at ony time, and so Kirsty's wedding soon came round, and a fine spree it was. When Miss Young made her appearance in the character of 'best maid,' arrayed in all her own bridal robes, and looking 'a glorious woman,' her brother fairly broke down. He rushed into the

bed-room beside me, threw himsel' across the bed, and indulged in a perfect tempest o' grief. It was just subsiding when the minister was announced; so after a considerable amount of polishing frae me, John faced up, and was quite hearty. When the best man and the best maid were introduced, Mr Grant seemed quited overawed by the splendour of his partner, which I thought a good sign, and so was quite delighted,—when John awkwardly stammering in between them, I felt a cauld shiver rin through me.

As I have said before, I am not superstitious; yet during the whole night I couldna help thinking that John's coming between Mr Grant and his sister was a bad omen. This thought I of course kept to mysel', and did my best to keep up the steam o' the company. When we had had singing and dancing in abundance, Mr Henderson (a' John's men were at Kirsty's wedding) proposed 'Bab-at-the-Bowster,' and Mary Anne, somewhat to my surprise, ran awa direct and brought him a pillow. When young Willie Henderson had thrice danced round the company, he laid the pillow at my feet, and him and me showed a first-rate example in the kissing way.

I, curious to try the effect o' the best man's beard, took him up; he, of course, took up the best maid, and his feeling of awe being evidently subsided, a right hearty touzle he gave her. Miss Young took up the bridegroom, and he took up my mother, who took up John, giving him a smack that quite showed that the auld body hadna forgot the airt o' kissing. John took up the bride, who, no having much of a choice, took up John's message-boy, a wee impudent laddie, who, without a moment's hesitation, laid the pillow at Mary Anne's feet; and when she rather stiffly knelt, the callant gripped her firmly round the neck, and tumbled her right owre on the floor, and kissed her till he was tired. And so Kirsty's wedding entertainment came very satisfactorily to a close. What came after, I reserve for the next part o' my story.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Seventh.

MARY ANNE WORKS WELL—MY QUIET TEA DRINKING—MISS JULIA GOULD—OUR SONGS—JOHN'S SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE—THE KEY TURNED—BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION—THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN—REV. MR GUNN—LOGIE KIRK YARD—MR GRANT'S CONFESSION—MISS YOUNG MATCHED—MISS GOULD AND THE PARSON.

To my astonishment and satisfaction, Mary Anne took quite kindly to the work o' the house. She lighted the fires, dusted the rooms, washed the dishes, and even scrubbed the kitchen floor, without a murmur. When she voluntered to wash down the outside stairs, I, fearing that such work might spoil her hands, and otherwise injure her appearance, went direct to a register-office and engaged a successor to Kirsty—allotting to Mary Anne a certain department o' the domestic duties, which the lassie cheerfully undertook, and as cheerfully performed—playing and singing, I think, fully as much as when she had nothing else to do.

About eight days after Kirsty's wedding, I invited Mr Grant and Miss Young just to a comfortable cup o' tea wi' John and mysel'. I meant that we were to be quite alone, but

> 'The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley,'

and so it was wi' my intended quiet tea-drinking; for just as we were sitting down to tea, wha should come in in full style but Miss Julia Gould, a great *belle* that I had got acquainted with during our

residence at Dunoon. Miss Julia required very little coaxing to join our party. She was a young lady that had a considerable sum o' money, and was most decidedly in the matrimonial market.

When I was making room for her beside mysel', she thanked me, and said quite boldly, she would prefer sitting beside Mr Grant,—adding, as she sat down at his elbow, 'I have a great partiality for gentlemen with beards.' Mr Grant blushed, but was evidently (as a' men are wi' flattery) weel pleased. As we were proceeding wi' our first cup, John's clerk, Mr. Henderson, called to speak to his master about some business that John had forgot, so I requested him to take a cup with us. I didna get the chance of speaking to him, but I managed by looks to let him ken that I gave him Miss Julia Gould in charge, which, with a knowing look, he accepted; and so, immediately after tea, Mr Henderson, volunteering to lead Miss Gould to the piano, took decided possession of the 'fair lady' for the night. Miss Gould was a first-rate pianist, so she showed off at a great rate. After playing a number of grand pieces, she struck up in fine style—

'I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,'

accompanying herself with great taste. As she rose from the instrument, she turned to Miss Young, and asked her to favour us with a tune. Miss Young answered, in a very decided voice, 'You know, Miss Gould, that I can't play; I never had the privilege of learning;' adding, as I saw, to John's great astonishment, 'but I'll give you a song.' John blew his nose, and said, 'You could sing, Jessie; let us hear you, for auld lang syne.' Jessie, without a moment's hesitation, began 'Auld Robin Gray.' When she cam', in the first verse, to 'my Jamie went to sea,' her eyes filled with tears, and John's nose was needing blowing again. Miss

Young sang every word of the beautiful ballad, with a depth of pathetic power, and a chasteness of execution, that threw Miss Gould's 'Willow tree,' and a' her musical attainments, quite into shade.

Miss Julia seemed quite taken aback by Miss Young's great natural talent, or genius, I should rather ca't. Mr Henderson consoled his partner (for the night) by reciting, with his arm round her waist, Claud Melnott's description of the Lake of Como. How gloriously he spoke the beautiful words,

'We'd read no books that were not tales of love,
That we might smile to think how poorly
Eloquence of words translates the poetry of hearts like ours.'

There was a ring o' genuine fervour in the tones o' Willie's voice as he spoke Bulwer's noble lines, glancing, as he did, at every second sentence into Mary Anne's face, that convinced me of a fact that I had haen for some time a strong suspicion of, viz., that John's young clerk had given his master's daughter a warm corner in his heart's affections.

It was now Mr Grant's turn to contribute something to the evening's entertainment. He said, when I asked him for a song, that Miss Young's singing of 'Auld Robin Gray' had put him quite out o' conceit wi' onything that he could do; but he said, quite heartily, 'I'll no let the entertainment stick at my door.' He would, he said, give us a song that was written by a young man, a friend of his, in Australia. It was written at the request o' a dashing young widow that came out in quest o' a husband, and had the effect o' nailing 'the laird, Johnnie,' in less than a fortnight after its composition. Miss Julia Gould was all attention for this song. Mr Grant sang't to the 'Lass o' Gowrie,' merely quickening the time a little to suit the spirit o' the composition. I expressing myself highly

pleased with it, Mr Grant presented me with a copy of his friend's song, and so I here present it to my readers:—

THE WIDOW: A SONG.

Oh sweetly did the widow sing,
And paukily her head did hing,
As she a killing glance did fling
At the Laird Johnnie.

Then Johnnie heaved a heavy sigh,
The widow looked, as wondering why,
And threw again her witching eye
At the Laird Johnnie.

Then Johnnie could nae langer bear,
He hirstled to the widow near,
And threw his arm owre her chair,
The gallant Laird Johnnie.

The widow turned her head awa',
An' let her han' in Johnnie's fa',
Then Johnnie, smiling, cried, Ha! ha!
The happy Laird Johnnie.

Syne Johnnie gied the hand a smack,
Yet ne'er a word the widow spak,
Thinks Johnnie, 'Faith, a kiss I'll tak','
The gallant Laird Johnnie.

Syne Johnnie pree'd the widow's mou',
The widow, laughing, cried 'What noo?'
Said Johnnie, 'Lass, I'll marry you.'
'Sae be't,' quo' she to Johnnie.

When I had given this song, what I thought it merited, very decided praise, John requested that I would favour the company wi' one o' my own songs. 'Mrs Young's own songs,' quo' Miss Julia Gould; 'you don't mean to say that Mrs Young writes songs?' 'I do,' quo' John, adding, wi' a look o' pride at me, 'I believe that if it wasna that Mrs Young knows the stage to be on the decline, she could and would write a five act tragedy.' John's sister said she would have more faith in my ability to write comedy. I said I had my doubts o' my ability

to write either comedy or tragedy, but I would be nane fear't to try my hand at a farce; in the meantime, I would give them a very simple composition that I had sung to wee Willie when his sister came hame, and as, whether guid, bad, or indifferent, there are but four verses o't, I'll present it here, so that my simple ditty may have a fair chance o' going down to posterity in the company o' 'The Widow':—

A MOTHER'S SONG.

Noo, Willie, laddie, ye maun gang to your daddie,
For your bonnie wee sister maun lie on my knee,
And ye're growin' stout noo, and fit to rin a'bout noo,
And gin we didna daut her tho wee thing wad dee.

Da' and me wad greet then, and your wee heart wad beat then,
But fondly do we hope that the like we mayna see;
Sae we'll cuddle and we'll kiss her, and pray Guid to bless her,
And mak her sic a sister as sister should be.

Oh, ye'll help to rock, Will, and when her claes we dock, Will,
Ye'll learn her to toddle, as your mammie learn't you,
Ye'll lift her when she fa's, as sho gangs by the wa's,
And kiss the place that's hurtit wi' your bonnie mou'.

And when ye're baith big, Will, a lad and lass so trig, Will
Ye'll work wi' your daddie, then, and she'll work wi' me;
And cheering ane auither, tho warld's storms we'll weather;
Sae gang to your daddie and let your mammie be.

My song called forth great applause from the entire company. Miss Julia Gould said, I should publish a volume by subscription. It was a pity, she said, that anything so sweetly natural should be lost. I said, that publishing by subscription was a beggarly piece of business that wadna suit me, and there was no fear o' anything that was really good being lost. And such is really the fact; whatever has real merit in't, is certain sooner or later to be fully appreciated, and ultimately embalmed in the nation's great heart. Mary Anne sang, with great spirit (casting now and then a glance at Mr Henderson), 'Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen.'

During the entire evening I had taken guid care that Miss Young and Mr Grant should hae as much opportunity as possible for confidential conversation; and a'thing was going on very much to my mind, when John, leaving the room, gied me a telegraphic look, that indicated that he had something to say to me in private. So I, wi' a queer feeling o' misgiving at my heart, followed John into the bed-room. When John had steekit the door, he said, 'I see plainly what you are driving at wi' Mr Grant and Jessie. I can appreciate your motives, but the affair must go no farther; I cannot allow the man to be deceived.' 'Deceived,' I repeated, 'I wad like to ken wha means to deceive the man.' John answered, 'You mean to deceive the man; and I tell you I will not allow it.' I was baith vexed and angry at John's stupid interferenee wi' my project. So I answered, 'It's my opinion, Mr Young, that you have no business to interfere in this matter, so I would just thank you to let me do as I please.' 'But,' quo' John, 'I will not let you do as you please; I will not allow the man to be entrapped—I'll tell him before he leaves this house how matters stand with my sister.' 'Will you?' quo' I; 'you had better no; if you say one word to him on ony sic subject, I'll make you repent it as long as you live.' John answered, 'I am in no way afraid of your threats; go and tell Mr Grant that I wish to speak to him.' This was spoken with a tone of authority that made me quake. So I left the room as if to obey, but took the precaution to turn the key in the bed-room door.

When I re-entered the dining-room, Miss Young was on her feet to leave for the night, and Mr Grant was volunteering to see her home; and Miss Julia Gould was saying that as she had to go in the same direction, she would go too. I said that I wadna ask them to remain a moment longer; and I would be obliged to them if they would leave as quietly as pos-

sible, for Mr Young had taken a bad turn (Guid kens that was the truth). As if by magic, the company departed, without asking a single question. I heard Mr Henderson saying, as he went down the stair, to Miss Gould, 'Oh that I were a glove upon that sweet hand!'

When I, opening the bed-room door, commanded John to come forth, he could hardly believe his een that the folk were awa. He was perfectly white wi' wrath. He demanded to know by what piece of abominable deception I had dispersed the company. 'By no piece of abominable deception,' I answered; 'I told them that you had gone mad,—there was no deception in that; and if ye wish to prove the truth o't, if you have anything to say to Mr Grant about your sister, you can cry't owre the window to him,—he's still within hearing.' John said, 'Never mind! I'll find means of communicating with him.' Mary Anne, who had evidently a correct notion o' the matter o' dispute, said, 'I think, papa, it would be better if you would not interfere in what you have no business with.' At this John got fairly roused, and in a manner kicked his daughter out o' the room. He shoved her out o' the room by the shoulders, and shut the door with a kick that set a' our portraits a-dancing. Then, turning to me, he said, 'I'll turn over a new leaf with you, Madam!' My answer was, 'You had better begin a new volume wi' me; a new leaf is nothing to the change that has come owre you.' John answered, 'There is little use in bandying words; but I tell you, once for all, that this matter must be dropped.' 'And I tell you,' was my reply, 'that this matter will not be dropped!' And then, starting on a new tack, I said, 'But what matter is't ye're raving about John?' 'You don't require,' quo' John, 'to be told what matter I refer to. Your own guilty conscience informs you that I am right, and that you are wrong.'

Vexed and angry as I was, this allusion to the guilt o' my conscience forced me to laugh right in John's face. John seemed bursting with rage, so I said, 'Come now, guidman, and let you and me have a quiet reasonable conversation about this matter o' conscience.' John took a seat, and I, sitting down right opposite to him (the table was between us), said, 'So far as I can see, the matter stands simply thus: you have a sister, an ornament to her sex, even although her life has not been, in the world's eyes, perfection; that sister meets under your roof a decent man, who treats her with common civility, which she, as bound, returns with courtesy. I treat them both as your wife, and every wife, should treat her husband's friends, by doing all in my power to make them comfortable and happy, when you, seized with a Quixotic notion, desire to tell an utter stranger what he has no business to know. I object to such folly, and you flee into a towering passion. Is not that a fair statement of the case?'

'No,' quo' John, 'it is not; allow me to state the matter. Your husband has a sister who has been guilty of a sin that society holds in abhorrence; you know this, and purposely invite to your house a stranger, to entrap that stranger into forming an alliance with her, knowing that, if he knew the fact of her disgrace, he would never for one moment entertain the thought of connecting himself with her. I, loathing such a course of deception, purpose letting the stranger know the truth—which knowledge would upset your silly match making scheme, and you lock me into a room to prevent me from carrying out the dictates of both my judgment and my conscience.'

'Judgment and conscience!' I retorted, 'I do think ye have very little judgment, and still less conscience. To carry out your theory to its full length, you would require to take up your stance at your sister's door, wi' a large placard on your back

and another on your breast, making all simple young men aware that your sister, Jessie Young, at such a date had a certain misfortune. I just know one place that wad fit folk wi' sic judgments and sic consciences, and that place is Gartnavel Lunatic Asylum. Surely, John, it's soon enough to tell the man particulars when he comes the length o' proposing to Jessie.'

'No,' John replied, 'it is too late when a man's affections are engaged, to tell him of unknown barriers.'

'Affcetions!' quo' I, 'don't blether to me, John, about the affections o' a man o' forty years of age, and fifteen stone weight; there's no fears o' his heart breaking.'

'Weel,' quo' John, 'I don't think we are likely to come to an agreement on this matter, so we'll better let it drop, and I'll find means to undeceive the man.'

'I tell you once more (I said) that the man is not deceived, and you have a precious stock of impudence to take it for granted that your sister would be guilty of deception; she has as much brains, and more heart, than yourself, and just as fine a sense of honour as any *man* in this great city. I declare it makes my blood boil, to hear any man who cannot but see and know the grossness of his own desires, affecting to hold, as something so awful, the one slip of a poor, weak woman. Take my advice, John Young, and speak no word to any one of your sister's misfortune. Who constituted you a God, to keep all the world right?' John seemed impressed, so I went on, 'Just look at this in its true light. You have an only sister, nestled in the same fond mother's bosom with yourself; you spend a happy youth together; you both receive your dying parents' blessings, and alone together in the world, your hearts record unspoken vows of deathless love. You glide smoothly along life's stream, when, at the dangerous bar of womanhood, your frailer partner, betrayed by the false light of woman's too fond faith in man, becomes

a wreck, whose woeful plight draws tears from strangers' eyes, and help from strangers' hands. You stand aloof, in self-righteous pride, and leave the fallen to her fate. The storm blows over, and years of deep repentance restore your sister, in the eyes of all, to full equality with you. You tardily extend a friendly hand to her, already independent of your aid. Heaven smiles upon your re-union, and seems to open up a way by which the sorely-bruised heart shall have its wounds all healed. Your sister is on the threshold of happiness—when you, her only brother, in your pride of heart assuming the part of already satisfied justice, would hurl her back to everlasting sorrow.' John was trembling at my flood of natural eloquence, so I went on:—'If the spirits of the departed know aught of our doings in this world, your father and mother, and he who wronged your sister, are at this moment in this room, and I feel inspired by them when I tell you that, however it may appear to your distorted judgment, such conduct from a brother to a sister is——.'

There was a fearful word upon my lips, but before I had power to speak it, my woman's heart failed me, and for the first time in my life I fainted. When I came to myself, I could notice that John was as pale as death. He said he felt he must make one more reference to the matter of dispute, and that was, to ask me to promise that the man should not be permitted to marry Jessie in ignorance of——. I offered to swear this on my bended knees, if he would promise to interfere in no way in the matter. He promised, and I promised, and that night John prayed fervently that I might not be blinded by my love for him, so as to be led off the straight path. Next morning I was far from well, and so John, ever kind, proposed that I should take the matter o' a fortnight at the Bridge of Allan. At this proposition my eyes filled wi' tears o' joy. I kent my ain

ken. I told John I would just take his advice, and that I would leave that very afternoon. Before going, I called upon Miss Young, who at onee agreed to go with me for a few days. I then dropped a note to Mr. Grant, telling him how happy I would be of a visit from him at the celebrated Spa. I said, in a P.S., that Miss Young was to be with me for the first few days, but that I would have ample accommodation for him as well.

Miss Young and me landed at the Bridge of Allan in the evening; and the next morning, when we were at breakfast, there was a gentleman announced, and greatly to Miss Young's surprise, Mr. Grant was shown in (Jessie had no knowledge o' me having invited him). Mr. Grant made quite a speech in returning thanks to me for my kind invitation. He said, he having been always aetively engaged in business, felt his lonely idleness quite a bore, and was, therefore, most grateful to me for giving him an opportunity of spending a few days in society where he was quite sure he would be happy, 'Indeed,' he added, 'I am inclined to think if I had not been honoured with an invitation, I would have come uninvited.'

Turning to Miss Young, who was sitting with a somewhat absent look, he said, 'I would like, Miss Young, to hear you say that you are glad to see me.' Jessie's answer was, 'Did you speak to me, Mr. Grant?' 'I did,' returned Mr. Grant; 'what absent one are you thinking of that we present mortals get so little of your attention? I was saying that I would like to hear you say that you were glad to see me at the Bridge of Allan.' 'Then,' said Jessie (with a dash of fun), 'believe me, sir, I know no other living man that I should be more glad to see; and if my tongue has been slow to speak a weleome to you, it is that the heart, too full of joy, has diffieulty in utterance.'

I gave this rather fine reply of Miss Young a round of applause with my breakfast cup, and, in a few minutes, we were a' busy discussing ham and eggs, etc., etc., and cracking about things in general. I couldna help starting when Mr Grant told us that Miss Julia Gould had been his fellow-passenger from Glasgow, and was coming to pay us a visit immediately after breakfast; she had come out to spend a few days with an aunt, and would be quite delighted to join us as often as she possibly could. Mr Grant brought his announcement regarding Miss Gould to a close by saying, 'She seems a very highly accomplished lady.' I said she was well veneered with the very superficial crust of fashionable education. Miss Young said that Miss Gould was not at all superficial—she was very clever; and what was better, she had two hundred pounds a-year in her own right. 'Yes,' quo' I, 'and she's going daft to get a man; so there's a chance for you, Mr Grant!' Mr Grant said that Miss Gould and her two hundred a-year would be a good bargain to some one, but he did not aspire to the hand of a 'fine lady.'

Rather before her announced time, Miss Gould dropped in to join us in our ramble. Notwithstanding the urgent request of Mr Grant, Miss Young decidedly declined going to walk that day; and so Mr Grant and Miss Gould were to be under the necessity of going out alone. I saw Miss Gould biting her lip and smiling with satisfaction, so I asked Mr Grant if he would have any objection to an auld wife like me going with them. Miss Gould was afraid they might go too far for me, but Mr Grant was quite overjoyed wi' the thought o' my company. I offered there and then, to walk with Miss Gould any distance she pleased, and Mr Grant said he would bet on my side.

On our outset, we went straight up to the celebrated well, where we saw a number o' skinny-looking

gentlemen and dun-skinned ladies hob-nobbing wi' the het mineral water as if it had been toddy. Miss Gould had never been there before, so she at once said she would take the water. Mr Grant volunteered to treat her to as many tumblers as she pleased. Perceiving the certain consequence o' Miss Gould's indulgence in the mineral cordial, I was laughing in my heart, when these words, 'To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin,' coming unbidden to my lips, I stepped in before the unsuspecting lady, and said, with an expressive look, 'We'll better take the water on our return.'

Miss Gould, at once seeing her danger, gave my hand a grateful squeeze, and turned abruptly fra' the combustible fountain. Mr Grant seemed at once to take to admiring, abstractedly, the distant beauties of the Abbey Craig. As we were quietly turning from the famous Spa, I feeling the happy consciousness of having done what was right, the reward o' my generosity made its appearance in the person of the Rev. Joseph Gunn, a talented but unpopular Baptist preacher, who was giving lessons to some young gentlemen in the district. I had got acquainted with him years before in Millport. I remembered, the moment I saw him, that he once told me, with the greatest frankness, that he could never marry unless he got a wife that could keep both hersel' and him: so I, after shaking hands with him most cordially, introduced him (giving him a' his titles with great gusto) to Miss Julia Gould, whom I jokingly said I could recommend to him, she having the virtues, etc., that he required in a wife. Miss Gould seemed quite delighted wi' her introduction to the parson, and when I proposed that he should join us in our walk, Miss Gould said she would be charmed with his company.

Mr Gunn, poor man, sought to plead no pre-engagement, and was modestly taking an isolated

position at my side, when I, in the plainest language, told him to give Miss Gould his arm, as I wanted Mr Grant entirely to mysel'. Miss Gould, who had a great preference for the cloth, was at Mr Gunn's side in a moment. When they were fairly kleekit, I, thinking it best to break the ice for them at a single stroke, said, 'Now, Mr Gunn, do your best, she's a beautiful and an accomplished lady, and has in her ain right two hundred a year.' Mr Grant glowr'd at me, but I kent that in such circumstances there is nothing like plain speaking. The twasome seemed to take quite kindly to one another on the moment; they seemed in no way inclined to keep pace wi' us, so we marched on.

When we turned the first corner, by mutual consent we silently struck into a bypath, and were 'free and alone.' Mr Grant said, with a smile, 'Since I had got him clear o' Miss Julia Gould, if I would just go home and send him up Miss Young in my place, he would be for ever obliged to me.' I told him that Miss Young was scarcely at my sending. Mr Grant then said, 'I needn't have any fear in speaking plainly to you on a matter that gives me a good deal of thought. I think I can trust you with a secret.' We were now close upon Logie kirk-yard, so I proposed a seat on a grave-stone. We had jumped the dyke, and were seated on a table tombstone. We were seated on the smooth ends, wi' a skull and cross bones between us, when Mr Grant said, 'From the first moment I saw Miss Young I loved her. Can you tell me how she feels towards me; in short, do you think I have any chance? I did not like her absent manner this morning, and her refusal to come out with us leads me to fear that my chance is small. Tell me candidly how you think she would treat a proposal from me of marriage.' I answered, 'It's very difficult to say. I know how she should treat it, but how she might treat it is a very different mat-

ter—women are wilful. I can tell you this much, for your comfort—she told me, in the plainest language, that since her intended was drowned, you were the only man she had taken at all kindly to.' 'Her intended drowned!' said Mr Grant in surprise.

He wanted to know all about her intended. I told him who and what the intended was, and how he had been lost just as he had been coming home to get married to Jessie. Mr Grant said, 'That accounts for the noble expression of resignation with which her face so continually radiates; but if there are only dead rivals in the way, I think I'll come on. Is this memory of her lost lover all that stands direct in the way?' 'No,' I said, 'there is a sort of living rival—' 'A sort of living rival?' said Mr Grant; 'speak plainly, Mrs Young; remember this is a matter of the heart.' 'Well,' I said, 'I do not know that I am at liberty to speak more plainly; perhaps it would be best that she herself should tell you.' Mr Grant repeated, 'A sort of living rival!' and evidently unable to unravel the mystery, said, 'Speak plainly, for God's sake—what is in the way of my happiness?' 'Nothing,' I said, 'that should be aught in my way if I were a man, but you may, and Miss Young may, and likely will, think differently.' 'You are torturing me,' said Mr Grant; 'I implore you to repose implicit confidence in me. Come, now, what living rival have I?' Mr Grant turned as pale as death when I said, 'A pretty little child.'

When he recovered himself, he said, 'I returned to this country with the full intention of marrying the mother of my child, but found her married and happy. I made ample provision for the child, and cannot see that this circumstance should now stand much in my way; in such a matter "what's done cannot be undone," but if all the amends in our power is made, the cloud should be allowed to pass.' I felt as if, like the ventriloquists, I could hae whistled

down my ain throat at this unexpected confession of Mr Grant's, but very gravely said, 'A man's sins, in the way referred to, are but lightly looked upon by the eyes of men, but it is very different (though it should not be) when a woman falls. When I made reference to a child, I knew not of the existence of yours. When Jessie Young mourned her lost lover, the secret sorrow that most consumed her heart was, that the father of her unborn child would never return.'

I will never forget Mr Grant's words when he fully understood my meaning. He said, with a gleam of joyous emotion on his face, 'God said, Let there be light, and there was light.' He said he would ask no further help from me, and if I thought I could find my way home myself, he would go on before, and, perhaps, be able to tell me good news by the time of my arrival. Off he went at full speed, I following at very ladylike leisure. When, on reaching our lodging, I arrived at our sitting-room door, I heard Miss Young speaking, and so paused. The words I heard were, 'with the utmost frankness I confess that, from the first time I saw you, I looked upon you with a feeling warmer than respect. I more than once distinctly asked myself, "Will this be my future husband?" You have given that question a noble answer, and now I feel the new-burst springs o'erflowing in my heart with a more than promise that, despite of all that's past, I very soon will learn to love you desperately.'

When I entered, the lovers both kissed me, and then Mr Grant told me that I was to fix the wedding day. When I said Monday first, Mr Grant danced right round me. But I mustna dwell on particulars. The marriage took place at the Bridge of Allan on the day fixed by me. Mary Anne was best maid to her aunt; and, without ony hint frae me, Mr Grant asked Mr Henderson to be best man; and John, of

course, was in the highest possible state o' satisfaction. Miss Gould and Mr Gunn were present at the ceremony, and it wasna difficult to see that they both were very decidedly softened wi' Sandy Grant's vapour bath. The parson's hair was oiled and curled to the nines, and the scent o' his handkerchief was everywhere present, while Julia bloomed in beauty in a perfect glare o' rose-coloured satin. The only words that Mr Gunn got the chance o' speaking to me that evening were spoken in my ear during the closing prayer: they were, 'God bless *you*.'

When the ceremony was fairly over, John seemed as if he couldna get enough of attention paid to Mr Grant, and when I gave him the hint to keep in moderation, he said, 'I feel, guidwife, as if I could lay down my life for that man; and, as for you, in all time coming, I give you full liberty to do just as you please.' The young couple started on the following day on a Continental tour, and, on their return, took up house a few miles from London. Do you think John kept his promise anent giving me in future a' my ain way? Not quite. But ye'll see as I go on with my story.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Eighth.

OUR SON SAMUEL—JOHN'S RESOLVE—THE YOUNG PREACHER—SAMUEL AND THE COPPERS—OUR VISIT TO THE PHRENOLOGIST—SAM'S BUMPS EXAMINED—MRS HAMILTON ON THE REQUISITES OF POPULAR PREACHING—SAM A DEBATER—A MIDNIGHT SCENE—MY BARGAIN WITH MY SON—SAM A MERCHANT.

IN proceeding to relate the next circumstance connected wi' my family that required a little generalship on my part, I am reminded of the fact, that I have not heretofore introduced my readers to my eldest son. I dinna ken how it is that I have so long overlooked him, seeing that his sister Mary Anne has been so frequently on the carpet. I suppose it's to be accounted for in this way. John and me had a differenee of opinion regarding the way in which our eldest daughter was to be brought up, but were quite at one regarding the training of our eldest son, so I eontented myself with introducing the child regarding whom I had to exercise some little strategie ability, saying nothing about him regarding whom we were thoroughly agreed

But to proceed—when our first son, wee Johnnie, died, the event took place shortly before my expected third eonfinement, and my husband was then in a peculiar state of mind; the loss of his first son had, in some slight measure, loosened John's too strong hold of the world, and turned his thoughts, for the time being, to the treasures of the celestial city. He read the 'Pilgrim's Progress' aloud to me at this time, and was uncommonly taken up wi' the beauty

of the story, and, as I thought, fairly bent on following in Christian's footsteps. It was before this fit had gone off John, that his second son was born, and hence the reason that John decided, the moment he got his son in his arms, that, if God spared the child's life, he would make a minister of him. If I were fond of high-flown language, I might say, that at its birth, John dedicated his child to the Lord; but as John used no such language, I merely state the naked fact, that John resolved to make his son a minister. John's resolution pleased me. When I told John so, he confessed that the resolution regarding his son's destiny had been formed months before the child's birth, as he (John) sat, at the dead hour o' midnight, watching the last moments o' wee Johnnie.

I took it for granted that my second son was to be named for his departed brother; but, somehow, I never happened to mention this to his father, and therefore I had no occasion to blame John, when, on returning from the christening, he introduced me to my son—Samuel Young. I did blame John, however, and told him that he had no right to gie our wean ony sic symbolic title, without consulting me, and that John, for as common a name as it looked, was a far greater Scriptural title than Samuel. John said the child was named, and that I would be a very proud woman when I heard my callant called the Reverend Samuel Young. I said that it would do very well; but how would it look as Sam Young the sporting gentleman? and who could tell whether the boy would turn out a fit and proper person to make a minister of? John said there was no fear of that, quoting—

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

John began to bend his young ministerial twig very early indeed, and the callant really seemed to promise

fair; for before Samuel was two years old, there was no amusement that pleased him so weel as getting our big pictorial bible laid open before him, when he set thrang to work, wallo,ing wi' baith his hands, and really apparently preaching, in an unknown tongue. It was truly amusing to me to sit and watch John's proud look, when Samuel was so employed. John seemed as if he wad never tire o' his son's sermons. When the wean began to get wearied and sleepy, and so was indisposed to proceed wi' his ministrations, John used to coax him with lozenges, and bits o' rock, to go on wi' his sermon.

One night when John was listening to Samuel's discourse in this way, no happening to hae onything o' the sweatmeat sort, he gave the preacher a penny to give him a few more 'heads and particulars,' in doing which he exhibited to the young reverend gentleman another penny, which, whenever Samuel saw, he at once struck, and would proceed no further until his father gave him the other penny. When he got both the coppers in possession, he gabbled awa with a comical fervour that very much tickled my fancy. I told John that his son was evidently of opinion that 'the labourer was worthy of his hire.' John merely said he was a droll wean. He seemed to see no harm in his ministerial son's attachment to the coppers; and so regularly when John wanted Samuel to show off his preaching capabilities, the callant now got his stipends forehand. This greed on the part o' my son I did my best to check; but it's hard to change the natural disposition.

As soon as Samuel was able to rin about, whenever I took him out to walk with me, I strove to implant in him liberal sentiments, by giving him bawbees or pennies to give to the objects of charity that we met with by the way. This was a job that Samuel couldna thole—to part wi' the coppers was a sore trial to him—and on more occasions than one,

my rev. son presented his gift to the beggars with such a rueful countenance, that the help was declined; Samuel being told to keep the pennies and buy goodies wi' them. John, wha (like the most of fathers) didna like to see his son crossed, ordered me to drop this (as he called it) encouragement of idle vagrants; and so Samuel was no more bruised in spirit giving alms.

When Samuel was six years of age, Mrs Hamilton, the clever phrenologist, coming to the town, John proposed that we should pay her a visit to get Samuel's bumps examined. Mrs Hamilton set to work on the bairn's head in a very business-like style, and gave what I kent to be a very true delineation o' Samuel's character. She said the intellectual faculties were of a very high order; the animal propensities were above average; while the moral region was very moderately developed. Causalty and imitation were pronounced large, while ideality was small; veneration was very low; firmness and self-esteem quite full; benevolence small, and secretiveness large; acquisitiveness was pronounced uncommonly full. At this stage of the examination Mrs Hamilton drew her hand over John's head, and said, 'The callant's a chip o' the old block.' Adhesiveness, Mrs H. said, was large in Samuel, and all the perceptive faculties she pronounced first-rate. Destructiveness and combativeness were both moderate, and amativeness was only moderate. Before proceeding to fill up the 'chart' of our son's development, the phrenologist said, 'This boy will make a first-rate merchant.'

John seemed not a little disappointed at this statement, and asked what Mrs H. thought of his qualifications for the ministry; when the lady, at once perceiving her cue, said—'Properly trained, he may make a most excellent minister. Indeed,' she added, 'this (properly speaking) the mercantile head is very

often to be found adorning reverend shoulders; and capital ministers they make. Ye'll no catch heads o' this sort making a fuss about new-fangled doctrines, and so being expelled frae their means of living. No; they stick to a' the particulars o' the creed they profess, through thick and thin; and invariably secure the best positions in their respective denominations.'

This explanation seemed so far satisfactory to John; but he further asked Mrs H. to explain how, in the absence of a good development of veneration, a man could be fervently pious. 'Well,' said the lady of bumps, 'when secretiveness is large, it hides, so to speak, a multitude o' sins. If a man have secretiveness, firmness, and self-esteem, all well developed, he can "assume a virtue if he have it not." Good casualty, in such a head, exhibits to its possessor the connection between apparent fervour and the good things of this life; secretiveness shuts closely in all sceptical promptings; self-esteem supplies an important requisite in the modern minister—the genuine patent starch that gives the clerical cloth its requisite stiffness and gloss, and so commands the necessary respect from a discerning public.'

I thought we had got enough of Mrs Hamilton's philosophic explanations, and said so; but John must hear more: so he asked how, with benevolence low, a man could properly enforce liberality on the part of his hearers? Mrs H. said that a man might be a very popular minister and do very little o' that kind o' work. 'Congregations,' she said, 'are no way in love wi' ministers that are everlastingly dunning them to give money, even for truly worthy objects. A minister is far more likely to be esteemed in high quarters who spends the greater portion o' his time in explaining the minute shades of meaning that was originally attached to odd kind o' Greek and Hebrew words, and to splitting fine drawn doctrinal hairs, and

to denouncing the sins o' the Israelites in their worship of the golden calf, than if he were to dwell on the fact that the primitive Christians had all things in common, and that Jesus commanded the rich young man to sell all that he had and give it to the poor before he sought to follow him. These are subjects of a very kittle nature, and the minister that studies his ain interest will meddle with them as little as possible. And then,' quo' Mrs Hamilton, 'heads like your son's are useful in the church, in guarding their flocks against the pernicious custom of giving indiscriminate charity, of assisting unworthy objects, and a' the like of that. They can preach sermons, too, on rare occasions, for home missionary societies, and take the opportunity of giving a fling at those who, carried away by a misdirected zeal, spend hundreds of thousands on Utopian schemes for the conversion of the very distant heathen,'

'But how,' quo' John, 'can a minister, low in benevolence, appear with becoming grace amongst his brethren, when he does not himself put his hand in his pocket?' 'That's very easily managed. He can speak of the Pharisees who sounded a trumpet when they gave alms, and urge the claims of the truer charity, that letteth not the right hand know what the left hand doeth; and then,' quo' Mrs H., winding up, 'a minister may give very little himself and yet most effectively urge his flock to come down wi' the siller.' 'You think, then, upon the whole,' quo' John, 'that this boy of mine may make a fair minister?' 'More than fair,' quo' the dissector o' human character, 'he may be an ornament to the cloth. I wadna' wonder to see him the author o' a Concordance, or an eminent expounder o' the ninth chapter o' the Romans.'

John paid the phrenological lady for what she called a full analysis of Samuel's character, and when it came home the next day, John thought it a most

satisfactory document, inasmuch as it exhibited, in the clearest manner, that Samuel Young had all the faculties requisite to adorn the pulpit. I had my own thoughts, but kept them to mysel'. John's heart, I kent, was fairly set on seeing his son wag his head in a pulpit, and I mysel' thought, that when Samuel's head began to be wrought upon by the refining influences of the affections of his heart, he might, after a', turn out no a bad minister.

We spared no expense on Samuel's education, and he made great progress at a' his classes. He was now fourteen years of age, and quite a laborious student; he had, a few months before this, joined a debating society, and, I could hear, gave promise o' being something more than common as an orator. Of this both his father and me were very proud; his father was uncommonly well pleased that religious subjects werena allowed to be discussed in the society. He was feared that Samuel might take to the sceptical side. John took great care that, so far as he could help it, Samuel's young mind shouldna be contaminated wi' onything that was heterodox until he was of sufficient mental strength to see the shallowness of all infidel philosophy.

But, waes me, for a' his father's vigilance, his clerical son was intimately versed in a' the special pleadings of scores of darkening scribes, of whose existence his decent kirk-going father had never heard! I became aware of this fact in the following manner:—Having one evening taken, in my economy, potatoes and herrings to my supper—I awakened sorely in want of a drink. When I arose, I found that the servant had forgot to fill the bed-room cruet, so I at once proceeded to the kitchen water-pipe. On my way back, I noticed that there was a strong streak o' light issuing frae the keyhole o' Samuel's bed-room door. I wondered if the callant was still sitting up at his studies. I thought I would

ascertain, whether or no. I tried the door; it opened, and I walked in, and there was my reverend son (to be) lying sound asleep, the gas turned close in owre to his bedside, and the volume he had been perusing (having fallen from his hand) lying close beside his nose. I lifted the book; it was the work of a notorious infidel writer. I felt a strange sensation o' fear come owre me, as I gazed upon the placid face of my child, and the poisonous volume to which he had been opening his young mind in the silent watches o' the night. I felt as if I had caught my son in the embrace of a fiend. I mentally repeated the words, 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be ——.' I trembled frae head to foot. Turning frae the bed, my eye rested on a whole range of volumes that I had never seen before in Samuel's possession. They were all of the same sort as the one he had fallen asleep reading. It was a fearful thought, what the effect of such mental companionship might be; but I had little time to indulge in that or any other thought.

I wadna for the world that John should make the discovery I had made. I hurriedly gathered the books together, and concealed them in a linen chest that stood in Samuel's room, covered up the callant as quietly as I could, screwed out the gas, and went straight to bed—to bed, but not to sleep. My discovery had wakened me in earnest. I somehow, all at once, came to the conclusion that a' John's hopes concerning his son were doomed to be blasted. I felt more by something like instinct than reason, that if Samuel were made a minister, his first preparation for the sacred office would be consummate hypocrisy. I had many a strange thought during the remainder o' that night, the sum total of which came to this:— I resolved to use my influence wi' John, to induce him to make his son what Mrs Hamilton said he was cut out for—a merchant.

When his father had gone out to business on the following morning, Samuel came to me with a half-comic grin on his face, and said, 'Where did you put my good books?' 'What books?' I asked Samuel's reply was, 'Verily, mamma, thou knowest well what books I refer to, for you, and you alone, removed them.' I spier't what put that in his head? Samuel said, if it had been his father, or grandmother, or any of the rest of the household, that had taken them, there would have been a row about them by this time; it was only me who had the sense to go quietly about such a piece of business. I asked at Samuel what he thought his father would say if he knew he read such books? Samuel's answer was, 'My father is in the old school, and you know right well that truth can never suffer by inquiry.'

I told my son that it was hardly respectful in him to speak o' his father being in the old school. I reminded him of how much he owed to his father. Samuel said he was quite conscious o' his father's kindness, but he knew that it was mistaken kindness in his father making him a minister. I reminded my son that the office of the Christian minister was the most exalted work in which a sinful mortal could be engaged. Samuel said he understood all about that sort of stuff, but he would like better to try his hand at something where he would have a chance o' rising in the world. I repeated the words 'rising in the world;' and Samuel said, 'Yes, making money; there's no much to be made at preaching. My father made seventeen hundred pounds last year; it would be a long time before I would made that at preaching.'

I could do nothing but stare at the precocious money grub, so he went on, 'If ony o' our ministers get five or six hundred a year, the whole town kens about it, and the big half o' their congregations grudge them it, even although they give the half o't away in charity; believe me, mother, preaching is a

poor trade.' I said, 'Trade!' 'Yes,' quo' my son, 'if I were to go and swear that I swallowed an entire creed, and, whatever my thoughts were, stick to the letter o' that creed, and so earn my living by special pleading, what would it be but a trade?' 'But,' quo' I, 'Samuel, you surely didna mean to tell me that you don't believe the Bible?' 'The fact is, mother,' quo' my son, 'I don't know yet what I believe; I know the Bible is the best book I ever saw, and yet if I were to say solemnly that my belief was firmly grounded, I would be telling a lie.' 'That,' I said, 'comes o' the books you have been reading.' 'Not at all,' quo' Samuel, 'I can think for myself; I have no fault to find with the Bible, or even the doctrines o' our ain church, but I would like a better paying job than that o' a minister.'

This tenacious sticking to the monetary view of the question clearly indicated the ruling passion, so, by the way o' giving the subject variety, I said, 'Ye seem to think but very little o' a minister's position wi' five or six hundred a year; you shouldna look so intently at the position o' folk above you; look how many thousands have not fifty pounds a year. Do ye no think that just as clever men as ye're likely to be have been even precentors before now? How would you like that for a job—leading the congregational psalmody for twenty or thirty pounds a year, and a' the biggest idiots in the congregation calling you everything but a gentleman at every congregational meeting, and getting up special meetings to bring your deficiency in musical skill before the brethren? It's jobs like that you should look at, and not at what the like o' your father makes. But how,' quo' I, 'do you happen to ken what your father made last year?' Samuel answered promptly, 'The last time he left me in charge of the warehouse, he left the key in his own private drawer, and so I took the liberty o' taking a peep at his stock-book, and, when I saw the figures,

I said to mysel', "It will be rather queer if, knowing what I know, I finish for the preaching business." I am sure if my father, who began the world without a penny, has made nearly eleven thousand pounds, I don't see what is to prevent me being one of the first merchants in Glasgow. And besides,' he continued, 'it was a piece of thorough humbug for you and my father to decide, as soon as I was born, or perhaps before I was born, that I was to be a preacher. How could you know what my belief would be?' he added with great earnestness; 'I am sure I would be a better man if I were in no way called upon to say what my belief was for a good few years.'

I had very little to say to my son's concluding statement, it was precisely my own thought, so I asked if his wish was to be taken into his father's establishment? 'Yes,' he said, 'or any other business place where there is a good trade doing. I'll soon be able to pick for myself.' I told Samuel of the shock that such a change in his course would give his father, and warned him to be cautious in speaking to his father as he had spoken to me. I offered to take what steps I could to carry out his views, on condition that Sam (I called him Sam now) would burn the abominable books I had laid hold of, and promise me that he would never more read any such. Sam was quite agreeable to make a bonfire o' the books, although he said he would rather sell them. I insisted on their being burned. I thought that the time might come in my son's life when his mother's anxiety for his renouncing altogether such companionship as these volumes formed, might have some weight in directing his thoughts to the books of better men, and especially to God's own Word.

The books were burned, during which operation Sam said, 'Them's the fellows that can clear up everything, and bring us to the grand conclusion that we know nothing, making all mysteries as clear

as mud.' When Sam and me parted that day, the callant said, 'Mind, mother, you must not think, although I've no notion of preaching, that I don't believe. I am not such a spoony as to reject anything because it is beyond my humble comprehension I don't know by what power I open my eyes or move my tongue; that thought goes a long way in settling my doubts.'

Sam, after this memorable interview, attended his classes as usual until the arrival o' the vacation, when I requested his father to let him go into his place o' business just to try his hand at the practical before he settled down to the theoretic. The manœuvre was a decided hit, for he hadna been a week in the place till John was telling me in confidence that the minister had an extraordinary capacity for business—he was a first-rate salesman, and seemed to enter into the business with all his heart. John said he really thought he would make a merchant o' him after a'.

When John came this length, I told him the purport o' my conversation wi' Sam, and my secret intention in sending him in to try his hand. John said he suspected as muckle, although he never let on. I told John o' the mistake he made in leaving his key in his private drawer. John merely laughed when he heard o' his son's inquisitiveness, and said he would have done the same himself, if he had gotten the chance, but his faither never got the length o' a stock book. Every night, now, John had some new piece of intelligence to give me of Sam's business ability, and he now began to tell me o' the callant's impudent jokes concerning the preaching business. When Sam succeeded in making a sale which yielded what his father ca'd a profit that you could fin' in your han', he would begin and count to his father how mony sermons such a transaction was worth. He would then spier at his father if he would have any objection to him joining the Church o' England;

for if he was to go into the preaching trade, he would like to be in the wholesale way,—that is, he would like to be a bishop, wi' lots o' curates to do the work, while he pocketed the siller. John told me that when he reproved Sam for this levity, the answer was, 'If I thought I would have a chance o' being Pope, I would turn a Roman Catholic.' When his father got angry at this, Sam said, 'I would then have an opportunity of doing what no man has ever yet done—reforming the papacy.'

Long before his month's vacation had expired, John had got fairly reconciled to Samuel becoming a merchant, and expressed to me his happiness at the thought that his son had escaped the fearful calamity of being placed in a false position. John was wonderfu' well pleased that our ain minister (a true Christian) highly approved Samuel's relinquishing a' thoughts of the sacred office. The good man said that one of the greatest drags on the progress of true religion was the pernicious parental folly and sin of *manufacturing* ministers from unsuitable material; that, and the long years of compulsory preparation, which acts as an insurmountable barrier to men of ripened faith entering the sacred office, he looked upon as one of the greatest curses of the church of our day. But that is a subject on which I'll no venture an opinion. In drawing this part o' my story to a close, my readers, I ken, will excuse (the mother) when I ask you no to form a poor opinion of my son for a' that I have told you about him and his monetary views o' things in general; for after events will prove him a good son and a good member of society.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Ninth.

My New Ambition—The Bailie's Dinner Party—John's Titles—Kirsty's Wean—Glasgow Green—My Meeting with Mr Patrick—And Agreement—John's Opinion of the New Poets and their Reviewers—The Requisition Presented—Decline the Honour—John Puzzled—My Strange Dream.

At one period of my life, I thought if I were only arrived at a certain desired position, I would be perfectly satisfied. I now look upon life with a far more philosophic eye. I now see clearly that the mortal pilgrim must continue to climb from the cradle to the grave. There is no error in the figure; all successful and happy men and women must climb from birth to death. The two heights which lay immediately before me some twelve months after my son's becoming a merchant were these—first, I wanted a self-contained house, where I would have an opportunity of displaying my taste in the furnishing of my drawing-room; and second (and by far the most important), I had a great desire to see my husband elevated to a position of authority in the city,—to speak more plainly, I was keen to see our John a Glasgow Magistrate,—the first step to which must be his getting into the city council. These somewhat ambitious notions I kept entirely to myself, having no certainty that John would acquiesce in either the one or other of my projects.

Since ever Samuel communicated to me the fact that his father had made seventeen hundred pounds in one year, and was now worth, in all, eleven thousand, I couldna help making to myself the simple calculation, that eleven thousand at five per cent. was

five hundred and fifty pounds. This I reckoned as John's certain income, even independent of his business; and so, when the notion once took hold of me, I couldna keep frae dreaming of a stylish house, and John's elevation to a position of power. 'Councillor Young' would look well—and 'Bailie Young' would look better; and 'Bailie Young's drawing-room' would sound first-rate. But I must drop haverin', and proceed wi' my story.

As John and me were sitting at breakfast one morning, the servant brought in a note, addressed 'Councillor Young,' following which was the correct number of our residence. When I had got my satisfaction o' looking at the wonderful words, 'Councillor Young,' I handed John the letter, saying as I did so, with my one eye steekit—

'Coming events cast their shadows before!'

John dryly answered as he broke the seal, 'It's just a simple mistake on the part of Bailie Monro's clerk. He has been addressing notes to several of the town council, and so has come over us all with the same title. It's an invitation to dine at the Bailie's.' I said I had little difficulty in understanding the nature of the present mistake, but I thought it was a mistake on the part o' his fellow-citizens, that he (John) hadna been made a city councillor years ago. 'Whist! wi' your havers, guidwife,' quo' John, 'a very ornamental councillor I would make.' 'No, John,' I answered, 'I don't say you would be an ornamental councillor, but I am sure you would be a useful one; and more, John,' I added, 'you would make a first-rate bailie.' 'Bailie!' quo' John, with a strange incredulous stare. 'Yes,' I repeated, 'you would make a first-rate bailie.'

John merely stroked his chin; so I put the following question, 'Do ye no' think, John, you would give the poor creature that came before you, when ye

were on the bench, even-handed justice?' John's answer was, 'I think I could do justice on the bench.' 'Well, then,' quo' I, 'you should be on the look-out for an opportunity o' slipping into the Town Council. I look upon it as a most honourable position.' 'In certain quarters,' quo' John, 'the honour is not much thought of now-a-days.' 'And wha,' quo' I, 'thinks little of the city councillor's position? a parcel o' London snobs, who, carried away with aristocratic flunkeyism, turn up their noses at our civic institutions, which, for a' that, are the true bulwarks of our national freedom.' John said he was quite conscious that the position of a city councillor was one of honour. 'You may say that,' was my rejoinder; 'the City of Glasgow Council hold in their hands to a great extent, the government of four hundred thousand human beings, whose happiness they have great opportunities of promoting by the adoption of wise measures.' 'Yes,' quo' John, 'and that work done in honourable disinterestedness brings true honour to the workers.' John here gave a quiet smile, and said, 'Our views regarding the town councillor's position are no doubt correct; but we will have plenty of time to reconsider them before any one proposes to put me into the Town Council.' 'Don't be so sure o' that,' quo' I; 'if you were just to give your friends an inkling of your willingness to take office, you would very soon find your way to the council board.' 'You mean,' said John, 'that if I were to propose myself for the office I might get in.' My answer was, 'You, John, put matters in an unpalatably plain light; you could easily indicate your willingness to serve the city without making any direct proposition.' 'I understand you perfectly,' said John, 'you would have the matter emanate from myself, and that I tell you is what it will never do; and I tell you farther, that if ever it should come to my knowledge that *you*, my better-half, were to drop

to any one any hint on such a matter, I would never accept the honour although it were offered me.' I told John that he was aye feared for the death he would never die, and that it wasna very likely that I would seek to make a speech on the hustings in his behalf.

Of course we accepted the invitation to dine with Bailie Monro. Almost the entire town council were present, and the dinner was a very grand affair indeed. Mrs Monro, I could notice, had got four new silver covers, which, I must confess, threw my silver tea-set entirely into the back ground; but I am not going to fill my book, as some authors do, with a' the outs and ins o' a dinner party. The only circumstance I shall record regarding the bailie's entertainment, is one trifling incident which occurred as we were ushered into the bailie's drawing-room. As John and me climbed the Bailie's stair, the flunkey in attendance was busy announcing a couple o' bailies and their wives; this duty over, he had just steekit the door as we reached the landing, and now turned with an inquiring look to John for his name. John, in his modesty, merely said 'Young,' and in an instant the door was flung to the wa', and John and me announced with great pomp as Bailie and Mrs Young. There was a suppressed titter amongst the official circle that nettled me not a little, but I concealed my annoyance by a gracious smile, which sent its radiance over the entire company. Bailie Monro (from the very best o' motives, I believe) improved upon his servant's blunder, by saluting John with 'Come away, Provost Young,' immediately adding 'we may as well put you to the top o' the tree at once.' The company generally (I may say) with one voice declared that Mr Young would make a braw provost.

I did my best to make myself at home amongst the bailies' wives, but the patronising air o' some o'

them was to me most annoying. I had mony a strange thought during the progress o' the bailie's grand dinner; amongst other things that passed through my mind, was a' the particulars o' the story o' 'Macbeth and the witches.' I don't know how it came into my head, unless it were that Macbeth got a' his titles one by one, just as John had gotten his. Macbeth was called Thane of Glammis—John was called Councillor Young; Macbeth was called Thane of Cawdor—John was called Bailie Young; Macbeth was called King—John had been called Provost. When this had a' passed through my mind, then came the thought that Lady Macbeth led the way to her husband's greatness—might not I lead the way to John's; and then I reasoned—Lady Macbeth's ambition was illegitimate, and she adopted unworthy means, hence the fearful tragedy; my ambition was perfectly legitimate, I would adopt worthy means, and so the end would be pleasant comedy.

These thoughts, now so plainly written down, were secretly treasured in the innermost recesses o' my heart for many weeks after Bailie Monro's grand dinner party. Who do you think was the first person I took into my confidence in this matter?—it was one who has already figured in my story, one whom I little thought would ever become my confidential adviser; but I must relate the circumstances in the order in which they occurred. My old friend Kirsty had presented her lord, Sandy, with a son, which 'wonderfu' wean' I, of course, was invited to see. I lost no time in visiting Mrs Grant. Kirsty was uncommonly taken up wi' her callant. She told me, before I was well in at the door, that it had the boniest wee hands and feet that ever she saw on a human being. The wee pink nails, she said, were perfectly wonderful, and then she told me in confidence that Sandy was unco proud about the shape o' his son's head. Sandy had said, the moment he saw't,

that the brow was quite Shaksperian. Kirsty admitted that she thought the wean's nose was rather to the short side, but then she would give it a wee bit pull every morning and evening; but I must remember that Kirsty's wean is not the hero o' my story, and proceed.

Weel, on my way home (Kirsty had taken up house in the Calton), for quietness, I took my course through the Green, when who should I see, at a considerable distance, approaching me but John's debtor, Mr Patrick, Mary Mathieson's husband. His arms were folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed firmly upon the ground; he was the very picture o' musing melancholy. My first thought on seeing him was that I would pass him without speaking. I really had nothing to say to him. As he approached me, however, I saw something so deeply sad in the poor man's care-worn face, that my heart, so to speak, yearned towards him. We were both treading on the same God's grass, under the same God's glorious sky, both humble worms of the same dust; he was the child of misfortune, while I carried a full cup. It was my duty to speak a word of comfort in passing. 'Good evening, Mr Patrick,' was my salutation. 'I hope you are all well at home.' At these words the accosted started and stared at me, as if just awakening to consciousness from some fearful dream. When I again asked if Mrs Patrick and the children were well, the poor man's eyes streamed with tears, and, in broken accents, he said, 'God bless you, Mrs Young, these are the only respectful words that have been spoken to me for many a day.' I said, 'Nonsense, Mr. Patrick, I am sure Mary is always respectful to you.' 'Oh yes,' was the reply, 'she is true—true—and my children still love me, but oh! the world is cruel.' 'Never mind the world,' I said; and putting my arm in his I continued, 'you and me will just take a quiet walk here, and I may be able to help

you to discover your lucky star.' 'Do you think it possible,' said Mr Patrick, casting a strangely timid glance at the sky, 'that I can ever have a lucky star?'

Mr Patrick and me walked in Glasgow Green for a full hour, during which walk he gave me a full account of his many abortive efforts to get on in the world. It seems a strangely melancholy fact, but it is a fact nevertheless, that poor Patrick's passionate love for bonnie Mary Mathieson had been the rock on which his fortunes had been shattered. His mad desire to elevate his young wife to the position of a fine lady, had led him into hazardous speculations, which failing, he had floundered on ever since. When I met him, he was on his way to

'Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.'

While listening to Mr Patrick's distresses, I noticed that he complained bitterly of having got the cold shoulder from certain members of the town council, who in a great measure owed their seats to his exertions in their behalf. Ye may guess I took a note of this matter, and by way of sounding Mr Patrick, I said (taking a guid wide philosophic sweep to keep Mr Patrick from seeing through me just at once), '"Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards," and those who have not real sorrows, are sure to have imaginary ills to vex them. For instance,' I continued, as if the matter were quite foreign to me, 'I know a lady who has good health, and an abundance of world's gear, who is sorely annoyed at this moment because her husband is not a member of the very body you have been speaking of, viz, the Glasgow City Council.' Mr Patrick at once said, 'If that same lady would make a contract with me, I could very easily make her husband a councillor.'

I invited Mr Patrick to take a seat on one of Councillor Moir's rests on the Green; so down we sat. I

took Mr Patrick entirely into my confidence, and in a very short time we two diplomatists had John's passage to the city council chalked out in a manner which promised certain success. Mr Patrick would prepare the requisition to John himself. He would then get from young Mr Henderson a list of Mr Young's business friends, that is, the parties from whom John bought and the parties to whom he sold. There would be no difficulty in getting them to sign Mr Young's requisition, then Mr Patrick would appeal to the beadle of our kirk, for a list of the principal members; they would be sure to sign without any coaxing; and then Mr. Patrick said he would appeal to a' his own creditors (a large and respectable body), and he was sure he would get the most of them to sign. He would tell them he was canvassing for Mr. Young on account of his kindness to him in his misfortune, and he would be proud to have an opportunity of doing a similar duty to any of his creditors. I said I thought that logic would do.

I mentioned the Rev. Mr Gunn as one whom I was sure would work for Mr Young, if he could be of any service. Mr Patrick said he would get him to go with him to the ultra-religious electors, to satisfy them about Mr Young's orthodoxy. I said I didna see what a man's orthodoxy had do with his fitness for such a purely secular office. Mr Patrick said, that in reality it was of very little consequence what a man's faith was, when he was once in the council, but it was a very important matter at an election. Mr Patrick then spiert at me what was John's opinion regarding the Maynooth Grant. I said that John was opposed to all grants for religious purposes, but that he had a real genuine Scotch hatred of Popery, and would at once withdraw the Maynooth Grant. Mr Patrick then asked me if I knew what John thought of the Sunday steamboat; to which I could truthfully reply, that one

Monday, last summer, John remained in Rothesay all night rather than come up in the Sunday boat even on a week day. John said she had the mark o' Cain upon her, and he would never put his foot in her unless he were to be one of a party that could have the pleasure of scuttling her. Mr Patrick said that the story about no coming up in the Sunday boat would get hundreds of signatures in any ward in Glasgow; and then Mr Patrick said he took it for granted that Mr Young was all right regarding the Forbes Mackenzie Act. I said 'all right.' Mr Patrick said then it would be very plain sailing with Mr Young, even if he were opposed. It was just a fortnight from the election, so Mr Young must be brought out immediately. We decided that John should stand for the ward in which he himself was a voter.

At parting, Mr Patrick said he would work night and day, without fee or reward, for Mr Young's return to the council, just on account of my kindness to his wife. I said I could well appreciate his gratitude, but I there and then insisted on his acceptance o' a five pound note. The body required great pressing before he was induced to accept my gift. After we were fairly parted, Mr Patrick ran after me and said, 'Mr Young will get presented to him a requisition that will astonish both you and him.'

On my return home, John had many questions to ask regarding Kirtsy's wean. When I told him of the neatness of its hands and feet, I learned, for the first time, that when John himself was born, the neatness o' his hands and feet had been thought remarkable, and his thumbs in particular had been perfect beauties. John ordered me to buy a silver jug, and present it to Kirtsy's wean, as a present from him, which I said I would be both happy and proud to do.

That night John seemed, somehow, very anxious to enter once more into conversation with me on the

subject of the town council, but I studiously kept a thousand miles away from any such matter, and did my best to divert John by reading aloud to him the sonnets of a new poet, which read with equal sweetness, whether read down or up. After reading them both ways, I wanted John to guess which was down, and which was up; but John said he couldna be fashed with ony such nonsense—for sheer nonsense the sonnets were, whether read down or up. I spiered at John if he wasna feared to condemn what had been praised by eminent critics. John's answer was, 'Take my word for it, the eminent critics never were at the fash to read these sonnets half so carefully as you have done; their sole interest in such stuff is to find here and there a moderately sweet line with which to decorate their own see-saw compositions, which they write with the sole object of selling at so much a sheet.' It was in crack like the above that John and me spent that and the following night.

On the night after that we had rather a more important conversation. John, that evening, arrived at home a considerable time before his usual hour, of which circumstance I took not the slightest notice. He had that kind o' a weel pleased look that you've noticed on a bairn's face when it had got a whole halfpenny worth o' barley sugar in its mouth at once. The requisition had evidently been presented, but I of course was profoundly ignorant of what was going on. I had work to do in every corner o' the house, and in every corner John was at my heels. He was evidently very anxious to get me told a' about the honour that was being forced upon him, but I gave him no help to break the ice. At last, when he evidently could contain the great fact no longer, he said, 'I say, Mrs Young, they're determined to put me into the town council.' 'Dinna, John,' I said, 'try to make a fool o' me; I would like to know who would think o' you for the council

—nobody that I ken, with the single exception o' myself.' 'Well,' said John, 'I have to tell you, in sober earnest, that close upon three hundred good men and true have been thinking of me for the council, as this document will testify.' John, with a look of great triumph, laid the requisition on the table, at which I said, 'I ken fine, John, ye're making a fool o' me; that is some petition to Parliament for the abolition o' capital punishments, or the like o' that.' 'I tell you,' said John, with great emphasis, 'it's a requisition addressed to John Young, Esq., requesting him to allow himself to be put in nomination for the representation of his own ward in the city council.'

I took the paper with a hesitating look. When I had glanced my eye over the long list of names, and stood wrapt in silent wonder, John said, 'Ye see, guidwife, that I am likely to be made a town councillor, without either you or me dropping any hint on the matter.' The first words that I spoke fairly changed the expression o' John's face from a look of triumph to one of utter amazement. My words were —'Take my advice, John, and decline the honour.' When John could speak, he said, 'I thought you would have been the last person in the world to have given me that advice; but you are a most unfathomable mystery.' My answer was, 'Weel, John, I think I advised you for the best; I ken your turn, and I ken that if you take your seat in the council, it will involve you in additional expense, which I am rather afraid ye'll grudge.' John said, 'I'm surely no so desperate hard as a' that.' 'I'm not saying,' was my reply, 'that you are ony harder than you should be, but I'm telling you what I fear your going into the council would entail upon you; but if you think your heart and purse will stretch the necessary length, I'm sure no human being will be so proud to call you Councillor Young as I will be.' 'Come on wi' the stretch that is required,' quo' John; and I came on thus:—

'To support your dignity properly, as councillor of the City of Glasgow, I am afraid you would require a rather more stylish place of abode than our present residence. I doubt, John, you would require something in the shape of a self-contained house.' 'Weel,' quo' John, 'if that is all that stands in the way, I am booked for the council, for I'll buy a house according to *your* taste, and leave the furnishing of it to you and Mary Anne.' John finished his speech by saying—'I made the price of a first-rate house during the last three months.' I picked a grey hair frae John's whisker, and said, 'wha kens but you may be Provost Young yet.'

John then gave me a' the particulars as to the deputation who had waited upon him. Mr Patrick had evidently played his cards well; he had not appeared at the presentation of the requisition; it had been presented by a large body of the most influential electors, amongst whom had been the Rev. Mr Gunn, and several eminent baptists.

John now confessed that he had consented to stand. He said he would have certainly taken some time to think of the matter, if it had not been for my remarks to him on the subject of the council; he said he felt quite certain I would have advised him to stand, and my unexpected objection, he said, went quite to his heart; but when a fine house was all that was required, he would soon get a fine house. John here repeated the first verse of the third paraphrase:—

'Naked as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.'

And immediately added, 'It's the height of folly for people, who have ample means, to stint themselves either in their food, their clothing, or their lodging.'

How men can come roun' to a woman body's notions when their ain vanity is at stake!

I don't think John sleeped much that night; and I mysel' heard the watchman crying past five before I bowed my e'e. Somehow I couldna help taking it into my head that John's election would be opposed, and that seemed to me something quite horrible. I twenty times that night wished that Mr Patrick and me had never met, and then there would have been none of this uncomfortable apprehension. When at the last and the long, I did fa' asleep, I had a most remarkable dream. I thought there was a great boat race on the Clyde, and the entire city was turned out to see the sight; and somehow I thought the first prize was to be run for by our John and a man whose face I could never see. I thought I saw the two men strip and start at the given signal. For some time I thought John was rather a-head of his neighbour; and then I thought John seemed losing ground. John, I thought, was a half a boat length behind, and so I thought I could stand it no longer, but at once, wi' a' my claes on, I dived into the water and grippet the keel o' John's boat, and swimming on my back, brought John in with flying colours long before his rival. How this droll dream was read will form ample material for the next part o' my story.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Tenth.

JOHN'S NAME IN PRINT—THE OPPOSITION—MY ADVICE TO JOHN—ROBERT CAMPBELL, ESQ.—I LEARN HIS HISTORY—MRS STIRLING—THE PURSE—THE MONUMENT—OUR MEETING—THE SULKY CHILD—THE PURSE RESTORED—MR CAMPBELL'S CONFESSION—OUR BARGAIN—JOHN AT SEA—MRS PROVIDENCE.

ON the morning after my curious dream, or rather, I should say, on that morning—for the boat race was a morning dream—on opening the newspaper, the first object that met my eye was the requisition to John, and immediately following it John's cordial compliance with the prayer of the requisitionists, and his decided promise, if returned as city councillor for the ward, to do all in his power to discharge, to the best of his ability, the duties of the honourable office.

I never read anything in a newspaper wi' half the interest with which I perused that common-place contribution to the advertising columns, and little wonder; it was the first time I had seen my worthy husband's name in print, and I mysel' ken how important it appeared to me. At first, I may say, I gulp't it entire at one greedy glower, then I took it word by word, and then letter by letter, until it was photographed in my memory in everlasting black and white. I could, at this moment, with very little trouble, make, with a steel pen, a perfect *fac simile* of both requisition and reply.

I was roused from my abstracted pondering of the great document by my son Samuel saying, 'If you are going to eat the newspaper, mother, you had

better' take butter to it.' Without speaking, I handed my son the paper, pointing out the object of interest. Samuel, in a clear, distinct voice, read both the requisition and his father's rejoinder, and immediately thereafter read a similar requisition from the electors of the same ward to a Robert Campbell, Esq., to allow himself to be put in nomination for the very same honour as that for which Mr Young was requested to stand. John turned more colours than one as this unexpected rival was so unceremoniously introduced to his notice. I was the first to speak; my words were, 'Weel, Robert Campbell, Esq., you can stand on your head if you like, to please your daft friends, but I rather doubt ye'll no gang into the town council at this turn.' John briskened up a wee at this, and said, 'If I had ever dreamed of opposition I would never have consented to stand, but now that I have taken the field, I will give Mr Campbell a pull for it.'

Now, if I were writting the history of Mr Young's contest for municipal honours, I would have many things to tell my readers; I would have to tell how John, for a' his hardness, freely said he wadna be second best in this matter, although it should cost him five hundred pounds; I would have to tell how Samuel, by a good stroke o' natural generalship, secured the most influential writer in the ward as his father's agent, during the time that a large deputation of the opposite party were waiting in his private room to engage him; I would have to tell how poor bankrupt Mr Patrick and Mr Young were seen going arm-in-arm in every corner of Glasgow in broad day-light, just like the most devoted friends; I would have to tell how John brought his agent and his entire committee home to supper every night of the contest, and how I thought they had surely a' been neighbour's bairns o' John Howieson in the play, insomuch as 'they took their meat wonder-

fu' weel;'—all that, and a great deal more I would have to tell if I had been writing a general history of my husband's progress; but my intention being merely to give you my own 'GENERALSHIP,' I must do so, steering as much as possible, clear o' a' extraneous matters.

My first advice to John on the morning on which the contest dawned, was to counsel him strongly to take a good breakfast, and to make up his mind that whatever might come of this electioneering excitement, he would on no account neglect taking his regular meals—health, I said, being the first thing that must be attended to. John said, in reply to this, that I was a philosopher; but it was a stiff job getting the breakfast to go down that first morning wi' baith John and me. When I had got John dressed in his best, and set away to consult his agent, and had the house to mysel', I took a guid hearty greet,—what for I dinna ken. I felt a strong assurance that John would win, and yet I couldna keep frae greeting until my eyes were like scarlet. When I had bathed them well in cold water, and given mysel' a thorough wash, my greeting fit was over, and I began to ponder what I could do to get my worthy husband out o' the scrape I had gotten him into.

I had many a scheme of operation through my mind. I needna fash you with my various imaginings of what I would do to secure John's return. It is sufficient that I tell you that, after many wide ranges, my mind's eye fixed intently on one human being, Robert Campbell, Esq. I said to mysel' if I could find favour in the eyes of that one man, it would be all right with John. If I had been in any way acquainted with Mr Campbell, I would have been in no way afraid of getting at his soft side, and so moulding him to my will in this election matter; but of Mr Campbell I knew nothing—not so much

as whether he was young or old, married or single, daft or wise, I knew nothing but the name, Robert Campbell, Esq.

Well, I would soon know more. I immediately dressed mysel' and set out on a round of forenoon calls, during which I got a' the particulars about John's opponent. The chief notes recorded on my memory were these: he was a man of thirty-five, he was a widower of five months' standing, he had taken the loss of his wife very sore to heart, and was very low in spirits; and it was with a view to have his time fully occupied, and so to prevent his brooding over his sorrow, that his frien's wanted to put him into the council. I learned further that he had himsel' designed, and got erected in the Necropolis, a very handsome monument in memory of his wife; and, further, that every evening he regularly visited the tomb of his departed spouse. This last piece of information I got from a very interesting young widow—a Mrs Stirling—the remains of whose husband were interred in the immediate vicinity of Mrs Campbell's resting-place. Mrs Stirling had often seen Mr Campbell in his gloaming walks, but she thought he was too much absorbed in his sorrow to have noticed her *yet*.

I have said Mrs Stirling was an interesting young widow; the following facts, I think, will bear me out. She was twenty-seven years of age, handsome in both face and person, (for my taste) rather to the fat side; she was most respectably connected; she had one child—a fine boy; her late husband's life had been insured for £3000, which was hers without restriction, and she made no secret of the fact that she was on the out-look for a man.

When I had given Mr Campbell's case due consideration, and looked at a' Mrs Stirling's recommendations, I asked myself the following question, 'Do ye no think, Mrs Young, that a graceful introduc-

tion to the young widow would be far more likely to remove Mr Campbell's melancholy than his being introduced to the council board?' 'It certainly would,' was the reply. Then came the question, 'How can this introduction to the widow be brought about?' The answer to this question will appear in what follows.

Immediately after dinner I took my course to the Necropolis, calling on Mrs Stirling by the way, and asking her for the len' o' her purse, and taking her so far into my confidence as to tell that I thought it likely that Mr Campbell and me would call on her in the course of the evening, when I trusted she would conduct herself with becoming gravity. Mrs Stirling said if I brought Mr Campbell into her parlour, she would present me with a handsome timepiece for my new drawing-room (I had been telling her o' the new house that was in prospect if Mr Young were made a councillor). After a few additional words of caution, as to the reception she was to give Mr Campbell, if having *found* her purse in the Necropolis he were to call with it, I took my leave, and very shortly had crossed the Bridge of Sighs, and was wandering in the place of tombs. I asked one of the gardeners to show me Mrs Campbell's grave, which the man did with great civility, very kindly (at my request) conducting me to the spot by the path which Mr Campbell regularly took. Mr Campbell on entering, walked right along the water side, and then striking up, ascended at an angle, passing the grave of Motherwell the poet. Here, the gardener said, he often halted a blink, thinking, no doubt, 'thoughts o' bygone years.' My only thought on that classic spot was, that the poet's marble face would have been muckle the better o' a wash.

Reaching the grave, I was quite charmed with Mr Campbell's taste in monumental matters. The stone

was a perfect beauty in both design and execution. After recording the name, age, and date of death, the passers by were reminded, in two verses of very good rhyme, that Mr Campbell had lost his most beloved partner, and that never on earth would her place be filled. The poetry graced a very neat little marble tablet at the base of the stone. I minutely examined and strove to discover all the beauties of the monument, in order that they might come handily, in case I should have an opportunity of descanting upon them to Mr Campbell. I had spent nearly an hour in the perusal of Mr Campbell's poetry, &c., when I saw what I was sure was the bereaved and inconsolable husband coming along the bridge. The crape on his hat was most abundant, and his entire gait and manner seemed such as would have been most becoming in a well-paid sallie at a rich man's funeral. After I had made these observations, I proceeded, with a very considerable amount of misgiving in my chance of success, to carry out my premeditated plan of operation.

I descended the pathway a considerable distance, and dropped Mrs Stirling's purse right across the walk. It was an extra long purse, with long tassels of gilded beads at the ends, and so stretched such a way across the road, that I thought the 'sorrowing husband' could hardly miss to see it. The purse thus *lost*, I retraced my steps, and took anew to the admiring of Mrs Campbell's monument, casting now and then a bit glint at the widower's progress. He had reached the Jews' burying place, and now stopped to read the beautiful poetry—he seemed to read every word of it. Now he was ascending; he had arrived at Motherwell's grave; he was inspecting the scarted portraits of the poet and Jeannie Morrison,—

> 'When baith bent down owre ae braid page,
> Wi' ae buik on our knee;'

he was slowly coming up the hill; he was drawing

near the purse; he turned his eyes to the sky—the sun was just setting, and the purple clouds were very grand; he paused to admire them—was he thinking of her whose home was beyond the clouds? I really began to tyne heart. He turned his eyes on a newly-closed grave; he saw the purse—he lifted it.

I saw no more until I was tapped on the shoulder, and saluted by a soft, yet full manly voice, with these words, 'Your purse I presume, madam; I found it a little way down the path.' I turned round, put my hand in my pocket, and pulling out my purse, said, 'The purse is not mine, sir.' 'Indeed,' said the man w'th the crape, 'I felt quite certain it was yours, it seemed so recently dropped; did you see any other lady pass this way?' 'No,' I said, 'I did not; but I somehow think I have seen that purse before.' I examined it carefully, and said, 'I am very much mistaken if that purse does not belong to a lady of my acquaintance. I know she visits this place sometimes, and I feel pretty certain it is hers.' 'Where can I find her?' was the next question; to which I replied, 'It is just on our way to town, and I will have great pleasure in being your conductor.' My next sentence was (pointing to Mrs Campbell's tombstone), 'Is not that a most beautiful monument?' 'Pretty fair,' was the answer. 'No,' I said, 'it's more than pretty fair; I think it's the most chastely elegant design in the entire place.' 'It's far from being so costly as many around,' was Mr Campbell's next. 'Cost,' I said, 'has little to do with matters of taste. The man who designed that monument had a head upon his shoulders.' I then pointed out the classic beauty o' the various serolls; the solid consistency of the base, and the airy lightness of the cornice.

When I had gone over all these particulars, I was asked how I liked the poetry; and in answer, I read the lines aloud, keeping in mind the while that the

manner of reading commonplace poetry is at least as important as the matter. I was requested to read them a second time, Mr Campbell saying, I gave such meaning to every word. When I had got through my encore (so to speak), I said, 'It's some worthy old man who has lost his young wife, and disna intend to marry again.' To which Mr Campbell responded, 'Why do you think these lines should come from an old man?' 'Because,' said I, 'they would be very daft like if used by any but a very old man. Ye see, it's clearly indicated that the mourner will never marry again. Now, what young man would be at all likely to keep such a promise?' 'Well,' said Mr Campbell, 'when the young heart that has once truly loved losses the object of its first fond affection, I believe the grief is irreparable; and I therefore think such an one could easily maintain any vow such as is given forth in these lines.' I answered to this, 'To lose the object of our first love is no doubt a sore stroke; but when the loss comes about by fair death, the wounds of the bereaved heart are certain to heal; that is, if the mind is properly constituted. For my part,' I continued, 'I would be inclined to think such a vow on the part of a young man sinful.' 'Sinful,' said Mr Campbell; 'how could it be sinful?' 'Is it not,' I said, 'sinful to refuse to accept the blessings that Providence in fatherly kindness has surrounded us with?' 'I don't rightly understand you,' said Mr Campbell. 'Well,' said I, 'I will give you an illustration of what I mean. You don't need, I suppose, to be reminded that we are all the children of Providence. Well, now, suppose you had a child, to promote whose happiness you caused to be made a beautiful garden, which you filled with the bonniest flowers, and to this garden you introduced your child. He was both dazzled and charmed with the sweet products of nature with which he was surrounded. At length he

plucked one flower and placed it in his bosom for his own peculiar joy. That flower withered and died, and your child refused to be comforted. His lost flower not being restored to him, he would look at no other. He would sulk about in the pet ever after; no matter how many flowers his father might offer him, he would have none of them. What (I asked) would you think of such conduct in a child? You would think it very improper, to say the least. Now, in my opinion, the young man who, being bereaved of his wife, vows never to take another, is just like the sulky wean in the garden of flowers; but (and I wound up wi' this) so far as my experience goes, there are very few young widowers who keep the sulks long, the attractions of the feminine flowers are very soon too much for them.' Mr Campbell said, 'There was certainly some truth in the illustration I had given, yet he doubted that some hearts lost the power of loving when they had been once crushed with sorrow.' 'Very few,' I said; 'at the same time,' I continued, 'I believe that every wounded heart thinks, while suffering the pangs of bereavement, that its wounds are incurable, and yet, in ninety-nine cases out o' the hundred, the pain wears awa as certainly as the pain o' a sharp dirl on the knuckles.' Mr Campbell gave a quiet smile at this, and said, 'If the proprietor of this monument were to change his mind, he could just turn the other side of the marble tablet.' 'Yes,' quo' I, 'and write something of a more general nature upon it, such as this, from Shakspere:—

> 'Tis common all that live must die,
> Passing through nature to eternity.'

'That would do very well,' Mr Campbell said, and added, 'but I must see about the delivery of this purse.' 'Well,' I said, 'the owner of that same purse, that is, the lady to whom I think it belongs, would

be a very tempting flower to any young widower.' 'How so?' said Mr Campbell; and I as graphically as possible enumerated Mrs Stirling's attractions, no forgetting, ye may be sure, to mention the sum for which her late husband's life had been insured. Mr Campbell was evidently swallowing the bait. He hoped Mrs Stirling would be found at home, and I hoped so too.

Mrs Stirling *was* found at home. She laughed (with joy, no doubt about the finding of her purse) at such a rate, that I was more than once afraid she would spoil the sport. She insisted on the gentleman and me joining her in a cup o' tea, which was just ready. I said the tea would be a sort of reward for our honesty in restoring the purse. Mr Campbell (the gentleman) had no objection to the tea, so in a crack we three worthies were seated roun' a wee bit table, drinking tea as cozily as you like. Before we were done with our first cup, I introduced the subject of the election, and said that the only thing that annoyed me in connection with the matter was, that I understood that my husband's opponent was a perfect gentleman, and I was sure that if Mr Young had had the slightest idea of such a person standing, he (John) would never have consented to oppose him.

Mrs Stirling was here called away to speak to some one at the door. The moment we were by ourselves, Mr Campbell said, 'I find myself placed in a very strange position; I, Mrs Young, have to confess that I have been practising upon you a slight deception.' I stared in silent wonder as Mr Campbell continued—'The monument you so freely descanted upon marks the resting-place of my late wife, for I am Robert Campbell, and more, I am your husband's opponent.'

I didna speak. So Mr Campbell, after a moment's pause, said, 'This meeting of ours will put an end to the contest.' 'How?' I asked. 'Because,' was the

reply, 'I will retire in favour of Mr Young.' 'Don't be so rash in your decision,' I said, 'you have your friends to consult.' 'My mind's made up,' said Mr Campbell, 'I will never oppose your husband. This meeting of ours, although accidental, has been brought about by an over-ruling Providence, and seems to point out to me a wiser course than my going into the town council would be.' I spoke now, and gave Mr Campbell a few seasonable words. I said, 'Our meeting and our landing where we now were did look like the finger of Providence pointing in the direction of Mrs Stirling, and that it was our duty to listen to the voice of our destiny.'

I then asked what Mr Campbell thought o' the widow? John's opponent said he could hardly tell; he thought sometimes that the events of the last hour were surely a dream; he said that, two hours ago, he felt quite certain he would never meet with any woman whom he could take to his heart; and now he frankly confessed that he had seen a lady whom, he had no doubt, he could love as fondly as he had loved her who was gone. The fatness of the widow was evidently no objection. I asked what he thought now of my illustration of the child amongst the flowers? Mr Campbell said it was quite the thing, and it would not be his fault if he did not pluck Mrs Stirling.

Before we were interrupted by that lady's return to the room, Mr Campbell and me had made a decided bargain. He was to retire in favour of John, and I was to act as his agent in securing his election as lord and master of the young widow. Mr Campbell was for retiring immediately, but when I hinted the possibility of another candidate being brought forward by his party, we settled that the contest was to go on until the ward meeting, at which Mr Young was to be proposed as a fit and proper person to be sent to the council board, and at that

meeting Mr Campbell would propose Mr Young, and, of course, retire in his favour. This arrangement was to be kept a profound secret between Mr Campbell and me.

On the widow's return, I introduced Mr Campbell by name, and Mrs Stirling came out in the most captivating manner. She played us a' the newest tunes, and sang, in first-rate style 'Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa.' What true feeling she threw into the words—

> 'Better lo'ed ye canna be,
> Will ye no come back again?'

Mr Campbell was over head and ears in love at the first plunge. I made Mrs Stirling len' him a most interesting volume, 'Craneford,' by Mrs Gaskell, which Mr Campbell said he would read carefully, and return with his own hand in a very short time. Mrs Stirling kissed me in the lobby as we took our leave, and, at parting, Mr Campbell called me his 'good angel.'

When I reached home, John and his committee were very busy examining the roll of electors, but, as ye may guess, I took very little interest in their labours. My carelessness was evidently apparent, for John looked quite sulky at me; and when the committee had left for the night, John, in right good earnest, took me to task for my indifference on the subject of his election. I reminded John of the distinct warning he had given me no to interfere in the matter. 'Ye ken, John,' quo' I, 'ye said if I were to drop any hint to any one on such a subject ye wouldna accept the honour although it were offered you.' To which John replied that a' that sort o' squeamishness had quite left him now, and he was most anxious that even I should do everything in my power to assist in securing his return.

John thought I might take to the looking out for the furniture for my new house; he thought if I liked to

go about such purchases with the ingenuity of which I was mistress, I could secure a good few votes with the patronage which he would put at my disposal. I shook my head at this proposition o' John's and said, 'Bribery and corruption is a thing with which I'll have nothing to do.' John looked as if he was in great danger of losing his temper, but he listened in silence as I said, 'I would far rather see you honourably defeated than dishonourably elected.' John's next words were those of Solomon, '"There is a time for everything," but I hardly think it's the time for a man's wife sticking upon trifles when her husband runs the risk o' being made the laughing-stock o' the town.'

How I now wished I were at liberty to tell John my secret, but I durstna; he might put his foot in't. I told John that principles werena trifles, and that I trusted to see him victorious without needing to violate any principle. John said it beat him to understand me, for it had been his opinion that I would have stuck at nothing to secure his return; but far be it from him to ask me to violate any of my principles, which he, somewhat sarcastically, hinted were very recently adopted. Mr Patrick perfectly swore at me because I refused to carry out John's suggestion anent purchasing my plenishing for my new house.

John had three days of great anxiety, for the contest was very keen. On the fourth evening the ward meeting came off, when both parties were struck dumb by Mr Campbell's proposing Mr Young, and of course retiring in his favour. A' that I heard of Mr Campbell's speech was the conclusion; and it really would have been grand, if it hadna been that Mr Campbell mistook one word. The wind-up or peroration o' the speech was this:—'I am certain I speak the truth when I say that Mr Young is my superior, intellectually, morally, and hypocritically.' The decent man meant to

say 'rcligiously,' but his tonge stammered. At any rate the speech answered the purpose, and Mr Campbell and Mr Young were sitting at our parlour fire in about ten minutes after the meeting was dismissed, Mr Campbell giving John a full, true, and particular account of the purely accidental way in which him and me had met in the Necropolis, and of his introduction to charming Mrs Stirling, and of the bargain that him and me had made; he had fulfilled his part of it, and he had no doubt I would soon make him all right with the widow.

John had very little to say to Mr Campbell, when he expatiated on the way in which Providence had brought all these circumstances about; but when Mr Campbell had taken his leave, John turned to me and said—'Weel, Mrs Providence, I understand your conscientious scruples now, and I really must give you credit. And I can tell you this, that nothing will give me greater pleasure in taking my seat at the council board than the thought that I am chiefly indebted to you for the honour.'

John, of course, entered the town council without any opposition, and so became Councillor Young; and it was just twa months thereafter that we got marriage cards from Mr Campbell and the widow. The postman on the day following presented me with the same interesting variorums from the Rev. Mr Gunn and Miss Julia Gould. Heeh, sirs! the widow and the widower managed in something less than two months to make as much progress as the inexperienced pair did in two years. Well, I'm sure ye'll wish virtuous and noble sons and daughters to both the happy couples, and—Amen, says Mrs Councillor Young.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Eleventh.

BUTTERFLEE GENTRY—OUR SELF-CONTAINED HOUSE—MY FIRST GUEST—I RESOLVE TO HELP MR PATRIOK—A PUBLIC OFFICE VACANT—FAVOURITISM DISCUSSED—THE PROVOST AND COUNCIL UNDER MY ROOF—I TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY POSITION—APPOINTMENTS—JOHN DROPS A HINT—WILLY AND MARY ANNE.

IN the first flush o' his councillorship, Mr Young was quite in the humour o' coming out very strong; he was quite disposed to purchase a house in the extreme West-end, at the cost of at least a couple of thousands, where, he said, we catterpillar common folk could come out all at once as butterflee gentry. John meant this as a joke; but I answered him in very sober earnest that I had never belonged to the grub order, and I had no intention o' coming out in the butterflee line. I fairly put my foot in the idea o' a West-end house. I told John that I had no notion o' being banished to where my husband and son could only be occasional visitors. If John were to buy a house, I told him that it should if possible be within a few minutes' walk of his place of business, where both himself and Samuel could get home to every meal, and where he could at any time drop in with either a friend or a customer. I said I could quite easily excuse upsetting folk whose means were stinted for having their homes in the inaccessible regions o' gentility; but folk like John, who could afford to be decent, should, I thought, have their houses where they could be readily got at. John at once acted upon my advice, and purchased for some-

thing less than six hundred pounds a big jolly auld-fashioned house in a somewhat unfashionable street. John's purchase was subjected to a thorough overhaul, and when finished, although externally it was just a plain square house, internally it was everything that could be desired by a sensible person; and then Mr Young's entire outlay, including a' his new furniture, didna much exceed a thousand pounds. To have carried out the councillor's West-end idea would have cost at least three thousand. So ye may guess that I made John sensible of the fact, that the two thousand that was saved by my sagacity should, at five per cent., give me a clean extra hundred a-year for ever to keep my gaucy house fou and hearty.

I had been in my new house about two months, and was taking a peep frae my drawing-room window after having given that apartment its finishing touches, when who should I see stepping quietly past my door but my old school-mate Mary Mathieson (Mrs Patrick). Acting on my first impulse, I lifted the window, and cried, 'Mary;' but Mary seemed not to hear, so I, adopting the language o' our school-days, cried, 'Ho!—Mary—Mathie—son!' Mary's bonnie face was now turned up to the window with a soft smile of recognition. In a moment I had the door open, and Mary's hand in mine. I lost no time in letting Mary see my new finery, in every item of which she seemed to take as much pleasure as if it had been a' her ain. I was expatiating at a great rate on the taste I had displayed in the furnishing o' my drawing-room, when all on a sudden it came into my head that Mrs Patrick's own humble abode must form a strange contrast to a' my grandeur. Mary couldna think what was the matter wi' me when, overcome by a mixture of emotions, the tears streamed from my eyes. When at length she did seem to comprehend what had touched me, she put her arms roun' my neck, and said—'I, Margaret,

have much to be thankful to God for; I have health and strength, my children have never known want, and my husband, although unfortunate, has never done anything dishonourable; and then,' she said (but her voice faltered now), 'maybe my fine house is to come yet.' Mrs Patrick and me had a long quiet crack about our school-days. Many a half-forgotten scene of innocent merriment was vividly recalled in that conversation. Mary interrupted my reminiscences of langsyne, by telling me that she would like to see the other parts o' my house. Mrs Patrick's liking, in this way, I had great pleasure in gratifying —although I now performed the part of exhibitor in a less boastful spirit. I brought this show-off o' my finery to a close, by conducting Mrs Patrick once more to my drawing-room, where tea was now set in first-rate style, for her and me. My best china and silver tea-set were turned out in honour o' the occasion. It has always been a pleasant note in my memory, that my old school-companion, Mary Mathieson, was the first person entertained in my drawing-room. As I showed Mary to the door, I quietly formed a resolution to set my wits to work in Mr Patrick's behalf. It was surely (I thought) possible to gi'e the wheel o' his fortune a bit jerk out o' the deep rut o' poverty in which it seemed so hopelessly reisted.

Very shortly after Mrs Patrick had taken her departure, Counciller Young came home, evidently very throng in the discharge of his public duties—for, as soon as he had gotten his tea, without speaking a word to me, he produced a large bundle o' papers, which he set to perusing with great earnestness. I was curious to know what interested my lord; so I said—if it wasna a state secret, John might tell me what the papers were about. John's answer was: 'It is a very simple matter, a clerkship in connection with the public business of the city being now vacant.

These' (lifting a bundle of letters) 'are applica tions for the situation, and the testimonials.' I asked, 'what were the emoluments of the office?' 'The salary was a hundred and fifty younds a year.' My next question gar't the councillor glowr. It was this,—'Is that, do ye think, a situation that would fit Mr Patrick?' John remaining silent, I continued, 'I am sure if you could slip the creature into the job, he would never disgrace you.' When John at length spoke, he said,—'It is quite out of the question to speak of Mr. Patrick for any such office. People who can not manage their own business are certainly not fit to be trusted with the affairs of the public.' In reply to this, I told John that I couldna prove it, perhaps, but I had somehow a notion that not a few of our public offices were filled by men just of the same sort as Mr. Patrick. 'Ye see,' quo' I, 'there is a sort of necessity for giving public offiecs to sueh men.' 'How so?' quo' John. 'Beeause,' quo' I, 'men who are sueeessful in the management of their own affairs are no breaking their legs to get public offices at salaries o' a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and so they become a sort of providential refuge for the unfortunate.' In my most coaxing tones, I added,—'You must really, my dear, do your best to get Mr Patrick that job.' John began his reply with the words, 'Well, my dear,' which he spoko in my own coaxing tone; then came in John's own earnest voice, 'It would certainly be very strange if I, who have all my life been denouneing favouritism, were, on the very first occasion on which I had any voice in the seleetion of a public servant, to be influenced in my choice by the faet that my wife wanted a certain poor acquaintance of hers to get what she most appropriately ealls the *job*.' I couldna help sparring a bit wi' John, so my answer was, 'You say that it would be strange if you were to be influenced in the seleetion of a public servant

by the wish of your wife. Now, John, on whatever point you may be right, in so far as its being strange goes, you are wrong.' 'I don't see that,' quo' John. 'Well,' quo' I, 'for anything to be strange it must be uncommon. Now, I have no hesitation in asserting that there is nothing more common than men being influenced in their choice o' things in general, and, perhaps, public servants, in particular, by the wishes of their better halves. So,' quo' I, 'whatever it would be, it wouldna be strange.' 'Well,' quo' John, 'admitting that it wouldna be strange, it would be worse; it would be wrong.' I met John in this fashion—'Is it not right, when one meets with a child of misfortune, to feel sorry for him, and interested in his behalf? Is it not right to form a secret resolution to befriend such an one, should any opportunity occur? And such an opportunity occurring, is it not right to embrace it, and use all legitimate influence to aid the unfortunate? All this being right, can it be wrong in any one to give due weight to the claims urged from such right motives?' John coolly replied that he admired my logical ability, but he could have nothing to do with favouritism, his motto being 'the right man in the right place.'

I felt provoked at what appeared to me John's thick-headed conscientiousness. But there was nothing to be won for Mr Patrick by me losing my temper, so I delivered myself thus to John, 'That cry against favouritism, and about "the right man in the right place," is the most silly and absurd of all the public yammerings that ever it has been my lot to listen to. What is this favouritism that is so unmercifully denounced? The fact that a man who has patronage to bestow gives it to his brother, his cousin, his second cousin, or his neighbour, in preference to giving it to an utter stranger. Now, what decent, good-hearted man wouldna prefer his ain relations to strangers, and what right-thinking man

wouldna put a situation in the way of an acquaintance rather than give it to a person he never saw? Favouritism,' I said, 'is one of the fundamental principles of human nature, and it will be a long time before the haver about the right man in the right place will change that.' John seemed indisposed to speak, so I went on, 'What, now, have you to guide you in the selection of your public servant? A bundle of testimonials—a bundle, very likely, of downright lies, which the friends of the applicants have written from a queer compound of motives. Ye ken, John,' I added, 'while some men give testimonials only to those they believe deserving them, far more write such documents just because they don't like to refuse. I wadna,' quo' I, 'give a preen for a whole cart load of written testimonials, compared with personal knowledge or acquaintanceship.' 'What,' quo' John, 'do I know of Mr Patrick that would justify me in being any party to giving him such an appointment?' 'In the first place,' quo' I, 'you know he is an honest man; of that you have ample proof in the fact that, notwithstanding his misfortunes, the voice of slander has never even whispered anything dishonourable to him; in the next place, you know that, having a wife and family depending upon him, he is very much in need of the place; and in the third place, you have reason to believe that, having suffered as he has done, he will appreciate the advantages of employment, and so do his best to discharge the duties of the office. And more than that,' quo' I, 'you owe him a good turn, for if it hadna been poor Mr Patrick ye wadna been Councillor Young.' 'How?' said John; and I now told Mr Young the secret of the way in which the requisition to him was got up. John smiled and shook his head, and, after a few minutes' thought, said, 'I will find some means of serving Mr Patrick; but in the discharge of a public duty personal motives must go for nothing.'

I saw there was no use of further arguing the point with my scrupulous husband, so I resolved to carry by stratagem what I couldna manage to accomplish by honest, straightforward argument. I had concocted a number of schemes, several of which seemed likely to suit my purpose, when, all at once, certain circumstances occurred that opened up to me a new and much more easy course.

The great scene-shifter—Death—deprived the City of Glasgow, in one day, of one of its members of parliament and one of its magistrates—yes, a Glasgow M.P. and a Glasgow bailie were both cut off in one day. The entire town council attended the worthy bailie's funeral, and, on their way from the place of interment, having fallen to the discussion of who was a fit and proper person to be sent to parliament, the entire company of civic dignitaries landed in our house to finish their discussion, and I, for the first time in my life, was honoured by having the Lord Provost of the second city in the kingdom under my roof. The discussion regarding the prospective M.P. was very animated—a great number of gentlemen were spoken of, all as fit and proper. I noticed, however, that the Lord Provost remained almost silent, so, at one glance, I thought I saw my way clear to getting Mr Patrick the situation—and more, I thought I saw the way clear to making scrupulous John a Glasgow bailie.

The thought had no sooner dawned upon my mind than I acted upon it. I entered the civic circle, and said, 'Order for my speech.' There was perfect silence: so I proceeded, 'I have been listening very attentively to all that has been said about your M.P.'s to be, but so far, I think, there has been no one mentioned who would be so likely to be of service to the city as the Lord Provost there, if you were to send him up.' His lordship gave me a most gracious smile, while the bailies and councillors stared as if struck dumb.

Bailie Monro was the first to speak; he point-blank asked if the Provost would go to parliament? The Provost's answer was, 'I have never yet shrunk from the discharge of any public duty, nor will I from this, of going to parliament, if my fellow citizens do me the honour of sending me.' The council were unanimous in their desire to do honour to their chief, or, at anyrate, they pretended to be so, which was all the same. The man of their choice at once proposed an adjournment to his own house, that the matter might be immediately gone into. O, what a squeeze the Provost gave my hand in the lobby, as he said, 'Ye made the best speech that was made to-night!' When I said I wanted a private word of him, he was at my service in a moment. Before I had spoken three words in Mr Patrick's behalf, his lordship said distinctly, 'I will get your friend the place.' I was satisfied, I said; and I then gave the chief magistrate a half-comic look as I asked who he intended to make the next bailie? He understood me in a moment, and said, 'Councillor Young, to be sure; I will settle that at the first meeting of council.' 'No,' I said, 'not at the first meeting.' The Provost looked earnestly at me, as I said, 'It will be better to keep the bailieship an open question until your own parliamentary election is over; the greater number of the council that have a bailieship in prospect the better for you.' The Provost, who was a bachelor, said, 'If ever I required a second husband, he was at my service.' I thanked him, and we parted.

John was so busy attending to his civic brethren, that my interview wi' their chief quite escaped his notice; when, however, in three days after, Mr Young came home post haste to tell me of Mr Patrick having, on the strong recommendation of the Provost, been unanimously elected to the vacant clerkship, John gave me full credit for having ob-

tained Patrick's appointment; but how I had managed it, John said, was a mystery to him. When, after the election of the Lord Provost as M.P. for the city, Mr Young was astounded by being elevated to the magistracy, I explained to his bailieship the nature of my interview with his lordship and so solved the mysteries of the wonderful appointments, John indicated his satisfaction with my conduct by saying, 'That of all the human beings he had ever met, no one came in any way up to me, for saying and doing the right thing at the right time.' I had a curious suspicion lurking in my mind that John might soon say something very different from that. This suspicion arose from the following circumstances.

From the moment I set my eyes on my first lover's son, young Willie Henderson, I mentally matched him with my daughter, Mary Anne. This thought, secretly treasured in my heart, soon grew a sort of passion. Ye will have already observed my annoyance when I feared my daughter might possibly slight my protege. I did my best to make them acceptable to one another, and believed I had succeeded in lighting the lowe o' love between them, but of this fact I had never taken the slightest notice to my husband. I had an instinctive feeling that he would be opposed to their union, and so rather strove to conceal their attachment, thus putting the evil day afar off. I felt now, however, that the question must be broached. There was a sort of quiet pleading look on young Willie's face, that spoke volumes to me every time I saw it. I noted well, too, that Mr Young's elevation, as it came step by step, made his young clerk look more grave. He saw, no doubt, in the bailieship, and in our fine house, something like barriers in the way of his happiness. He was poor, his master's daughter would be rich; and still I could see that he loved on, and hoped on, although, so far as I am aware, he had never yet in words 'told his love.'

Immediately on John paying me the compliment about my saying and doing the right thing at the right time, I resolved to speak a word for young Willie, but somehow I never, during the entire evening, could muster courage to broach the subject. After John and me had gone to our bed, and the bailie was diverting me with his comments on the disappointed looks of the expectant councillors when the Provost had proposed Councillor Young to fill the place of the worthy man taken so suddenly from our midst; as John, in his self-satisfaction, was thus expatiating on his speedy promotion, I was watching for an opportunity to slip in a word in behalf of my most darling project, when all of a sudden Bailie Young said in a whisper, 'Do you no think, Mrs Young, that if ye were to set yourself about it, you could hook the Provost for your daughter?' These words entered my heart like a knife; they clearly indicated that John was sailing quite on a different tack from me, so far as the settlement in life of his daughter was concerned. I could give no answer to the question, so I pretended to fall asleep; but I was anything but sleeping, and I had a strong suspicion that John kent I was wide awake. I remained wide awake all that night, and in the morning I had decided on setting immediately about fighting what I now looked upon as the battle of my life; I felt it would need all my generalship to give me a satisfactory victory.

During that forenoon I proposed to Mary Anne that we should take a walk. She was quite agreeable. I meant to land in my husband's warehouse, and meant to get a quiet word of Mr Henderson. I did land in John's warehouse, but did not get a word of Mr Henderson. I was coming away somewhat disappointed, when, by pure accident, we met a company of country folk with whom we were slightly acquainted. They said they were just in seeing the town. I speir't

if they would like to see our great City Hall, where all the public meetings of which they read in the newspapers were held. They would like, they said, uncommonly, to see it. I made them wait a little, and turning back to the warehouse, asked the bailie to let Mr Henderson come and get us into the City Hall. He was acquainted with the keeper of the place. Mr Henderson was at our service, and in a very short time we were standing on the platform of the great room, the country folk busy calculating how many couples could dance on that floor, and how many fiddlers could play on that bench (the platform). I requested the company to move to the other end of the hall, that they might hear how our voices would sound at such a distance. Mr Henderson and me, I said, would keep our stance where we were, while Mary Anne led them to the other end. As the heavy shoon were rattling along the gallery, I whispered a few words into Mr Henderson's ear, at which he turned deadly pale; he seemed as if he would have fainted; he pressed his hands instinctively upon his heart, and sat down on one of the platform chairs. I had asked him a question. It was answered, although not in words—he was desperately in love with my daughter. I, in a few words, told him my fears, that Mr Young would oppose their union, and how important it was that he should immediately make an effort to get Miss Young pledged to him. Willie spoke not one word—his heart was evidently undergoing a perfect tempest of emotion.

My speech from the platform to the other end of the hall was this—'I am desired by Mr Henderson to present his compliments to Miss Young, and to inform her that he will take it as a high honour if she will consent to accompany him this evening to the opera.' My voice evidently carried quite well the full length of the hall, for Mary Anne at once replied, 'I will have very great pleasure in listening to the

melody of sweet sounds in Mr Henderson's company.' After a lot o' havering, in which Mr Henderson took no part, I got the chance of telling Willie that he must take Miss Young to the opera in such a style as would flatter her vanity, and that he must find an opportunity, during the evening, of opening his heart to her; and that he must, if possible, gain her consent to be his, before he left her. The young man looked so awe-struck, that I had to rouse him by saying, 'Mind that, come what will, you have me on your side.' This did rouse him, and with a kind of a watery, nervous smile, he said—'I will do my best.' If Mr Henderson was unsuccessful in his suit he was to come into the house, on his return from the opera; if it was all right, he was to part with Mary Anne at the door—and so I would know how the land lay.

Mr Henderson called for Miss Young in a magnificent carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid greys. On his return, although pressed by Miss Young to come in, he bade her adieu at the door—and so I knew that my daughter's heart was touched as her mother's had been. So far all was right. I was now prepared to meet John on the field of open controversy. Regarding my daughter's settlement in life, I resolved upon instant action. How the battle went will appear in the twelfth part of my story.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Twelfth.

I BIDE MY TIME—JOHN'S PROPOSAL—MY OBJECTION—JOHN'S TEN THOUSAND OBJECTIONS—I URGE WILLIE'S CLAIMS—IT SHALL NEVER BE—MY VINDICATION OF DISINTERESTED LOVE—JOHN'S CRUEL WORD—MY LETTER TO WILLIE—MY RETREAT—A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT—JOHN'S EARLY FRIEND—MRS BUCHANAN AND HER DAUGHTER.

I TOLD you in the last part of my story, that when Miss Young, on her return from the opera, entered unaccompanied by Mr Henderson (I thereby kennin' that she had pledged her hand and heart, as it was my most earnest desire she should), I at once resolved upon instant action in behalf of the lovers. Upon second thoughts, however, I began to fear that my great anxiety in this matter was perhaps hurrying me on too fast. I had mind of the saying, 'There's luck in leisure,' and so resolved to bide my time. The lovers' vows, I thought, would be nane the waur to hae time to dry on their hearts and understandings, before any attempt were made at rubbing them out. I waited full six weeks frae the night o' the opera for my opportunity o' breaking the ice to John.

Mary Anne had gone out in great style to an evening party, when her father said to me, with a very knowing look, 'I think, guidwife, you heard my hint yon night about my hooking the Provost. Do ye no think it might be managed?' The room door was a wee open; I rose and shut it, and then answered, 'No, John, I don't think it could.' 'Where lies the difficulty?' quo' John. 'In the first place,' quo I, 'I rather think it would be

difficult to get him to think of her, and in the second place, I doubt it would be impossible to get her to think of him.' 'Impossible!' quo' John, 'that is a very strong term. I can't see any reason why she should object.' 'I don't think,' quo' I, 'she could ever love the man, and I am sure she would not give her hand where she could not give her heart.' 'Why,' quo' John, 'do ye think she could not love him? I am sure the Provost is a most acceptable man.' 'Oh, yes,' was my reply, 'acceptable enough amongst jolly, middle-aged, worldly-wise men, like himsel', but he is certainly no the thing to be fallen in love with by a lassie like Mary Anne. The Provost,' I added, 'is as auld as you, John.' 'The Provost,' quo' John, 'is two years older than me, but yet I don't see why Mary Anne should not very soon get quite fond of him.' I shook my head and screwed my mouth at this, and John calling for a translation of my sour looks, I said, 'It's natural, Mr Young, for you to think as you do,—it's evidently very natural for auld fools of men to be very fond of young women, and it's no unnatural that the auld idiots should fall into the mistake of imagining that the young women are equally fond of them; but,' quo' I, 'you, Bailie Young, may believe me when I tell you, that it's far mair common for auld women to take a liking for young men, than for young lasses to fall in love even wi' Provosts, when they happen to be as auld as their fathers.' I wound up by asking John, as a favour, no to scunner me again by evenin' our bairn to onybody so unlike hersel' as his civic chief.

Mr Young looked anything but satisfied, so I asked him if he didna think that it might just be possible that his daughter might already have a very decided preference for some young man of her own choosing. In reply to this, John said, 'I never gave her any liberty to give any such preference, so her preferences go for nothing.' 'You surely,' quo' I, 'don't know

her when you speak in that way. It's my opinion, if Mary Anne has a lad, she will stand by him in spite o' baith you and me. Man, John,' quo' I, 'the lassie is as knowing as me, and as true as you.' 'Do you think,' quo' John, 'she has a preference for any one?' My answer was, 'I think she has;' and John's next question was, 'Who may he be?' My answer was, 'Guess.' John refused to guess, and of course I refused to lend him any of my light on the subject. When fairly tantalized out o't, Bailie Young said, in tones of great perplexity, 'Can it be possible that there is any attachment between young Henderson and her?' I spiert at John what put that in his head; and John then told me that more than once Samuel had warned him that if he did not want his sister married to a man who hadn't a penny, he should dispense with Henderson's services. I asked what John had said in reply to the noble suggestion of his generous son. John's answer had been —'Never you fear, Sam; your mother is not the woman to let her daughter throw herself away.'

John, with a look of great concern, asked me to tell him candidly if I had noticed anything that led me to suppose that Mary Anne and that fellow were attached to one another. When I said I had noticed a thousand things that had led me to suppose so, and that I saw no reason for John calling the young man a fellow, the bailie started to his feet, and walked the full length of the room, and then turning and fixing his eyes on me, he said, 'And am I to understand that such a match for your daughter meets with your approval?' I said quite coolly, 'What objections would you, John, have to such a match?' John replied with great vehemence, 'Ten thousand objections!' 'That's a very great number o' objections,' I said; 'let me hear a few of them. He's young, that's surely no objection; he's clever, I wadna count that an objection; he's both good-looking and hand-

some—certainly not objections. Come awa wi' a sample of your ten thousand objections.' John looked at me as if he would have stared me through, and said, 'I see the fortune-hunter is all right with you; but I would advise you to take care what you say and do in this matter; for it is possible you may offend me.' These words were uttered with great dignity; so I replied, 'It's just possible, Mr Young, that you have already offended me; you have certainly taken it for granted, that to gratify a feeling of silly vanity, I would be ready to barter away the happiness of my bairn. You have mistaken me, Mr Young. I have no doubt in my lifetime done things that I should not have done, because I knew the doing of them would please you; but the weal or woe o' my child is no to be tampered with, to please even you.' John said, with a sneer—'You are waxing eloquent; you need not trouble yourself—for as sure as I am a living man, I will waken you from your dream.' 'Thank you, Bailie,' I said, 'the eloquence is certainly not all mine; but your dream o' the auld Provost for a guidson is no likely to fash you again.' I laughed the best way I could, which drew from John—'That's a real sham laugh, Mrs Young. I think you could greet far more effectively at this present moment.' I told John I would neither laugh nor greet; but if he would be pleased to listen, I would tell him a few reasons why I thought he should not so decidedly reject the idea of an alliance with Mr Henderson. John walked the full length o' the room, and then turning on his heel, said—'If you do not wish to proclaim open war with me, you had better say nothing more on this subject—for such an alliance shall never be.' I asked John, as a favour, to take a seat and compose himself—for I would say what I had to say whether he was pleased or angry. John clashed himself down on a chair, and said—'I will listen; but don't tax

my patience too far.' I had no wish, I said, to tax my worthy husband's patience, but still I must say what I thought on this (to us both) very important subject. 'Go on,' quo' John; and I began thus.

'The first great requisite to a happy union is sincere attachment, the second is similarity of disposition, and the third is an equality of position in life'—'Which,' quo' John, 'is very far from existing in this case.' I asked John to exercise just a little patience, and proceeded—'Regarding the first requisite—if I am any judge of human nature—Mary Anne and Willie are most devoted lovers—which love has its source in the fact, that their likings and dislikings are as similar as that of man and woman can be; and as to equality of position, I do think that a young man of more than common ability, with fair prospects of rising in the world, is a fair match for a young woman who has the prospect of her father leaving her a little money.' John broke in with—'I can give my daughter an independence.' 'If,' quo' I, 'your riches do not take to themselves wings, you may be able to leave your daughter well provided for; but there are a few *if's* between Mary Anne and your siller. If you were to lose your money—if I were to die, and you were to have a second wife and a second family—if she were to die, and a third fruitful vine to take her place—not to hint at the chances of a fourth and fifth Mrs Young reigning in my stead.' John gied a big lump o' coal in the grate a kick, and set up a blaze that nearly set the lum on fire. I bade the Bailie be cannie, and proceeded—'Mr Henderson might soon make far more money than ye are likely to leave your daughter.' John gave an ironic whistle; so I said—'But I'll dismiss the idea of money, and now tell you plainly that I think faithful hearts should not be separated for filthy lucre.'

John asked if I was done, as he had something to

say. I told him, I was nothing like done; so, if he were likely to burst, he had better come away with what he had to say. John here blurted out a volume of indignant astonishment that I, who had got such a match for his sister, for Mr Gunn, and for Mr Campbell, was willing to throw away my own daughter on a person occupying a miserably subordinate position. When John had got himself so delivered, I reminded him that we all occupied positions more or less subordinate; and that the case of his sister, which I designated an ingenious patch-up of cracked wares, was not to be mentioned side by side with the genuine affection of my spotless daughter, and her equally spotless lover. John seemed to turn up his nose, so I thought I would give him an additional touch on the subject of pure love. This was a well studied deliverance.

'The fairest flower,' quo' I, 'John, that blooms on earth is that whose roots are spread over the memories of happy early days; whose stalks rise twining through virtuous youth; whose leaves unfold in the rays of true affection; whose buds come forth amidst the dews of passion, and flourish full in the holy light of love. That,' I said, 'is the flower of earth, that blooms in time, and sends its perfume throughout all the endless ages of eternity; and that,' quo' I, 'John, is the flower that ye would nip in its bud, in setting your face against the union of my daughter and Willie Henderson's son.' This last sentence came out before I was aware, and John, taking full advantage of my slip, said, 'It's out at last; my daughter is to be sacrificed to your mad passion for a dead blackguard.' I felt as if I could have blasted John with a single glance, but John seemed not to see this, and left the room saying, 'I will have my own way for once.'

It will just be as judicious for me to keep to myself what my feelings towards my husband were when

he thus (as it seemed to me) harshly cast in my teeth my poor heart's weakness, which he could never have known but for the confidence I had reposed in him. I repeat, it will be best for me not to tell the thoughts that passed through my mind when I believed myself so meanly taken advantage of. I will, however, before passing on, warn all human beings, who have at any time received the overflowings of the treasured secrets of any heart, to beware of making ungracious allusion to the same. I am not going to preach you a sermon on the subject, but will tell you in a word,—that the tongue that speaks such poison to the happiness of any one, is in great danger of being silenced for ever. When, by sore struggling, I had cast out the demons of hatred and revenge that had risen up in me at my husband's cruel allusion to my heart's secret, I took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following letter to William Henderson. I would not trouble my readers with it, did I not think that it might possibly assist in throwing light into other hearts that may be shrouded in the darkness of disappointment. Readers that doubt my ability to write a serious, sensible letter can, if they like, skip this one :—

'Dear William,

'I have a number of things to say to you; and as I may not soon have an opportunity of seeing you, I have thought it the better plan to write what it is my desire to let you know. In the first place, then, I have to tell you that on sounding him, I find Mr Young most determinedly opposed to the idea of your union with his daughter. He says, most emphatically, "Such an union will never be." His objection to you evidently is your not being possessed of money, and your occupying a subordinate position. Mr Young evidently thinks his daughter entitled to a husband of recognised standing in the world. Thus, you see, your prospects seem anything but bright, in so far as the present desire of your heart is concerned.

'I have thus given you the dark side of the picture, painted in its blackest colours. I now tell you, in plain simple earnest, to take this objection of Mr Young very coolly; and notwithstanding that he says "such an union shall never be," I would have you entertain the most implicit confidence that such an union shall be; or—mark this—if Heaven has otherwise ordained, your heart will be tutored so that you shall thank Heaven that it has not been. I know it is difficult, at your years, to have your mind so disciplined that you will be perfectly satisfied with the dispensations of Providence, yet it is your duty to be so, and I know you will yet thank God for the cloud that is now on your path. It is difficult in one short letter to vindicate to you the ways of Providence; yet, if you ponder well the few words that follow, they will be of service in directing your own mind to a true knowledge of the philosophy of life.

'In looking back over your past life you find that Providence has certainly had a care over you, and that, in so far as you yourself have acted aright, all has been well, up to this moment of your life. I am sure, although you had the power, you would not seek to alter any of its leading events. Early deprived of your parents, who in mercy were taken from you (your mother being released from a life of suffering, and your father cut short in a career of folly and sin, before he had plunged into the lowest depths of vice—to which, had life been spared, he would certainly have gone)—thus, I say, in mercy your parents were early taken from you—your father's last words commending you to my care. How I have cared for you I will not say; you, I think, must know that I have been something of the mother to you; and you yourself proving worthy of all the confidence reposed in you, your life has hitherto been very happy; your intercourse with my daughter has been the sunshine of your life, which no clouds have hitherto darkened I, seeing the little speck on the horizon, gave you timely warning of the storm which might possibly be brewing, and so stimulated you to obtain something like a certain hold on the being you love. Her pledge was evidently freely given, and will certainly be redeemed—if you do your duty—and if my daughter is worthy of your love.

'Yet, a time of trial is before you. The opinion of my

husband must be treated with respect, and, if possible, the barriers which he sees to your union with his daughter be removed. You are young, poor, and occupy a subordinate position. You will certainly grow older; by energetic and skilful use of your talents you may acquire a moderate amount of riches, and you may be your own master. All this it is desirable you should be; so make up your mind to win for yourself a position in the world, and that done, I know Mr Young will be proud to give you his daughter. In the meantime, your intercourse with Mary Anne must be at an end, as I must submit to my husband's will. Be sure of this, however, that I have your interest at heart, and that if your betrothed is worthy of you she will be true to her pledge.

'Your first step, I think, should be to quit Mr Young's employment; this you should do at once. I think I can assist you to a situation where you will have a chance of improving your position. This, however, is uncertain; you must depend on your own exertions alone. I give you no further advice, save to say—keep strictly by all the paths of simple virtue, and the desire of your heart shall in due time be gratified.

Yours truly,

MARGARET YOUNG.'

When I had written this letter, I, believing it my best policy to beat a sort of retreat, went away quietly and creepit down in my bed at John's side. He wasna sleeping, so I said, just to take the harm off o' John's mistake in alluding to my confessed weakness—'It was too bad, bailie, to cast up my calf love to me.' The bailie seemed as if he had got, by this word of mine, a burden off his mind, for he turned right round and said, 'It came out wi' me before I kent.' I said we were both great fools in fighting about such a matter, as it was likely we would be very little consulted on the love affairs of our family.

John said he thought it would be better to drop the subject in the mean time, and I said his will was

my pleasure; so, before falling asleep, the bailie and me had a long crack about the progress in business our son Samuel was making. His father evidently thought his son a perfect prodigy o' cleverness. My thought of him was, that if something werena done for the young man to wean him a little from the world, he would become, very shortly, a contemptible money grub.

When John had fallen asleep, I, still sore at heart, remained long in a restless state. I had not the slightest doubt o' the fact that I had in some way sinned, that I had been made to suffer so. All the circumstances of my bygone life I carefully reviewed, and thus sought to discover the sin for which I was being punished by John's opposition to my darling desire. At length I made myself believe I had found out where I had gone astray. When Mr Young was courting me, he had a bosom friend, a very promising divinity student. John and him were inseparable, so much so, that I had a feeling of jealousy towards the young man. I looked upon him as a sort of rival in the affections of my lover, and so when there arose a slight misunderstanding between them, I, instead of doing what I might to clear it up, rather assisted in fanning the flame of their disagreement, until the friends became thoroughly estranged from each other, which they had continued to be for fully twenty years.

For all his youthful promise, John's early friend had cut no great figure in the world. Immediately on being licensed to preach, he had accepted a call from a wee country kirk, from which he was never lifted. He was now the father of six children, two sons and four daughters. John rarely mentioned the name of this friend of his youth, yet I sometimes thought it would have been a pleasure to my husband to have shaken that man cordially by the hand and to have renewed the early attachment; for I kent this, his

place in John's affections had never been supplied. I had no doubt of my ability to bring about such a reunion, and resolving to do so, I closed my eyes in sleep.

Keeping in mind the hint in my letter to Willie, that I could possibly assist him to a situation, I, on the following morning, called upon a gentleman with whom I had a somewhat peculiar acquaintanceship. The acquaintanceship came about in this way: during my residence at the Bridge of Allan, he being a lodger in the same establishment, him and me often met in the garden, and after several passing nods, we at length got into conversation. It struck me, immediately on hearing him speak, that he had some secret sorrow that lay heavy at his heart, so, prompted partly by curiosity, and partly by the thought that I possibly might be able to be of some slight service to him, I set myself to the finding out of his secret. I spoke to him of the fleeting nature of earthly things; of the very small amount of happiness that fell to the lot of any mortal. I told him my own experience in life,—of my early love, and early disappointment. He was very difficult to move, so I went truly over a' the particulars of my love for Willie Henderson. I told him the story of Willie's life and death. It seemed as if I were to get nothing in return, so, as a last stroke, I said, 'You men, however, that are engaged in the active business of the world, take the affairs of the heart very lightly.' These words were evidently what was required to unseal the spring, for they brought forth a long sad story, the simple facts of which were as follows:—

My new acquaintance had been a poor country boy, who had gone in to Glasgow many years ago to push his fortune, leaving behind him a bonnie country lassie, who, when fortune smiled upon him, was to be his wife. Fortune had done nothing but smile upon him. He had been a very successful merchant—too

successful—that success had caused him to forget his early love. In her case the hope deferred had sickened the heart, and she had died, leaving the successful man ever after desolate at heart. He was now, he told me, one of the first merchants in Glasgow, but his life, take it all in all, had been a great mistake. Such was the story I managed to draw out, and now I thought I could turn it to Willie Henderson's advantage. I thought the being who had so sadly wrecked his own young affection might have pleasure in helping me to promote the happiness of the young hearts in which I was so much interested.

I was right in this thought. The great man received me most cordially; although I had never spoken to him since our meeting at the Bridge of Allan, he recognized me in a moment. When I expressed my surprise at this, he smiled and said he should never forget me, as I was the only human being to whom he had ever told the story of his heart. He remembered distinctly a' about my Willie Henderson, and became immediately interested in the fate of his son. The upshot o' our interview was that he was willing to employ Mr Henderson as his confidential clerk. He had hitherto employed no such functionary, but he would create such an office in his establishment, that he might be of service to the young people.

It wasna many days after this until Bailie Young received notice from his clerk of his intention to leave his employment. John was so weel pleased to get quat of him that I had no difficulty in persuading the bailie to give Mr Henderson a handsome present at parting; and so Willie and his master parted on the very best terms, which was all that I desired to accomplish, in the meantime.

Fortune, or I should rather say Providence, was evidently on my side, for just as I was pondering what should be my next move, I was one day, by

pure accident, when making a call on a friend, introduced to the wife and daughter of the Rev. Mr Buchanan, Mr Young's early friend. Mrs Buchanan was a smart, (evidently) active, managing woman, and her daughter was the perfect picture o' rustic beauty; she was what might, without any stretch of fancy, be called a rich moss rose—she flung off a kind o' radiance of health and freshness. She was, to speak plainly, an uncommonly braw lass. The lady who introduced me told me that Mrs Buchanan was come to the town to look for a situation to her daughter. 'Yes,' said Mrs Buchanan, wi' the tear in her eye, 'and would you believe it, I have been at several places where such applications are made, and always turned at the door, never being able to muster courage to go in.' I, looking at the beautiful young woman, said without thinking, 'I ken of nae situation that would suit her half so weel as a matrimonial appointment.' 'True,' said her mother, 'but where is the man to come from? At the manse my daughters see no one but married men coming about the christening of their children.'

Mrs Buchanan and me had a lang crack; she kent all about the early intimacy of her husband and Mr Young. I had a new idea. I invited both mother and daughter to dine with me. I said it would be a pleasant surprise to both my husband and son. 'Son?'—said Mrs Buchanan, as if a thought had struck her, and she were thinking aloud. My invitation was accepted there and then, and so, when the bailie and Samuel came home to dinner, Mrs Buchanan and her daughter were awaiting them.

John, I don't think, ever displayed such sprightly gallantry in his life as he did in his attention to the wife and daughter of his old friend. He insisted that Miss Buchanan should stay in town with us for at least one month, and her father could then come in and take her home. Even Samuel put in his word

in favour of Miss Buchanan being our guest. He said he would have great pleasure in letting her see the sights of the city. Mrs Buchanan looked hard at me while Samuel spoke, and I, looking perfectly satisfied, she consented to let her daughter stay. Samuel came home from business that night very early, and took Miss Buchanan to see the exhibition of pictures, when I, in fun, proposed to go with them. Sam said I would be much better at home. I fell asleep that night, thinking that if Bailie Young wanted any of the members of his family to take their affections to a monetary market, he had better watch their motions.

GENERALSHIP.

Part Thirteenth.

SAMUEL'S FAVOURITE CALCULATION—HOW THE CALCULATOR WAS CHARMED—JOHN'S CONFIDENCE, AND MY WORD OF WARNING—JOHN TAKES MY ADVICE—SAMUEL AND HIS FATHER AT LOGGERHEADS—MY DEFENCE OF MY SON—A SHARE IN THE BUSINESS—SAM SPEAKS A WORD FOR HIS SISTER—MARY ANNE CALLED IN—JOHN'S CONSENT—OUR WEDDING GUESTS—MY PARTING WORDS.

FROM what I have already told my readers of my son Samuel, few will be surprised to hear that one of Samuel's favourite calculations was how much money one with his position and prospects had a right to expect with a wife, and that the sums turned up in Sam's mind, in answer to these calculations, were far from trifles. Sam sometimes said he might get so much, mentioning an incredible sum; and then he would add, with decided emphasis, that he would not take less than another sum—which would certainly have been a very handsome fortune for any man to give his daughter. This huckstering spirit on the part of my son was to me most repulsive, I having an earnest appreciation of the lines—

'Marry for love, and
Work for siller.'

I often wished that I could entrap Samuel into an affection for the daughter of some worthy man who had no money; but Samuel kept a most respectful distance from all young women who were not possessed of what he called the great requisite—cash; his attention, therefore, to Miss Buchanan somewhat surprised me. In inviting her to our house, it was

my intention, if possible, to wean my son from his excessive worldliness, by kindling in his bosom a generous love for a penniless lass. I had no thought, however, that I would be so successful; for Samuel seemed to take to Miss Buchanan from their very first meeting. I had some difficulty in accounting for this at the time. I found out, after, a very philosophic reason for Sam being so readily smitten.

On their way to the exhibition of pictures, on the night of Miss Buchanan's arrival amongst us, the considerate and economical country minister's daughter noticed, as Sam and her went along, that on the following evening (Saturday) the pictures were to be seen for twopence a-head, while that evening the charge of admission was a shilling a-head. This Miss Buchanan learned from bills on the walls, and at once proposed that they should defer their visit to the exhibition until the following evening. Samuel had objected to this at first, but when the fair economist pointed out the absurdity of his throwing away such a sum as one shilling and eightpence, which would purchase so many useful articles, Samuel at once admitted the force of her reasoning, and the twasome took a long quiet walk, and saw, 'frae gratis,' the bonnie Three-tree Well, which, Miss Buchanan said, she was sure was better worth seeing than any picture in the exhibition.

On the twopenny night the pictures were visited, and Miss Buchanan said to Samuel they were very pretty; but she would have certainly grudged the money if their visit had cost him two shillings. When Sam, that evening, on his way home, proposed to treat his partner to something of the confectionery sort, Miss Buchanan gave him quite a lecture on the folly of spending his money on trifles, and on the impropriety of injuring the teeth by the eating of sweets. When, however, they passed a very frail old man, who was begging, Miss Buchanan suggested that

Mr Young might give the poor man a portion of the money he would have thrown away. It was a combination of trifles like these, indicating sound judgment and good training, that first tickled Sam's fancy; and then the healthful beauty, and perfect freedom from affectation, of Miss Buchanan, soon threw their silent influences around Sam's really unsophisticated heart; and before the callant had the slightest suspicion of the fact, I could plainly see that all my son's monetary calculations would go for nothing. Worthy unsuspecting John merely said he was pleased to see that Samuel was learning to be more attentive to our guests.

When, by Mr Young's invitation, the minister came to take home his daughter, the cloud that had darkened their early friendship was instantly evaporated by the 'sunny memories' of youthful joys, with which the friends long parted entertained one another.

Mr Buchanan and his daughter had returned home laden with many tokens of Bailie Young's desire to cement the old friendship, when one day, believing that all intercourse between Mr Henderson and his daughter had ceased, our John began, in a joking way, to blow me up about the way in which I had frightened him with a false alarm. I told John that I had had my suspicions, and I thought it right to make him acquainted with them; and that now I had a second cause of fear to communicate—that was, that I was afraid Samuel had taken a fancy for Miss Buchanan. John asked what I had seen to make me think so. 'Nothing,' I said; 'only while the lassie was here, they were never separate; and when any one proposed to join them in their walks, Samuel seemed in great danger o' losing his temper, and invariably found some excuse for him and her slipping away by themselves; and then,' I said, 'Mr Samuel has arranged to spend his summer holidays

at the manse.' John said, 'There might be no thought of matrimony in Sam's head for all that.' I said, it was quite possible; but I was decidedly of opinion that Sam was in love with the minister's daughter—and, more, I thought the lassie had a very tender regard for Sam. John looked puzzled, and then told me that he himself had noticed one circumstance that, now that he thought on it, seemed to corroborate my suspicion.

John's corroborative circumstance was this:—During one of the bailie's walks with his son and the minister's daughter, while the threesome had been looking in at a bookseller's window, Miss Buchanan had pointed out a range of splendid volumes, which she said had long been the desire of her father's heart, but they were too expensive for him to purchase, when Sam instantly entered the shop, bought the volumes, and despatched them there and then to the minister. John at the time had thought very highly of his son's generous conduct, but now he doubted Sam had been reasoning that 'it's no lost that a frien' gets.' I told the bailie there was no mistake about Sam being in love. The thing that puzzled me was how it was to be put a stop to. John looked very grave, and said, 'I know a girl, worth £10,000, that Samuel could get just for the asking.'

The worthy bailie then asked me what I thought he should do in the circumstances? I said I could hardly advise him, but my opinion was, that very decided measures would be most effective with Mr Samuel. 'What am I to do, then?' quo' John. My answer was, 'Charge your son bluntly with his foolish attachment, and interdict his going to the manse.' Mr Young said he would do so at once, and so he did; and Sam, as I thought he would, openly set his father at defiance. John had used my words, and spoken of Samuel's foolish attachment, to which

the roused lover replied, 'There is no mistake about the attachment, but as to its being foolish, that is quite a different matter.' When John told his son that he would not permit him to go to the manse, the gallant quite coolly asked how his father could prevent him? adding, with great composure, 'I'll go to the manse, so you need not make a fool of yourself trying to hinder me.'

At this Mr Young, to a certain extent, lost his temper, and declared he would cut off Samuel with a shilling; at which declaration Samuel quietly wrote his father a note, and presenting it to his parent, left the warehouse (the scene of the above altercation). The communication from son to father ran thus:—

'DEAR FATHER,

Your threat of cutting me off with a shilling has for the first time brought to my view the fact, that my fortune is quite dependent upon your will. Believing that I have arrived at that period of life when I should *at least begin* to lay the foundation of my own independence, I have now to inform you, that I will not continue in your service one hour longer, unless you can see it your interest, as I know it to be your duty, to give me a position in the business—that is, to admit me as an acknowledged partner in the concern. If you cannot do so, I must push my fortune elsewhere.

I am,

Dear father,

Your dutiful son,

SAMUEL YOUNG.'

When the bailie put this communication into my hands, and asked me what I thought of my son, I said it was quite evident he was neither deficient in courage nor self-reliance. John then asked if I thought Samuel would leave as he threatened? I said there was just one way of preventing his going. 'And what way is that?' quo' John. 'Just,' quo' I, 'by giving him a share in the business.' 'That,' quo'

John, 'is what he'll never get during my life.' 'Then,' quo' I, 'the sooner the eallant looks out for himself the better.' John looked daggers at me, and said, 'Do you then think he should get a share in my business, and so be in a position to defy me?' I said that 'I could hardly pretend to give a correct opinion on business matters, but I thought Samuel had come to that age, when, as he said, he should begin to lay the foundation of his own independenee.' 'Let him do it, then,' quo' John.

I advised Mr Young to do nothing rashly, for, maybe, after all, his taking a notion of Miss Buchanan was neither to be wondered at nor yet greatly eondemned. 'In the first plaee,' quo' I, 'it shows clearly that he is capable of forming a disinterested attachment, and that at one time I was afraid he never eould or would do. Samuel,' I added 'is turning out better than I thought he would.' John listened in silenee, as I said, 'This pure love may, in God's hands, prove the heavenly lever by whieh our son may be lifted up from a too narrow worldly-mindedness.' John here charged me with having taken a very sudden change in my views regarding our son's eourtship, for he had understood that it was far from meeting my approbation. In reply to this, I told the bailie that I was not aware of having at any time expressed an opinion on the subject. I had discovered the faet of the existenee of the attachment; I had taken it for granted that my lord would be opposed to it, and so had given him the hint, that he might have an opportunity of breaking the matter off—provided it was possible to break it off—'Which,' quo' John, 'you now think is impossible.' 'Whieh,' quo' I, eehoing John's words, 'I now think is impossible; and would, therefore, eounsel you, bailie, to throw no obstaeles in the way of their union.'

John gazed in solemn silenee; so I eontinued—'Do ye no think, Mr Young, that there is something

of the real poetry of life in the circumstance—that your wealthy son will become united to the poor daughter of your early friend?' There was a smile on John's face; so I continued—'Would it no make a beautiful picture, this cementing of the friendship of other years by the union of your children?' John seemed getting into good humour—but said, with a queer twitch about his mouth—'What about giving the fellow a share in the business?' I said I doubted he would require to get a small share. John said he was afraid of it; and, now that he thought of it, he believed he had a right to it.

In the course of ten minutes, Mr Young had agreed to give, and his son to accept, a third of the business; and then Samuel frankly told his father that as yet there was no engagement between himself and Miss Buchanan, but that he fully intended to offer her his hand. He then diverted his father uncommonly by exhibiting to him a variety of calculations he had made, which clearly proved that Miss Buchanan, without a penny, would prove even a better mercantile spec. than if he were to get a lady with a fortune. Sam supposed he were to get a wife reputed to be worth ten thousand pounds; he at once deducted five thousand as the difference between a woman's real and reputed fortune; the remaining five thousand put out at interest stood simply two hundred and fifty pounds a year. A wife possessed of such a sum Sam calculated would require to be kept in a house of at least a hundred pound rent, to keep which in order would require at least two or three servants, the keep and wages of which Sam put down at another hundred; then came the rent of a grand house at the coast, and for the time that would be required to live in such style, an extra clerk would be needed in the place of business, at a salary of, say one hundred a year. Samuel had a long list of items of outlay attendant upon living

in style, to defray which the wife's fortune proved but a mere drop in the bucket. Sam had no hesitation in saying that he would be cheaper to marry a lassie just because he liked her, and then they could live as cautiously as they pleased.

The bailie pronounced his son a philosopher, and very decidedly expressed it as his opinion that he himself was a richer man now than if he had gotten a wife wi' siller. Sam said he didna pretend to being much of a philosopher, but if his father would allow him, seeing that they were settling delicate matters, he would give him a bit of his mind on a question, the philosophy of which he had been studying for several years. I, on the instant, guessed what Samuel alluded to, and I was right. These were my son's words—'It is now several years since I noticed that there was a growing attachment between my sister and Mr Henderson. I told you of it, but you thought I was wrong, and so allowed their intercourse to go on uninterrupted. It did go on, until, as I believe, they were engaged to one another. Mr Henderson, then finding himself uncomfortable in your employment, left, and so seemed to drop all correspondence with my sister. I, however, know that they meet regularly, and that my sister will certainly become his wife sooner or later. I think, therefore, Mr. Henderson should be invited to visit us as formerly, and that he should be cordially recognised as my sister's suitor.'

John looked at me, and then said, 'That rather takes one's breath away.' He then asked me to say candidly if I thought Samuel's statement was correct. I said the best plan would be to call in Mary Anne and let her speak for herself. Mary Anne was accordingly called in. When asked by her father to say if she held any correspondence with Mr Henderson, the lassie replied, 'That, father, is a question which I hope you will not press me to answer.'

John gave his head a shake, and ordered his son and daughter to leave the room. Then turning to me, he said, 'I must confess to you truly, guidwife, that when you drew the picture of the happy union of my son and the daughter of my early friend, you touched a chord in my heart that awakened feelings which I never knew existed till then. I can now understand your feelings towards your first lover's son, and I have now to say it will be no fault of mine if I do not soon join the hands of your daughter and Willie Henderson's son.'

I needna here spin a yarn about my emotions when worthy John thus nobly expressed himself. I told the whole particulars of the scene to Mr Wilson, Willie Henderson's employer. The decent gentleman made no comments on my success; he merely said, 'I will send Bailie Young a note to-morrow, which will please him.' I couldna form the slightest idea of what the contents of Mr Wilson's note to my husband were to be. I was present at the warehouse when John received it. The Bailie read it, and seemed as if he couldna believe his e'en. Without speaking a word, he handed the note to me. It was a printed circular, announcing the fact that Mr Wilson had assumed Mr William Henderson as a partner, and the firm would now be Wilson & Henderson.

John now congratulated himself upon the pleasing fact that he had parted with Mr Henderson so handsomely, for he was now a match for his daughter, of whom he was truly proud. Willie and his father-in-law to be, were now, in a manner, seunnersome wi' their thickness. They were, I may say, to be seen going arm in arm everywhere, at all times.

But I must draw to a close. I may, however, mention, in passing, that we, that is our entire family, including Willie, went out in full style in a couple of carriages on a visit to Samuel's sweetheart, and a hearty reception the minister and his family gave us.

When Mrs Buchanan and me got a quiet word by ourselves, the body looked me full in the face, and said she knew to whom she was indebted for the fortunate settlement of her daughter; and then, with overflowing eyes, she said, 'Ye will never repent being good to my bairn, for she will prove a true wife to your son.'

Our son and daughter were both married in one day, the bride's father performing the ceremony for Samuel, while John's cousin from the north—for whom I cleaned out the bunker, and was to prepare the second day's broth—tied the knot for Willie and Mary Anne. I need hardly trouble you with a list of the company present on the great occasion; take these as a sample—the M.P. for the city, Bailie Monro and his wife (and the Bailie stepped about so smartly, that no one would ever have jaloused that he had a cork leg), Mr and Mrs Grant from London, and their two children with them; Mr and Mrs Patrick, bonnie Mary dressed with such taste that she looked quite a queen of beauty; the Rev. Mr Gunn and his wife; and Mr Campbell and his second better half—both of these ladies I noticed sat down during the closing prayer—John's neighbour, Mr. Gilmour and his wife—Mrs Gilmour dressed in a pure white satin, which she whispered me she had purchased with the siller she had saved from her housekeeping. She said there was great parting in her siller since Mr Gilmour had been buying the things for the house in the wholesale way; Kirsty and her man were present of eourse; Kirsty sporting as many bracelets as could stick on her arms, and looking, for a' that, a braw, tidy, wise-like body. But I must bring my list to a close; and I do so by adding one name—that of a gentleman, who, although then famous in London, came all the way to Glasgow to my dochter's wedding—Mr Mathieson the artist.

After giving you such a sample of the parties

present, I need hardly say that we had a magnificent entertainment. I myself was the only person that in a manner broke down on the occasion, and that was when the minister joined the hands o' Willie and Mary Anne. There was a strong streak of sunlight fell upon my face at the moment; I looked up and saw, or thought I saw, the radiant face of——, ye ken wha—smiling in upon me, and for a moment I clung for support to my husband. My faint, however, was soon over, and I was as hearty as any one of the company. Both marriages proved happy.

I have now little occasion to General the bailie. We have seldom two opinions, and when we have, Mr Young gives in in a moment. As to my husband being provost of the city, I have no wish that he ever should—public honours are empty. Mr Young has now retired from the council; we have a most beautiful villa of our own on the Frith of Clyde, where he (the ex-bailie) spends with me a great portion of his time in the work that Adam and Eve were first set to, viz., tilling and dressing the garden.

If I do anything now in the way of Generalship, it is when I give my guid-daughter (Mrs Samuel) a hand to come over her very wide-awake husband. Mr Samuel prides himself in his ability to see through all feminine manœuvres—and he is really very clever—yet he is scarcely a match for the united efforts of his wife and his mother. I could give an abundance of evidence to prove this. I will, however, content myself with relating our most recent victory. A few days ago, Mrs Samuel very simply, and, I must say, very stupidly, submitted a certain matter to her husband's decision, which he was in no way qualified to decide. Mrs Samuel appeared before her lord and master with her last summer's bonnet on her head, and asked her husband if he thought it would serve her this summer. Samuel, of course, answered the question as every husband since the days of Adam

would have answered a similar question—Samuel said 'It will do first-rate.' When my guid-daughter told me her husband's decision, I told her she had no business to consult her husband on any such subject. 'But,' quo' I, 'I'll do for the bonnet.' So that very evening, an active member of our congregation calling on me for my contribution to the Dorcas Society, I placed all I had at her disposal, and offered to go with her to Mr Samuel's, to get Mrs Samuel's contribution. My daughter-in-law had very little to give, her clothes were all too good to give away, so I made my son give a contribution in money. Just as we were taking our leave, I turned on my heel, and asked Mrs Samuel what she had done with the dirty white chip bonnet that she had worn last summer. Mrs Samuel seemed at a loss what to say in reply, so I continued—'It's surely no that dirty but some poor creature might wear it.' There was a dead pause, when Samuel struck in—'Mrs Young will make a search for the bonnet, and send it with her other contributions.' And so Mrs Samuel got a perfect beauty of a new fashionable bonnet; and I am sure that, until he sees this in print, Mr Samuel will never for one moment suspect that my allusion to his wife's auld bonnet was anything but purely accidental.

This trifling incident, now related, shows two things: first, that I am still the same old sixpence I was when I cleaned out the bunker, and brought the cabinet-maker up about the removal o' the sideboard, on the night of the party; and second, that my good-daughter and me are on the best o' terms. I have always had a contempt for stupid, ignorant, selfish women, who are never done finding fault with their sons' wives, and so producing to all concerned, unhappiness. I have therefore taken good care to make my son's wife appear in the eyes of her husband as near perfection as possible; and the result is, Samuel thinks he has the best wife in the world; and Mrs

Samuel, I ken, never mentions my name, but her eyes fill with tears of gratitude.

Before taking leave o' my readers, I must drop a word of warning to wives in general. I would have every wife to beware of seeking to obtain any article of dress, furniture, or household accommodation, which her husband is not well able to afford. For any wife to go in expenditure beyond her husband's income, is simply dishonest, and leads certainly to ruin. I must warn every wife to beware of telling her husband anything that is not strictly true; there is no necessity for telling even a husband all the truth at all times—but nothing that is untrue can in any circumstances be pardoned. All wives, too, should beware of seeking to rule their husbands; and when it is necessary for a woman to put her hand to the helm, she should spare no pains to make the world believe it is her husband who is steering.

I have a parting word to say to my auld neighbours, who still occupy one or two rooms and a kitchen; and that word is this: I was just as happy in my first humble abode as I am with my town and country houses. Indeed, I often think, I had surely far more hearty fun and innocent mirth, lang-syne, than I have now. I am in no way a slave to ceremony; yet I freely confess, I stand more upon stepping-stanes—as the ex-bailie's wife—than I did as plain Mrs John Young. I have in my present position different, but I do not think better, society. It is my candid opinion, that there are, proportionally, as many clear heads, and as many warm hearts, in the humble dwellings of honest industry, as in the stately mansions of the rich; and that both wisdom and wit may be met with as frequently in two rooms and a kitchen as in a self-contained house.

I, therefore, in bidding my readers adieu, counsel all to seek, in their respective circumstances, content-

ment—the only certain source of happiness. I now take my leave, hoping that my 'GENERALSHIP' may form an acceptable, though humble contribution to the literature of my country.

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