

and a rose that he gave her on her birthday morning—the first white rose of the season, which, sheltered in her bosom, had borne with her all the perils of the day, had gone through the tempest and the wave, and then been treasured up as a token of the love so strangely told. Slowly, then, she thrice uttered in Gaelic these lines—

By the lightning-struck tree;
By the gift dear to me;
By the words of love spoken—
I call for a token,
If thy heart be untrue,
Or thy faith be unbroken.

When her voice died away, all was silent. The merry-makers had already retired to their several abodes, and one by one the lights were disappearing from the windows. And there Helen sat alone, thinking with love, and striving to think with confidence of Evan, and assuring herself a thousand times that he only sought to have her dependence on him more fully confirmed. Then a thought of Mysie mingled with her musings, and she tried in vain to banish the image of her bashful smile and conscious blush.

Now, all was dark both in earth and heaven, for not a star shone through the gloom which wrapped the sky. Yet there was no wind, but a deep hush was over everything; so deep, that Helen could hear the murmur of the distant cataract near the mouth of the Finglass. It was a strange companion for her solitude; for it was beneath the cataract that Scott has pictured the wild hermit discovering the dark fate of Clan Alpine's chief—and, fiction though it was, it weighed on her mind like a record of real events.

Long, long, she sat there, with the monotonous voice of the waterfall moaning in her ear, and darkness all around; and the chill night air seemed freezing her to the heart. Yet she dared not retreat, for the nurse had warned her of the danger. At length, a dull light appeared to fill the space before her, and, immediately, a form approached. It was Evan Dhu; his face, his figure, his very look and smile, how strangely distinct she saw them through the dimness. 'Twas strange, too, that now she felt no terror, no trembling, but calmly and steadily she met his look. With a swift step he advanced; he stooped and raised from the earth the withered rose, his own cherished gift; and seemed stepping forward to present it to her, when he turned his head and hesitated. Helen looked aside also, and there she beheld the slight figure of Lame Mysie pressing forward. With the very smile Helen had seen her wear that evening, she advanced to the side of Evan Dhu. The rose fell from his hand; and instantaneously all vanished, and Helen's wild shriek re-echoed through the glen. Her nurse flew to her side, and with difficulty calmed and led her home; and through the remainder of the night the poor girl wept upon her bosom. Helen related the vision, but without saying she knew the girl that she had seen.

'Ye maun beware o' that maiden, my pair bairn,' said the nurse. 'For sure as ye're Evan Dhu's wife, she'll be his second.'

Helen shuddered at what seemed her irrevocable sentence, for her foster mother was an indisputable authority on all such subjects; and from that hour the fountain from which all her happiness had flowed was turned to bitterness. Evan's love had been her sunlight; but now, though it was unchanged, it seemed to her the lightning's burning flash, fleeting and fatal. Had she believed merely that an early death would tear her from his side, she would have bowed to her fate submissively, though sadly, and her heart would have clung more closely to her friends, and been all tenderness to the beloved one she was so soon to leave. But in the thought that in Mysie she saw her successor in Evan's love and Evan's home, dwelt a bitterness and agony indescribable. Merely to look on her was an irritation scarcely to be endured, and strong was the aversion, almost the habit, which grew up in her heart against the unconscious girl. To Evan she grew capricious, cold too, and oftentimes bitter in her words when he deserved no anger. And if sometimes, won to forget all while listening to the magic of his voice, and yielding to the fascination of his glance, she would for a while smile and dream as of old, back would rush the withering recollection with tenfold anguish, and she would turn from him abruptly—to weep, though he guessed it not. From all mention of her wedding day she shrunk instinctively; and once, when Evan pressed her to name it, she said disdainfully—'You had better wed Lame Mysie at once.' He looked at her in amazement, for he felt that he had given no cause for the retort. Then darting from him, Helen ran to fling herself in old Madge's arms, to implore her, as many a time before, to say if it were possible that the vision were deceptive. But the honor of her art was dearer to the nurse than aught beside; and not even to comfort her foster-child could she own that it might fail. But the struggle could not long endure. Helen told Evan Dhu that she could never be his bride; she assigned no cause, she granted no explanation—she only broke the truth which she had given in the hour when, injured and exhausted, he yet had hazarded his life for her.

And yet she loved him—ay, even more fervently, more unchangeably, because she felt how deeply she had wronged him. But he knew it not; he could not dream of it—she was to him but another name for deception, caprice, and faithlessness.

'And did Helen ever marry?' enquired Mary.

'Never—though her love had failed beneath the terrors of the ordeal she had rashly dared; it was too deep for her to ever love again. But she could not bear the sight of Evan's reproach-

ful look, or Mysie's thoughtless smile; they seemed to madden her, and she pined to leave Glenfinglass. She had a brother far away in England, and gladly she made his her home—and when in time his young wife came to bless it, and his children brought hope and gladness round his hearth, she sought, in love and care for them, to find a faint shadow of the happiness she had wilfully cast away—for after-thought brought to her heart the conviction that it was but a foolish, baseless dream which had beguiled her. Heaviness had overpowered her amid the deep silence of her lonely watch; and fancy brought before her slumbering eyes the images suggested by her waking thoughts. The absence of all feelings of terror, the rose still lying untouched, all proved that it was but a wild vision—the sport of a sleeper's restless imagination—which had destroyed her happiness for ever.'

'But Evan—what of him?' asked the younger niece.

'His father became embarrassed in circumstances, and bade him wed the heiress of Donald Cair. And, reckless of what he did, or what became of him, Evan Dhu obeyed his behest. And Mysie, heart-free and careless, willingly became the bride of the handsomest youth in all the glen.'

'Then the prophecy was fulfilled—Mysie did wed him after all!' exclaimed Mary.

'But she never won his love. Helen heard this long after; and it added to the bitterness of her self-reproach to know that with her own peace she had wrecked his also. Yet call not the prophecy fulfilled, which was but the cause of its own fulfilment. For it was Helen's own act, her heartless desertion, which made Mysie Evan's wife; and it was her sarcastic advice to wed her young companion, which, by awaking the idea that another cared for him, though Helen did not, made him obey his father's counsel more readily. But he soon learnt the groundlessness of his belief. Mysie loved him not, though affection on his part might have won return. And far away from Glenfinglass their lot is also cast, in a loveless, and yet not stormy home; for Mysie is quiet and gentle, and little gifted with sensibility; and Evan is far too noble, too generous, to treat her with unkindness, or to wilfully render any one unhappy. And all this was Helen's doing—wrought by her folly and the idle curiosity which could not be content to patiently await sorrow, if it came, and enjoy blessings while they were granted. No wonder that grief, and shame, and all the bitterness of self-upbraiding, seem to crush her even to the dust when she thinks of all that she has done.'

'It is yourself dear aunt!—dear aunt Helen, it is your own story you have told us! cried both the nieces, throwing their arms around her affectionately.

'I have told you it in warning,' said the aunt, wiping away the tears which the dark memory of the past called forth: 'I told it to shew you how fearful a recompense folly and weakness sometimes receive. And see how the time has fled by while it was told. It is fairly Halloween's now, for the twilight is deepening around us. What say you, then my Mary, shall I teach you a spell for the Event?'

'No, no,' cried Mary, hiding her face in her aunt's lap; 'I shall be content to bear and know my fate as it shall please God to shew it to me. And, trusting in Arthur's love and faith, I will not ask if death, or falsehood, or misfortune shall divide us!'

From Hogg's Instructor.

TEARS.

Flow, tears! ye have a spell—

A gentle spell, which weaves

Itself o'er my sad heart,

And its dull wo relieves.

Ye are all eloquent,

In your soft silent flow,

When, lone and musingly,

I feel my heart sink low.

Ye soothe the aching sense

Of pain, which pressing weighs

Upon the troubled soul,

And all its youth decays.

Ye are not for the gaze

Of the cold, scornful eye;

No mocking look shall rest,

None know,—but pity.

And ye shall mingle

With the dew of even;

Soft pity may descend,

And bear ye up to heaven.

May tell how I have wept,

Have agonised alone,

While 'rainbow-tinted hopes'

Have faded, one by one.

And sadder far than all,

The burning anguish wrung

By sin, whose withering touch

Upon my spirit hung;

And left her taint-accurst,—

Grieving the Holy Dove.

Which fondly hover'd there,

An earnest of God's love.

Flow, tears! flow on, and calm

This troubled aching breast;

Your mournful tenderness

Lulls agony to rest.

Hope gushes with you,

Telling of that fair land

Where tears are wiped away

For aye, by God's own ha

I will believe, and live.

The cross of Christ I take:

My God accepts my tears

For his dear Jesu's sake!

From Hogg's Instructor.

ORIGIN OF THE GIPSY.

The gipsies have long been associated with the traditions and romance of this country, and we believe of all Europe, though under different names; but it was not until the 'great magician' brought forward the peculiar characteristics of the race in his imitable romance of 'Guy Mannering,' that they became objects of imaginative interest. It was not till then that 'Meg Merrilies' soup became fashionable at the shooting lodge; and that young ladies, attired *a la gipsy*, tuned their pianos to the days 'when we went gipsying.' In the days of wild, unbridled *reife*, when the sheep on the hill, and the roost on the banks, were held as legitimate *grab* for the 'Donald Cairds' of the gipsy clans, no such fanciful notions were entertained of the wandering tribes. Their presence was felt to be a terror and a heavy cess, and their gross licentiousness and crimes a disgrace to the land in which they were permitted to dwell. We can scarcely fancy the extent of the grievance. Prior to the union, Fletcher of Saltoun states, though we think the number exaggerated, that there were two hundred thousand people in Scotland who begged from door to door. The greater part of these are understood to have been gipsies. Divided into clans, and apportioning to each a particular district of the country, they levied a species of black mail from the rural population, who having no adequate force to oppose to their numerous bands, found it to propitiate favor by gifts rather than provoke revenge by refusing their demands.—One of the redeeming features of these lawless hordes, and which has been finely illustrated in 'Guy Mannering,' was their gratitude for kind offices. A knowledge of this quality procured them not only toleration, but protection on the part of the landlords and farmers, who found it much less a burden to give a little willingly than be robbed and plundered at discretion. The state of Scotland in reference to these wandering tribes, may be regarded as exemplary of every other country frequented by them. In England they were still more numerous—the superior richness of the land, and the large fens and forests scattered over its surface, affording them ample scope for their colonies.

The origin of these singular tribes is still matter of dubiety. They first appeared at Paris, as penitents or pilgrims, in 1427, representing themselves as Christians driven out of Egypt by the Mussulmans. They consisted of about one hundred persons, and were under the command of a chief, who styled himself count. They obtained permission to remain in the country, and were called Bahemians. Soon afterwards other bodies of them arrived, by which fresh importations their numbers rapidly increased. From France bands of them soon found their way across the channel to England and Scotland, where they were called Egyptians, or gipsies, from a belief that they came from Egypt. The era of their arrival in this country is marked by a singular document still preserved. It is a letter from James the IV. to his uncle, the King of Denmark, in favor of Anthony Gawine, earl of Little Egypt and his followers. This letter is dated 1506—not many years it may be presumed, after the first colonies had found their way from France through England. His majesty states that this miserable train had visited Scotland, by command of the Pope, being upon a pilgrimage; that they had conducted themselves properly and that they now wished to go to Denmark. He accordingly solicits his uncle's protection and kindness in their favor, adding that, as they are wandering Egyptians, they must be better known to his Danish Majesty than to himself, as the kingdom of Egypt was nearer to him! A statement which shows that James IV. was not the most accurate in his notions of geography.

Whether the 'miserable train' under Anthony Gawine were all who had reached Scotland at this time is not known, although we may presume so from the terms of the document. They seem, however, to have been followed, not many years subsequently, by another and more numerous party. This appears from a letter under the privy seal, by King James V., in favor of 'Johnne Faw, lord and erle of Little Egypt,' dated February 15, 1540. This curious document throws considerable light on the pretensions—for they were probably no more than mere pretensions—of the gipsies on their first coming to Scotland. Still maintaining the assumption that they were pilgrims, 'Johnne Faw, lord and erle of Little Egypt,' complains to his Majesty that notwithstanding the letters he had previously obtained under the great seal, to assist him, 'in execution of justice vpon his company and folkis, conforme to the lawis of Egypt, and in punishing of all them that rebellis against him,' part of his clan, under 'Sebastiane Lalow, Egipthane,' had altogether removed themselves from his company, taking with him 'diverse sommes of money, jewellis, clathis, and utheris gudis, to the quantite of ane grete somme of money,' and refused to pass home with him again to their own country, although 'Sebastiane Lalow had given him bond to that effect and he (John Faw) was 'binding and oblist to

bring hame with him all thame of his company that ar on live, and ane testimoniale of thame that ar deid.' The letter of the king therefore directed all sheriffs and magistrates to assist the said 'Johnne Faw, lord and erle of Little Egypt,' in compelling the refractory party to join his company, notwithstanding that Sebastiane Lalow had, by 'fals relation and circumventioun,' purchased writings some time before from his majesty, discharging him and his abettors from Faw's company. Faw represented that he had remained a long time in this country, waiting on the refractory members of his company, and that he incurred the risk of 'hevy dampage and skaithe,' and 'tynnsall of his heritage.' The same letter charged all authorities not to molest, vex, or trouble the said John Faw and his company in doing their lawful business. The following year (June 6, 1541), there is an act of the Lords of Council, referring to the dispute between Faw and his rebellious subjects, which dispute had occasioned considerable disturbance others taking part in the quarrel who had no connection with the clan. By this document it appears that the contending factions had mutually agreed 'to passe hame, and to have the samyn [the quarrel] decayit before the Duke of Egypt.' From the terms of the act, it is evident that the Lord and Erle of Little Egypt had greatly fallen in the estimation of the Council, and that they were glad at the prospect of getting quit of him and his company.

That these representations were falsehoods invented to interest the crowned heads of the countries in which they sojourned, can scarcely be doubted. Indeed, it does not appear that Faw and his company ever left Scotland. In 1554, Andrew Faw, captain of the Egipthians, and twelve of his gang, obtained a remission for 'the slaughter of Niniane Smail, comittit within the toune of Lyntonne, in the moneth of March last bypast, vpon suddantie. This Andrew Faw, was in all likelihood the son and successor of the lord and erle of Little Egypt, and the Faws have ever since been considered the heads of the gipsy tribes in Scotland. It was 'Johnie Faw' and his 'fifteen weel-made men,' who, according to the ballad, carried away the countess of Cassilis:

'O come with me,' says Johnie Faw;
'O come with me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye!

No proper data has yet been discovered for fixing the precise era of the ballad of 'Johnie Faw,' therefore the hero of it cannot be identified with any of the chiefs or captains of the Faws whose names have been recorded. The lawless conduct of the gipsies having occasioned the promulgation of severe laws against them—that, in particular, of 1603, confirmed confirmed again in 1609, making it penal for them to remain in the county—numbers of them suffered death. In 1611, four Faws were hanged, as Egyptians; in July, 1616, two persons of the name of Faw, and another called Baillie, met the same fate; so did John Faw and seven of his gang (five of whom were Faas), in January 1624. A few days afterwards, Helen Faw, relict of the captain Lucretia Fan, and other women to the number of eleven, were convicted as Egyptians, and condemned to be drowned.

Notwithstanding the severity of the law against the Egyptians, with a view to their banishment from the kingdom, it was found impossible to extirpate them unless by a general massacre, which of course, was not to be dreamt of. They retired to the more remote parts of the country during the heat of the persecution against them, and not unfrequently found protection from the landed gentry—as, for example, William Auchterlony of Coyne, who in 1615, obtained a remission for resetting of John Faw and his followers. The Faas are supposed to have settled at Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, early last century. One of them having displayed great courage at the siege of Namur, it is said, was encouraged to do so by the Roxburgh family, under one of whom he had been a soldier at the time. If this tradition is correct, he had in all likelihood served in the First Royals, who were present at Namur, in the year 1695. Yetholm is still the chief settlement of the gipsies, in Scotland, though the number of these tribes have greatly decreased of late in Britain.—This is no doubt owing mainly to the extensive enclosure of commons and waste lands, and the efficiency of the law, which everywhere checks that species of masterful begging and pickery pursued by them in the palmy days of gipsying.

From what quarter of the world the gipsies originally emanated has not yet decidedly been ascertained. That they were not natives of Egypt is proven from the fact, that the tribes of gipsies there are regarded as strangers, though they may have come directly from Egypt into Europe. They have no tradition of their ancestry, nor peculiar faith of their own, but adopt the outward religious forms of the people among whom they live whether Christians or Mussulmans. It is generally believed that they migrated from India at the time of the great Mahomedian invasion of Timur Beg, who became Great Mogul by conquest in 1399. This agrees with their first appearance in France in 1427, about thirty years afterwards. It is farther believed that, in their own country, they belonged to one of the lowest castes, whom it is said they resemble in appearance and habits. In their own language they call themselves *Said*, and their speech has been found to resemble some of the dialects of India. In the statistical account of the parish of Yetholm, Mr Baird, the minister, states that the gipsies have a language of