

of his cousin Lucy. He saw her letters left unopened, sometimes for a whole day, upon the table, instead of being greedily torn open the moment the struggling and uncertain post had achieved their delivery at the door. He was hurt at some other things besides, too minute to be recorded; too minute, perhaps, to be put into language, even by himself, but all perceptible to the sensitive heart of friendship such as his. With no visible improvement in Arthur's fortune or prospects, it was evident that his ideas were constantly on the rise. A strange sort of contempt of poverty mingled with his aspirations after wealth. An amount of income which, at one time, would have satisfied his desires, was looked on with disdain, and the possessors of it almost with hatred. The last words Winington had heard him speak about Lucy were, that marriage was impossible under a thousand a year. And where was that sum to come from? The extent of Lucy's expectations was fifty—his own, a hundred, and yet he sneered at the Warleighs as if they had been paupers; although in that cheap country, and at that cheap time, a revenue of three hundred pounds enabled them to live in comfort, almost in luxury.

Winington took no thought of to-morrow, but loved Ellen Warleigh, with no consideration of whether she was rich or poor. It is probable that Ellen had no more calculating disposition than Winington; for it is certain her sentiments towards him were not regulated by the extent of his worldly wealth—perhaps she did not even know what her sentiments towards him were—but she thought him delightful, and wandered over the solitary heaths with him, in search of specimens. They very often found none, in the course of their four hours' ramble and yet came home as contented as if they had discovered an Emperor of Morocco on every bush. Baked in their natural history studies by the perverse absence of moth and butterfly, they began—by way of having something to do—to take up the science of botany. The searches they made for heath of a particular kind! The joy that filled them when they came on a group of wild flowers, and gathered them into a little basket they carried with them and took them back to the manor, and astonished Mr Warleigh with the sound of their Latin names! What new dignity the commonest things took under that sonorous nomenclature! How respectable a nettle grew when called an urtica, and how suggestive of happiness and Gretna Green when a flower could be declared to be cryptogamic.

'See what a curious root this piece of broom has,' said Winington, one night, on his return from the manor, and laid his specimen on the table.

Arthur hardly looked up from his book, and made some short reply.

'It took Ellen and me ten minutes, with all our force, to pull it up by the roots. We had no knife, or I should merely have cut off the stalk; but see, now that the light falls on it, what curious shining earth it grows in; with odd little stones twisted up between the fibres! Did you ever see anything like it?' Arthur had fixed his eyes on the shrub during this speech—he stretched forth his hand and touched the soil still clinging to the roots he put a small portion to his lips—his face grew deadly pale.

'Where did you get this?' he said.

'Down near the waterfall—not a hundred yards from this.'

'On whose land?—on the glebe?' said Arthur, speaking with parched mouth, and still gazing on the broom.

'Does Warleigh know of this?' he went on 'or the clergyman?' Winington! no one must be told, tell Ellen to be silent; but she is not aware, perhaps. Does she suspect?

'What? what is there to suspect, my dear Arthur? Don't you think you work too much?' he added, looking compassionately on the dilated eye and pale cheek of his companion.—'You must give up your studies for a day or two. Come with us on an exploring expedition to the Outer fell to-morrow; Mr Warleigh is going.'

'And give him the fruit of all my reading,' Arthur muttered angrily, of all I learned at the Hartz; tell him how to proceed, and leave myself a beggar. No! he said, 'I will never see him. As to this miserable little weed,' he continued tearing the broom to pieces, and casting the fragments contemptuously into the fire 'It is nothing; you are mad to have given up your butterflies to betake yourself to such a ridiculous pursuit as this. Don't go there any more—there!' (here he stamped on it with his foot.) 'How damp it is! the fire has little power.'

'You never take any interest, Arthur, in anything I do. I don't know I'm sure, how I've offended you. As to the broom, I know it's a poor common thing, but I thought the way the roots were loaded rather odd.—Ellen will perhaps be disappointed, for we intended to plant it in her garden, and I only asked her to let me show it to you, it struck me as being so very curious. Come, give up your books and learning for a day. We must leave this for Oxford in a week, and I wish you to know more of the Warleighs before we go.'

'I am not going back to Oxford,' said Arthur. 'I shall take my name off the books.'

Winington was astonished. He was also displeased. 'We promised to visit my aunt,' he said, 'on our way back to college—Lucy will be grieved and disappointed.'

'I will send a letter by you—I shall explain it all—I owe her a letter already.'

'Have you not answered that letter yet? it came a month ago,' said Winington. 'Oh! if Ellen Warleigh would write a note to me, and let me write to her, how I would wait for her letters! how I would answer them from morn to night.'

'She would find you a rather troublesome correspondent,' said Arthur, watching the disappearance of the last particle of the broom as it leaped merrily in sparkles up the chimney.—'Lucy knows that I am better employed than telling her ten times over, that I love her better than anything else—and that I long for wealth principally that it may enable me to call her mine. I shall have it soon. Tell her to be sure of that. I shall be of age in three days, then the wretched dribble my guardian now has charge of comes into my hands; I will multiply it a thousand-fold—and then—'

'The palace will be built,' said Winington, who could not keep anger longer, 'and the place at your right hand will be got ready for the resident physician—who in the mean time recommends you to go quietly to bed, for you have overstrung your mind with work, and your health, dear Arthur, is not at all secure.'

For a moment, a touch of the old kindness came to Arthur's heart. He shook Winington's hand. 'Thank you, thank you,' he said, 'I will do as you advise. Your voice is like Lucy's, and so are your eyes—good night, dear Winington.' And Winington left the room; so did Arthur, but not for bed. A short time before this, a package had arrived from Hawesleigh, and had been placed away in a dark closet under the stairs. He looked for a moment out into the night. The moon was in a cloud, and the wind was howling with a desolate sound over the bare moor. He took down the package, and from it extracted a spade and a pickaxe; and, gently opening the front door, went out. He walked quickly till he came to the waterfall; he looked carefully round and saw a clump of broom. The ground from the rectory to this place formed a gentle declivity; where the river flowed there were high banks, for the stream had not yet been swelled by the rains, and he first descended into the bed, and examined the denuded cliffs. He then hurried towards the broom, and began to dig. He dug and struck with the pickaxe, and shovelled up the soil—weighing, smelling, tasting it as he descended foot by foot. He dug to the depth of a yard; he jumped into the hole and pursued his work—breathless, hot, untiring. The moon for a moment came out from the clouds that obscured her. He availed himself of her light and held up a particle of soil and stone; it glittered for an instant in the moonbeam. With an almost audible cry he threw it to the bottom of the excavation, and was scrambling out when he heard a voice. It was the drunken shoemaker returning from some distant merryman king. He lay down at the bottom of the hole watching for the approaching footsteps. At a little distance from the waterfall the singer changed his path, and diverged towards the village. The song died off in the distance.

'That danger's past,' said Arthur, 'both for him and me. I would have killed him if he had come nearer. Back, back, he continued, while he filled up the hole he had made, carefully stovelling in the soil.—'No eye shall detect that you have been removed.' He replaced the straggling turf where it had been disturbed; stamped it down smooth with his feet, and beat it smooth with his spade. And then went home.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

HERE it is, a wee bit of silver thread, yet on its slender form hangs a tale of sufficient weight to bear down the spirits and load the mind with unpleasant reflections. It tells that childhood's days are past, the only days of unalloyed pleasure, days in which we laughed and sported all day long, unconscious of future ills; days in which we dreamed not of sorrows. It tells of boyhood days when hilarity was our greatest characteristic, and the school-master's rod our only fear; days in which in fancy we acted over our future life, as a warrior winning battles and conquering nations, and then returning in triumph from a hero's achievements to claim the hand of our Dulcinea, then a little blue-eyed girl of our acquaintance. It tells of our college days, when we laboured up the hill of knowledge and struggled hard for the mark of its first honors; days of college friendships, which we thought, were endless, some of which are so, but others, alas, are ended by neglect and by the object passing below our friendship in intemperance and disgrace. It tells of boyhood's love, as true, perhaps, as any, but not so stable; of our youthful manhood's love when we admired the object of our affection as a pure faultless being; yea, as an angel of perfection sent to earth expressly to make us happy; but, alas, it was a delusive fancy, and now is past. It tells of disappointed hopes and aspirations of youth, when indeed, hope told a flattering tale, promising wealth and fame. It tells of many a mis-spent hour, of mis-deed that brings

the blush of shame to the cheek to think of.—It reminds us of our grey-haired father, when first the frost of age began to settle on his manly head, and reminds us that like him we soon must totter with age or lie low in death. It reminds of that grey-haired mother whose life has been a continual sacrifice to our comfort, too often repaid by unkindness. It reminds us that we are passing away, and soon must be forgotten. Much more it tells us that is profitable for reproof, for edification, and for bettering the heart.

JESSIE THE FLOWER OF DUMBLANE.

THIS is one of those beautiful Scotch songs which will live as long as there are admirers of pure poetry and music to enjoy it. An interesting story connected with the lyric will be found below.

The sun has ga'en down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lonely I sit to the calm summer gleaming,
And muse on sweet Jessie the flow'r of Dumblane.
How sweet is the briar wi' its saft fauld-ing blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green,
But sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom
Is lovely young Jessie the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, she's blythe as she's bonny,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain in divested o' feelin',
Wha'd blight in its bloom the fair flow'r o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the ceanin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood Glen,
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winnin',
Is lovely young Jessie the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;—

I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
'Till I met wi' sweet Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' lottiest grandeur,
Amidst its confusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

The fair object of the above song, was a bonne lasse in Dumblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie herself was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her, she was in her 'teens,' a slight dimple-cheeked, happy lassie; her hair yellow colored and luxuriant—her eyes large and full, overflowing with the voluptuous langor which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden. Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and as in all things he was enthusiastic, became forthwith her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, and panting to know and see the world, she left her poor amourant 'to con songs to his mistress' eyebrows,' while she reckless rambled among the flowery meads of Dumblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying nonchalance. This was a twofold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet withal, so encased in insensibility, as apparently neither to be conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, nor caring for the caresses of her lover. 'Twas too much; to mark all this and feel it with the feeling of a poet, was the acme of misery.—But the 'Flower of Dumblane' was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners, to engage her attention or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love—all-mighty love—must be free, else it ceases to be love. Tannahill was plain in his person, and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontent at the cruel disappointment which it had been his unhappy fate almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed; as a vast paradise full of the beauty of heaven and earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and woman trode proudly amidst the lovely creation, an angel venerated and adored. To express dissatisfaction under all these circumstances was, to her mind, the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real lover of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to respect him.

Both viewed the world through a false medium, and their deductions, although at variance, gave color to their minds and accelerated their fate. Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She

relished not his sickly sentiment, and, as all womankind ever did and do, she scorned a cooing lover. The bard was driven to despair, and summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberrations. Soon after this period the song of 'Jessie the flower of Dumblane,' together with the music, was published: it became a public favourite, it was sung everywhere in theatres and at parties; a world of praise was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips, and men became mad to know the adored subject of the lay. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dumblane, was the favored one. From all quarters young men and bachelors flocked to see her, and her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, at last poor Jessie became really enamoured. A rakish spark, from Midlothians, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections. She too credulously trusted in his unhallowed professions.—The ardor of first love overcame her better judgment, and, abandoning herself to her love-passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments near the city of Edinburgh. The song of neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse; while it brought her into notice and enhanced her beauty, it hid the foundation of her final destruction.

Popularity is a dangerous elevation whether, the object of it being a peasant or a prince: temptations crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. 'Who would be eminent,' said a distinguished child of popularity, 'if they new the peril, the madness, and distraction of mind to which the creature of the popular breath is exposed?' When the poet heard of the fate of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song more glowing and energetic than ever before dropt in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented, that, in a fit of disgust, he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and his resentment. Ere three years had revolved their triple circuit after Jessie left her father's home, she was a changed woman. Her paramour had forsaken her. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her; the oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery, and the face and person presented the picture of an unhappy, but amiable being.—How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy, lovely girl in Dumblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant! But this is a subject too painful to dwell on; let us hasten to the catastrophe. It was one afternoon in July, a beautiful and sunny afternoon, the air was calm and pure. The twin islands of the Forth, like vast emeralds set in a lake of silver, rose splendidly o'er the shining water, which now and then gurgled and mantled round their bases. Fifeshire was spread forth like a map, her hundreds of inland villages and cots tranquilly sleeping in the sunshine. The din of the artisan's hammer's in Kirkaldy and Queensferry smote the still air; and Dumferline's aproned inhabitants scattered forth their whitened webs beneath the noon-tide sun. On the opposite shore, Leith disgorged her black smoke which rolled slowly in volumes to the sea. Edinburgh castle, like a mighty spirit from the 'vasty deep,' reared her grey bulwarks high in air; and Arthur's seat rose hugely and darkly in the back ground. The chorusses of the fishermen, like hymns to the great spirit of the waters, ascended over Newhaven; and down from Grangemouth, lightly booming o'er the tide, floated the tall bark. The world seemed steeped in happiness. But there was one—a wandering one, an outcast—wretched and despairing, amidst all its loveliness; her bosom was cold and dark, no ray could penetrate its depths; the sun shone not for her, nor did nature smile around but to inflict a more exquisite pang on the unfortunate. Her steps were broken and hurried. She now approaches the water's edge, and then recedes. No human creature was near to disturb her purpose—all was quietness and privacy; but there was an eye from above who watched all. Jessie Monteith—how mournfully sounds that name at such a crisis! But Jessie sat herself down and removing a shawl and bonnet from her person, and taking a string of pearl from her marble-seeming neck, and a gold ring, which she kissed eagerly, from her taper finger, she cast up her streaming eyes, meekly imploring the forgiveness of heaven on him, the cause of her shame and death. Scarce offering a prayer for herself, she breathed forth the names of her disconsolate parents, and, ere the eye could follow her, she disappeared in the pure stream. The sun shone on, the green of the earth stirred not a leaf; a bell did not toll; nor did a sigh escape from the lips of one human being, and yet the spirit of the loveliest of women passed (may we not hope?) to heaven.

Make not him your friend who sneaks off when a superior appears.