

Unrest.

BY ERIC WHITTAKER.

Like a hawk in the sky, like a fly in the mesh, Like a boat that is tossed on the sea, The wild and unquiet, the restless, the fretful, Tortures me as I read and I sleep, I know not why it is that I am so fidgety, Like a child that is restless in his bed, For it knows no rest but the rest of a relief, And it is not to be had with a night.

It has had of pleasure full many a measure: It has thrilled with love and with grief; It has hope, and health, and youth's rare weal—

O rich is this heart of mine! Yet is not glad—it is wild and mad, Like a billow before it breaks; And its ceaseless pain is worse than pain, Since it knows not only it aches.

It longs to be like the waves of the sea, That break from control, and beat, And dash, and lunge, and hurry, and plunge, And die at the gray rocks' feet.

It wearies of life, and it sickens of strife; And it tires of rest. Oh, I know not why it should ache and cry— 'Tis a troublesome heart at best.

Not understood, I think 'tis a good And God-like discontent.

It springs from the soul that longs for its goal—

The source from which it was sent. Then surge, O breast! with thy wild unrest— Cry, heart! like a child at night— Till the mystic shore of the Evermore, Shall dawn on the soul's glad sight.

THE REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

It was a damp, lowery morning in the year 1660. The mists had settled dank and heavy over the Scottish hills; and from the numerous lochs still scented upward a wet, murky fog-bank, which was as distressing to the eye as it was disagreeable to the skin. From an overhanging rock, almost inaccessible by the deep and ragged ravine that ran through it, the castle of Dunottar was scarcely visible; but as the morning advanced the sun lighted the high towers, and gradually clearing off the mists, it showed the whole of the huge fortress standing in its naked roughness over the sea. This strong and impregnable castle was the pride of Kincardineshire, being the hereditary fortress of the Earls Marischal, and having proved its capabilities of defence under John Ogilvy, of Barras, who still held his post as governor.

On the morning of which we speak, had the thick fog cleared sooner, Ogilvy might have been seen cautiously looking out from the door that opened on the landward side, as if eagerly expecting some one. The anxious expression on the governor's face gave way to cheerfulness as he beheld a horse slowly winding around the base of the rock. He hastily descended the hill, and on arriving at the bottom he eagerly greeted a lady, whom he helped to dismount, and accompanied her to the castle. An hour elapsed before they again reappeared. In fact, so warm and friendly was the reception which the governor and Mrs. Ogilvy gave the lady, that she lingered longer than she intended. A table had been already spread with the beautiful remains of a real Scotch breakfast, in which fish, game and fowl were conspicuous, and which the guest was urged to partake of, with much of hospitality.

John Ogilvy, governor of Dunottar, was a tall, broad-shouldered, middle-aged man, who strongly marked features, and a mass of light hair, which his wife called auburn, but he termed it red.

Mrs. Ogilvy was a pretty little woman, with laughing blue eyes, a bright, handsome complexion, and a mouth that seemed only made for smiles.

The visitor, whom they called Mrs. Granger, was a noble lady, tall and well-kempt, and with an intellectual

expression on her handsome face that interested the beholder at first sight, and which a fuller acquaintance did not disappoint. Her tartan riding-dress fitted close to her form, and had formed of the same material, with long plumes worn gracefully at the side, and the long ends of tartan ribbons floating over the shoulders, was a garb in which she looked especially well.

Mrs. Granger was the wife of the minister of Kennil, a man whose large heart bespoke him one of God's noblest. Three years before he had wooed and won the daughter of a Scottish lord; and although born to wealth and honors, Alice Glenburn had gladly shared the lowly parsonage, a sweet home, blest with Fergus Granger's love.

Not even the blockade of the English had prevented the almost daily visits of the minister or Mrs. Granger; and frequently the latter would take over large bundles of work and stay until her sewing was completed.

Once or twice the general caused the inspection of the lady's pretty covered work basket, laughingly declaring that he only did it for the pleasure of assisting her to mount her steed—a shaggy Shetland pony, not remarkable for his beauty, but sure-footed and vigorous. After this she fearlessly carried her basket, which was a large one, and innumerable packages, of every shape, and no search was made and no questions asked.

This day the lady had stopped as usual at the English encampment, and the general himself had assisted her to dismount for a few moments, and to remount.

General Monk was a thorough Englishman, polite and courtly in his manners, particularly to ladies. The minister's wife had made quite an impression on his mind, from her uniform cheerfulness, her fine horsemanship, and her ladylike demeanor.

On this morning the general had asked her where her usual bundle of work was, and received for an answer that she had left it the day before, and was now coming to the castle for it. When, an hour or two after, he saw her return with a large bundle, he smiled and pointed to it as she passed. She also smiled, and, touching the point of her riding-stick to her pony's back, she galloped off, inwardly rejoicing in a fortunate escape.

"There goes a pretty woman," said the general to an officer.

"Is that the reason you did not search the big package which she carried? Methinks I have seen a peasant woman undergo a closer scrutiny from your men than this fair lady was subjected to."

"Doubtless. You know, Maywood, that I cannot resist the sirens. I believe that I should absolutely abandon this, did a pretty woman ask me to."

"I do not doubt it in the least, and if the minister's wife was aware of this she would probably ask you."

The lady by this time was far off among the hills, and, as she reappeared after being invisible for a while, they could see her looking back towards the encampment, and then urging her steed into a quicker pace, she was lost from their sight.

"The minister of Kennil must be a happy man," sighed Col. Wilmer. "That countenance must shed a bright light over a dreary Scottish manse among these wild hills. But, general, when do you raise this siege? Are you not tired of holding watch over these dogged Scotch Presbyterians with their sour faces, and long, lank beards?"

"Not a bit of it, colonel; I rather enjoy their vexation; and you see that it is not a siege that necessarily involves suffering, and that I am only seeking to make that stout old governor deliver up his castle, with perfect liberty to take himself out of the way as soon as he capitulates, even your soft heart cannot see any great amount of cruelty. But if Mac Connall Dhu should get into our hands, it would

be something to boast of."

"But this castle—what is the idea of conquering this?"

"For the treasure which is doubtless concealed beneath its arches. Then too, the regalia, which these Scotchmen value as they do their passport to heaven! and which we must obtain, peaceably if they will, but forcibly if we must; it would be a feather in our English cap if we could, but get it."

The siege continued. The castle was guarded on every side. The minister's wife was, after a few days, forbidden to visit the castle without a search of her person, so that no food should be conveyed, even in small quantities, to the inmates.

The fact was that Mrs. Granger had already carried to her friends such provisions as could be condensed into small quantities. Her capacious pockets hidden in the folds of her tartan dress, had held bottles of wines, packages of portable soup, and bags of hard boiled eggs, every time she had passed the English camp. But now she must discontinue this, or submit to be searched, which she would not.

Day by day the defence grew weaker, for now the provisions were decreasing. There was a desperate struggle in the heart of Ogilvy. Had it been for himself alone, he would not have repined; but those precious lives—those lives for which he would have willingly died—for these he must do what his brave soul revolted at; and he at last, wrote the articles of capitulation, which were accepted.

Accepted but never fulfilled by the treacherous Sothron—for no treasure, no precious and coveted regalia were found; and for this Ogilvy and his wife were imprisoned and even tortured, to make them discover where it was concealed. Nor did the minister and his wife escape from their indignities. The packages were remembered; and furious at the idea of being outwitted by a woman Mrs. Granger was subjected to a series of persecutions, which no spirit of less courage and composure than her's could have endured.

"The minister's wife foiled you, general," said Wilmer.

"Foiled me! By St. George, I think she rather fooled me! Who would have thought that free and courteous bearing could conceal so much deception. But they are all alike; and all deceptive."

"Ah! general, I say not so. My little Mary is innocence itself."

"But this lofty looking parsonness, she shall be punished."

And so she was, and her friends with her. It was agony to Alice to see her husband dealt with by the fierce soldiery, but her courageous spirit was cheered by the patient manner in which he bore it.

Released from temporary imprisonment, the friends gladly clustered once more about the ample chimney of the manse. Tidings still continued to reach their ears of cruelties practiced upon the Moss troopers.

As yet the regalia had not been discovered, although numerous persons claimed to know the place of concealment. Some believed it had been carried abroad by Sir John Keith. Others that they were yet hidden in some secret place in the castle.

The minister's family had assembled around the broad hearth one dull November afternoon, and with them the ex-governor of Dunottar, his wife and little Flora. Mrs. Granger was telling of her numerous interviews with the general, and Flora listening, open-mouthed to the conversation.

"What was it that you were guarding?" asked the child.

Mr. Granger got up and looked out of the window. No one was in sight, and a rain had commenced.

"We shall have no visitors to-day, Alice. Let us go show Flora what you brought from the castle."

There was a general bustling for cloaks and hats, and they followed Mr. Granger. They proceeded to the kirk,

and through the aisle, to the pulpit, where the minister lifted a trap-door, ingeniously covered, where sat a heavy oaken foot-stool.

Flora's blue eyes opened wide, as the minister, unwrapping the soft leather coverings, revealed the shining crown, sceptre and sword—Scotland's royal regalia.

The 18th of May, 1660, saw the restoration of the Stuarts in Charles II. Flora was now a woman, betrothed to one destined to hold a high place.—Her father had been created a baronet by Charles, and received many marks of kingly favor.

Historians have sometimes written as though the minister of Kinneff did not receive the meed that he and his heroic wife deserved; but in all probability, the empty honors of a court did not suit this humble minister of the gospel. A pension was granted them, which removed their anxiety, and, added to this, was the memory of having preserved, in troublous times, the royal regalia.

He Got Something Frisky.

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he walked into the stable and called for a saddle horse, "something that will prance around lively, and wake a fellow out of his lethargy. I used to ride the trick mule in a circus, and I reckon I can back anything that wears hair." They brought him out a calico-colored beast with a vicious eye, and he mounted it. Before he had gone two blocks the animal bucked, crashed through a high board fence and plunged into a cellar, tossing his rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed and landing him on the ragged edge of a lawn-mower. They bore him home, straightened him out, and three surgeons called in and reduced his dislocations and plastered him up with raw beef. A few weeks later he called at the stable and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a curb-bit and martingales, and a saddle with two horns and a crupper to it, he believed he would go up in the haymow and gallop around a little, where it was soft, and it wouldn't hurt him if he went to sleep and fell off, as he did the other day.—[Baltimore Bulletin.]

A Wooden Watch.

A North Carolina paper, The Abingdon Standard, has the following: "Some time ago Mr. E. A. Johnson, of Johnson Brothers, jewelers, of this place, made a plain, open-face, wooden watch that attracted a great deal of attention, but was subsequently eclipsed by Mr. Doroit, of Bristol, in a watch somewhat more elaborate in design. Not to be outdone, Mr. Johnson put to work on another watch, and has turned out a handsome double-case stem-winder and stem-setter, every piece of which, save the main and hair springs and crystal, are of wood and made entirely by his own hands. Even the springs in the cases are made of wood. It keeps splendid time, and is sufficiently strong to be used as a pocket time-keeper. It is of ordinary size, and when ornamented, as he expects to do, it will be a handsome tribute to his skill and ingenuity."

A witness in a case at Nashville was asked whether he had much experience in and knew the cost of feeding a cow, to which he replied: "My father before me kept a dairy. I have had a great deal of experience in buying, selling and keeping cattle, as a man and boy, in the dairy business for fifty years. I think my long experience has qualified me to know as well as any man can the cost of keeping and feeding cattle." "Well," broke in the attorney, impatiently, "tell me the cost of keeping a cow." "Well, sir, my experience, after fifty years in the business, is that it costs—well, it depends entirely on how much you feed the cow."