

of the hemp manufactory had received no invitation, nor the clever superintendent of the nail-work, nor yet the spruce clerk of the brewery; and as they were all men of spirit, it so happened that during the very next night the cross was taken down from its new pedestal, broken into three pieces, and carried still further to the west, to an open space where four lanes met; and there it was found in the morning, the pieces piled over each other, and surrounded by a profusion of broken ale bottles. The Agent was amazingly angry, — angrier, indeed, than his acquaintance had deemed him capable of becoming; and in the course of the day the town's crier went through the streets proclaiming a reward of ten pounds in hand, and a free room in Mr. Ross's new buildings for life, to any one who would give such information as might lead to the conviction of the offenders.

In one of his walks a few days after, the Agent met with a poor, miserable-looking Highland woman, who had been picking a few withered sticks out of one of his hedges, and whose hands and clothes seemed torn by the thorns. "Poor old creature," he said, as she dropped her courtesy in passing, "you must go to my manager, and tell him I have ordered you a barrel of coals. And stay, — you are hungry: call at my house, in passing, and the servants will find you something to bring home with you." The poor woman blessed him, and looked up hesitatingly in his face. She had never betrayed any one, she said; but his honor was so good a gentleman, — so very good a gentleman; and so she thought she had best tell him all she knew about the breaking of the cross. She lived in a little garret over the room of Jamie Banks, the nailer; and having slept scarcely any all the night in which the cross was taken down, — for the weather was bitterly cold, and her