

“And I,” said the young man, rising and cordially grasping the proffered hand, “am a native of Ayr. My name is Robert Burns.”

## CHAPTER II.

If friendless, low, we meet together,  
Then, Sir, your hand, — my friend and brother.

DEDICATION TO G. HAMILTON.

A LIGHT breeze had risen as the sun sank, and our lugger, with all her sails set, came sweeping along the shore. She had nearly gained the little bay in front of the cave, and the countrymen from above, to the number of perhaps twenty, had descended to the beach, when, all of a sudden, after a shrill whistle, and a brief half-minute of commotion among the crew, she wore round and stood out to sea. I turned to the south, and saw a square-rigged vessel shooting out from behind one of the rocky headlands, and then bearing down in a long tack on the smuggler. “The sharks are upon us,” said one of the countrymen, whose eyes had turned in the same direction; “we shall have no sport to-night.” We stood lining the beach in anxious curiosity. The breeze freshened as the evening fell; and the lugger, as she lessened to our sight, went leaning against the foam in a long bright furrow, that, catching the last light of evening, shone like the milky-way amid the blue. Occasionally we could see the flash and hear the booming of a gun from the other vessel; but the night fell thick and dark; the waves, too, began to lash