

"David," said the wily Anglo-American proprietor, "you have long been a faithful manager to me. I owe you full the half of my wealth."

"Na, good Maister Fielding, na," answered Mr. Cracklewood, deprecatingly, and with a modest blush on his harsh face; "I ha' doon only my duty, an' all ye owe me, or I can joostly claim o' ye, is my salary; and that ye ne'er missed the payin' quarterly."

"You are too conscientious, worthy David—have quite too low an opinion of your use to me. When, twenty-four years ago, I fell heir to this estate, by the death of my uncle, Sir Charles, who was feolish enough, because he had lived here under the crown before the revolution, to remain here afterwards, and so sacrifice his country and title, to be called plain Mr. Charles Fielding; when he willed this to me, I was poor—a merchant's clerk in London."

"And yet an Earl's son!"

"A Scotch Earl's, David—with a castle—in the air, and an estate—in the moon, where all poor men's homesteads lie. But my father, to say true, was opulent enough to sustain his title: but I was a younger brother; and, of course, my wits were my acres. When, then, Sir Charles made me his heir, I resolved to be rich. I resolved to be richer far than my proud brother, Earl James—who, forsooth, because he bore my father's title, and inherited his estates, looked upon me as a menial, and once insulted me beyond a brother's forgiveness. But no more of this! I came to this estate. I found it a noble domain, but rude and wild, and without tenants. I saw at a glance its capabilities for enriching me; and I resolved to become both farmer and merchant—to plough both the land and the sea for gold. The inlet, with the creek emptying into it, I saw would make an excellent landing-place to lade and unlade cargoes—secretly, if I wished; for I cared not to unfold to all men's eyes the ways by which I