

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand; "whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye're surely out o' yer head; it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave; now, are ye onything the wiser for spierin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, inquiringly—"My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother!—Oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! Look at me—speak to me—I am your own son—your own Willie—have you, too, forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother; his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other; he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals, and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks, his search was fruitless; but, at length, he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an

apartment on the right—again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor; and, amongst them, a minister, commencing the marriage-service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused, the bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, "What do ye want, sir?" but, instantly recognising his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued—"Sorrow takes for a scoundrel! What's brought ye here—and ye mair especially at a time like this! Get oot o' the house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get oot o' the house, and never darken my door again wi' yer no-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld langsyne—you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand; but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And, as he gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face, the very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love, and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say *farewell*; but, at present, maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see for, O Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truthfulness to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed-time and harvest, and is not disappointed. O Jeanie, woman, this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow. But ye maun be anither's now—fareweel!—fareweel!!

"No! no!—my ain Willie! she exclaimed, recovering from the action of stupefaction; "my hand is free, and my heart has aye been yours—save me, Willie! save me!" And she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder; but he looked in vain. The father again seized the grey coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, left the house, gnashing his teeth.

Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked in the British Army, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved—Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to captain Campbell, of Her Majesty's regiment, to whom she, long years before, had given her young heart.

The incidents in the foregoing tale are true—the names of the parties are alone fictitious—and a very few months have passed away, since the officer alluded to, with his happy wife, left Canada, where he had been serving for some time with his regiment.