

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.

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 son--your own Willie--have you 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 thunder-bolt 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 tak ye for a scoundrel! What's brought ye here—and the mair especially at a time like this! Get oot o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get oot o' my house, and never darken my door again wi' yer ne'er-do-weel countenance!"

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

She remained for a long time unconscious of all around her.

"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 again 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 be-