ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 26. ERIE, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1855. NUMBER 8.

Select Poetry.

THE STORMY SEA

From Blackwood's Magazine

Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden sitting
Underneath her threshold tree
And as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fearful rose the tender chorus—
Jamie's on the stormy sea

Warmly shone that sunset glowing,
Sweetly breathed the young flowers blowing,
Earth with beauty overflowing
Seemed the home of love to be,
As the stage, colors ascending,
With the sunset season blending
For that the same! wending
Jamie's on the stormy sea

Gaily and cheerily singing
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging,
Lingering 'mid tower and tree
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Fearfully the notes and clearer,
Yet was heaven itself to hear her—
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

Blow ye west winds, blandly blower
Over the dark tract roars my lover
Gently blow and bear him over
To his own dear home and me
For when night winds bend the willow,
Sighing breathes my lonely pillow,
Its music of the foaming billow—
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

How should I but fret, but linger,
Listening and hear the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the foaming sea
And well yet her lips I traine me,
Fast I sprang—my heart o'ercame me—
Gone in fancy yet, I am Jamie,
Home to my love at thee

Choice Miscellany.

From Household Words

DEAD CAST ON THE WATERS.

CHAPTER I

Any man knows his description in any lady, any year, eminently handsome, and a thirty-eyed black horse, rode slowly the avenue of a gentleman's place," in the county of Lanark It was not a domain of an estate; it was merely a moderate sized house, with a pretty square built house situated on the banks of a picturesque river, and protected from east and north by an abrupt elevation which in most counties would be called a mountain but here was known as the Falder Hill. Some see the same authorities for the becoming of the year seventeen hundred and fifty-six fill his splendid figure to the greatest advantage. But Charles Harburn, (that was the gentleman's name,) owed less to any other personal advantage than to the fine, open expression of his face. It does not matter whether this expression was from features or not; there it was, and you couldn't look at him without wishing to shake him by the hand,—he was so jolly, so radiant a young man in his looks, and his looks did him no injustice to the inner man. Every one liked him, except old careful fathers and mothers who had rich and only daughters; and in that case I doubt whether the mothers entirely shared their enmity after the first sight. There are such harsh and unsentimental fathers, that I believe they would have hated a prince and more They could see nothing to like in him at all He hadn't distinguished himself at school half so much as young Pitsagorbin of Jedburgh; nor at college so much as Polypoll Drumstane, and yet nobody made any question of those very estimable youths, though they had a thousand a year each, and were exactly the same age as Charles Harburn. Lord Lanark's old fogies of fifty will reason upon this history! and prove that the snub nose of Polypoll and the bandy legs of Pitsagorbin were as pleasant to look on as the Greek and classic figure of the very charming young man we have left so long on his horse, a hanger, in the Falder Mains. Reason! and blockheads! It's pleasant to hear people's remarks! Jane, and Susannah, and Lucy, and Fanny, though these fair maidens are both twenty, and I never passed for a philosopher, yet I feel a small bet will be of any satisfaction to me to deposit a moderate amount of the correctness of the judgment of these elegant young girls, and leave the decision of the wager to the oldest professor in Edinburgh University, provided he has no marriageable daughter, or wife, and is not himself on the look out for a wife.

Charles Harburn got to the foot of the hill, and, in closing the swing gate behind him, and entering on the high road, he gave some utterance of his spirits by touching his horse's flank with his whip, and dashing off on the narrow grass border that bounded the way. I am ready to depose, that at the time, he gave utterance to certain words which sounded very like these,—"Nancy Nancy is the nicest girl in the world,—the prettiest, the most accomplished, the best, and I wish her father had broken his neck and been drowned in the Falder, with all his sins." Now, to look at him, you would not think such murderous sentiments would room in the heart of so radiant a youth. Yet I really wished poor old George Cleghorn, or rather, to have met, at this date, with an untimely end. So you may judge, from countenance, of the variety of the human mind! Perhaps Thurtell, joyously, in the course of his drive, in Gardiner's gig, with Mr Weare Listen, a Gardiner, to what this horrid Charles Harburn is saying to himself —"If the antiquated fool would say 'No' at once, I could bear his refusal and know how to behave; but now, to talk about Dumbarton being of rock, and Ailsa Craig of granite, while I and Nancy are flesh and blood,—who can make head or tail of what he means? If I am Dunbarton, he is seventeen years, and Nancy, for the same reason, Ailsa Craig, he will not refuse his consent, I don't see, for my part, how Ailsa Craig and Dunbarton are ever to come together, if all fathers in Scotland approve the bands; and I am flesh and blood, or course we are, and married leather and fiddle strings, like him—I will marry Nancy Cleghorn as soon as I can get the aged pump—Hallo! little boy!" he cried out, interrupting his soliloquy, and pulling the black steed, which snorted with excitement, and pawed the ground with impatience, to proceed "What's the matter, my wee man? Has any body hurt you, that you'r greetin' so

The boy of ten years old was sitting on the bank at the side of the road, and crying as if his heart would break Before him lay the fragments of a small wooden tray, and a torn old red spotted handkerchief wrapt round a pair of very coarse shoes. He had never taken the trouble to pick up a few rolls of cotton thread and a broken tooth comb, which lay mixed with other articles of the same kind in the mud of the narrow

"Do you hear?" said Charles. "What has happened to you? and why are you in such grief"

The little boy took the backs of his hands from his eyes, which he had apparently been trying to push deeper into his head with the knuckles, and presented a countenance of utter de-pair mixed with a good deal of dirt, and, at first, a little alarm

"Twa men," he sobbed out, "have robbed me and run awa' with my stock in trade"

"It couldnt be very large," said Charles, "and may be, you will find friends who will set you up again"

"I have no friends said the boy, whose face, when undisturbed by spasms of grief, was very clear and honest "I never had any friends, and I am thinking I never will have any friends."

"Oh, yes, you will—never fear. Tell me all about it, and perhaps something may be done"

"I started from Glasgow," said the boy "three days since, with my pack"

"How did you get your pack, and what was in it?"

"I got the pack by saving I was an orphan, a foundling they call it, because I was left in a field on a farmer's ground at Patrick: and when I grew to working age"——

"When might that be?" asked Charles

"When I was four year auld! I left the byre, where I lived with the calves, and gaed out to frighten craws wi a rattle —I got three pence a week, a feed o' sowans every day; and as soon as I began to lay by a little silver The farmer's name was Douglas; and there was a mark on my arm of an anchor and a sinking boat, which they called a brand,—so my name was Douglas Brand. forbye that the minister that christened me said I was plucked from the burning, and put half a crown into a waxen box with a slit at the top, to set an example to charitable friends, and when I got to be ten year old—last month, sir—last month, sir—I thought it time to get out into the world, and seek my fortune I can read and write, and ken a' the New Testament by heart, beside the Shorter Catechism, and a half o' the Pilgrim's Progress; so with the help of the ministo., and the saved up silver in the box. I bought a stack o' knives, and combs, and reels of cotton, and thimbles, and shears, and needle cases, and boxes o' pins, and pincushions, and writing paper, and sticks o' wax, and pocket books, and tape and twine. It cost four pound, four teen, shillings and four pence, and it's a' gane. Two shearers, wi' hooks in their hands, asked to see my stock, and when I showed it, they took every thing I had, five knives, and sixteen thimbles, and twenty reels of thread It's a' gone—clean awa'—and I have nothing left but the broken tray and the auld trapkin wi' my Sabbath day shoon" And at the contemplation of his great losses, he again lifted up his voice and wept.

"And how much would it take to replace you as you were before the rascals robbed you?

"Do you mean cost price?" said the boy, his eye brightening up with the spirit of mercantile enterprise, "or what it would be worth if it was a' sold?"

"Cost price, of course How much, out of the original four pounds fourteen, and four pence worth, had you disposed of?"

"I had cleared one pound three," said the boy, "and not parted with a twelfth part of the stock, but they found the money in my stocking hole, I'll never wear stockings again, for they's just a [illegible] in the world"

"Poor lad!" cried Charles Harburn. "Here's all your life perhaps broken in your hand, and nobody to help you. But cheer up, man. I am not very rich; but I'm very happy just now, and here, we'll share what I've got." So saying, he drew out a purse, and finding there were nine golden guineas in it, he gave four to the boy, and said, "I told you we would share it, but you see it's not very easy, as there are nine Georges, and neither of us has any change"

"We could toss may be for the half one," said Douglas Brand; but so low, that the words escaped the ear of his benefactor, and a blush came to his own cheek when he thought what an ungrateful proposition it was "Oh, what can I do for you, sir?" he said; "you have restored me to all my hopes My gratitude to you shall know no end, and I'll think on ye and pray for ye till I die"

"Make a good use of your luck, my little friend," said Harburn, "and that is all the thanks I require But, by the by, you said you would pray for me. Now you are a very innocent lad; you know your Bible, and you're grateful to the good minister who stood your friend, bow down on your knees, Douglas Brand, up with your hands, me wee laddie, and pray that I may be Dumbarton for seven years, if required, and finally be joined to Ailsa Craig"

"It's something like asking a miracle," said the boy; "but if the heart's wishes have any power, my petition will be heard, and many more that I will not cease to make for blessings on you and yours"

I am very happy, that you and I did not see the scene that then occurred, Charles sitting on the back of his own quiet horse, with his hat in his hand, and his head bent reverently down, and Douglas Brand, on his knees in the public road, with closed eyes and clasped hands, uttering prayers about Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, which he did not quite understand, but which rose earnestly and sincerely from a thankful heart, because he believed, in some way or other, these precipitous elevations were connected with the happiness of his friend We might have been tempted to see something laughable in the attitudes of the two; but perhaps, in the apprehension of a Higher Intelligence, there might have been something not quite worthy of our contemptuous smiles in the sincerity and fervent trust of the young man of twenty-one and the pedler boy. Who knows? A slight shake of the rein, and a merry "Farewell! and success attend you," set Harburn forward on his homeward way at a pace that soon took him out of sight of Douglas Brand

"I'll write down on the tables o' my heart," said the youth, "the name o' the kind gentleman, but wae's me, I never asked his name Oh, how I wish I had asked who he was' but at any rate, I will never forget Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig" And he took from a secret pocket in his jacket a tattered old pocket-book that had escaped the notice of his assailants, and wrote down the names of these two well known rocks, determining to take steps, as soon as he was able, to unravel the mystery that connected them with his generous friend.

After a rapid career of six or seven miles, the black horse turned of its own accord up a narrow side road, that lay in a very narrow valley between two hills The country grew wilder as he continued his course along winding banks of a branching stream; hedges soon ceased; enclosures disappeared from fields; huge hills rose up on either side, with no attempt at cultivation destroing the primitive desolation of their surface, but suddenly, at an opening of the valley, a little white gate pointed out a path leading round a promontory of the mountain on the left, and at the end of a small level space, forming a peninsula of very rich land, surrounded on three sides by a sinuosity of the burn, was seen a low white-washed mansion, with soft green turf on the little lawn in front, and supported on the side by a large orchard, at this moment filled with the richest fruit, and at the other by an ornamental garden, to which there was a descent by a few steps from a room at the west end of the house. Standing on these steps, as if arrested in the act of descending into the garden, a lady waved her hand to the advancing horseman, who leaped lightly from his horse, and putting the reins on his neck, watched him trot off in a very sedate and business-like manner to a stable abutting on the orchard, where a groom was waiting for his arrival A minute saw Charles in the garden by the side of his mother, with his arm round her waist

"Before I ask you how you have sped," she said, "I must tell you the great event has happened. You are lieutenant in the regiment we desired, and must leave me in a week."

A start of gratification at the first part of the news was checked by the tone of his mother's voice It conveyed to him as clearly as if the idea had been expressed in words, "You know how desolate I am, and yet you are delighted to leave me" He was not at all delighted to leave her He could have stayed with her all his life; only it looked such a shrinking from the duties of his age and station—such a selfish gratification of his love of home, if he continued for ever to reside with his mother, that he had applied for a lieutenant's commission (it was not absolutely necessary in those days to begin with the lower grades) in a regiment at that time engaged in bringing the revolted Americans to submission. And, accordingly, in all his day dreams about Nancy Cleghorn there had been a perpetual glitter of epaulettes on his shoulders and a clang of sword and spur, which, however, only intruded themselves in a prominent manner when his thoughts dwelt on that young lady's imperturbable papa, whose insight into the human heart we have observed was greatly strengthened by his knowledge of geography

"In a week!" he said "Well, we have seven days' happiness before us, dear mother, and I will not allow a cloud to pass over a single hour."

"And therefore you won't tell me how you prospered to-day at Falder Mains."

"On the contrary, I will not conceal a syllable of all that passed. Old George is as great a miser as ever But Nancy is true as steel She says if we're not rich enough to live without employment, she can make as much money as we require by her paintings And how beautiful they are, mother! What likenesses! what finish! You should see what she has made of me on Black Argus. By-the-bye, I wonder if they'll let me take him as my charger! I feel sure if Tom Spindleshanks at the turnpike saw the picture at his gate, he would charge toll as if it were alive

"But painting is a very precarious profession; and, besides, it is not quite the occupation for—"

"Ah! there's some of your nonsensical family pride, because you claim from Robert Bruce. I don't see why painting isn't as gentle a craft as wearing uniform or pleading at the bar But we shan't require it. She has only two sisters, I am an only child Glen Bara is not very valuable, but we could live, mother—we could be happy, we could read, and draw, and walk, and ride, and farm, and feed cattle till they couldn't move—only George Cleghorn talks such nonsense about Dumbarton! How the deuce can I be such a great ugly, frowning mass of Whin! And Nancy—she's to be Ailsa Craig—and then, when we have been petrified for seven years, we are to marry Seven years'—only think of what an immense time that is!"

And then the young soldier poured out all his indignation on the head of poor old George Cleghorn, of Falder Mains, Cleghorn to be so very careful and distrusting And many attempts all the week were made to shorten the period of probation Would three years do?—would five?—But no! George Cleghorn was as obstinate as a mule; Charles Harburn at the appointed time took his way for London to embark for foreign service, with a charming miniature of Nancy suspended by a ribbon and resting night and day upon his heart, and leaving with her his whole length portrait, mounted on Black Argus, and bearing at one corner the signatures in white paint of the two lovers, under the hated names of Dumbarton and Ailsa Craig, with the date, in faintr letters, seventeen hundred and eighty.

Now, did Charles Harburn ever see Falder Mains again? Did he marry Nancy Cleghorn? Did the thirty hearted father of that accomplished young resident, and send over the sea to tell Charles that as none but the brave deserve the fair, he had determined to bestow his daughter's hand where her heart had so long been placed, in reward of the gallantry he had shown in many a dashing charge? And that his mother, the dear and honoured Mrs. Harburn, was in earnest expectation of his return to Glen Bara, which she had newly painted and decorated in honor of the approaching happy event? It is a pity, my good and curious reader, that you can't examine my countenance before you put these questions Do you see any symptom of fatuity, or even insanity, in my light grey eyes? any wandering of intellect in the corners of this rather well-cut mouth? In short, do you suppose I am such a very egregious Tom Noddy as to tell you whether any of these incidents occurred at this particular part of the story? Don't you see that I have to go to America with my hero, and describe his adventures at Camden, and Eutaw Springs and Yorktown, at the latter of which he received that sword-cut on his temple which made him so interesting, and left a mark that most people considered a great increase to the manliness of his beauty? Then I have to describe his disagreement with his general, and his duel with the insulting aide-de camp; his rescue of his colonel's daughter from the hands of the wild Indians who were about to tomahawk her first and eat her afterwards Then his long detention in America by circumstances over which he had no control; his appointment to a difficult and dangerous command in Canada—his adventure in the boat at the edge of Niagara Falls—all these things I shall relate in the order here set down, if I see any necessity for doing so, and I do most positively decline to depart from what I consider the proper course of my narrative merely to gratify a patient curiosity as to whether certain things happened at a certain time, with which it strikes me the reader has nothing whatever to do, except to read, with profound admiration, when the secret is at last confidentially communicated How do I know that, if he were discontented with the answer I gave him, he wouldn't at once shut up the page, and perhaps fly to an account of the Queen's first Drawing Room in the Morning Post? It is therefore, perhaps, my best policy to be as uncommunicative as possible

I will only say that when Charles had been about two years absent he received a letter from his mother, in which, alluding to her communication of the month before, she says, "You have recovered the shock of my sad intelligence, I dare say In fact, I always wondered you were so particular in that quarter—but there is no accounting for tastes Last Sunday it was so fine that I ventured once more into the saddle and rode over to Falder Church. An excellent sermon from Mr. McTavish, but in so strong an accent that if I had not spent some part of my youth in the Highlands, I should not have understood what he said For the first time I saw Major Nobbs He is very yellow, and has been thirty years in India in the service of a Nizam of some place which I cannot spell, and very rich, they say He would wed They say, also, he came into the kirk under protest, as he has imbibed some very strange notions in the East, and some people say he is a Mahommedan, and proposed for all three, but George would only consent to his marrying Nancy. So they are off next week for their honeymoon in a ship that sails from Liverpool; and Nancy leaves a portrait of him, dressed in a very wonderful uniform. It is to hang over the dining room mantelpiece, and looks very like the sign of the Saracen's Head. The bride seems quite happy, and I hope this letter will find you the same." It did. The last mail had knocked him down for a whole week. But now he was in such exuberant spirits that a report got spread in the regiment that he had succeeded to a baronetcy and ten thousand a year. He attended every ball that was given far and near—flirted in a very violent manner with any girl who would listen, talked disparagingly of love and constancy on all occasions, and was observed one night suddenly to burst into a fit of laughter and something very like sobs.—Then he laid aside for the first time a small miniature of a blue-eyed, red-liped, light-haired female, which he had always sedulously concealed, but which he now swore was a likeness of an aunt who died young. So he was thought a youth of strong family affection to be so moved by a portrait of his mother's sister; and besides, I have always heard that his mother was an only child. I have very little doubt therefore, that the ringlets and bright eyes belonged to Nancy Cleghorn, now Mrs. Major Nobbs.

CHAPTER II.

There was a man of the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of a pettifogging lawyer in Ajaccio, who made a remarkable disturbance at the beginning of this century. He upset several thrones and set them up again—altered the balance of power, kept the world in awe, and also made the fortunes of Brand, Bustle and Co., the army contractors in Wapping. That little Corsican adventurer never raised an army without putting hundreds of thousands of pounds into the pockets of this respectable firm. If he won a battle in Italy, there came such a flood of wealth into Wapping that it seemed as if he must be a sleeping partner in the concern, and thrashed the Austrians merely on purpose to increase the profits of trade. Mr. Brand lived in Grosvenor square, and went down to Wapping every day in a splendid carriage, with two footmen on the box beside the coachman, and two more hanging on behind. The aristocracy felt some surprise that a man of Mr Brand's family should condescend to trade, but they were reconciled to it by the immensity of the income he realised, and the scale on which his transactions were carried on. If he had dealt in single hams or disposed occasionally of a stone or two of beef, he would have been viewed in a very different light, but a man who filled three great ships with hams, which never reached their destination, and three more with powdered beef, which always, by some unaccountable means, was paid for before it started, and never was heard of again, either by the estimable government officer who handed over the money, or the army for whose benefit it was supposed to be shipped. A man who did business by the shipload and received his payments by the twenty thousand pounds, rose out of the category of tradesmen altogether, and became a potentate—a power—a visible representative of the inexhaustible wealth of England. So Mr. Brand was looked on as an embodiment of all the taxes; and it was felt, while we had twenty or thirty army contractors rolling in such countless wealth from the mere profits of supplying beef and hams, that Britons never, never, never could be slaves. I have said the wind——— ——— at first a little sold by a person of Mr. Brand's cut salted and this may perhaps be accepted as an answer to the celebrated question of "What's in a name?" If Mr Brand had been Mr. Snooks Brand, no one would have wondered at his trading in oxen and pigs. But having had the opportunity some years before of lending a little temporary assistance to one of the chiefs of the Douglas family, he received various letters of thanks from that grateful nobleman, asking further time for the payment of interest, and acknowledging the near relationship that existed between them; and as the younger branches of that wide spread clan applied for similar assistance and made their acknowledgment in the same way, it came at last to be universally known that Mr. Brand was cousin, more or less removed, to many of the heads of that illustrious house; and I happen to know he acted the part of "uncle" to some who were not so high up on the family tree, but who still were in possession of some of the ancestral jewels, and had inherited some of the family plate. But uncle or cousin he was equally a relative, and, therefore, when in eighteen hundred and fifteen, to mark the country's appreciation of his services in having amassed a fortune of half a million of money, he was created a baronet, by the style and title of Sir Douglas Brand, there was a pretty general feeling that the days of chivalry were restored, and that Britannia had less to fear than ever on the subject of slavery, or of any interruption in her hereditary occupation of ruling the waves

Among the strongest believers in the stability of his country and the perfection of all her institutions, was Sir Douglas Brand himself. A nation which gave such an open career to all her sons—which enabled a person, as he said at public dinners, to rise from obscurity and insignificance to the highest positions in church and state,—a nation that did this was the glory of her own children and the envy of surrounding states. It was a clearly demonstrated fact, therefore, to him and others of his class, that the dignity and power of England consisted in the number of people who, by dint of lucky contracts and judicious purchases in the funds, rose to wealth and eminence. They looked, accordingly, on the Helder Expedition of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine, where the commissariat was enriched though the army was forced to capitulate; and the still more brilliant expedition to Walcheren in eighteen hundred and nine, when the army was exterminated, but the variations of the funds doubled the fortunes of fifteen or twenty jobbers in Wapping and elsewhere,—as the noblest trophies of a free constitution, and they rolled off to church in their respective carriages on the day of fast and humiliation (which was appointed by authority) to throw upon Providence the blame for the want of quinine in the marshes of Holland, and of military skill in the Earl of Chatham. Waterloo was a sad day for Lombard Street and nearly shut up the counting houses in Wapping. Sir Douglass withdrew his capital from the food-market, and nursed it in mortgages and loans — He came to an arrangement with Brand, Bustle & Co., by which he bereft them of the glory of his name, and retired from any responsibility.—He left, however, a considerable amount of capital in their hands, and stipulated for a weekly inspection of their books—and a voice in the conduct of their business. Money in this manner accumulating—rank secured—friends gathered round him—and a long career apparently open before him if he chose to enter Parliament, by the purchase of half-a-dozen boroughs,—it is curious to say that by one of those odd eccentricities of the human mind, for which nobody can account, the honorable baronet sickened of the grandeurs of Grosvenor Square, neglected sometimes for a whole week the alternations of the funds, and the sales of exchange, and kept his mind perpetually fixed on a vision of Lanarkshire and a young horseman who had been useful to him on a certain interesting occasion. He recalled the features and the form; the name, if he had ever known it, he had entirely forgotten. Thirty-five years had passed, and such thirty five years of war and struggle, and hopes and fears, and rises and falls, and eventful seasons, as were sufficient, one would think, to have buried the transaction altogether. But no—clear as if before his bodily eyes, arose the outline of Falder Hill,—the long high road, bordered with a strip of grass,—the coal-black horse,—the kind-faced cavalier,—the four golden guineas! and one day there appeared in the Times newspaper, an advertisement, stating that "If the gentleman who, in seventeen hundred and eighty, bestowed his generous aid on an unfortunate pedlar boy, was still alive, and would apply at Messrs Dott and Carry's, Broad Street, London, he would hear of something to his advantage."

Ah! Charlie Harburn, why don't you read the Times newspaper? But what use would there be in reading it from end to end? Has your life been less adventurous than Sir Douglas Brand's? Has your memory retained its freshness more than his? Alas! not the faintest line remains of pedlar boy or generous aid; you might hear the story told and never recognise yourself as the performer of that good deed. Many a good deed have you performed since then; much generous trust you have shown; many a friend you have helped, and met with little gratitude in return; and now your heart has got rather hard,—you don't believe in the fresh impulses of youth and the tender sympathy of the yet unwasted feelings. You would say, if you heard of a young man dividing his moderately-filled purse with a weeping pedlar boy, "What a fool the fellow was! I'll bet you he came to poverty in his old age, and he deserved it, the thoughtless coxcomb!" Is that the way you teach your own son—another Charles Harburn, now eighteen years of age, a cadet at Woolwich, and handsomer, if possible, than his father, nearly as kind to all, and as radiant and full of hope as you yourself were on that August day in seventeen hundred and eighty, when you rode black Angus, and were so filled with admiration for Nancy Cleghorn!

Major Harburn lived the life of a hermit in his poor old dwelling of Glen Bara. His wife, the daughter of his colonel, had died some sixteen years before, and as he sat over the fire on winter nights, a confusion sometimes came into his head between the maiden he had loved so ardently at home, and the gentle Canadian girl, whom he had married, and who had left him so soon.—Their features got mixed on the wondrous canvass, whereon our fancy paints the incidents of the past: for Fancy has more to do with the scenes of our joyous youth, than mere prosaic recollection. Imagination and memory are twins, and amazingly like each other. Sometimes he took a meditative ride over the scene of his early happiness, and wandered with loosened rein and thoughts flying far back into the past, among the fields of Falder Mains. George Cleghorn had long passed away, and the property now belonged to a captain in the Indian army of the name of Nobbs—only son of the late Sir Hildebrand Nobbs, who had died full of honours and the liver complaint, leaving the estate which he had obtained in right of his wife to his sole representative; and his picture—a full length in the uniform of the Nisam's body-guard, painted by Lady Nobbs, to be hung in the town hall of his native town, where it is still to be seen by the curious, and where the frame is very much admired. It chanced one day in August of the memorable year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, to which I have now brought this narrative, that Major Harburn, under the impulse of one of those fits of sentiment, which in the intervals of more serious fits of gout and rheumatism, [illegible] sauntering up the avenue of Falder Mains, when his attention was attracted by an unusual bustle at the door of that usually quiet and deserted mansion. There was a post-chaise in the stable-yard, there was a gig on the lawn; and pacing in front, were two men measuring the ground, and one man still perched in the gig, was taking down the number of feet, as ascertained by the measurer's tape; all the windows were open, the hall-door was wide ajar. There were men in the different rooms making a great noise with hammers, and trundling about of old chairs and sofas. The major dismounted, and for the first time for five and thirty years, entered the well-known house. Alas! that stone and mortar, timber and glass, even paint and paper should remain so unchanged when time had such an effect upon our noble selves. There was the old piano, there were the oaken chairs, here were the glazed prints, all recognisable; and standing among them all, bent in the back, dim in the eyes, short in the breath, and bald on the head—more out of tune than the piano, more old-fashioned than the furniture—was Charles Harburn, whom nobody could identify with the young lover of other days—no, not his mother, if she were still alive—no, nor Nancy, who once had all his features by heart—scarcely indeed himself if he had suddenly seen in the glass, some morning when he was shaving, the presentment of the merry-eyed young man, who had been so happy and so admired in these old rooms before he joined the army.

It was not a pleasant visit and he turned to go. In the passage were three or four people carrying parcels, work-boxes, foot-stools, and other things; and he drew back to let them pass. The post-chaise was drawn up to the door. He heard a voice say: "You'll pack up all the framed pictures, and send them to my address at Cheltenham. The prints are to be taken at a valuation." And the major saw the speaker mount into the chaise with some difficulty. Her back was very broad; she wore a bonnet, big enough and high enough to have done duty as an umbrella; she wore a brown velvet pelisse, though the thermometer was at eighty in the shade; and when her maid had followed into the carriage, and sat down on the top of various packages, with which the seat was encumbered, the chaise drove off, and Harburn went out to mount his horse. A man who had left off the measurements, held the bridle while he mounted.

"Great doings here, apparently," said the major, giving the man a shilling.

"Deed, aye, sir. A' th' auld folk is getting rooted out, and the Londoners will come down in a body, and tak' Lanarkshire a' to themselves."

"The place is sold then?"

"Have you no heard that?" said the labourer, involuntarily despising the old man for his ignorance, in spite of the shilling which he still kept in his hand. "Sir Douglas Brand has bought it, and Middenstrae Haughs, and as far on as the Duke's; and they say he's in treaty for half the county in the north, so he'll has mair land than a' the nobility; and so he's measuring here for a house that's to be the size o' Drumlayring, and the family is going to have a sale, and very nice lot's there'll be, though I dinna think that the pictures will be much missed, notwithstandin' the auld woman seems to think they're worth a' the rest of the goods."

"The auld woman?" enquired Major Harburn.

"Aye, Leddy Nobbs, that was her that stickit sae long in the coach door; she was one o' auld George Cleghorn's daughters, and was married on upon a black man that lived far awa' in India. Some folk think he was a cannibal, but I canna think that, tho' he's an awful sicht to look on. That's him wi' the row of yellow teeth, and the brown skin, hanging above the mantle-piece. She canna has been a great judge o' beauty or men maun has been unco scant."

Major Harburn made no reply, but slowly rode down the avenue. It is astonishing how little impression this curious incident made on him.—He had heard his Nancy's voice again, he had seen her figure, and, instantly, all the past disappeared. He did not believe in the reality of his insane admiration for a broad-backed woman of sixteen stone, who had to be pushed by main force through the door of a post-chaise; and on resolution he immediately made and carried into effect the moment he got home, which was to take, burn, or otherwise destroy the miniature of his aunt—the fair-haired, small-waisted, blue-eyed female—which had hung by a silk ribbon so long about his neck, and which was still preserved in a very secret drawer of his escritoire, and occasionally looked at when he wanted to recal the air, the features, the expression of Nancy Cleghorn.

Impatient to visit his purchases in Lanarkshire; impatient to see once more the Falder Hill—in sight of which his broken fortunes had been restored—Sir Douglas Brand posted down from London, and after sleeping on the previous night at Moffat, proceeded along the road towards his newly acquired property on this very day, the anniversary of that in seventeen hundred and eighty, to which he looked always back as the foundation of his fortune. He got out of the carriage, which he ordered to go slowly on, and walked along the footpath for several miles.—Looking on the right hand, looking on the left, he thought at last he identified the very spot where the men had robbed him, where his whole possessions lay in fragments at his feet, and where the young horseman had restored him to wealth and hope. To verify it still more, he paused at what he considered the identical scene; there was a hedge-row there as before; he stept quietly off the road, and sat down on the grassy bank. He sank into himself, and buried his face in his hands, giving himself up to the contemplation of the years that had passed since then. He heard nothing, saw nothing, but sat immoveable with his hands over his face.

"I hope you're not unwell, sir," said a kind voice at the side of the road.

"Not at all," said Sir Douglas Brand, rising up, as if ashamed of his emotion. "I was only resting after having walked a few miles to see the beautiful scenery. My carriage is gone on"

"It is waiting at the turn of the road," said Major Harburn, a little repelled by the coldness of the stranger's tone, and his ostentatious allusion to his carriage. He lifted his hat and rode on. On this very day appeared a second advertisement in the Times "The gentleman who, in seventeen hundred and eighty, gave his generous aid to a pedlar boy, on the high road in Lanarkshire, is probably dead, but if his son, if any, will address Messrs. Dott and Carry, Broad Street, London, and verify the incident, he will hear of something very much to his advantage."

"I will pay over twenty thousand pounds to him at once," said Sir Douglas, as he stepped into his carriage, "and if he takes a fancy to Mary—ah, well! there's no saying what might be done."

Now I have forgot to tell you that in the year eighteen hundred the rich contractor married—for love. Yes, the bright flashing eyes of Signora Nunez, the daughter of a Spanish refugee from from Cadix, conquered the susceptible heart of Douglas Brand. Her father had every farthing of his fortune confiscated, and certain bills on the treasury were ignominously repudiated, and his estates, which were of considerable extent, seized as the goods of a traitor; so that Don Jacinto in his only child, receiving from his son-in law, in the meantime, an annuity of one hundred a year. It is so good, and sometimes so politic, to be generous. When a few years had passed, and Don Jacinto had died, and Trafalgar had been fought, and Holy Juntas were established in the Peninsula, the bills upon the Spanish treasury were acknowledged by the liberating government, and paid for out of the English subsidies advanced by Brand, Bustle, and others.—The lands were restored and sold for ready money, and Mrs. Brand's allowance increased to a thousand a year, in consequence of her turning out an heiress. Her enjoyment of this sum was, however, very short, and the widower turned all his affection upon his only child—christened, out of compliment to Don Jacinto, Marie de Compostella, but known by the father's heart, only as his little Mary. Deep foundations were dug, high strong walls were raised, fences were thrown down, whole farms were turned into a park, and thousands of acres of valuable land, and millions, I was going to say, of mountain and heath, formed the domain round Falder Castle. Other lands were added. Small proprietors bought out—or their tenures made uncomfortable by quarrels about boundaries, and law-suits about manorial rights. And among the rest, persecution raged fierce and hot against poor old Major Harburn, who declined to part with his little estate of Glen Bara, though he was invited to fix his own price. He liked the place, his son liked it. It had been in their family four hundred years—so they said and believed—and no amount of money that an honest man could ask, would repay them for the loss of the hereditory soil. Sir Douglass Brand had distanced all competitors in making money by an inadequate supply of beef and ham to the British army. His effort had put at least twenty thousand gallant men to death, who might have lived long and happily, if the stores had been of prime quality, or properly distributed where required; and he was not to be defeated now by a proud old major, whose worldly substance would not have purchased the bristles of the pigs on whose carcases Sir Douglas had grown so fat, and the Walcheren expedition so lean. So he bullied and threatened, and fortunately discovered that not many years before this, the proprietor of Glen Bara had mortgaged his estate to enable him to lend some money to a friend, for the purchase of his step, which money had never been repaid, for his friend had perished in battle, and the noble and paternal British government had kept the money he had paid for his promotion. The army contractor was in his element again. He found out the holder of the mortgage, he had it transferred into his own name, with all the arrears. He wrote a notice that he should require the money at once or that he would be forced to foreclose. And the major, who by this time was more bent than ever, more rheumatic, more gouty, more short in the breath, more bald in the head, and quite as ignorant of business, was thrown into great distress. He grew ill, a fever made him for a few days delirious, and then left him so weak, that the farrier, who came over to see a lame cart-horse, thought he couldnt live long, and advised the housekeeper to send for Master Charles.

Three years had passed since Sir Douglas' first appearance. It was now the warm and genial month of August once more; and while poor Major Harburn was dying at Glen Bara, the baronet was in the noble library of Falder Castle, with a map of his territory before him, in the centre of which, coloured bright red, to distinguish it from the Brand property, was enclosed the angular, independent-looking, and diminutive Glen Bara. This was the Mordecai at the gate that made all Sir Haman's happiness of no effect. He struck his hand on the red-coloured enclosure. "I will have you in green, like the rest, before a week is out. I will turn this proud major out of house and home. If he refuses the price I offer, I will seize it by legal process;" and he looked in a very self-satisfied manner towards a tin case on one of the shelves, in which reposed the mortgage he had lately bought. As if the business were already concluded, by means of this energetic declaration of his intention, he determined to go out for a walk among his newly-planted gardens and newly-levelled fields. On passing the housekeeper's room, he heard voices. Sir Douglas was never above picking up information. He paused and listened.

"He is the handsomest man I ever saw," said the housekeeper; "don't you think so, Miss Mary?"

"The horse, Mrs. Elgett, is handsomer than the man. I never saw such a noble horse. Where did you get it?"

"I found it witn a great deal of rubbish left by the late family in a room above the stable. I was struck with the beautiful man and have pasted it on the wall. I wish just such another youth would present himself here, Miss Mary. What would you do then?"

"You are a foolish old woman," said Sir Douglas, entering the room, "and you, Mary, I'm ashamed of you listening to such nonsense"

"See, papa," said Mary, "it is only a daub of a young man and—"

But here the beautiful lips of Mary Brand grew rigid with surprise, the blood left her cheek, and she said,

"Father! what's the matter? are you ill?"

"Who did this?" said Sir Douglas, gazing on the portrait. "The same look and form! Have I been ungrateful? Have I forgotten you? No! not for an hour. Come, take all! you shall share it with me!"

"Father, father! oh what does this mean?"

"It means that he is here! That—that's the man I have longed to see for forty years! Who is he? What is his name? Ten thousand pounds to the person who brings me to his presence!"

"Alas! sir see the date," said Mary, "seventeen hundred and eighty; and the name's in white paint—Dumbarton, Ailsa Craig."

"I remember," cried Sir Douglas, "the made me pray that they might be united. I had forgotten the names; but now it is all clear. Do you know whose likeness it is? Does any one on the estate? Find out and I will reward them beyond their dreams."

And for an hour he gazed on the poor old presentment of Charles Harburn, mounted on black Angus, painted in the joyous time by Nancy Cleghorn, and shamefully left neglected in a lumber room of Falder Mains by the much changed Lady Nobbs. After he had set all his energies at work to find out the original, he ordered the carriage, and, by way of diverting his thoughts, determined to take his daughter with him, and show her the small property he was so soon to get possession of; though we must remark, that he never informed the young lady of the means by which he hoped to obtain Glen Bara.

Meantime, faint and slow came the breath of Major Harburn. He lay on a sofa in the parlor and looked out upon the opposite hill apparently counting the shadows of the clouds that flitted over its face. An unprofitable occupation if he had been engaged in it; but his thoughts were elsewhere—with his young wife in Canada. Beside his bed, there she lay, cold—in the little churchyard. Then they went farther back, and he was running out and in at Falder Mains.—Nancy met him at the door, and made up by kind looks and warm hand-shakes, for the cold reception of old George. He walked with her in the woods, and they exchanged their vows; and then a great broad-backed old lady stuck in the doorway of a post-chaise; and a lawyer's letter was read. Then he cried out, "I will die nowhere else Will Charlie never come?"

As if in answer to his wish, wheels stopt at the door. His son, now twenty one, dressed in his blue frock and stiff red collar and cuffs of his regiment, entered the room, and knelt at the side of the sofa

"You come, Charlie," said the major, "too late to lengthen out my life, but not too late to let me die in peace. Ride—ride to Falder Mains—they call it Castle, now—but ride, I tell you.—Tell the proud man that I am dying fast, but that I wish to die where I have