

"Has suffered greatly, not from bodily disease, indeed, but from far worse ailments—those of the mind."

"Ah! yes, most true." He then continued hurriedly, "But you spoke of a Mrs. Manners, also?" There was a pause.

"The Mrs. Manners of whom I spoke, for thirteen years was known to me as Mrs. B."

"Say no more, sir!" (this he said in a broken voice.) "I thank God that my poor father is permitted to see her on this side the grave. Were I allowed, I could recite a tale."

"Which," I interrupted him, "has been already told."

"No, sir," said he, and he traversed the room hastily, "not all; my poor mother knew not all. But can I not see her to-night, and my brother?"

I repressed this wild eagerness, bade him take rest, pointed to his father's feeble health, and directed him to consider how this discovery could be best broken to him. This last suggestion calmed him. "But," he said, "I do not fear. He has travelled with a speed far, far, beyond his failing strength; but he will bear this. One of the agents he employed to trace his wife and child, lately discovered an individual who, thirteen years before, had conveyed some property to a Mrs. B., the name we knew she assumed on leaving England. His description, both of mother and child, were too accurate to admit us to doubt they were the object of our pursuit; but thirteen years—how much might chance in thirteen years! This was his last hope. Had we failed now, my father had not borne it. Yes, he must know how close he is to the consummation of his wishes; and this night, too, he shall not suffer longer the agony of suspense—the superhuman agony he has endured; years have been crushed into minutes, and those minutes continued through years. Fear not the effect of the revulsion." He saw I was about to speak: "I know what it will be—water to the fainting man." I laid my hand upon his arm: "Gently, he stirs." I rang for lights—they were brought. The son entered the room of the father; I heard a low, continuous muttering; then broken words of thanksgiving; finally, the door opened, and the son beckoned me to approach. Mr. Manners, who was seated in an easy chair, made an effort to rise as I entered the room. He shook my hand warmly; then turning to his son, said calmly, "Leave me, George. I well heard what you have said. Go, lie down. I have rested. I am refreshed in body, and, I thank God, in mind also. Tomorrow I shall need you, remember that. Good night, now."

I drew a seat nigh Mr. Manners. I must interrupt our interview, to describe him. In his youth he had been eminently handsome. Now, though the eye was sunken, and glanced with feverish vividness, that melancholy lustre seemed to deepen its jetty blackness. There, too, was the long lash, and thin lid; the high brow, pale, preternaturally pale; the