

informed me that every detail had been long since committed to writing, and would be found in her desk. We then parted. Returning home, I was met by a messenger, who informed me my New York guests had arrived. The carriage was at the door, but they were within. A young man rose as I entered the room, and apologised for having so unceremoniously taken possession. "Fatigue had so far overcome his father," he said, "that a brief rest was absolutely necessary to enable him to continue his journey; and as no one exactly knew where they were to reside, he had, in my absence, requested my house-keeper to prepare a bed, that he might a while repose." It was very strange, the sound of the voice was perfectly familiar; the features, in the dim light of evening, I could not, of course, scan very closely. I desired the speaker to consider himself perfectly at home, to dismiss the carriage, for the night at least, as the distance to their temporary home was but a few hundred yards, his parent could readily be conveyed there in the morning, and I trusted they would permit me to be their host for the night, particularly as it occasioned no inconvenience whatever. He thanked me, in a few well chosen words; and again there really was a startling familiarity in those tones I could not account for.

"My dear, sir," I said, recovering myself, "my friend S., writing to me of your coming, was precise, as he always is in business, and omitted nothing but your name. How shall I address you?"

He smiled, and rejoined, "I shall indeed laugh at S. when next we meet. My name, sir, is Manners."

"God bless me!" I exclaimed, forgetting all propriety in most unfeigned astonishment.

"You know the name, then, it seems?" said my visitor, quickly.

"Only within the last few days," was my reply.

"Only within the last few days?" he repeated; then continued, solemnly, "We have been directed to you, sir, not so much to obtain the aid of art, for my father well knows his days are numbered, as to engage your services in a search for many years prosecuted in vain, but now in eager hope. Do you know Mrs. B.?"

"Are you the son of Mr. Manners, of ——?" I rejoined.

"I am—my father is beneath your roof. But go on," said he, with increasing agitation; "answer my question: I implore you, sir, do you know Mrs. B.?"

Without any hesitation I answered that I did.

"Has she a child, a boy of seventeen?"

"Yes, he has lately been my patient."

"He has been ill, then?"

"Severely ill, but is now fast recovering."

"My poor brother! And the lady, sir, my mother?"