

thing about his person gave evidence of extreme good taste and refinement, which even the most fastidious in fashion and dress could not but admire, and which, to the cultivated mind, gives evidence of the social position of the wearer.

"This is really a beautiful morning," said Langdon, as they turned the corner of a hill which lead to the station. "How pure the air is, and how clear the sky; after the murky atmosphere we have had for the last three or four days, it is positively refreshing to look at."

"It is," said Markham in reply, "a beautiful day, and I do not think we could have chosen a milder one, at this season of the year, for our visit. But for all that, I have strange feelings of uneasiness, which weigh upon my spirits—a seeming presentiment of coming sorrow, and a dread of what the future may reveal—that I cannot wholly shake off or banish away."

Langdon looked calmly at him, and from the grave and anxious expression of his countenance, believed him to be sincere, and for the first time he felt, since their meeting, that Markham had worn the armour of suspicion and doubt so long that its weight had impeded his progress—that something weighed most heavily on his heart, which time only would remove. That there was doubt, suspicion and despondency upon his mind, he fully believed; but the cause of this, Langdon thought, he should sincerely and unreservedly reveal.

Why will he not trust and confide in me? It is true my former mode of life, with its habits of wild and reckless dissipation, frivolity and wildness, has not been such to insure esteem and respect; but that is past and forgotten now, and his, I am sure, is not the disposition to cherish deep rooted feelings of hatred and dislike for conduct such as mine. I shall watch him closely and strive, without wounding his feelings, or that keen sense of honour which he has, to fathom the secret of his despondency and gloom.

At the appointed time they arrived at the station, and, as they were wending their way 'mid a motley crowd of news' boys, hackmen, and simple country people, Markham was accosted by a tall young man, partly attired in a sailor's garb, wearing heavy boots, blue cloth pants and woollen shirt. He wore a large, black silk tie loosely round his neck, which, being freely exposed, gave him still more the appearance of a sea-faring person.

There was a shuffling and awkward gait, altogether unlike the rolling motions of the sailor, while his countenance indicated a great lack of intelligence or mental activity, wearing a dull, heavy, imbecile look. His eyes, which were small and of a dirty grey colour, were dull and devoid of expression. Altogether, he was a very common-place kind of a person, and had nothing in his countenance that would attract attention from even the most stupid and shallowest of observers.

"Mr. Markham, I suppose," said he, handing that gentleman a letter, and looking at him with

a vacant expression of countenance, as he broke the envelope. Markham read it, hurriedly, and with a strange and impatient manner, but, noticing nothing of interest in the letter, he thrust it into his pocket. It was simply a brief and concise account of the wreck, written in a scrawling and nervous hand.

"Who sent you with this letter?" said he, in a much sharper and impatient tone than he was wont to speak.

"Captain Valdemar, sir," said the young man hesitatingly, and speaking in a very disconnected style, and in an incoherent manner; "you see, sir—listen—you see, sir, he gave me this letter this morning to give to you—listen—before he went to the wreck: and I having made enquiries at the station, after landing from the cars, as to whereabouts your office was,—listen—when a gentleman standing by, pointed you out to me."

It was a peculiarity in this individual's phraseology, that the word 'listen' was introduced at the close of almost every sentence, as though he strove, by the constant repetition of it, to impress what he said more strongly on the listener's attention.

"What is your name?" said Markham, looking at him with a smiling expression of countenance, which the good-natured simplicité individual in question regarded no doubt as positive proof of the esteem in which he was held.—Smiling and grinning, he looked at Markham, and not without an expression of cunning in his bleared and heavy eyes, as he replied,

"Amos Scribner, sir, of this parish."

"Well, Amos," said Markham, "did you arrive in the cars this morning?"

"Yes sir."

"From what place?"

"Norwich."

"Indeed; the Captain tells me you were with him at the time of the wreck. I shall probably request of you to give me some account of this unfortunate business."

"Listen! listen!"—he replied, and, drawing close to Markham as he spoke, with the strange gleam of cunning and deceit lighting up his eyes,—“I know more—listen—know more than I choose at present to tell.”

This was said with an air of touching bravado, but his countenance instantly relaxed to an expression of fear and surprise, as though he had said that which was not proper at the time.

"Well," said Markham, with an air of attempted indifference at what he said, "I shall expect a visit from you at my office in a week hence."

"Very well, sir," said he; "I shall be on hand."

"How long have you been staying at Norwich?"

"About five days," said he, biting at the same time a piece of tobacco with his big, yellow teeth.

"At what house did you stay during the time you spent there, Amos?"