

and put an end to all the wanderings of *der Wandernde Vogel*!

The entrance of the worthy landlord to clear my table, relieved me from the worst part of my apprehensions, for he at any rate at once proved himself to be a sane man, by inquiring whether my supper was to his liking, and whether I was comfortable, &c. I looked at his rosy, intelligent face with secret satisfaction, and, bidding him bring me a bottle of his best wine, I invited him to help me to drain it, and nothing loth, he seated himself by my side, and certainly I had no reason to complain of his taciturnity. He was 'as good as an almanack,' as seamen say, for he knew what the weather would be better than Murphy; he knew the times, the tides, and the coming events; he knew, or pretended to know, everybody and everything.

This is a somewhat out-o'-the-way place for an inn, landlord,' remarked I.

'Well, yes, sir; but it isn't what it was when I first knew it. I know'd it when we've been so full that we hain't known wheerto put folks; but times is altered now.'

'It seems so,' dryly answered I.

'It's all along o' them railways,' ejaculated he, fiercely striking the table with his fist. 'You see, sir, the old *Mermaid* stands on the great high road, and, afore them things was invented, we used to have coaches changing every hour, and gentle-folk's carriages putting up by dozens. But now, except it be a gentleman like yourself as knows better nor to trust his precious limbs on sich break-necks, we often doesn't see a living body but our precious selves from week's end to week's end.'

'How, then, do you make both ends meet, eh?'

'That's what sometimes puzzles me, sir. But we've a bit of a farm, you see, and—oh! them railways!'

'Hem!' said I, glancing significantly towards the Monosyllable guest, who steadily continued his occupation of gazing at the fire, apparently quite unconscious that anybody but himself was in the room.—'hem! you must have strange sort of company at times though?'

The landlord perfectly understood me, for he put his finger to his nose, winked thrice with great solemnity, and then pointed to the clock, which approached the hour of twelve.

Precisely when the last stroke had boomed, the Monosyllable Traveller arose to his feet, sighed profoundly, muttered—'Bed!' and stalked out of the room.

'Who is that man?' exclaimed I, the moment he was gone.

'Ay, there's the mystery, sir,' replied the landlord, with a very queer look. 'For the last seven years he has regularly arrived here on horseback, on the evening of the 29th of December—that is to say, as to-night—and, after sleeping here, he leaves at the same hour on the following evening, and we never see any thing of him again, till the anniversary of his visit comes round.'

'And don't you know who or what he is?'

'Not at all, sir. What is yet more wonderful, he never utters more than one short word at a time, and even when giving his orders, he merely says, 'steak,' 'ale,' or what not; and, when questioned, he never makes any reply but 'yes,' 'no,' 'hum,' 'ah,' 'oh,' 'eh,' 'ay.' Whoever speaks

to him, he replies by a single word only, and he invariably sits, as he did to-night, for many hours, doing nothing but staring at the fire.

'But, landlord, whom do you suppose him to be?'

'Why, sir,' laughed he, a 'gentleman here once said he must be the man born to discover the perpetual motion, and that he is yet studying it; but I myself have fancied that he is merely the ghost of some wicked fellow who committed an awful deed in this old house centuries ago, and is doomed to revisit it to the end of time, on the anniversary of his crime.'

'Ah, but you know that ghosts don't eat and drink—and this mysterious personage does both.'

'Very true, I forgot that. But what is your own opinion, sir, for you have now seen almost as much of him as any of us?'

'Why, landlord, if I may speak in strict confidence, between ourselves, my firm private belief is that he is no other than——'

'Who, sir?' eagerly interrupted the landlord.

'The Wandering Jew!' whispered I.

The landlord nodded thrice, and drained his glass with the air of a man perfectly satisfied by an unexpected solution of a most difficult enigma.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

JULY WEATHER.

The storms of wind, and rain, and *hail*, in this month, are not unfrequently accompanied by thunder and lightning. The awful and terror-striking, but salutary phenomena of thunder and lightning, are well depicted by Mr. Balfour, in the following powerful lines.—*Ed.*

Sadden, on the dazzled sight,
Darts the keen electric light;
Shooting from the lurid sky,
Quick as thought it mocks the eye:
Rolling thunder rends the ear,
Seems to shake earth's solid sphere:
Hill and dale prolong the sound,
Echoes deep each cavern round;
Till afar, in distant skies,
Fainter still, it fades and dies.

Hushed the peal—a pause succeeds—
Again the fork lightning speeds;
Bursting from the black cloud's womb,
Blazing o'er the deepening gloom.
Shattered by the arrowy flash,
At my feet, with groaning crash,
Falls the forest's branching pride,
All its honours scattered wide!

Louder peals, and louder still,
Shake the vale, and rock the hill;
Mountains tremble, green woods nod;
Nature hears, and owns her God!

Soon the rushing shower descends,
The dark cloud melts, the tempest ends;
Bright again the lord of day
Sheds abroad his cheering ray;
Creation smiles, and joy and love
Enliven mountain, glen, and grove;
Reviving blossoms pour their rich perfume;
And Nature glows in renovated bloom.