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TOWANDA:

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[From Chamber's Journal.]

THE MOUNTEBANK.

The bell rings, the curtain rises and discovers the actors in our little drama. A middleaged, stoutly built man, who would have been good-looking, but for the deeply graven im-pressions of anxiety and hunger which his face ing lace; but all its lustre had gone, long, long ago, and it looked like a piece of dirty tape; yellow-ochred canvass shoes, terribly frayed and jagged, and a pair of faded crimson velvet trunks, on which a tarnished spangle, hanging here and there by a piece of yellow orately trimmed, completed his attire. Two pretty pale-faced little boys, dressed, or rather sed, in precisely the same manner, stood their father and a hard-featured, elderly wostand in awe. These formed the group to which

I would direct your attention. to turn out! I could ha'let this room, times an' often, for three-an'six, an' here I only charge you half-a-crown an' that you won't

Won't pay, Mrs. Niggs?' replied the poor

sure oour missis give me her bit of best gownd

'It was her wedding-gown,' mildly expostue thought of the happy sunny morning when first the 'old merina' adorned its then gay wner-'it was her wedding-gown, and poor Agnes wouldn't like to lose it.

warming-pan!' said Mrs. Niggs.

Tain't worth half-a-surring, I know,' returned the benevolent Niggs; 'an I want seven weeks' rent of you this very day. Now don't said father. he rain: it don't rain to-day.'

Why certainly it dosen't make a thoroughfare for his eyesight: 'it doesn't them again' is clad children-'it's bitter cold!'

'Cold,' retorted Niggs; 'cold, do you say?

ir appetites overmuch '

ms of his young ones, and replied only by a scanty. urnful shake of his head-the children starprovision within the walls of their wretch- boys button on their coats. carret for the last four-and-twenty hours: for supper the night previous.

streets, an' see if they can't earn a for a letter.' rumbling and shivering, Mrs. Niggs lumpto be a downfall, for the pavement's heart so heavy? camp, and that's always a sign.' Then at to the almost empty grate, put on the maining morsel of coal, fanned it with

low, ricketty wooden chair before the miserable and admire their performance. Indeed, had a nile auditors as warm an interest as ever ; mon but expressive phrase, 'you couldn't have

'And then, will there be bretfas, daddy?' asked the youngest boy. ' Yes, yes, Midgkins; at least, I hope there

Here the poor fellow took the boy on his knee, drew Alfy towards him also, and tried to beguile the time until mother should come,

Accordingly the child began to recite, and prettily too, that infant favorite, The Busy Bee, but when he came to, 'with the sweet food,' &c., his voice failed him, the tears started into his eyes, and he wept loudly and bitterly, with ascending the cracking stairs.

by looking on dejectedly, yet listening with brightened up; his father set him gently down cottages. Father cast his practised eyes nterest to the conclusion of a dialogue between and hastened to meet his wife and release her around, counted heads, and shrugged his shoulfrom the burden of a baby some ten months old ders. He drummed away for another five whether to return even then, or to go forward. man, of whom the whole family seemed to which she carried with great difficulty, for the minutes, and then took another survey of his After a brief pause, he chose the latter alterwoman was slight and pale, half-starved, and audience, but without any satisfactory result, native, for as he argued mentally, to return half clothed. The most cursory glance might if one might judge from the rueful expression The long and the short of it is, you'll have serve to inform you that she was indeed the of his countenance; however, he muttered to mother so anxiously waited for; she was so himself: 'We must make the best of it, I suplike her boys. The same expression of patient pose; it's the only likely place for a pitch at all the family into the streets; whereas, if he endurance was on her long thin face and in her meek blue eyes. A girl, who might have seen two summers, toddled in, clinging to her gown.
The child's nose was red, her cheeks blue, and divested themselves of their coats and prepared inclement weather. Setting this out of question, his his hair matted and dishevelled; shoeless; to dazzle and delight all beholders with the her eyes were filled with water; it was evident to dazzle and delight all beholders with the tion, his little party was half way to its place and, in such a bitter night as that, wearing indeed, from the appearance of both the chil- splendor of their wardrobe, and the combined of destination. To be sure, the remaining half only the thin garments of a street-tumbler, and slice of bread and ham; it will do you no harm resterday, as a kind of security for the rent; dren, and the mother too, that the morning grace and agility of their movements. Unbut what's the good o' that? It's nowt but a was intensely cold. Alfy met his sister, took luckily, just as these preparations were comoff her lilac cotton bonnet, which, long innocent of starch, flapped uneasily ever her fore bell of the nearest factory, and, obedient to its carry Midgkins; and then he and Alfy could lated the prountebank, heaving a sad sigh as head. He next divested her of an old, coarse, brown overcoat, made originally by mother for ment after was heard the tinkling of a school- wouldn't teel the cold. Pursuant to the reso- one of the show-folk, I see. Come in, good table, when with the speed and force of light-Midgkins to wear over his fleshings, but which bell, whereupon 'with unwilling steps and lution, he took the tired little one, nothing Lucy had on because her own green stuff pe- slow,' as if sorry to be thus deprived of the loath, in his arms, although encumbered as he lisse had last week been converted into a din- expected sight, the admiring scholars moved was by the very large drum, it was a trouble That may be; but 'tain't no use to me it'ud ner Strangely enough the fire seemed to burn off. Father and boys, perceiving that no some matter to manage this additional weight. my fit a half-starved shrimp of a woman like brighter as soon as mother entered the room ! chance remained of earning even the smallest Still he toiled on, supporting Midgdins on one She sat down: Midgkins climbed on her lap; pittance, made ready for their departure. Just arm, and leading Alfy as quickly onward as he But Mrs. Niggs, you've got my watch of the little lads. Alfy took possession of a low stool, seated Lucy on his knees, and began chafing her poor half-frezen hands and feet; while father untied I've summat for the little lads. Presently out the boy's steps; and Midgkins nestled in his baby's cloak and hood—put on certainly more she came bringing a jug of hot tea and some father's bosom, overpowered with the extreme 'It was dear grandfather's,' sighed the poor for appearance sake than for warmth, four thick slices of bread and butter, saying, 'You cold, fell fast asleep.

them completely threadbare

out with them two lads? You said you they were sorry to say it to me, for they look- and returned with an old scarlet muffler and a fire, while I look for Tom Whitlock, and settle half ould do nowt yesterday an' the day before for ed pitifully at the poor babes—they told me green cotton neck-tie, which she gave to the matters with him. Walk as fast as you can that the turn-out and the lock-out together mountebank to wrap round the children's -there's a good boy !" had made matters so bad that in justice to throats. He received them with many expres- This the mountebank said in an an a'am, said the father, walking to the window their own townsfolk, they oughtn't to have sions of gratitude-so much kindness was some. husky tone of voice, for the blinding snow preand rubbing a pane of glass with his arm, to given me even that, and that I musn't trouble thing rather unusual. 'I'se sure you're heartily vented his discerning anything likely to prove

min, but it looks terribly dark, as if there'd be On the mention of a shilling, Alfy quietly could do more for you; but my man's one of round, and the unhappy man felt a dire foredownfall of some sort-either rain or snow, filled the small tin kettle, and set it on the the turn-outs, and we've now't but the c'lection boding of evil. nd-looking apprehensively towards his thin- now sparkling fire, slipped on his overcoat and brass to live on. Good-luck to you, master, cap, and then nodded to mother, who of course and to your pretty lads, wherever you go. Ah! ell. I'm sure, I don't find it cold.' (She had the shep.' She popped the coin into his hand, a warm cloth dress, a large woolen shawl- and away he trotted on his joyful errand. she hugged her baby fondly to her bosom; and ndkerchief, and thick double-soled boots.) During his short absence, what preparations nodding a kind farewell to the street-artistes, indeed, it ain't cold for the time o' year; fine Midgkins and Lucy made! how they bustled she disappeared. Perchance, comfortable readseing weather, I call it-make the boys about; how they set out the odd cracked cups er, you wonder how these children could find and saucers, the two battered leaden tea-spoons an appetite to enjoy a second meal so soon But, said their father, 'they haven't broke and the old broken-spouted brown tea-pot! after their breakfast; but, remember, these Father meantime recounted the particulars of boys had existed in a state of semi-starvation It's only twelve o'clock,' interrupted the Mrs. Niggs's visit, which grieved his wife, al- all their lives; and in such cases the craving nearly two hours, without meeting a living nane landlady, 'an' many's the good chris- though it did not surprise her. Laden with for food is incessant. in as hasn't had their breakfast yet, let a loaf, tea, sugar, and two red herrings, Alfy ne mountebanks an' the uneddicated scum, returned, and the whole family-in spite of hich I looks on as hathings! What matters | landladies and turn-outs, and the cold weather | more face Mrs. Niggs than I could face a tiger; of poor Alfy, 'to sit down and rest just a litether you take your lads out afore their -enjoyed a hearty meal; babkins (baby I eakfasses or arter? You shouldn't indulge mean) tucking in wonderful quantities of weak Here the father glanced at the attenuated ternal nourishment must needs have been but lock's sure to be there with his tumbling booth; his teeth chattered, he mouned incessantly, and

Breakfast over, everybody looks more lively. earnessly at Mrs. Niggs, as if wondering father thinks that, 'after all, the snow mayn't ther notions of 'indulgence' might be. A come to-day;' mother fancies 'the weather's Midgkins by the hand, he turned his back on ering as he was with cold, the agony of his teered to watch too; and it was agreed upon enny loaf and a jug of water had been the milder than it was two hours ago:' and the

Well, well, we must even try our luck, ast morsel of the bread had been demol- says the mountebank; we must see if we can't get as far as Eglinshorpe: there's a fair held they were older; what pains they'd take with them in a sitting posture, sitting against the There,' added Niggs, as a single dab was there to-morrow. It's no use trying the town their posturing and vaulting; and how they'd drum. at the street door-- there's the gal with again; what with the strike and the dearness get a situation in some grand circus, where an oulder and taters from the baker's. I of food, poor folks can't give, and the rich ones immense amount of salary would be theirs; and fort to speak cheerfully, 'I must leave you for be going, for I hate my victuals cold. never stop to look at us. Keep up your spiron mind what I've said, Mr. Thingamy its, Agnes; perhaps we may make a pitch at mother, who should never be ragged or hundard I'll try to find my way to the village, and on don't pay up like a man, afore Thurs some village on the road; and if we do, I'll gry any more.' out you go! Take them little creeters send you half of whatever we get; so look out

as you call it-beg a trifle, as I call it: So saying he strapped a drum round his long years gone by, he, too, had thought and way the money's as good. Grumble waist over a miserable ragged gray coat, and spoken in the same strain. Alas for human ing down.' the weather, indeed! Why, for the time pinned a little square of worn carpeting over hopes and resolves! his parents had died in the ear ___ Drat that gal! she's left the Midgkins shoulders; Agnes tied her own cot door ajar, an' the draught comes up them ton shawl round Alfy, kissed her boys, said enough to cut a body in two -u-u-gh.' | good-bye to them and father, but still seemed to linger about them; and when they were been his opportunities of assisting them; for ther always told me to pray to God to take eavily down stairs to scold the 'gal,' and quite ready for a start, she laid baby on the he had not been fortunate in a profession, wards to solace herself with a pint of hot bed, followed them down stairs, kissed them which is, at best, a precarious one. True, he and a good substantial dinner, the steam once more, thrust the remains of the loaf into had seen others, with a very limited amount of pretizing smell whereof ascending to the Alfy's pocket, and whispered to him: 'Be kind talent and industry, get forward in the race of manfully with his feelings; he embraced lowbebank's garret, brought tears into his to little Midgkins? Mother watched her as he turned away from his hungry chil- treasures in their progress down the street; tion in their calling; but his career had been not daring to meet their looks. So he and when they were quite out of sight, she an unsuccessful one; and though it would himself to go; yet to stay, was to bring cerhe room as people do when excited or turned away with a heavy heart to her infant have been the pride of his affectionate heart to tain destruction on them, for the snow still it, or unhappy, or hungry, perhaps: charge in the garret. Poor mother! why was fellow, he was all these at once. First her heart so heavy? Often and often had she alked to the dingy window aforesaid, ga- been separated from her husband and the boys Pat the heavy clouds, then down at the for three or four days at a time, while they

H. THE MOOR.

eath into a tiny flame, than back again boys-through dirty, poverty-stricken lanes- ness of the journey. First, he related the moor : but it must be. The father yielded to window, then again to the cheerless fire- on, on, through dark, dejected looking courts anecdote of Alfred the Great and the burned stern necessity, and with tears of agony, tore adgeting about, and busying himself and narrow alleys where father thought it just cakes; then the story of William Tell; after himself from the spot, and walked away with such little matters as sweeping the hearth possible they might raise a few pence. In these came the fable of the shepherd boy and rapid strides. It was all guess work as to the shaky mantle-piece with a remnant front streets and bustling thoroughfares, be the wolf-all of which, though heard for the which way he was going-all haphazard-it young man answers it, and tell them to send ing to his gaze but one unbroken surface of old clown's cap; and, finally, setting a was aware that none would be tempted to stop twentieth time at least, awakened in the juve being by this time so dark that, to use a com- ime a composing-draught.

attempt at a fire, saying, in as cheerful tone as he could muster: 'Mother'll be coming in soon, my lads, and then'—

few spectators been, by some wonderful chance, collected in any such locality, the police would certainly have interfered with the customary to be compared to the customary to the customary to be compared to the customary to the customary to be compared to the customary to gruff 'Move on there!' After threading in- to be amused in this manner, the mountebank numerable intricate passages, and tortuous by-ways, with which the mountebank seemed per-purchase some comfits or peppermint lozengers, fectly familiar, our little party emerged into a and, after walking so long, that symptoms of large open square-in former times used as a weariness began to exhibit themselves in the hay-market-which, being surrounded by work- slackened pace of the little pedestrians, he men's cottages, was a place where, perhaps, an | would scatter sweetmeats here and there on the by hearing them repeat the little songs and audience might assemble; so father began to road at short intervals, and the children, forhymns which that mother loved to teach beat the drum with all his might, Alfred star-them. beat the drum with all his might, Alfred star-getting their fatigue, would follow quickly to them secure the tempting prize; and when the stock 'Now, Midgkins, it's your turn,' said the bals, and little Midgkins shook his tiny square of confectionary was exhausted, they would father, after Alfy had gone through his little head he were a fillet, that had once been glowno breakfast.

father, after Alfy had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast.

father, after Alfy had gone through his little hoard of knowledge, and yet no mother, and no breakfast. any condescended to notice the efforts of the Derby. Latterly, tales and songs had taken performers. Three or four workmen having the place of the comfits and the ball. just dined, then sauntered to the doors of their respective dwellings; where they stood a while. leisurely smoking their pipes and enjoying the his pale tiny face hidden in his father's breast. fresh air; a few children, too, attracted by the ther appeared uneasy : he looked with dismay thread, showed that they had once been elab. At this moment a weary step was heard slowly noise, formed into a group to witness the pro- at the heavy black clouds overhead, and at the ceedings of the professionals; and a young 'Mother, mother!' shouted Alfy who sprang to open the door. Little Midgkins's eyes of an upstairs window of one of the adjacent woman with an infant in her arms leaned out afternoon, but now it began to assume a

this end of the town.

Giving a sort of sideways nod to the boys, pleted, ding dong, ding dong, went the large from the weather. What of that? He'd whose friendly lamp had guided him to the door. summons, away walked the workmen. A mo- walk faster than they had done previously and

young mountebanks in succession having worn | mun eat this, and take this tea before you go welcome, said the friendly giver; 'I wish I aguide; a thick darkness was spreading all disappeared instantaneously, and returned human! 'uns may come to in this hard world.' Here

'It's useless to go home without money thought the poor mountebank. 'I could no more intense, he yielded to the faint entreaties so, we'll step on, best foot foremost; and if the tle while.' He sat down with both the chilweather doesn't turn out very bad we can be dren on his knees, Midgkins still slumbering ; tea and sopped bread. Poor fellow! the ma- at Eglinthorpe by five o'clock. Tom Whit- but not peacefully, as happy childhood sleeps: he'il be glad of us, and pay us well too, for trembled from head to foot. Alfy was pale, the fair-day. Let's make a start, boys! Come! foot sore, exhausted. In this terrible strait. Cheerily, ho! Thus monologuing, and leading what was the bewildered father to do? Shivthe town, with little Alfy bringing up the mind caused streams of perspiration to roll rear. At the outset of the journey, the young- down his careworn countenance. Short time sters were lively enough, and prattled on, in sufficed for deliberation; he rose, took off his childish fashion, about 'what they'd do when coat, wrapped it around his boys, and placed players have remained all night; but this the would at once have set forth in search of the how joyfully they'd give it all to father and a while. You know I can walk very fast

The mountebank smiled on them compas- you and Midgkins to the Traveller's Rest. sionately as he listened: he remembered that parish workhouse! Not that he was unwilling to assist them-not that he lacked affection towards them -but few and far between had

they died in the workhouse.

manifested by jockey when competing for the

The sixth milestone was greeted by the youngsters as a friend, for it told them that half their journey was accomplished; but fathickening snow; it had fallen gently all the the most interesting portion of *The Thrifting* at a respectful distance. Heir, which he was relating, and felt irresolute 'A ghost; why wha without having any part of the rent to proffer to Mrs. Niggs, would only provoke her to carry into immediate execution her threat of turning went on to the fair, his wife and the younger children would at least be certain of a roof to a man, gasping and struggling for breath; his astonishment. lay across a barren moor, where there were no these saturated with snow. At last, the hedgerows or walls to screen the travellers mountebank had reached the Traveller's Rest

'Come, my boy, step out and let us get under any further, poor things! You'll do but little cover ; it's going to be a fearful night! Lucki-'No use your long walk, I know, Agnes,' to-day, for it's beginning to snow, and you can't ly, the first house we come to in Eglinthorne.

'Indeed, father,' feebly replied the child, I do walk as fast as ever I can ; but I've lost understood him to mean: 'I'm ready to go to there's no knowing what one's own poor little my shoes in the snow, and I am so tired, and so cold, and so very drowsy. I wish I might lie down and take a sleep.'

The mountebank made no reply to this : but he clasped the boy's hand convulsively, and still endeavored to urge him forward. In what direction they were going he knew not, yet hoped for the best. At length, after wandering about on the desolate, snow-clad waste for creature-the fury of the storm increasing, and the cold, as the day wore on, becoming yet

'Now, Alfy,' said he, making a painful efget some one to come and help me to carry 'But, father, you musn't go without your

coat ; see what large flakes of snow are com-Don't heed me, love,' replied the father ;

little brother. 'Yes, father, and I'll say my prayers. Mo-

care of us if we should be in trouble. The idea of mother at that moment almost overcame the mountebank : but he struggled life-rise in the world, and attain a high posi- ingly, again and again, Alfy and the uncon scious Midgkins. He could hardly persuade have cherished the declining years of his aged fell, and the darkness still increased. Alone parents, it was not to be; and, as I said before, and encumbered, he might reach Eglinthorpe very soon-nay, perhaps, at that moment he 'Cheerily, ho, Alfy! Gire me your hand, might be close upon the village, although the and I'll help you along.' So father led both darkness obscured it from his view. These boys; and when they had walked nearly five cheering hopes he tried to encourage, as if to miles, and begun to look tired, to their great brace his nerves for the approaching trial .delight he opened his inexhaustible budget A trial it was, and a heavy one, to leave his the alert, woke Joe with a hearty kick on the less-if we except a quick, nervous twitching On they went-the mountebank and his of oft-repeated tales, to lighten the tedious- young ones in utter darkness on that dreary

seen your hand before you,'

III. THE TRAVELLER'S REST.

The door of the Traveller's Rest always stands hospitably open, as is becoming in a roadside house of entertainment. On this particular stormy night, the snow came drifting in furiously; and the wind, whistling along the wide passages of the old fashioned publichouse, disturbed the whist-players, who were enjoying their usual evening rubber in the little bar-parlor. Mrs. Dawton, from her scanctum (the bar,) where she sat in attendance on the customers, observed this, and called out to well, Agnes, if you wish me to take it, I will ; the servant :

'Bet, my lass, thou mayst shut the frontdoor : we shall ha' no more visitors to-night for certain; no body would venture out in such a storm; so get thy supper, and to bed wi' thee-thou hast to rise early to morrow. If the morning turns out fine, we shall ha' lots o' had promised to relieve the watchers assembled fair day folk here by seven o'clock.'

immediately rushed back, screaming with ter- that it warn't worth while to go to bed, for ror, and crying out : " A ghost, a ghost !" the fair-day folk would be meeting in an hour she took refuge in the kitchen, slamming the or two, and that she would rather stay up.'threatening aspect. He stopped suddenly in door after her, to keep the spiritual intruder So said the doctor too, Joe agreed with them.

A ghost; why what does the silly wench mean? said Mrs. Dawson, as she put her knitting down, and came out of the bar to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct. to assist her, and between them they quickly On arriving in the passage, she might have prepared a capital breakfast, to which all preechoed Betty's cry—that is, if she, too, had been given to a belief in ghosts—for there, towards a conclusion, the mountebank slowly eyes bloodshot, and glaring wildly around;

poor chap that looks as if he was dying. He's landlady who was presiding at the breakfastman ; don't stand there-come to the fire ; thou seems perished.

his mouth, and he fell heavily, face downwards.

The house was all astir directly; the rubber 'it's the father of the came to a sudden close, and, the village doc-were here last fair.' tor, who was one of the card-players, hurried he raised the patient up, and bore him care dren-are they safe? fully into the bar-parlor, where he was depos-

water and sponge, Joe! A glass of weak hope so, my good friend? port-negus, Mrs. Dawson

anon with the appliances above named. Ev- Again the benevolent doctor was the spokes ets were quickly spread, and the insensible that immediate search should be made his mouth and eyes were sponged incessantly

consciousness appeared. 'I'm afraid the poor fellow's gone,' said the

sympathising Mrs Dawson. No, no,' replied the doctor, 'but he's in mminent danger , he has burst a blood-vessel, from over exertion, apparently. We'll try the effect of the negus;' so saying, he slowly pourthroat. With much difficulty, the latter contrived to swallow it. It somewhat revived him for presently he opened his eyes, and gazed inquiringly at the anxious faces assembled round his couch ; the doctor took this opportunity to pale and thin ; hast been badly ?" administer a second dose; and having laid the stranger in as easy a posture as he could began to make his arrangements for the night. Taking the patient's dangerous condition into consideration, he resolved to sit up with him ting Topsy into t' stable here.' all night. Mrs. Dawson and Joe Ostler volun that, at six in the morning, they should be relieved by the other members of the party .-Fain would the good-natured trio of the carddoctor a stiff tumbler of his favorite beverage the cold; the exciseman lent a large times-after tossing off the steaming potion, that had belonged to her late husband. head by one leg, exclaiming in a horsea voice: cloths and a spade. Bravo, bravo, Alfy! A captial pose that! 'Now, Topsy,old lass, as quick as thee canst! Ha, ha, ha! We shall soon eclinse Risley shouted Tom; but the depth of snow rendered and Sons! Bravo! Now, little Midgkins, it's speed impossible. All the inmates of the worr turn! Now for a somersault! Here Travellers Rest, except its mistress, followed

Suiting the action to the word, he was about to precipitate the chair across the room, and four miles without finding any traces of those through a large looking glass which hung over whom they sought, when suddenly the mounte the mantlepiece ; when the doctor, being on bank, who had hitherto been perfectly motionshins, and, by their united efforts, they wrest about the corners of his mouth-hastily clutched the chair from him, and forced him to lie ed the doctor's arm, whispering, 'See ! sec !-

" Joe ' said the doctor, 'run across the road ring the surgery-bell as loud as you can till inv

Joe hastened away on his mission, while the doctor and Mrs. Dawson held the patient down and tried with soothing words to calm his agitation, but in vain. He trembled violently his eyes flashed fire, and he raved unceasingly about his boys-his darlings ! about hungerpoverty-snow-the workhouse-death!

Joe reappeared with the draught; this the doctor put into a tumbler, and applied to the patient's burning lips, with, 'Come, drink, my man, drink! a glass will drown care.'

The mountebank shook his his head; but, on hearing the landlady too add her entreaties to those of the doctor, he said quietly and he held out his hand for the glass, the contents of which he drained at once. Its effects were instantaneous; the poor man laid his head on the pillow, and soon slept tranquil

At the appointed hour the gentlemen who at the Travellers' Rest. Mrs. Dawson, how-Betty went to obey her mistress's orders, but ever, declared that she 'didn't feel fatigued-

'Bring breakfast, then, for the party, at my expense,' cried Hopkins, the exciseman; 'and

The landlady bustled about, aroused Betty leaning for support with one hand on each arose, and assuming a sitting-posture, survey doorpost, stood a figure ghastly to behold !- ed the room and its occupants with unfeigned

'Well, my man,' said the worthy docter, you've had a tolerably long nap; now, take take this cup of coffee, and if you can, eat a

The poor made no answer, for he was com pletely bewildered, but, mechanically, he took the cup in his hand, staring vacantly around Bless me !' cried the landiady, 'here's a until he chanced to see the portly form of the ning, yesterday's incidents rushed in a crowd thou seems perished.

The mountebank essayed to accept her hospitable invitation; he staggered forward a few me, Mrs Dawson? You used to call me Belsteps; nttered, in a horse whisper, the word phegor, because, like him, I was a mountebank water,' when a stream of blood gushed from and, like him, had a pretty wife and a family.

'So it is, I declare,' replied Mrs. Dawson ; 'it's the father of them two lovely boys as

At the mention of his boys, the sick man's out to the sick man's assistance. With the face became absolutely livid with fear, and his help of the other members of the whist-party, lips quivered as he gasped forth : 'My chil-

There was a dead silence, for the dreadful act in the wet streets. God help you! There! is the Traveller's Rest; and a kindhearted body ited on the sofa. Joe Ostler and Betty, too, truth flashed upon every one present. The Stop a bit, she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her is Mrs. Dawson, that keeps it: she'll not re- now that her fears of 'the ghost' were dispell- father had been compelled to leave his darkweeks rent of you this very day.

Yery little. The guardians gave me a shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if the empty jug—'Stop a bit,' she exclaimed, as Alfy gave her list money I want. Why don't you shilling, and told me—not gruffly, but as if the empty jug—'Stop a bit.' She ran upstairs fuse to let you and Midgkins sit by the kitchen lings on the moor, exposed to the fury of that terrible tempest, while sought aid in their beterrible tempest, while sought aid in their be-Blankets made quite hot, Betty! Warm half. The doctor was the first to speak 'We'll

Are they not here? Speak? Such were the doctor's hurried orders ; in quick ! quick ! quick ! You won't answer me compliance with which, the person addressed O, my boys ! Dead !-dead ! Wretch,-in-

ery one present lending a hand, the hot blank- man; he hastened to assure the unhappy father form of the mountebank enveloped therein ; to cheer him by expressing a hope-which he certainly did not feel-that the children would for many minutes, but no signs of returning be found safe, and promised that every thing possible should be done for them.

'It's my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year !' roared rather then snng a rough, good natured voice, as its owner drove to the inn-door in a light cart.

'There's Tom Whitlock !' exclaimed the mountebank, and, exerting all his strength, ed a small portion of it down the patient's he gathered his blanket round him, rushed ou of the room, and opened the street door.

Whoy, Jem, lad, be that thee?' cried the Yorkshireman; ' I be reet glad to see thee, mum! But what's up? Thee looks mortal 'Your cart-it's empty, isn't it?' was the

'Ay, for sure,' said Tom. 'I unloaded it' goods down't fair ground, and now I'm for put-

harried reply.

The party, having fo lowed the patient to the door, now, rapidly explained matters to Tom, who with the charactistic kindness of his countrymen, immediately placed his vehicle at his friend's disposal, resumed the reins, and doctor would by no means allow; so, with little ones; but that the doctor insisted on the many kind wishes for the invalid's speedy re- mountebank's having some refreshment before covery, they took their departure. Betty re- he started. Eat he could not; so he and Tom tired to rest; and Mrs. Dawson brought the were e. c i supp ied with a dram to keep ont brandy and water, hot); also a glass of strong cloak to father; the schoolmaster supplied rum punch for Joe, 'to help him to watch.'- him with a thick woollen comforter ; Joe Ost. It didn't produce the desired effect though; for ter pro luced his Sunday boots and stockings, Joe, tired out with a hard day's work-he was and a warm-leeved-waist-coat; and Mrs. Dawostler, boots, gardener, and waiter, too, some- son contributed a pair of trousers and a hat leaned back in his chair, and fell fast asleep. doctor having declared that unless his patient but try to stay awake, and keep close to your Mrs. Dawson employed herself in knitting a consented to put these things on, he should be stocking, sipping green tea; the doctor, with detained by main force, the mountebank rehis feet on the fender, was soon deeply immers- luctantly consented to allow Joe to equip him ed in newspaper politics; and the mountebank in them, although his impatience during the slumbered uneasily. This was the state of operation amounted to agony. In a few minaffairs in the little bar parlor until three o'clock utes his hasty toilet was completed; Joe aswhen suddenly the patient started up, seized sisted him into the cart ; the doctor furnished a chair which stood near him, waved it over with wine and other restoratives, took his his head, and finally balanced it on his fore- seat; and the estler threw in a bundle of horse-

> not a word was spoken; suspense is generally silent. The travellers had proceeded nearly there !' The doctor looked in the direction indicated by his patient, but shook his head. The dim gray of the morning presented nothsnow; his vision was not sharpened by parental