

the conqueror, that he had been at last carried fainting to the tent which he shared with the high priest, and which was not far from that of the regent. he found the old man much revived, and was preparing to mount his chariot to go to the banquet, when the regents myrmidons led pentaur past in front of him. ameni looked doubtfully at the tall and noble figure of the prisoner. but pentaur recognized him, called him by his name, and in a moment they stood together, hand clasped in hand. the guards showed some uneasiness, but ameni explained who he was. the high priest was sincerely rejoiced at the preservation and restoration of his favorite disciple, whom for many months he had mourned as dead; he looked at his manly figure with fatherly tenderness, and desired the guards, who bowed to his superior dignity, to conduct his friend, on his responsibility; to his tent instead of to anis. there pentaur found his old friend gagabu, who wept with delight at his safety. all that his master had accused him of seemed to be forgotten. ameni had him clothed in a fresh white robe, he was never tired of looking at him, and over and over again clapped his hand upon his shoulder, as if he were his own son that had been lost and found again. pentaur was at once required to relate all that had happened to him, and the poet told the story of his captivity and liberation at mount sinai, his meeting with bent anat, and how he had fought in the battle of kadesh, had been wounded by an arrow, and found and rescued by the faithful kaschta. he concealed only his passion for bent anat, and the fact that he had preserved the kings life. about an hour ago, he added, i was sitting alone in my tent, watching the lights in the palace yonder, when the watch who are outside brought me an order from the regent to woman, he took her head between his hands, and kissed her forehead, saying, good evening, little mother, and shook hands with the singer, adding, how are you, great, big father you are as big as i am, replied the man thus addressed, and he drew the younger man towards him, and laid one of his broad hands on his own grey head and the other on that of his first born, with its wealth of brown hair. as if we were cast in the same mould, cried the youth; and in fact he was very like his father like, no doubt, as a noble hunter is like a worn out hack as marble is like limestone as a cedar is like a fir tree. both were remarkably tall, had thick hair, dark eyes, and strongly aquiline noses, exactly of the same shape; but the cheerful brightness which irradiated the countenance of the youth had certainly not been inherited from the lute player, but from the little woman who looked up into his face and patted his arm. but whence did he derive the powerful, but indescribable something which gave nobility to his head, and of which it was impossible to say whether it lay in his eye, or in the lofty brow, arched so differently to that of either parent i knew you would come, cried his mother. this afternoon i dreamed it, and i can prove that i expected you, for there, on the brazier, stands the stewed cabbage and sausage waiting for you. i cannot stay now, replied pollux. really, i cannot, though your kind looks would persuade me, and the sausage winks at me out of the cabbage pan. my master, papias, is gone on ahead, and in the palace there we are to work wonders in less time than it generally takes to consider which end the work should be begun at. then i will carry the cabbage into the palace for you, said doris, standing on tip toe to hold a sausage to the lips of her tall son. pollux bit off a gloved, stately, and solemn man whom he has so clearly shown us. men of rigid decorum, and grave ceremony there were, such as dr. emmons and jonathan edwards; but there were parsons also of another type, eccentric, unconventional, and undignified in demeanor and dress. parson robinson, of duxbury, persisted in wearing in the pulpit, as part of his clerical attire, a round jacket instead of the suitable gown or genera cloak, and he was known thereby as master jack. with astonishing inconsistency this master jack objected to the village blacksmiths wearing his leathern apron into the church, and he assailed the offender again and again with words and hints from his pulpit. he was at last worsted by the grimaces of the victorious smith where was the duxbury tithingman, and indignantly left the pulpit, ejaculating, ill not preach while that man sits before me. a remonstrating parishioner said afterward to master jack, id not have left if the devil sat there. neither would i, was the quick answer. another singular article of attire was worn in the pulpit by father mills, of torrington, though neither in