

distinkly. robert may have been a good drummer, but he proved to be a most reprehensible and disreputable citizen; in the local court records of august, , we find a full report of an astounding occurrence in which he played an important part. ten men, who were nearly all sea faring men, gay, rollicking sailors, went to bassetts house and asked for strong drink. the magistrates had endeavored zealously, and in the main successfully, to prevent all intoxication in the community, and had forbidden the sale of liquor save in very small quantities. the church drummer, however, wickedly unmindful of his honored calling, furnished to the sailors six quarts of strong liquor, with which they all, host and visitors, got prodigiously drunk and correspondingly noisy. the court record says: the miscarriage continued till betwixt tenn and eleven of the clock, to the great provocation of god, disturbance of the peace, and to such a height of disorder that strangers wondered at it. in the midst of the carousal the master of the pinnace called the boatswain brother loggerheads. this must have been a particularly insulting epithet, which no respectable boatswain could have been expected quietly to endure, for at once the two men fell fast to wrestling, then to blows and therein grew to that fiercenes that the master of the pinnace thought the boatswain would have puled out his eies; and they tumbled on the ground down the hill into the creeke and mire shamefully wallowing therein. in his pain and terror the master called out, hoe, the watch hoe, the watch the watch made hast and for the present stopped the disorder, but in his rage and distemper the boatswaine fell a swearing wounds and hart as yesterday, replied gorgo. karnis, the son of hiero of tauromenium, said the musician, bowing to the stranger, whose stately figure and handsome, thoughtful head struck him with admiration. karnis of tauromenium exclaimed the newcomer with glad surprise. by hercules a strange meeting. your hand, your hand, old man. how many years is it since we last emptied a wine jar together at the house of old hippias seven lustres have turned our hair grey, but we still can stand upright. well, karnis son of hiero and who am i olympius the great olympius cried karnis, eagerly grasping the offered hand. may all the gods bless this happy day all the gods repeated the philosopher. is that what you say then you have not crawled under the yoke of the cross the world can rejoice only under the auspices of the gods cried karnis excitedly. and it shall rejoice still, we will save it from gloom added the other with a flash of vehemence. the times are fateful. we must fight; and no longer over trifles; we cannot now break each others heads over a quibble, or believe that the whole world hangs on the question whether the instant of death is the last minute of this life or the first of the next. no what now remains to be decided is whether the old gods shall be victorious, whether we shall continue to live free and happy under the rule of the immortals, or whether we shall bow under the dismal doctrine of the carpenters crucified son; we must fight for the highest hopes and aims of humanity. i know, interrupted karnis, you have already done battle valiantly for great serapis. they wanted to lay hands on his sanctuary but you and your disciples put them to rout. the rest got off scot free but they have taught me the value of my have called up in his antagonists mind. non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis. westrays haggard air had not escaped his hosts notice. the architect looked as if he had spent the night in a haunted room, and lord blandamer was not surprised, knowing that the others scruples had died hard, and were not likely to lie quiet in their graves. he thought it better that the short time which remained before westrays departure should be spent out of the house, and proposed a stroll in the grounds. the gardener reported, he said, that last nights gale had done considerable damage to the trees. the top of the cedar on the south lawn had been broken short off. lady blandamer begged that she might accompany them, and as they walked down the terrace steps into the garden a nurse brought to her the baby heir. the gale must have been a cyclone, lord blandamer said. it has passed away as suddenly as it arose. the morning was indeed still and sunshiny, and seemed more beautiful by contrast with the turmoil of the previous night. the air was clear and cold after the rain, but paths and lawns were strewn with broken sticks and boughs, and carpeted with prematurely fallen leaves. lord blandamer described the improvements that he was making or projecting, and pointed out the old fishponds which were to be