

the present be informed of his true origin. he is a strangely constituted man, said ameni, and he is not incapable of playing us some unforeseen trick before he has done his part, if he is told who he is. the storm had exhausted itself, and the sky, though covered still with torn and flying clouds, cleared by degrees, as the morning went on; a sharp coolness succeeded the hot blast, but the sun as it mounted higher and higher soon heated the air. on the roads and in the gardens lay uprooted trees and many slightly built houses which had been blown down, while the tents in the strangers quarter, and hundreds of light palm thatched roofs, had been swept away. the regent was returning to thebes, and with him went ameni, who desired to ascertain by his own eyes what mischief the whirlwind had done to his garden in the city. on the Nile they met paakers boat, and ani caused it and his own to be stopped, while he requested paaker to visit him shortly at the palace. the high priests garden was in no respect inferior in beauty and extent to that of the mohar. the ground had belonged to his family from the remotest generations, and his house was large and magnificent. he seated himself in a shady arbor, to take a repast with his still handsome wife and his young and pretty daughters. he consoled his wife for the various damage done by the hurricane, promised the girls to build a new and handsomer clove cot in the place of the one which had been blown down, and laughed and joked with them all; for here the voyages in distant lands. the Nile voyage came to an end at thebes of the hundred gates, and here nothing that could attract the roman travellers remained unvisited. the tombs of the pharaohs extending into the very heart of the rocky hills, and the grand temples that stood to the west of the city of the dead, shorn though they were of their ancient glory, filled the emperor with admiration. the imperial travellers and their companions listened to the famous colossus of memnon, of which the upper portion had been overthrown by an earthquake, and three times in the dawn they heard it sound. balbilla described the incident in several long poems which sabina caused to be engraved on the stone of the colossus. the poetess imagined herself as hearing the voice of memnon singing to his mother eos while her tears, the fresh morning dew, fell upon the image of her son, fallen before the walls of troy. these verses she composed in the aeolian dialect, named herself as their writer and informed the readers among whom she included pontius that she was descended from a house no less noble than that of king antiochus. the gigantic structures on each bank of the Nile fully equalled hadrians expectations, though they had suffered so much injury from earthquakes and sieges, and the impoverished priesthood grandsire triples in two hours and fifty nine minutes. there was a little cask of bulleels brightest tenpenny that some magicians arm had conjured up through the well hole in the belfry floor: and clerk janaway, for all he was teetotaler, eyed the foaming pots wistfully as he passed them round after the work was done. well, he said, there werent no interrupted peal this time, were there these here old bells never had a finer set of ringing men under them, and i lay you never had a finer set of bells above your heads, my lads; now did ee ive heard the bells swung many a time in carisbury tower, and heard em when the queen was set upon her throne, but, lor they arnt so deep like nor yet so sweet as this here old ring. perhaps theyre growd the sweeter for lying by a bit, like port in the cellars of the blandamer arms, though ive heard dr ennefer say some of it was turned so like sherry, that no man living couldnt tell the difference. westray had bowed like loyal subaltern to the verdict of his chief. sir georges decision that the bells might safely be rung lifted the responsibility from the young mans shoulders, but not the anxiety from his mind. he never left the church while the peal was ringing. first he was in the bell chamber steadying himself by the beams of the cage, while he marked the wide mouthed bells now open heavenwards, now turn back with a rush into the darkness below. then he crept deafened with the clangour down the stairs into the belfry, and sat on the sill of a window watching the ringers rise and fall at their work. he felt the tower sway restlessly under the stress of the swinging metal, but there was nothing unusual in the motion; there was no falling of mortar, nothing to attract any special attention. then he went down into the church, and up again into the organ loft, whence he could see the wide bow of that late norman arch which spanned the south transept. above the arch ran