

from joining. We have still his cup and ball and bandalore. Ay, and sometimes even now, I come across the lengthy riddles in verse, written out at his request by my mother, to be committed to memory under similar circumstances, to keep up his popularity with the young. The interval between the deaths of our parents—the final close—all these things came across us, as they have done, and will to thousands as long as time lasts.

“ All houses wherein men have lived and died  
 Are haunted houses. Through the open doors  
 The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
 With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

“ We meet them in the doorway, on the stair,  
 Along the passages they come and go,  
 Impalpable impressions on the air,  
 A sense of something moving to and fro.”

It was in looking over my father's papers that we came upon Richard and Charles Trubshaw's ledgers: they were like a little oasis in the desert, from having entries made of various things disconnected with business: there seemed to have been a large correspondence carried on in the way of both business and friendship between the latter and a friend in London, and there were several bundles of letters carefully preserved. It was not an age of many newspapers, and there were occasionally bits of information respecting the political events of the period, and of occurrences taking place in the great metropolis, and interchanges of gifts mentioned: on the country side, fitches of bacon, turkeys and geese, and the London, pounds of tea, Indian-silk handkerchiefs &c.; and notice of the little knitting girl in the country, and then the little Londoner was sent on a visit to the country, and after a