

“Not quite sure,” he replied; “I have met with many sailors in my time; but I must just see.”

He had stepped down to the door ere I had discovered my mistake. He was a taller and stronger-looking man than my friend, and his senior, apparently, by six or eight years; but nothing could be more striking than the resemblance which he bore to him, both in face and figure. I apologized.

“But have you not a brother, a native of Edinburgh,” I inquired, “who studied at St. Andrews about four years ago? Never before, certainly, did I see so remarkable a likeness.”

“As that which I bear Robert?” he said. “Happy to hear it. Robert is a brother of whom a man may well be proud, and I am glad to resemble him in any way. But you must go in with me, and tell me all you know regarding him. He was a thin, pale slip of a boy when I left Scotland,—a mighty reader, and fond of sauntering into by-holes and corners; I scarcely knew what to make of him; but he has made much of himself. His name has been blown far and wide within the last two years.”

He showed me through a large waste apartment, furnished with a few deal seats, and with here and there a fencing foil leaning against the wall, into a sort of closet at the upper end, separated from the main room by a partition of undressed slabs. There was a charcoal stove in one corner, and a truckle-bed in the other. A few shelves laden with books ran along the wall. There was a small chest raised on a stool immediately below the window, to serve as a writing-desk, and another stool standing beside it. A few cooking utensils, scattered round the room, and a corner cupboard, completed the entire furniture of the place.