



CONE CUT CORNERS:

THE

EXPERIENCES OF A CONSERVATIVE FAMILY

IN FANATICAL TIMES;

INVOLVING SOME ACCOUNT OF

A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE, THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN IT,
AND THOSE WHO CAME THERE FROM THE CITY.

BY BENAULY, *pseud.*

Benjamin Vaughan Abbott.

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P R E F A C E .

READER, will you take a glass of bitters before dinner?

In other words, will you listen to a few words of serious conversation before a novel?

If you will, we shall be glad of the opportunity to say somewhat of the character and purpose of this work.

Cone Cut Corners is a story of American life. Its scenes lie in American cities and villages, and its moral is an American moral. It is hoped that the reader may find in it an introduction to many pleasant friends, and perhaps, become sufficiently acquainted to recognize them, if he should ever meet them hereafter in real life; and that he may from it derive some amusement, some instructive suggestion, some sympathy for those who are burdened

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with their constitutional liberties, and some sources of confidence and hope in respect to the future of such.

But a story of American life can not safely ignore the faults and follies of American life ; if it were to do so, its power to sanction the virtues, and the freshness and strength of that life, would fall to the ground.

And a story which has the teaching of truth for its object, can not safely forget that there is such a thing as error.

It is said that History is Philosophy teaching by example. In Fiction, it is sometimes necessary that Philosophy should teach by bad examples. There are, therefore, some bad examples exhibited in Cone Cut Corners ; but the careful reader will find that Philosophy has always a purpose in their exhibition.

Let us also disavow any unkindly feeling in these memoirs. If any where the current of the narrative trenches upon delicate ground, if we have in any case too liberally employed actual and not yet forgotten incidents, or have too freely painted from living models, we trust that those who are sensitive to these features of the work, will not entirely condemn it on this account ; since, after all,

without these, the full lesson of the history could not have been evolved.

By way of more detailed explanation, it may be confessed that we anticipate some criticism from several of our friends and acquaintance.

Mrs. Stuccuppe will notice her name in these pages, as she turns over the new books in the course of some morning's shopping, a few weeks hence, and on that account will take the work home with her, and in the Stuccuppe family carriage ;—oh ! what an honor. But she will regard it as a low and even vulgar book ; not, indeed, in a moral sense, but socially speaking, since it introduces her unawares to many rough country people, to tradesfolk, and to many of those lower orders who do labor for their living. Nor will any redeeming feature of the book be recognized in the Stuccuppe mansion, except that Mr. S. may commend the *exposé* here made of the hollowness of the Chesslebury estates, and of the manner in which that family maintained their pretensions to rank in the upper circles of society.

The ex-deacon, Mr. Ficksom, would probably never see the book, except that we shall send him a presentation copy. He will read it through, chiefly on Sunday afternoons, and pronounce it irreverent.

We know he will say this, for we have noticed that the man who eats least of the kernel of the nut, always has most leisure to grit his teeth against the shell.

Miss Provy Pease will adjudge the whole a gossiping mass of rubbish ;—and will take the greater interest in it on that very account.

Messrs. Bagglehall & Co. will denounce the book as personal and libelous ; in which sentiment the late lamented Mr. Floric would undoubtedly join, had he been longer spared.

But Mr. Mayferrie—what will he say ? He will read the volume with attention ; it may bring a tear to his eye, but never a flush to his heart. For we know the nobility of his nature so well, that we already hear him saying, as he lays it down, borrowing the language of Mr. Rundle :—

“Do not spare my example, if it can do them good.”

CONE CUT CORNERS, CONN., }
1st June, 1855. }

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CONE CUT CORNERS.

I.

DECEMBER, 1835.



It was bitter cold.

So cold,—that in
the sky the sentry
stars stood hesitat-
ing, shivering at
their posts, afraid to

leave before the coming of the sun, yet evincing by their
chilly twinkle how readily they might desert; and turning,
now and then, a wistful glance toward their more Eastern
brethren who had made a sally out upon a passing cloud,
caught it, and made a blanket of it on the spot.

So cold,—that on the surface of the earth below, the shivering snow-flakes hurried home. Some buried themselves in beds a hundred thousand deep, to keep each other warm. Some hid away in sheltered nooks and corners, seeking a refuge from the freezing blast. The few, who at that late hour were still without a resting-place, hurried along before the breeze, each striving with frantic zeal to forestall his brother in the warmest place. Poor fools! They knew not that they competed for destruction;—that the first pastime of the warmth they sought would be the dissolution of themselves.

So cold,—that the infant waterfall, in the petty brook that ran across the road, had pulled its icy coverlid fairly up over its babbling mouth, and thus snuggled away in its bed, was singing itself with stifled lullaby to sleep.

So cold,—that the winter wind, although well used to run of errands most on shivery nights, could bear the tingling chill without no longer, but came sighing, moaning round the house, seeking at every crack and crevice an entrance, hoping to warm itself at the fire within.

So very cold,—that where upon the window-pane within the house, a valiant horde of well-armed dwarfs and fairies had marched forth with bold hearts, stout arms, and every style of magic shield and weapon to do fierce battle with some foreign foe, they had been stricken dead upon the glass, and stood there making idle mockery of war.

The house itself, ensconced beneath a hill, and half wrapped up at all exposed points in drifted snow, looked sheltered. The cold wind sighed around it unheeded. The moon, simple-hearted creature, threw her rays upon it, striving in vain to warm the atmosphere which the sun at noon could scarcely

raise up to the freezing point. From one chimney a light cloud of smoke rose up. It seemed a gentle breath; and was almost the only sign which showed the dwelling was reposing in a quiet sleep—not dead.

Not far beyond, stood another house no less quiet than the first. And following on, around a curve in the road, one came quite suddenly upon a cluster of dwellings forming quite a country village. Had they been a flock of sheep lain down to rest, they could not have huddled themselves together more irregularly and yet sociably. The village church, the patriarch of the flock, wearing the ancient token of leadership common among sheep, a bell, rested among his comrades. They thronged about him closely. In quiet confidence, in peace, in atmospheric coldness, but in social and moral warmth, the village slept.

The house beneath the hill, alone showed signs of activity and life. The little gate, as if conscious that the labor of the day was not quite performed, stood open still. From a window here and there, as from a bright and wakeful eye, streamed rays of a warm light. Tied to a post before the door stood a shabby gray horse—a doctor's horse—and at the door stood the doctor himself. Wrapped up in his great buffalo coat, he looked like a huge cigar—not quite put out either, if one could trust the cloud of what looked like smoke, which issued from his mouth, or allowed himself to be deceived by the semblance of ashes put on by the snow encrusted upon his cap.

The doctor opened the door, causing an agonized shriek of certain snow-flakes which had ensconced themselves about its hinges, and went in.

Into an entry,—a little entry—one third table, one third door-mat, one third front stairs.

Through another door, and into another room. A low studded room, with a brown ceiling and a yellow painted floor; with a bright wood-fire blazing in the huge stone fireplace, and a colony of cane-bottomed chairs about it; with an astronomical chart hanging up on one side, with gods and goddesses, lions, bears, serpents, scorpions, in general melee, and a perpetual almanac calculated for centuries, on the other, which no one knew how to use, and which consequently never indicated any thing to any body. A vase of crystalized grasses—a cold and cheerless ornament—stood on one end of the mantle-piece, and a pitcher and tea-cup on the other. The only person in the room was a woman, who was stooping over the fire, shading her face with one hand, while she stirred some mixture which she was preparing, with the other. As the doctor entered the room, she raised her head and showed a face very large, very round, and very red; this latter might have been the effect of stooping over the fire, not her natural complexion. She also exhibited an incipient whisker and symptoms of a mustache.

"Good evening, doctor," said she, "I'm glad you've come. You're needed."

Her voice would have frightened a less courageous man than the doctor. It sounded so little like a lady, and so much like a bassoon.

"Good evening, Miss Boggs," said the doctor.

As he said this he walked up to the fire, drew up an old arm-chair, and put his snowy feet upon the andirons. He sat there watching the fire with a thoughtful eye until the snow

was melted off, and its vain hissing and spluttering had ceased. He then got up, pulled his pantaloons out of his boots, and smoothed them down outside, unbuttoned his overcoat, took it off, laid it carefully over the back of the chair, unfastened his fur cap and put it on the mantle-piece, ran his fingers once or twice through his hair, and brushed the snow from his bushy whiskers. All this with great deliberation. He then took a coat-tail in each hand affectionately, and bringing the ends before him pointing at the window, with his back toward the fire, he addressed himself to conversation.

"And how do you do, Mother Nancy?" said he.

"Healthy," said she; "healthy. Allers healthy."

It was a most astonishing voice she had. It seemed to pervade the whole room, and its resonance floated in the air after she had spoken, as do the echoes of the ocean in a sea-shell.

"And what," said the doctor, "is the matter with Miss Provy?"

"Miss Provy!" repeated Mother Nancy. "Lor' bless you! it is n't her."

She looked up as she said it, with a slight smile in the corners of her ample mouth, and a genial twinkle in her eye.

"Not Miss Provy!" said the doctor in surprise. "Surely it can't be Calick."

"Well, no! not Calick," said she.

The smile made further encroachments on the cheek.

"Who is it, then?" asked the doctor.

"It's a woman," said Mother Nancy, "and a—"

"Well," said the doctor, dryly, "go on."

"It's a woman," continued Mother Nancy, "that Calick

picked up to-day on the road. She asked him for a ride, and of course he give her a ride as far as he was a going, and when he got here, about supper time, of course he brought her in and give her some supper, and then she wanted to stay here and sleep; and of course they give her a bed; the best room in the house too, bless 'em, if she *was* a crazy woman; and then they sent for me to come and nuss her, being both sick and crazy; and when I come and told 'em what the matter was, which I saw at once-t, being some experienced in such matters, they sent for you, and so both you and I are here, and I guess now that you know pretty much about it, all that I or any body else does. There's Calick now," continued she, as she heard the front door open and the noise of some one stamping the snow off his boots in the little entry. "I guess I'll go and tell 'em the doctor's come."

So saying, she took the mixture which she had been stirring, off the fire, opened a door leading out on one side of the fire-place, and went into the sick room, shutting the door after her very gently.

As she went out, the door through which the doctor had entered opened, and Calick Pease came in, evidently from the cold, for he seemed to be surrounded by a halo of cold air, and his hand felt like an icicle when he shook hands with the doctor.

He was tall and robust; but with a growing stoop in his form, which indicated hard work and some care. A thick fur cap, not taken off, but pushed back on his head as he entered the room, framed a frank and prepossessing countenance, browned with sun and wind, and now somewhat ruddy with the glow of brisk walking. It was one of those faces it is a

peculiar pleasure to look upon, partly because its expression was genial, attractive and good, and partly because it betokened that simplicity and naturalness of disposition which is unconscious of observation, and makes no objection to being enjoyed.

"I've been a puttin' of your horse in the barn," said he to the doctor, "just for a shelter. It's too cold for any creatur' to be out to-night."

"Thank you," said the doctor, "thank you. It will be safer, I suppose."

"Poor thing," said Calick, nodding toward the door of the sick room, and at the same time drawing the chair which Miss Boggs had just left, closer to the fire, and sitting down in it. "Poor thing! Think of her havin' been out to-night in it. She'd have been an icicle before mornin'."

"It is a snapping cold night," said the doctor.

"Awful," said Calick.

There was a pause. Calick occupied it in picking up the falling brands, and throwing them over the huge back log.

"What is it about this woman, any way?" said the doctor at length. "Who is she? What is she? Where did she come from? Where is she going to? I don't understand it."

Calick shook his head.

"Nor I," said he; "she's crazy. Crazy as a loon. Poor thing!"

"How did she come here?" asked the doctor.

"Well," said Calick, "I was a comin' up the road with a load of wood. When I was comin' over Cartrock's Hill, I saw this woman a walkin' up, and a stoppin' every now and then to sit down and rest a spell. She looked dreadful tired, I tell

you. Well, she walked so slow that I caught up with her near by the guide-post up there, though my oxen ain't very fast walkers neither. When I came up opposite to her, she was a sittin' down again in the snow to rest. She 'd a pretty face, and her dress was all snow, where she'd been a sittin' down. I never see such a distressed face. 'Come, come,' says I, 'this won't never do, to leave the poor creatur' to die in the snow.' So I offered her a ride, which she took glad enough. So I fixed up a little place in front of the sled, and we went along. 'Are you a goin' far?' says I. 'Goin'?' says she. 'Goin'! goin'! gone! for a fortun' to John, my John. You don't happen to be acquainted with my John, do you?' says she to me. Well, I was kind of flustered by that; but I answered that I did n't recollect him; and then she begun a talkin' to herself. At first I thought she was drunk, but she acted steady enough, and did n't look to be drunk either. Pretty soon she broke out again all of a sudden. 'Did you know,' says she, turnin' to me, 'that I've got a fortun'?' 'No!' says I, 'have you?' 'Yes,' says she, 'I've got a fortun'. He's got it now, but I'm goin' after it. A fortun'. A treasure. Where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also. He's got my treasure and my heart also. He may have the treasure, but he shan't have the heart. He shan't have the heart. I'm goin' after it now. I shall get it again. You ain't seen my heart round any where, have you?' 'No,' says I. 'Nor my treasure?' 'No,' says I. 'Very good,' says she, 'then he's got 'em. It's all right—he's got 'em—all right—right!' Well, she talked in that way all the while.

"Finally, when I got home, I told her I was a goin' to turn

in here, and she 'd better not go any further to-night. Well, she said she guessed she 'd turn in, too. Perhaps she 'd find her treasure in here. So I brought her in. Aunt Provy managed to dry her clothes, and we give her some supper. She kept a talkin' all the time in the same way, about her treasure and her John, and has been ever since. She took to faintin' just after supper, so we sent over to Mother Nancy to come over and nuss her, and she said what was the matter with her; and then we sent for you. If you can find out who she is or where she come from, do."

The doctor made no reply, but leaning back in his chair, his feet on the andirons, sat gazing intently at the blazing fire and playing with his bushy whiskers.

"H'm! Bad!" said he, shaking his head dubiously.

He arose and paced to and fro across the room. He went to the windows, and rattled his fingers against the glass—came back again to the fire—took up his saddle-bags which he had deposited upon the hearth when he first came in—fumbled in them nervously, bringing out sundry ominous little vials—looked up at the little clock upon the mantle-piece, and compared his watch with it, calculating the difference to a second.

What a desperate hurry the little helter-skelter clock upon the mantle-piece was in that night. It was a thorough-going Yankee clock. Yankee all over. Brim full of Yankee life—Yankee motion. There was no discontented pendulum there; you might depend upon that. It was no old foggy of a clock that leisurely ticked in slow and measured tones, sailing through an ocean of silence to touch on the shore of a second. The little pendulum jerked itself back and forth in most des-

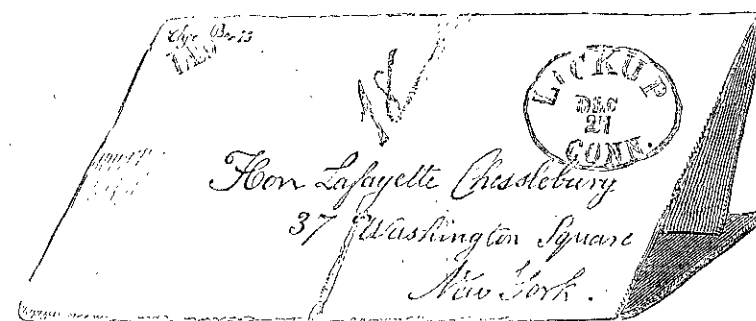
perate hurry. Each second trod quick on the heels of its predecessor. They came running out of the future and into the past in quick succession. With its hurried "tick, tick, tick, tick," it said as plain as clock could say, "Come—come—move on. Quick! Quick! Quick! Quick!"

Well might your active spring exhibit some impatience to the reflecting doctor; for on his hand and skill to-night depend the beating of a feeble heart not yet wound and set to run like yours.

"Doctor," said Mother Nancy, in a hurricane of a whisper, opening the door just wide enough to let the volume of sound through, "doctor, we're ready for you."

II.

DECEMBER, 1885.



It so happened that the same evening which thus left Callick musing alone over the bright fire of Aunt Pease's kitchen, brought also perplexity to the Honorable Lafayette Chesslebury in the bosom of his family.

The winter night, whose murmuring and snappish disposition contrived to make its presence felt to Callick, stealing into the room and hiding from the fire behind him, and freezing his back, found no entrance to the city domicile of Mr. Chesslebury. Nor was it, perhaps, even aware of his existence. He certainly was quite unconscious that it was abroad. For shielded and screened by double windows, blinds without, and shutters within, and heavy folds of curtain concealing both, warm-colored and soft carpets beneath him, a bright coal fire in the grate before him, the hot breeze of the furnace-register

behind him, and the warm breath of a many flamed gas-chandelier above him, Mr. Chesslebury was unapproachable by the world at large, and could even ignore the very atmosphere, which common people must contend with.

Mr. Chesslebury was ensconced in his easy chair. It was an easy chair indeed. His original position therein was probably a sitting posture, but he had gradually slipped down from high manners into careless comfort, and now, his feet reaching the fender, and his head just appearing above the cushioned arm of his chair, he was in that position which made it hard to trace his form, and say where his body ended and his legs began. He looked as if he were all legs and no body. From this position of luxurious awkwardness he raised himself, slightly, from time to time, but only just enough to sip from a little green glass, which was placed conveniently to his hand, upon a slight table set by his chair for the purpose. The little green glass was replenished, upon occasion, out of an elaborate little pitcher, whose silver lid, when lifted, sent up a steam of a peculiar and apparently a grateful savor.

Ha! Winter Night; you must whistle louder in the chimney than that, if you would suggest your presence here.

The head which occasionally raised itself to drink, presented a handsome visage, whose incipient lines indicated the age of thirty-five. A pair of gold spectacles glistened in the fire-light, and their bright glasses gave an extremely respectable gloss to a pair of somewhat foxy eyes.

Thus protected without, and comforted within, Mr. Chesslebury was enjoying, in silence, the company and conversation of his wife. For the other end of the rug was adorned by the flowing robes and slippered toes of the Honorable Mrs. Vir-

ginia Chesslebury. This lady, reclining upon the sofa, appeared in a position of ease and negligence, but in a dress of great stringency and elaborateness; for Mrs. Chesslebury was a rising star in the firmament of fashion, and always—even in private—kept her lamp trimmed and burning. Upon the rug, between father and mother, sat a little boy. His was a pleasant face, rosy just now, in the heat of the fire before him, and intent with an expression of quiet delight on making Noah's cow ride on the back of Noah's elephant, up the landing plank into Noah's ark; the embarkation upon which he was rehearsing.

Mrs. Chesslebury spoke.

"Did you see the Stuccuppe's carriage to-day, Mr. Chesslebury?"

Mrs. Chesslebury was practicing in private the art of conversation, and for this purpose she was accustomed to improve their domestic moments by imagining her husband to be a casual stranger, to whom she had been introduced, and straightway addressing herself to the task of sustaining a conversation with him upon the topics of the day. This she found to be severe exercise; for Mr. Chesslebury, set up thus as a target for her practice, received her shots, but returned none; and she very soon found that when she could carry on a polite conversation with him, she was in full training to cope with any of the brilliant minds she was accustomed to meet in elegant society, with no fear of awkward pauses.

"It was a very magnificent carriage indeed," continued she. "An entirely new establishment. Four horses, two men, and a coat of arms. All new; especially the coat of arms. How do the Stuccuppes come to have a coat of arms?"

A pause to allow the supposed stranger to respond.

"H'm!" said Mr. Chesslebury to himself, sounding as if he really were a target struck by an arrow.

"I think it very pleasant," continued the lady, "to possess these mementos of antiquity. One's character depends so much on family and ancestors; and one's position is so much clearer to have these things understood. I should feel quite lost in the world without knowing our heraldry; really it is quite an important point Mr. Chesslebury; do you not think so? Quite an important point for a family connection, and gives a respectability to all its members—to all its members."

"Oh—h'm!" responded the target to another arrow.

"And I think," pursued the lady, persevering in her dialogue, "that a great many people here are very deficient in respect and veneration for their family connection and ancestors. It seems to me a great defect in character, and I think children should be educated to feel more reverence for their ancestry;—"

Young Jason then certainly needed discipline; for before her very eyes, that juvenile scion, wrapped in the silence of his infant ingenuity, was whittling off the skirts of his respectable ancestor Noah, to make him fit into a chimney of his own ark, to represent a chimney sweep.

"—because," pursued the industrious student of conversation, finding herself rather at the end of her subject, and compelled to review, "because, as I said before, I think, Mr. Chesslebury, that heraldry, and coats of arms, and liveries, and matters of that sort, impart peculiar character to those families who are entitled to use them, and lend a respectability to all their members."

As if the arrow went wide of its mark, the target made no responsive sound.

The lady rose from her seat and took a chair by the side of her husband.

"That smells nice," said she, as he lifted the silver lid, and poured a stream of vapor up and of liquid down.

When he put down the glass, she took it up; extending for that purpose a fair and slender hand, richly jeweled.

"Come, come, Lafayette! Why don't you talk? I wish you would say something."

"Pooh," said Mr. Chesslebury, vouchsafing an uncommon compliance with a not uncommon request. "'Lends a respectability to all its members.' But suppose they don't want to borrow?"

"Why they do want to," returned his wife gently. "They can not help it, my dear."

"Can't they? Your cousin Charlotte does for one."

"My cousin Charlotte! Come now, Lafayette, I did not marry all the Chessleburys."

Mr. Chesslebury made no reply.

"Do you not think that whisky has a smoky taste?" she asked, raising the glass again and sipping delicately, and tasting the punch upon her rosy lips.

"Don't, Virginia. I would n't taste that," said her husband, putting out his hand to stop the glass in its passage.

"Well," resumed he, reverting to the topic of discussion, "I don't see that our pedigree lends *her* much respectability. I can see how a fishwoman, or a seamstress, or any thing of that kind should take to drinking," added he, putting down empty the little green glass which he had taken from his wife,

"but for a lady in Charlotte's position, I do not understand it."

"Yes, indeed!" assented Mrs. Chesslebury, "with a good establishment, a splendid house, and such beautiful horses, and a good-natured husband—"

"H'm!" interrupted Mr. Chesslebury, "and not content with not being respectable at home, she can't even keep up a respectable character as a crazy woman at the Asylum, but must go and run away in a snow storm, in *her* condition."

"Why, Lafayette!" exclaimed the lady, with more excitement than could have been expected of her. "Why! No!"

"Yes; she has gone. She disappeared Sunday night. Here is the letter."

So speaking, he took from his pocket a slippery pack of papers, and began to shuffle and deal them in search of the letter.

It read as follows:—

"LOCKUP ASYLUM, CONN.
Monday night.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I have to communicate to you the sad fact, that your unfortunate relative, Mrs. Charlotte Chesslebury, left us clandestinely last evening, and the most diligent search fails to disclose any trace or clew to her course.

"Her door was found open and her room empty, when the attendant went to allot the evening meal. As our vigilance has been unceasing, we are entirely surprised: and the more pained because this is the first loss we have ever met with. You may be assured that it is through no negligence of ours.

We conjecture that she picked the lock of her apartment with a hair pin. Every other instrument of destruction had been taken from her, and we had not thought it possible that she could do herself any harm with those. We do not understand how she could have accomplished it, because our locks are excellent, as we shall be happy to have you test them at any time.

"Mrs. Charlotte Chesslebury has been not much better than when last we wrote you. After being placed here, her case abated much, partly owing to loss of strength from the confinement, and partly to gradual diminution of violence, from being beyond the reach of her usual stimulants. Of late she has been however, if any thing, more variable in her feelings and demonstrations. She has grown more and more feeble, as was to be expected; but has had times of unusual clearness of mind, and has made more than one ingenious attempt to contrive an escape.

"She was, however, although bodily weaker, yet mentally so much better, we were in great confidence that if she could be kept quiet and beyond the reach of her most unfortunate gratification until her approaching crisis were past, she would from that time convalesce, and we might in the course of time, have the great satisfaction of restoring her to the high social position which she occupied, and which she is, by nature and education, so eminently qualified to fill. Once recovered, and her unhappy habits broken up, we hoped she might enjoy, in some measure, a restoration of health.

"We are continuing to prosecute in every direction our search, and do not yet despair of recovering her.

"As the quarter has just expired, we inclose our usual bill,

which Mr. John Chesslebury directed to be sent to you, as he did not know what might be his future address.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"yours, most obediently,

"PHILANDER B. STRATECOTE, M. D.

"To HON. LAFAYETTE CHESSEBURY, New York."

"P. S. We are informed by the attendant, that a number of little portable articles are found to be missing. We have inserted in the bill an estimate of the amount, together with the injury to the locks, which is considerable, for we shall be obliged, of course, to have all the locks in the establishment replaced. Mr. John Chesslebury said we should draw on you for his wife's bills, and you would charge them to him.

"Yours, truly,

"P. B. S., M.D."

"Why the crazy girl!" cried Mrs. Virginia Chesslebury, throwing down the letter with supreme indifference to the suggestions of the postscript. "Well! a woman who drinks as she will, can't be expected to do better."

And Mrs. Chesslebury essayed to replenish the little green glass for her own use.

"Lafayette," said she, "your pitcher is empty."

"Jason," said Mr. Chesslebury, at the same time stretching up a foot in search of a resting place upon the mantel-piece, in a vain attempt to aggravate the comeliness and comfort of his position. "Jason, ring the bell."

Little Jason, leaving his diluvian recreations, got up from the carpet and toddled to the bell cord. He now appeared to be in the aggregate, a youth of about eighteen years of age;

to wit: boy four, dress fourteen. He pulled the bell, and at almost the same instant, a gentlemanly-dressed servant opened the door and entered.

"Wilson," said the master, "you are prompt."

"Thank you, sir," said Wilson, accepting a compliment.

Wilson had been sitting outside the parlor door with the keyhole for company. For Wilson was a bit of a gentleman in his way, and the company down stairs was very promiscuous, and not exactly what he had been accustomed to. And between the keyhole and the cook, he preferred the keyhole.

"A little more fire, Wilson."

Wilson was not quite certain whether Mr. Chesslebury wanted the fire in the grate, or in the little pitcher.

His doubts were readily dissolved when he saw the pitcher upheld by the fair hand of Mrs. Chesslebury, behind her husband's chair. To make sure of pleasing both, he took the coal hod and the pitcher, and soon returned with both replenished.

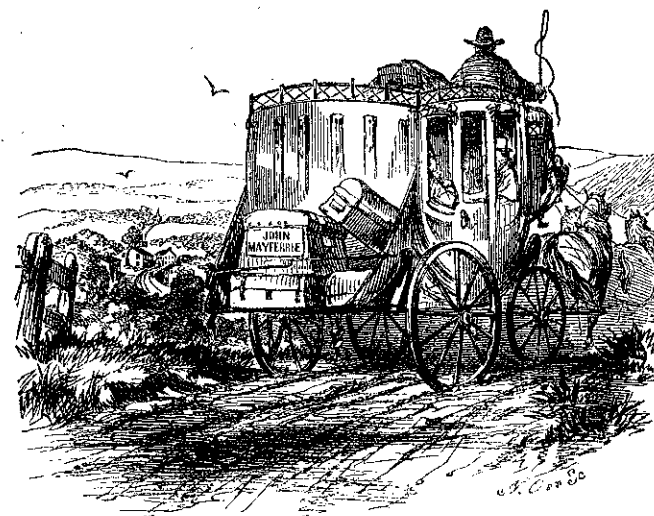
Wilson was then instructed "to speak to Catherine;" and Catherine, admonished of her duties, entered by stealth, treading upon the animal kingdom in general, and the diminished image of the respectable ancestor in particular, pounced upon Jason, and bore him away; and gradually his ineffectual remonstrances died out in the distance of upper stories.

Mr. and Mrs. Chesslebury were thus left to themselves and the pitcher. The foxy eyes resumed the contemplation of the fire, and the head they adorned settled itself in a comfortable way, and resumed consideration of the difficult question, how to acquit the Chesslebury name of all connection, responsi-

bility and sympathy, with the unfortunate cousin. Mrs. Chesslebury, with the aid of a second little green glass, quietly produced by the hand of the thoughtful Wilson, commenced a conversational and experimental discussion of the equally delicate question, whether Scotch whisky tastes smoky.

III.

JUNE, 1835.



THE same happy village that was graced by the permanent residence of Miss Provy Pease, the hospitalities of whose house were so freely extended to the wanderer, had been a short time previously enlivened and honored by the accession to its society of Captain John Mayferrie.

Captain Mayferrie was what you would call a gentlemanly man. He was not a fop; for he dressed with a plainness that was entirely appropriate to the social atmosphere of a Connecticut village. He was not obsequious, nor a stickler

for etiquette; on the contrary, his manners had an air of simplicity and kindness that was entirely approved by the unsophisticated of Cone Cut Corners. But notwithstanding his plainness and simplicity, he was a gentlemanly man. It shone in his smile; it made itself heard in every tone of his voice; it was evident in his friendly nod, and unmistakable in his very tread.

Captain Mayferrie was a farmer. He did not claim to be a fine gentleman, though he was a gentlemanly man. He could not have been more kind than his rustic neighbors, but he knew how to be more courteous.

Every thing that Captain Mayferrie did was well done. If he planted a corn-field, when the grain came up there were no sickly yellow patches in it. If he drained a swamp, it never had to be done again. If he broke a colt, the colt became a perfect lady's horse, in the matter of docility. If he made hay, it never fermented in the barn. No one need rake after Captain Mayferrie. And all the while he worked with such a hearty good-will, doing things well, not because he could do them well, but because they ought to be done well, that he quite captivated the hearts of all the honest farmers in the town; and Calick Pease, leaning on his scythe to catch a moment's breath, would watch the swinging body of the indefatigable captain with admiration, and declare with sweltering brow that he would "rather mow after Captain Mayferrie than any other man in town."

The ladies too, found qualities not to be resisted in the Captain. They also, were convinced that whatever he did was well done. If he drove down to the village, he came at a good round pace that brought every body to the window;—

and with a horse, too, that it was a pleasure to see. If he brought a load of wood into the village in the winter, he sat on his sled so much at home, or if the roads were bad, he walked so independently by the side of that noble yoke of oxen, that his passing was an event to be talked of at any farm-house on the road.

And then when he came into meeting on Sunday morning—which he always did with a regularity which went to the heart of good old Elder Graynes—he walked up to his pew so quietly, that his fair friends had to keep their ears open to see him; not that they saw him with those organs, not at all;—but the way they were informed of his approach was by a gentle creak—the slightest possible whisper of a creak—in his left boot, as he came up the aisle. This gentle creak was rather prepossessing than otherwise, for it threw the accent upon every other step, and gave his walk a slight reminiscence of the military, very different from the noisy complainings of the Sunday boots of his neighbors. Every thing that he did was gently winning, it was so well done.

And if he did nothing, it was all the same. When he stood up in prayer time, if he stood an inch, he stood six feet.

Moreover, as the ladies said, he possessed the estimable quality of minding his own business; a habit which they seemed fully to appreciate, and even showed a laudable desire to help him in; for never was any man's history the subject of more frequent and fruitless speculations, than that of Captain Mayferrie. He was a very mysterious character. It tasked the utmost resources of his gentlemanliness, to make his mysteriousness bearable. But Captain Mayferrie did his best; and in the magic influence of his presence, people

forgot their vexatious ignorance of what he was, and where he came from. His sudden appearance among them, in the semi-weekly stage from New York, one afternoon in the summer before the incidents already related, with no other letter of introduction than "John Mayferrie," in a bold hand, tacked to his trunk, became gradually forgotten; and he at last became one of the community. The most rustic society is, in its way, as jealous of intrusion as the most exclusive circle of the metropolis; and it was a long time before Captain Mayferrie was admitted to the standing of a Cone Cutter. As long as he withheld his story, there was no way for him to gain that position, but by the judicious course he pursued. He bought a farm a mile above the village, and there waited for society to claim him.

He was a gentlemanly man, and society did.

There were, however, those whose curiosity was more than a match for his gentlemanliness. Miss Provy Pease for one, did not know what to make of him. As she felt however that it was her bounden duty to make something of him, she watched him for a long time very carefully, to see what he was cut out for. She would make him up, she said, as soon as she found out. It will be unnecessary to remark that Miss Provy Pease was the village seamstress. She was, as a seamstress always ought to be, a smart, bustling, little body; and, moreover, she was, as a seamstress sometimes is, the newspaper of the neighborhood. Nay, we do her not justice. She was a perfect electric telegraph. No printing press could have supplied her place. Besides plying her needle on the garments of the villagers, she took stitches, ever and anon, in the social fabric. There was no end to the domestic

rents into which she had thrust her needle. With an experience beyond her years, and an activity very much this side of them, (and she considered her years too numerous to mention,) she was the life of the village.

It was Miss Pease who first gave Mr. Mayferrie the title of Captain, in the village of Cone Cut Corners.

Thus it was.

One summer evening she was coming down from Elder Graynes', where she had been to make him a present of a basket of currants from her little garden. She was trotting down the hill into the village, when she saw Mr. Mayferrie coming up, on his way home. He was walking; very erect, and handsomely, as he always did.

"Aha!" said Aunty Pease, as she approached the mysterious being who was the great subject of her thoughts, sleeping and waking. "Aha! here's the man. He walks like a military man;—I believe he is;—I'll try him at any rate."

"Good evenin', Captain Mayferrie," cried she.

"Oh! good evening, Miss Pease," said the gentlemanly man, with a little start. "A beautiful evening."

"Yes." And her bright eyes twinkled on him from under an immense white sun-bonnet, in the remote end of which, her little face seemed to occupy the place of a lining.

"Been up to see our good minister, I suppose," said the gentlemanly man, looking at the fruit-colored basket in her hand.

"Oh!" she laughed, "only two or three currants from my bushes; you know he has n't got any. Good evenin' *Captain Mayferrie*," she nodded, and away she skipped.

It was not in her nature to resist looking round, with a lurking rogue peeping from each eye, to see the gentlemanly man once more. The gentlemanly man was looking back too. Their eyes met. She saw upon his face a look of perplexity illumined by the setting sun. He could not discern, in the dim distance of the far end of the sun-bonnet, what her eyes expressed. But he heard her voice again;—"Good evenin', *Captain Mayferrie*."

And away she spun. "Aha!" she said to herself, as she danced along. "*Captain Mayferrie*! I've found you out! You're a captain. I'll make something of you yet. So you are a military man;—or a naval officer;—no, you're captain of a privateersman;—that's it! You might as well have told us of it. But we know it now, *Captain Mayferrie*."

The triumphant seamstress, with merry step, sped along, bewildering every one she met by tacitly nodding toward them a face, familiar enough in its features, but unexampled in its expression of superhuman intelligence concentrated upon one single point. She stopped to speak to nobody. Not even to Calick, who was milking in her yard. But tossing her basket over the fence, away she went, past her own door, at the same exulting pace. The telegraph was about to put herself in communication with a favorite station, Mrs. Deacon Ficksom, operator. By the time she came in sight of Deacon Ficksom's house, she seemed to have repressed her triumph, and she became perfectly calm, except the rogue in each eye, when she entered his gate.

"Good evenin', Mis' Ficksom," she cried to that lady, who was sitting just within the open door, with a very new baby in her arms. "Why! and that's the little stranger, is it? What

a beauty! And how well *you* look. 'Tain't every body that gets up so soon. I'm sure we ought to be thankful," she continued, pulling off the long sun-bonnet to get her face to the baby's for a kiss; "Yes, very"—a kiss—"very"—another kiss, and then three more "verys" punctuated with alternate kisses—"thankful"—and then a kiss which for length and strength was entirely worthy to be a final kiss and a full period to the sentence. Final it was; for as the infant showed some signs of not feeling at ease under this novel and unaccountable demonstration, the prudent Miss Provy desisted, and stood winking at him, tasting her lips with her tongue, and giving the result in the exclamation; "And what a sweet cherub it is too!"

The mother made no reply to Miss Pease, but looked at the child with a mother's eye.

And of what can Miss Provy Pease be thinking, that her eyes twinkle so, and her little mouth gets all ready to say a word, and then suddenly relaxes before she says any thing, and she falls to admiring the baby again?

"What are you going to name it?" said she. "The lit-tle-de-ar!"

"That's just what we've been a talking about," said the Deacon, coming forward from within, and presenting to view a countenance very prominent, by reason of a great stoop in his shoulders.

This countenance was of large expanse, when you regarded it as whole, but when considering the features individually, you wondered that so many and so huge features could be put together, without making even a larger visage than they did. In fact the Deacon had more features than any other

man in town. There was a double chin, and every now and then, as he spoke, a promise of a third. Then there was a prominence below each eye, as well as above—a sort of nether eyebrow, though bald. And then his cheeks were so large, that his mouth had to build a semi-circular embankment and moat on each side of itself for protection. Still, with all its fatness, the Deacon's face had a hard, ill-favored expression, that was quite striking. As if he were desirous to avail himself of these advantages for making faces, he was accustomed to enforce the sentiments of his conversation with a look that he deemed appropriate to the thought and its occasion.

At the present speaking this remarkable visage was very rough upon one side, by means of a stiff beard; and very tender on the other side, by reason of a dull razor; which implement, then in his hand, had been interrupted in its Saturday night's reaping, by the arrival of Miss Provy Pease.

"That's just what we've been a talking about," said he, with his razor in one hand, and his strop in the other. "Now, what do you say, Miss Pease?"

She did not answer. Perhaps she was in doubt about the gender; perhaps she was thinking of the Captain.

"What do you think of William?" suggested the mother, timidly. "That was his grandfather's name."

"Ain't I told you again an' again, I won't have him named such a name as that? Ain't a good name better'n great riches? an' where you going to find a good name, if 't'ain't in Scripter? Eh?"

"How would John do?" said the mother, mildly, as if

she felt it her immediate duty to make restitution for the worthless suggestion.

"Oh! no! Not John!" exclaimed the twinkling-eyed Miss Pease, in a tone that added, that is out of the question.

"Why not John?" demanded the Deacon.

"Because," said the telegraph, mysteriously, trying to make her twinkling eyes be still. "Because that's the Capp'n's name."

"Capp'n! Capp'n who?"

"Why, Capp'n Mayferrie, of course; what other capp'n should I mean," said the exulting telegraph, with all the innocence of expression she could command.

"Is he a capp'n?" asked the Deacon.

"So they say."

"He looks like a military man," said Mrs. Ficksom, in confirmation.

"He is a man of blood, I fear," said the Deacon solemnly; and he shook his head with a look that spoke volumes of Peace Tracts.

"I'm afraid it's worse 'n that," said the telegraph, addressing herself to the wife. "I've hearn it said,"—the telegraph thought that as she heard it as fast as she said it, she made facts keep up with her statements, and stood on good terms with the truth—"I've hearn it said that he was capp'n of a privateersman."

"Do tell!" said Mrs. Ficksom.

The Deacon got out another edition of the Peace Tracts, enlarged and improved; and said it was what he had feared all along.

"So I've hearn it said," repeated the telegraph. To her ears this phrase expressed the best of authority.

"I should n't wonder if he was a pirate," said the Deacon, taking upon his sleeve a proof of the cuts with which he had illustrated his cheek. "I'd inform again' him if 'twant for having him hanged," he continued; and he issued a short essay against Capital Punishment.

"I don't believe he's any thing more 'n a militia capp'n," doubted the telegraph.

"I do!" said the Deacon, publishing a sermon on Faith.

"He looks like a clever man," interposed Mrs. Ficksom, commencing to rock again; an operation which she had suspended on mention of the Captain's name.

"We don't know any thing about him," said the Deacon, somewhat abruptly, "and we don't want to. What shall we name the baby? Eh?"

"An' so he's a capp'n," continued the Deacon, after brief silence. "And who told you so? Eh?" and he turned short upon Miss Pease, looking a whole library full of minute historical investigations.

"Call him — er — George," suggested the telegraph, evading the question.

"No!" said the father, with the intonation of a torpedo, and a countenance as expressive of decision of character as is the title page of the celebrated essay on that subject. "No! 't is not in Scriptor."

"Oh!"

"Who told you so?" persisted the Deacon.

"Call him"—began the electric telegraph, here hesitating for a name and her sun-bonnet—"call him," said she, step-

ping briskly out of the door—"call him Beelzebub; that's in Scriptor."

And away went the little old maid with all the air of one who is conscious of having accomplished her mission on earth, in much less than the given time.

Mrs. Ficksom laughed faintly. Mr. Ficksom published a tremendous sermon on Profane Swearing, in which he seemed to take it for granted that such a use of the name suggested, was expressly forbidden by the third commandment.

"Miss Pease don't think much of Scriptor names," said the mother.

The Deacon said nothing; but turning to the looking-glass reviewed his last work.

Miss Pease's taste in this respect was what one would anticipate. Her father was a good old elder, who had long gone childless; and when at last almost hopeless, he was presented with a daughter, he insisted on christening her Providence Permitting Pease. During a long life Providence had permitted her to remain Pease. No wonder that the little old maid thought her name inauspicious.

Next morning the baby was baptized at meeting. Good old Elder Graynes looked more benignant than ever, as he came gently down the pulpit stairs to perform the rite, and his mild eye rested kindly on the little one, as he inclined his head to speak with the father. The worthy Deacon put his large mouth, wide open, to the minister's ear. It looked dangerous. But he only said, in a hoarse whisper, "Isaac Cart-rock." As he uttered the first word, his visage, to one who could have read it, was a complete treatise on Scripture names. As he pronounced the second name, his countenance

edited a work on the importance of wealth, and the advantages of naming a poor boy after a rich relative.

The same day that thus brought a name to the deacon's offspring, affixed indelibly the new title to Mr. Mayferrie. For the Deacon himself, having revolved the subject in his capacious mind, with a view to getting the start of Miss Pease in the public promulgation of the news, ingeniously contrived to take to himself all the credit of the discovery, by rising gravely at the evening prayer meeting, and calling upon Captain John Mayferrie to make some remarks.

Henceforward was Mr. Mayferrie always known as "the Captain."

IV.

DECEMBER, 1835.



AUNT Provy's little brown cottage, which looked more like a model upon the scale of an inch to the foot, than an inhabitable edifice, was Calick's home; for though he work-

ed constantly for Captain Mayferrie upon the farm, he persisted in going down into the village every night to stay with her, as she lived otherwise alone. Calick always pretended that he did this for company. But those actions which speak louder than words, ay! and sweeter too, signified to her grateful heart that it was not his pleasure, but her comfort that he sought.

Calick was a hearty hand at a husking; he was a merry boy on a moonlight sleigh-ride; as companionable a fisherman as you could find in the county; and perfectly indispensable at a raising. No "sugaring off," was so good as that at which Calick made rude wooden spoons and equally uncouth merriment for the company.

Yet, if you would put Calick in his true element, set him at work. Nothing pleased him so well as a hard job in view. On the bitterest winter's day he would rather keep warm by the saw-horse than by the kitchen fire. A meadow full of haycocks, and a thunder-cloud in the west, was a beautiful landscape to his eye. When he could find nothing better to do, it was a very pleasant recreation to him to turn the grindstone by the hour for the Captain, until the tools, hoes included, were much sharper than Deacon Ficksom's razor. There were no gates lingering out a miserable existence upon broken hinges, at either of the places under his supervision. There were no such fences in town as the Captain's. There was not such a pleasant little stoop in the village as Aunt Provy had at her door, with honeysuckle, last summer, trailing all over it, and one ambitious branch spreading its wings to fly upon the roof. There was nowhere else to be found such a wood-yard as the Captain has this very winter, sheltered from bleak winds on two sides by the shed and the house, and on the third by an enormous pile of noble wood, planned by the thoughtful Calick, so as almost to complete the inclosure. For this was his playground, at leisure moments; and the ax was his toy.

Upon the cold morning succeeding the cold night in which the wanderer found shelter at Miss Provy Pease's house,

Calick, rising early as was his custom, groped the way from his little bedroom down the steep stairs which led into his aunt's kitchen. There he proceeded, with the utmost gentleness and economy of sound, to build a fire on the broad hearth. But notwithstanding his unusual care, the kindling flames had scarcely begun to sparkle, when the adjoining door opened a little way, and the sepulchral whisper of Miss Boggs entered the room, followed by her head, which appeared in a condition betokening that no more of her person was in a condition to appear.

"Calick," asked the nurse, "is that you?"

"Yes," said he, fanning the fire with a piece of bark.

"It's a girl! Calick," said the nurse, in a triumphant whisper, "It's a girl! A perfect beauty as ever I see."

"Is it?" said he, looking up. "And how's the mother?"

"Oh, the poor woman! she's sick. O-o-h! she's sick. She hasn't much life left; poor soul."

"I must go up to the Captain's," said Calick, after a moment's pause. "Tell aunt that I shall come down again, as soon as I can after breakfast."

Accordingly Calick soon quietly withdrew, and betook himself, in the cold gray light of dawn, toward Mr. Mayferrie's. It was a long walk, and somewhat laborious too, in the deep, new fallen snow, and it was bright morning—almost sunrise—when he reached the house.

Thence to the wood-yard with the ax.

And what a lusty chopping he commences then, so early this bright frosty morning! With what a merry ring the ax, keen as the air it cuts, falls on the snow-encrusted log! How merrily the broad chips fly, right and left, falling noiselessly

in the fresh snow! How exhilaratingly the smooth ax-helve glides through the hand, and what a healthful shock runs through his frame, as the ax strikes the log! What are all magnetic tortures ever invented, compared to this? What a bright glow of countenance from under that shaggy fur cap, as he stops to roll the log over with his foot! Then again the merry ring of the ax, and the swift chips fly. The broad notch sinks and narrows as it goes. At every blow the weakening log complains in more hollow voice; till at last the skillful hand with gentler strokes strikes through. And now the next victim comes tumbling down the slanting pile, and again the swift chips fly their enemy the ax.

And soon, as breakfast time draws near, the ax retires to rest in the shed, the icy boots stamp till their inmates tingle again, and honest Calick entering the house, avers that he feels as if he could eat the corn-barn. But there is no need of that; and he very soon forgets it in contemplation of the preparations which Martha is making at the breakfast-table. There is the smoking brown loaf, and there goes the golden butter, and the cheese, and the apple-sauce, and the milk-pitcher—oh, ye city eyes! would you believe that that stream of richness which flows from the huge brown pitcher into the eager Calick's bowl, is nothing more than milk—mere milk? Stop, honest Calick! before you put that huge spoon and its swimming contents into your opened mouth; are you sufficiently thankful for being allowed that luxury, when so many other wiser heads do not know what milk is? Have you, good Calick, sufficiently pondered on the innumerable little boys and girls who drink chalk and water?

Calick however has no knowledge of the milk that rises to

the bottom; and if he had, he has no thought to spend in an analysis of that fluid this morning; for Mr. Mayferrie entering the kitchen just now, he immediately commences to recount to him the incidents of the previous evening. At first the Captain pays only his usual gentlemanly attention to the conversation; but at last, being perhaps touched by the detail of the simple narrative, he seems to take great interest in the occurrence, and with great minuteness questions him upon all the particulars.

"And I wish, sir," says Calick, after he had answered for the second or third time, what the nurse had said about the mother and child that morning—"And I wish, sir, you would go down and see aunt this mornin'. I think the poor mother's in a very bad case, and if she shouldn't live, what would become of the baby? We shan't hardly know what to do; and aunt would be glad enough to see you."

Captain Mayferrie made no reply; he sat in silence, contemplating vacuity, and disregarded the attractions of the table. It was not until the others had nearly finished their meal, that he emerged from silence and returned to conversation.

"Martha," says he, "have you finished those mittens?"

"No, sir."

Martha's "no, sir," is somehow or other not very unlike her bread; being rather crisp and crusty, yet not at all sour, and quite palatable to honest Calick.

"When will they be done?" asks the gentlemanly man.

Calick looks at Martha to wait for the answer; he is pretty sure that Martha will not see him looking at her, because she is talking to the Captain.

"I should have finished 'em last night, but—Calick you want some more coffee?"

"Oh, no!" exclaims Calick, and plunging into his plate he endeavors to bury his confusion there.

The mischievous Martha returns to the subject by saying they are all done but the fringe.

"Oh! never mind the fringe," says the Captain, "they'll do as they are, I'll warrant."

"Why, you'd freeze your pulses," cries Martha; "'twont do without a fringe."

"How long will it take to make the fringe?" asks the gentlemanly man, cutting a slice of bread with the carving knife.

"I could finish 'em in half an hour, I should think," replies Martha, casting a demure glance at Calick to see if he wants more coffee. But Calick has not forgotten himself so soon.

"I wish you would do it after breakfast," says the Captain. "I will go down to the village. And Calick, you may harness the horse when the mittens are done; Martha, you tell him when."

"Yes, sir."

In due time the horse is at the door. The Captain puts into the sleigh-box a stone jug with a corn-cob cork, and then they both take their seats. The Captain takes the reins from Calick's hands, and touches up the horse in the most gentlemanly manner possible. With a jerk that rattles the corn-cob corked jug beneath them in a fearful manner, the horse starts off down the road.

Away! with merry bells; the light dry snow on tree and shrub, on fence and wall, and on the broad expanse of span-gled fields, sparkling defiance to the morning sun. Away!

with merry bells; the very road singing beneath us with joy. Away! with merry bells; inciting the snow-flakes to fly along our path in unsuccessful races. Away! with merry bells; past forests that stand huddled together, shivering in their scanty winter attire;—over the little bridge, where the gurgling waters, winter-bound, have cut all manner of antics in the attempt to get free, and have been petrified in the act. Away! with merry bells; through great drifts of newly fallen snow, plunging in and coming out in a breath, as if there were no such things in the way. Away! with merry bells, and merry speed; slueing hither and thither at sudden turns, as if determined to slide over the buried fence, in spite of the horse. Away! with merry bells; down the hill, the horse's dancing feet showering snowy castings of themselves upon the sleigh behind them;—past farm-house and barn-yard where cattle stand knee-deep in snow, munching their breakfast in the open air, and looking lazily at the passers-by. Away! with merry bells; nodding a smile in silence to the trudging teamster, who toils with patient oxen through the drifts. Away! with merry bells; by the little school-house where children have just begun to gather for the day, and now dropping their snow-balls, stand in dazzled admiration as we pass. Onward! with merry bells; for here we come in sight of curling smoke from village chimneys rising over the hill, and now below us in the valley we see the snow-thatched roofs, and now the newly whitened street. Onward! with merry bells; down the hill, ringing away past good old Elder Graynes, who stands with snow-shovel in hand, clearing a path to his front door, and enjoying the morning air. Onward! with merry bells; for ours are the loudest, sharpest,

clearest, sweetest chime in town, and should make their little rolling, ringing tongues be heard. Onward! with merry bells, and merrier speed, past the little inch-to-the-foot model of a house, bringing Aunt Pease to the window at the well-known sound. Onward! with merry bells; catching a glimpse of the large-visaged Deacon, standing in his doorway, looking a sermon upon the depravity of Jehu. Onward! with merry bells; taking a sweeping turn around the town pump, whose nose is afflicted with a frozen cold in the head, and stopping short at the very last moment, at a post before the door of Gregory Donoe.

Whew! what a ride! what blue noses! what numb hands! what a smoking horse!

The blue noses and the numb hands find gradual relief at the hospitable stove of Gregory Donoe. The smoking horse, with the mitigation of a buffalo robe over him, and a bunch of hay under his nose to occupy his attention, must smoke it out.

"GREGORY DONOE," painted on a board, and hung over the door, indicates to the visitor that the miscellaneous assortment of merchandise seen in the frosty and dusty window, is for sale—although in themselves the articles are far from being very suggestive or attractive to the spirit of traffic;—and that they are the stock in trade of Gregory Donoe, who is the man that undertakes to sell them. If the visitor has time, such a cold morning, to turn and look around, he will learn from another sign—a swinging sign this—hung midway upon the stem of a tall elm before the door, that Gregory Donoe adds to his business in trade, the profession of hospitality. And if he were to go further and enter the door at

the other end of the front, which is more particularly the tavern door, in contradistinction to the store door at this end, and entering should demand a share of that entertainment for man and beast proffered in yellow letters without, he would find himself received by Gregory Donoe with considerable surprise at the event, with many expressions of curiosity and personal interest, and with a laudable desire to please, reiterated in the invariable answer to every request, "We'll see if we can accommodate you." The surprise of the host at receiving a guest, could only be exceeded by the curiosity of the attachés of the establishment, who comprise the members of his family; and who would be found on service of silent attention, in dark corners, looking on; or from banisters above, looking down; or at cracks of doors, looking through.

Captain Mayferrie and Calick, needing no professional hospitality from the host, pay no attention to the swinging sign; but enter the little store, and greet the storekeeper.

"A cold morning," says a large man with a small head, one of three around the stove, as our friends enter, and who, if we may judge by the deliberate way in which he opens the door and crams in fuel, is Gregory Donoe himself.

"Yes," responds the Captain, "extremely cold for these parts."

"Unus'l," says a gentleman with watery eyes and a red nose, which is perhaps but blushing at the ardent gaze of the hot stove pipe before him.

The speaker is sitting on a nail keg behind the stove in such a manner as to bring one knee on each side of it; which is evidently a favorite position of his, in the season for it, for his pantaloons are perceptibly browned on the inside of either leg.

"Stinging cold," said the third, a very dusty gentleman, speaking apparently to himself, after a short pause, as if the thought had just reached him, and nodding confidentially at a stack of new brooms opposite him; which were a part of the "new goods for the season just opened and for sale by Gregory Donoe."

"Got any more corn?" inquired the proprietor of the establishment, seating himself upon his counter and drumming with his heels upon it.

"Me?" said the Captain.

Mr. Donoe, finding his seat rather cold, transferred his person to a butter firkin in the vicinity of the gentleman who inhabited the nail keg, saying "Ye—s, you, ye—s."

"Oh, yes!" answered the Captain, "I've got more. What do you want to allow for it?"

The large man turned his small head away from the Captain, and a pair of sharp eyes toward him, and said interrogatively, "four and threepence?"

"I don't know," said the Captain. "Libbitt!"

"What?" said that gentleman, after bringing his conference with the brooms to a close, and turning slowly around so as to face the Captain.

"Are you driving your ash-pung now?"

"Yes," said Mr. Libbitt, reverting to the group of brooms.

"Libbitt, I'll sell you those cheap," said Gregory Donoe.

"What do I want of a broom?" said Libbitt, with the emphasis of intense contempt. "Here I've lived in dust and ashes these—I do no' how long; what would I be better for a broom?"

"Cleaner," suggested the man in scorched pantaloons.

"When a man tells me, or hints to me," said the dusty gentleman with increasing energy, "that brooms is any mortal use to any body, I concludes that man don't know what he's made of. I do know what I'm made of, and I ain't ashamed o' the material, not in the least. Why!" exclaimed he, struck with a strong figure, "a man's cleanin' himself is as ridicul'us as tryin' to get lint off broadcloth; it won't come off; if it does, it won't stay off; and if it was off for good, you'd only be the wus off for it; for what is your broadcloth but lint? I say the more lint the thicker your coat is, an' the warmer you be. I would 'nt make any objections to people's doin' what they like with 'emselves; not a bit; on the contrary, I make soap to help 'em. They thinks it cleans 'em. If they'd only come an' see what things I put in it, they'd get sick of that idea shortiy."

"You won't let any body in," complained the scorched gentleman.

"Good reason why!" cried the dusty gentleman, "'T would spile my business."

"Well, Gregory, how much corn did you want?" said the Captain, "though I don't think I can afford it at that price. 'Tis the best, *my* very best;—better than last year's."

Gregory said nothing.

"Libbitt," said the Captain, turning toward him, "if you are up my way this week, I wish you'd call; my ash-hole is about full. Calick, get the jug if you please, I want Mr. Donoe to draw me some vinegar."

The scorched gentleman showed the red nose on one side of the stove pipe, and exhibited with the one watery eye that

was visible, a considerable interest in the subject of vinegar. But he said nothing.

"Oh! Gregory," cried the Captain, just as the storekeeper reached the door of the back room, "have you got any more of that molasses? I shall want some soon."

"I've got some I think 's better," replied Gregory, "come and try it."

Gregory disappeared, and the Captain followed him.

"Vinegar," said the gentleman with the scorched pantaloons, to himself, nodding slowly, and at a convenient distance from the stove pipe, "and molasses, together in proper proportions, and diluted, form a very agreeable drink. H'm," and his face gradually relaxed into a complacent smile at the stove pipe.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Captain from the inner room.

"Is that vinegar or molasses?" continued the scorched gentleman, soliloquizing. "Vinegar is sharp, stinging, scrapes your throat, ugh! that must be the molasses. I'd like to know where he keeps that hog'shead. I'd get under the floor some night with a gimlet, and milk the critter."

Just as Gregory and the Captain emerged from the back-room, the Deacon came in from the street door.

"Good morning, Deacon Ficksom," said the Captain.

"Good morning," replied the Deacon, a little coldly.

"Stinging cold day," said the Captain.

"What a helter-skelter driver you are, Capp'n Mayferrie. Nobody's any business to be driving through our quiet streets in such a noisy style. Dangerous, too."

"Not a bit, sir," replied the Captain. "Here, Calick, set that in the sleigh," said he, handing him the jug.

"You'll kill that horse of yours," continued the Deacon, looking out of the window at the animal. He's a coughing now;" and the Deacon's ample features expressed a whole library upon the Veterinary Art.

"Bless, you, Deacon," cried Mr. Mayferrie, merrily, "you don't know any thing about it. Calick," he continued "you can drive up to your aunt Provy's now; I will come along in half an hour."

"I guess I'll go along with you Calick," said the Deacon, availing himself of the opportunity for a ride. "But Capp'n, you ought n't to drive so furious."

Turning upon them, from the door, a countenance which was as good as a prize essay on Cruelty to Animals, the Deacon disappeared with Calick.

They got into the sleigh together.

"Drive around the pump," said the Deacon.

Calick obeyed.

"A little faster," suggested the Deacon, "I want to see his paces."

Calick spoke to the horse—for it needed but a word from him—and away they went. He took great pride in the horse, and he watched the Deacon to see what he thought of him. The Deacon said nothing; but published a new edition of the Veterinary Library.

"Calick," said the Deacon, as they neared his house, "what's in that jug?"

"Vinegar," said Calick.

"Some of Donoe's, eh?"

"Yes," said Calick.

"I just got some of Willick's," said the Deacon. "I wonder which is the best."

"I guess I'll just try Donoe's," continued he, taking up the Captain's jug.

The idea of resisting any movement of the Deacon's never entered Calick's head; it would have been preposterous.

Raising the jug to his knee, the worthy Deacon twisted out the corn-cob in the most scientific manner, and applied his lips to the mouth of the jug.

Whether it was because the jug was only partially filled, or on account of the peculiar quality of the vinegar, we, who did not enter the back-room of Gregory Donoe's store, can not, of course, say; but whatever may have been the reason, the fact is undeniable, that the vessel was lifted slowly to a most remarkable angle, before the taste of the Deacon seemed satisfied.

"Upon my word," said he at last, after a long breath, replacing the jug and rising to leave the sleigh at his own door. "Upon my word, that is most remarkable vinegar."

V.

DECEMBER, 1835.



CAPTAIN MAYFER-
RIE, walking briskly
up the hill toward
Miss Provy Pease's,
not long afterward,
found Mother Nancy
standing at the front
door, watching for

the return of Calick, whom she had dispatched in the Captain's sleigh, to bring the doctor.

"Good morning, Mother Nancy," said the Captain, turning up to the front gate.

"Good morning, Capp'n," returned Mother Nancy.

"And how," said the Captain, coming up the walk, slapping his hands together, "and how are your patients?"

"The mother's but poorly," replied the nurse. "Calick's just gone for the doctor, and I was a looking for him now. Walk in, do."

The Captain complied, and they went into the little entry. It was a peculiarity of Aunt Pease's little house, that it did not seem small to the Captain; but it made the Captain seem very large to himself. He laid his fur cap upon the table, and the two went into the sitting-room. Captain Mayferrie had to stoop a little to go through the door.

"We thought you would 'nt mind Calick's driving down to the doctor's," said Mother Nancy.

"I am very glad the horse was of service," returned the Captain.

They stood together by the blazing fire, Mother Nancy warming her hands and rubbing them together, as though she were washing them in warm air. Here too, they found Aunt Pease tending the baby, as she had been doing ever since it was old enough to be handled. She had just discovered a new place for a bandage, which she was accordingly putting on.

"And this is the new comer, is it?" said Captain Mayferrie, bending over it. The baby spasmodically opened its eyes for an instant. It was but for an instant; yet it was long enough for Aunt Pease to notice that its eyes were the same as the Captain's; a fact which she silently cut off, and laid away to be made up at leisure.

"Is n't it a be—e—uty?" said she, holding up the baby for inspection.

A fine baby, undoubtedly; but still much like all babies; who usually in their general features, or rather in their general want of features, resemble much their mother earth in her infantile state; being without much form and very void in their personal appearance.

"And what," inquired Captain Mayferrie, "are you going to name her?"

"That's just the question," replied Mother Nancy. "What do you say, Captain?"

The baby, who had been making a dumb show of talking, uttered a feeble cry, but was so astounded at the sound, that it relapsed immediately into silence.

"There's Lucinda," said Aunt Provy. "That's a good name. My grandmother was Lucinda. Lucinda Green; and when she married my grandfather, they used to laugh a great deal about his having green peas all the year round. It used to be the family joke. It's a first rate name, and not easily nicknamed either. She was a fine old lady—was grandma Cindy. They always used to call her Cindy, I recollect."

"There's Sarah," said Mother Nancy, "that's a good name. 'Tain't too long, neither. And it's easy to spell."

"What are you going to do for a last name?" inquired Captain Mayferrie.

"It might be well for her to follow her mother's," suggested the nurse, dryly.

"What's that?"

"Chesslebury," replied Aunt Pease.

"Who told you so?" asked the Captain with some interest.

"Oh! she told me so," replied Aunt Provy. "Lucretia and I were talking there this morning about the Chessleburys, when, as soon as she heard me say Chesslebury, she says, 'Chesslebury? Yes, ma'am. That's my name. I am exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance, ma'am. I hope you will do me the favor of calling.' Then I asked her if her name was Chesslebury, but she did not understand me, I sup-

pose, for she only asked me if I could direct her to China. She wanted to get a divining rod, to find her treasure."

"Pooh!" said Mother Nancy, "I don't believe she's a Chesslebury."

"Why, no," said Captain Mayferrie; "It is n't likely. The name struck her fancy, that's all."

"No!" exclaimed Aunt Provy with determination, "she's a Chesslebury. I know she is. Any way I'm going to call her so."

"I should n't think the Chessleburys would like it very well," suggested the Captain.

"Like it very well!" echoed the nurse, "they'll be whopin' mad."

"I can't help that," returned Aunt Provy; which was very true. "I think it's a pity if I can't name my own babies as I want to. Well, you need n't laugh. She is my baby. Ain't you? you tinny, winny, dinny, little ting. So it was. And it sall be a Sesslebury. Es, it sall."

The baby, by this time recovered from her previous astonishment, did not receive this announcement with as much favor as was to have been expected. It was beginning to cry again. Aunty Pease, famous for her care of babies, clutched it after the most approved fashion, and tossed it up and down, stopping occasionally to kiss it, as though it were like a medicine which must be well shaken before taken. She soon succeeded in shaking temporarily out of its body what little breath it had. Triumphant in her success, she laid it down, upon her lap again, to recover its breath at its leisure, which it did, with much gasping and many faces.

"Good voice, that."

This the doctor said, coming in, rubbing his hands and stamping his feet, with Calick following closely behind him.

"I heard her in the road as plain as—"

He can think of no adequate comparison, and leaves the sentence unfinished.

"Not so much volume though," said Captain Mayferrie, "as—" he was going to say "as Mother Nancy,"—but checked himself just in time, and said—"as she will have one of these days."

"Well, no," said the doctor, "all the volumes of her voice are not yet issued."

"Why not call her Sarah?" asked Mother Nancy, "that's a good name."

"Oh, no, that won't do," said Aunt Provy. "It's so easily nicknamed. Beside it's too common. Now, there's Amanda; that's a pretty name, and you can't nickname that."

"Why, it's as easy nicknamed as Sarah," replied the nurse. "She'll be Amy or Mandy wherever she goes. It's worse than Sarah, 'cause it's longer."

"Oh, no, that's different," said Aunt Provy: "Those are pet names;—that's very different."

"What's the odds?" asked Mother Nancy.

"Oh, there's a great difference," said Aunt Provy. "Pet names are — are — and nick-names are — are — oh, they are very different—altogether different."

"Ah!" said the nurse.

"Call her both," suggested Mr. Mayferrie; "Sarah Amanda Chesslebury. That sounds well,—Sarah Amanda Chesslebury."

"Good," said the doctor, "that's first-rate,—Sarah Amanda."

And then the nickname will be Sal-Amanda. Capital. She looks like a Salamander now."

Captain Mayferrie laughed; but Mother Nancy and Aunt Provy looked indignant.

"Tell you what," said Calick, breaking silence; "I've a notion. Make up a name. Take the first half of your name," nodding toward the nurse, "and the last part of yours," nodding toward his aunt. "Call her Salanda."

"Hard to spell," suggested Miss Boggs.

"Not a bit of it," said the doctor, opening a book upon the mantle-shelf, and writing it as he spoke: "There," continued he, holding it up for inspection, as he put a period to the name. "Salanda. That looks well."

"It is a handsome name," said the Captain, "and it isn't easily nicknamed either."

Aunt Provy, proud of Calick's originality, readily assented to his suggestion; stipulating, that for a middle name, the baby should take her own; and thus did the little stranger gain the unique appellation of Salanda Pease Chesslebury.

The little crazy woman had lain for the most part quite still, since the night before. She talked incessantly to herself, and had a restless desire to get up and go on, on—somewhere, she knew not where—for some thing, she never thought for what. She minded very little what passed about her. She did not notice whether it was Aunt Pease who came rustling, bustling in, but rustling, bustling in a whisper; or Mother Nancy who trod heavily—on tiptoe; or Calick, as it once had been Calick, whose boots would cry out with pain, tread lightly as he might. She liked nothing better than to have

the baby laid close by her side, and she would lie quite still, watching it and talking to it in an odd, rambling way, asking strange questions, and always herself supplying answers. Miss Lucretia Oleanda Blossom had come in during the first part of the morning with, an orthographical purpose, intending, as she said, "to spell Mother Nancy;" and was now sewing upon a very diminutive garment, while sitting by the sick bed.

"Have you a beau, my dear?" asks the crazy woman of her, suddenly breaking a long silence.

Miss Lucretia Oleanda Blossom, bending over her sewing, examines with great particularity her stitches, but makes no reply.

Nor does she have much opportunity to do so, for the crazy woman, without waiting for an answer, continues:

"A rainbow, I mean. I am told that there's always a treasure to be found at the end of the rainbow. I think it must be mine. Let me think; who was it? Oh! the Emperor of all the Chinas told me so last night. And I would advise you, my dear, to get the China ware; it is the best;—when you go to housekeeping. I promised him I would recommend his wares last night. I think we shall have rain soon, too. It seems misty, I think; very misty."

She raises her head a little, as though to look through a misty atmosphere; but soon lies down again.

The fire gives a little snap.

"What! more champagne. Really this is too much, Emperor. No more, I thank you. No more for me. My head is n't very strong. Not so strong as it used to be. Indeed, I sometimes think it is very weak—very weak."

This last is spoken in a sad manner, in strange contrast

with the smirking expression with which she had said the rest. After this she complains much, sometimes that it is misty, sometimes that her head is weak or aches, and once she imagines that she is an unfortunate fly caught in a spider's web, which she often tries to brush from off her face. From such complaints her wandering mind is first attracted by the doctor drawing a chair up by the bedside, and asking her gently how she does this morning.

"Well! very well, I thank you, sir," she replies, turning her twinkling, rolling eyes toward his, "I never felt better, I believe; except my head. It aches. I think the waters were very beneficial to me. Do you drink the waters?"

After a short pause she continues:

"Water did you say? Oh, yes! I came across the water. I'm a pilgrim father. Oh, yes! I'm a pilgrim father. I came across in the—May—Mayferry."

They draw near around her bedside; Aunt Provy, Mother Nancy, Lucretia Oleanda. The Captain, in the room outside, hearing his name pronounced, steps to the door which has been left ajar, and looks through the crack. And Calick, from contemplation of the fire, looks up wondering.

"What's that?" asks he.

"H'sh! h'sh!" says the Captain, raising his hand.

Calick, from leaning back on the hind legs of his chair, comes down suddenly, and not noiselessly, upon all four. He then leans forward, his head in his hands and his elbows upon his knees.

"Oh, yes!" she repeats; "in the Mayferry. And seems to me it was there I lost my heart, somehow. Dear me, this cobweb troubles me." She passes her hand over her face as

if to brush it off. "Let me think. I can not seem to recollect exactly."

The doctor takes her hand to feel her pulse; then strokes it thoughtfully between his.

"Well, doctor?" says Aunt Provy, anxiously.

The doctor shakes his head oracularly, as doctors sometimes will. It may mean, "Not as bad as I thought;" or it may mean, "Hopeless case;" or it may merely mean, doubt and anxiety.

"But he has given me back my heart," says the crazy woman; "he sent it back last night. See!"

The doctor's eyes follow hers. Both rest upon the little messenger who brought it then;—who still keeps it.

The doctor takes her hand in his again, to feel her pulse. This time he holds his watch in the other hand, and compares together these two time-pieces. Then he knows that one is running down—fast running down.

His patient watches him with interest, while he holds her hand in his; and when he drops it, and puts back his watch, she draws a long breath, and says:

"Please, was the Emperor of China here last night?"

"No!" says the doctor.

"Nor the angel Gabriel?"

"No."

"It is misty—very misty."

There is a short pause.

"It is very strange," she continues, pressing her head with both her hands. "I think I have been dreaming. A strange dream it was, but—oh dear, this cobweb. Bring me my baby, please."

Aunt Provy brings it, and lays it by her side. She takes its tiny hand in hers.

"Good-by, little one, I shall not be long gone. Doctor, let me have your bill, please. I will pay it when I find my treasure. I am going for it now."

Calick now standing by the Captain's side, wonders to see how pale he has become, and how he leans against the wall as for support.

"Good-by all," says the little woman. She attempts to wave her hand to them. It falls feebly by her side.

The time-piece is running down—fast running down.

"It is quite clear now," she says, "there is my treasure. I see it. Golden harps."

Calick, leaning forward, rests his hand upon the door. It yields, to his pressure with a gentle creaking. The rolling, twinkling eyes turn toward the sound.

"JOHN!"

It rings through the room, bringing the doctor to his feet with a start. The little woman raises herself erect in bed, stretching her arms out toward the door. And so she sits. The rolling, twinkling eyes grow still. The trembling arms drop slowly by her side. The time-piece, with a rattle, runs down never to be wound up again; and a stray beam of the sun, creeping through the folds of the darkening curtain, illumines with a heavenly light, that face which earthly joys had long since ceased to brighten.

VI.

JANUARY AND JUNE, 1836.



ELDER GRAYNES was one of those pastors who do not wait to be summoned of affliction or trouble, but always seem

to be found where they are needed without being sent for. And so it happened that on the very afternoon of the day of the poor wanderer's death, he walked gently into Aunt Provy's house. Aunt Provy was not at all surprised to see him, because she never knew of his being wanted, when he did not sooner or later come, having caught a whisper, or heard an echo, or guessed a cause of trouble which required his presence.

There are some hearts that are always shut up; locked and bolted all the time, like houses in the night. Nothing can enter at the front door, it is barred. Nothing can break in at the front windows, the blinds are closed, the sashes latched, the shutters within close fastened. Nothing on the roof; the

skylight is padlocked on the inside. But passing by all ordinary approaches and all anticipated places of entrance, there may perchance be found in some out of the way corner, an unfastened side-light which will admit the hand to turn a key.

So it had been with the little seamstress. She had lived all her life with an empty, close-shut heart. All ordinary approaches failed to touch her feelings and awaken her thoughts to any deep and permanent purposes. She had lost her mother,—wept, and that was all. Her father,—wept again, mourned with her brother that they were left alone with no relative in the world, and then forgot her grief without learning its interpretation and its lesson. Happiness came over her like sunshine, and still the windows of her heart were not opened. She liked her nephew Calick. She could not help liking him, although he gently crossed her wishes sometimes; but she had never found any body else of all her friends on earth to love, and beyond the earth, she hitherto had had no thought.

But now it seemed as if the circumstances of that night and morning, though they were unconnected with her own welfare, and did not address themselves to her as personal griefs, had yet, in some loop-hole, found an entrance and gained access.

It was with soberness and in silence that she conducted the Elder into the dark front room where the mother lay; and with tears, with strange tears, that she showed him afterward, in the other room, the little babe.

Elder Graynes assumed the burden of the funeral, which was very simple and quiet. And thereafter Aunt Provy, not

without countenance and assistance from Mrs. Graynes, took upon herself the care of the infant who had been cast thus suddenly upon the world. What with sober thoughts newly up-springing in her mind, what with her usual cares and daily employments, and what with the attentions required by her little charge, which were of a nature involving cares that, to an elderly maiden lady, are undoubtedly as perplexing as novel, Aunt Provy found the hours of her day well filled.

But not in all these occupations was her curiosity drowned. She spent more strength than ever upon Captain Mayferrie's case, and evolved more theories upon his origin, cause, progress and destiny, than would have sufficed to account for the existence of several hundred Salandas. She made diligent research into the two great problems—where did Captain Mayferrie come from?—and, who was Salanda's mother? These problems she daily cyphered upon the slate of imagination, but failed to accomplish their solution. Every morning she commenced the work afresh, and filled the day with calculations in which one problem always ran into the other, and the other returned to seek its answer in the first. Nor did she find relief from her daily recurring perplexity, until the sponge of sleep wiped out the figures, and left the tablets clear for the calculations of another day.

All this however, was at home, and amid the freshness of her novel household cares. A storm which prevailed for some days after the funeral of Salanda's mother, prevented the working of the telegraph, and communication with the world abroad, was, to a great extent, suspended by Aunt Provy. She however sent several messages to the Captain, by word of Calick, but the only answer Calick got, was an

inquiry upon the part of the Captain, of how the infant was doing, and Calick became discouraged, and resolved to carry no more.

At last, however, a fine morning came; the murkiness of earth gave way to the brilliancy of heaven, and the sun wrote in golden letters across the white landscape, a reflection which care-worn and over-anxious men would do well to bear in mind. Earth might have eternal sunshine, if it were not for the clouds of its own gathering. The air was very keen and cold, but it was not in the power of the chilly air of a clear winter's day, to keep Aunt Provy in the house. Although sensitive to storms, she was impervious to cold. So she resolved to seize upon this first opportunity for a visit to the Captain.

In the middle of the forenoon therefore, she dressed herself for a winter's walk; putting on—strangest of women—a pair of stout bootees, and over these a pair of Calick's thickest woolen stockings; and robing herself warmly in cloak, hood, veil, shawls, mittens and mufflers. Thus appareled, and confiding the baby to the temporary care of Miss Lucretia Oleanda Blossom, she sallied forth. If she looked cold, it was only as does the quicksilver in the thermometer; by shrinking into the smallest possible compass, and looking brighter than ever there.

It was a bleak walk up that long hill.

Aunt Provy reached her destination and entered the house, according to custom, by the back-door, and without the ceremony of numbing her cold knuckles with a knock.

She found the Captain and Calick in the great kitchen shelling corn. The Captain seemed to anticipate a conversa-

tion, for he rose, suspended his work, and invited Aunt Provy to a seat on the settle. He took no seat himself.

"Cold day," said the Captain.

Miss Provy seated herself, but did not immediately speak. She had lost her breath on the hill, and sat waiting for it to overtake her. At last it came, and she said,—

"Yes."

Then she fell to gazing at the fire, with occasional glances at the Captain. Calick, under pretence of carrying away the basket of cobs, was about to leave the room.

"Don't go, Calick," interposed the Captain, quietly.

Aunt Provy was perhaps never before afraid of any thing,—except spiders; such as took her by surprise from unexpected ambuscades. Now, however, she began to think she had better let the Captain alone. But in silence she gained courage.

"You have n't been down to see the baby again?"

He shook his head.

"We thought to be sure you would come down to the funeral," said Aunt Provy.

"Well, no," said the Captain, "I don't enjoy funerals."

Aunt Provy continued, without noticing the interruption.

"To the funeral of your own—"

"Don't call her mine," interrupted the Captain. "I've claimed no one."

"So much the worse," retorted she. "It's little excuse to say you don't claim her. That's the very thing. Why don't you? Come now, Mr. Mayferrie, was n't she your—"

"She's none of mine," interposed he. "I don't own her."

"Oh—h—h, Cap'n Mayferrie," cried Aunt Provy, lifting

her hands in determined astonishment. "If your own flesh and blood don't belong to you, whose are they?"

"Miss Pease," said the gentlemanly man, quite unmoved externally by her appeal, "you have called me Captain. It was the first time I enjoyed the honor, but I made no objections. You now would give me a more domestic title. It is nothing to me. No more in the one case than in the other. I have nothing to say. Please go on."

Aunt Provy looked at the fire, and secretly wished the Captain was not so polite. If she could find the slightest rent of ill-temper in his guise, she could speedily tear off the whole robe.

"Well," said she, after a short pause, "well so far so good. You don't deny it. Now your poor little daughter is left alone. Nobody but such as me to care for her. She's a half orphan now. Are you going to stand off this way and double it? Oh! how can you?"

"I tell you now," said he, earnestly, "that of all your quick head can think of to say, and all your quicker tongue can say without thinking of it, I shall deny nothing. It will be time enough to deny when a charge of something is made. But, all the stories you heap up over me, the better my concealment is. I speak frankly. The more there are, the better my purpose is served. Go on, please."

"Cap'n Mayferrie," returned the little lady, "it's time to deny it now. I charge you with it," cried she, pointing at him. "You know you have. I charge you now."

With an unconscious suiting of the action to the word, she started from the seat, and with her finger outstretched like a bayonet, she charged upon the Captain.

"You've deserted your wife. She came after you, and you disown her. She dies, and you won't speak to her. She's buried, and you won't go near her. And you're a great, hard-hearted, unnatural man. You did it. I know 't was so. There's one thing, you shan't have the baby. I'm glad you disown it. You don't deserve it. There's only one thing that makes me think it don't belong to you, and that is, that it's a cherub, which you ain't."

"Miss Pease," said the Captain, "I feel an interest in that child."

"Oh, you do, do you?" cried she. "So you're a-coming to your senses, are you?"

"And I intend that she shall be well provided for," continued he, disregarding the interruption. "Some time when you recover your usual quietness and good sense, I shall be happy to talk with you."

"Oh, I'm quiet! I'm quiet now," cried the little old lady, with the calmness of a small hurricane, and marching up and down the room in a quickstep of excitement. "I'm quiet. I'm quiet."

The Captain walked back and forth at the other side of the room, and was silent for a few moments. Aunt Provy bustled back and forth, repeating that she was quiet. She beat the Captain at every turn, and made three trips to his two. The Captain spoke.

"Listen, Calick."

Calick, who was already all wide-mouthed attention, leaned forward and put his hand to his ear as if he had been deaf.

"She was happy," commenced the Captain, "and so was her husband. She had every thing to make her happy that

she could have, I suppose. She had every luxury, but that was not enough for her. She took to drinking. First, fashionably; finally, like a brute. I broke her of it once. By force. I made her give it up. She did not dare give way to it then, with me. But once, when I was out of town, she broke her word and my commands, and I found her stupidly besotted. You don't know what she was. She was an elegant, educated, accomplished, brilliant, beautiful woman. She became a senseless idiot. I forswore her. She went crazy. She was despised by those on the same road, and going after her. I was pointed at. Four months after she broke her solemn pledge to me, she was raving mad in the asylum. I had her cared for by others. I swore I would never own her nor claim her disgrace as mine. I never will. 'T will be enough if she drags me after her."

Here a pause. The Captain was walking faster now. He strode heavily over the floor. Aunt Provy stood gazing at him.

"The child is her daughter," said he, more calmly now again. "I shall provide for it in a proper way, but I'll never own it for mine. I have n't left my home, and all to which I belonged, and set myself down here out of the way, to be hunted out and taxed with her abominably evil ways. The child's hers. She may turn out worthy of her mother. I'll not own her. She shan't want for any thing reasonable but parents, but that I won't be. I'll have no more of her or hers."

"Now, you understand the story. I've only two courses. I shall take just which you like. You love the child, I see. I am glad. I shall support her and provide well for her. I will

pay well for your trouble. And you shall tell any story about her except the true one; or none at all, and that's better still. I love the child, and that's the reason I'll not have her. There's been one woman ruined in my house already. If you will be a mother to her I am thankful. That's one course. If, however, you say a word about what I've told you, I shall take the child from you and go. You may do which you like. It makes no difference to me. Speak of it if you prefer, but the day you speak I shall hear, and the day I hear I shall go—with her."

Upon this basis Aunt Provy finally decided to accept the charge of the infant. And, in company of Calick, she hastened home to relieve Lucretia Oleanda.

"Mind, Calick," said the Captain, as they were going out. "You understand. I know your aunt's ways, and I do n't believe she can help telling all she knows, and more, for the matter of that. I'm quite indifferent as to what she says, but you understand that I shall not stop here to hear any of her gossip circulate. I shall not—and the child shall not."

Aunt Provy winced under this cut, but she bit her tongue and kept it still.

"And if the child lives, you are to say nothing to her of it. She shall not be burdened with her mother's disgrace. Whatever she is to know, I will tell her myself when the time comes."

With this further admonition, Captain Mayferrie bowed them out, in his own gentlemanly manner, and they directed their steps toward the village.

"La, me," cried Aunt Pease, "what a man! I never saw such a one. To think of his telling such stories about that

poor, dear, crazy woman. She could n't be such a bad woman, for she was so good, and so intelligent too, though she was a little wandering in her mind."

"But Aunt," said Calick, "what shall you say about the little child?"

"Oh! I shan't say a word. I'll let the Capp'n see that I can keep a secret as well as any body. I'll go right down this very moment and see Mrs. Ficksom about it."

"That 's a good beginnin'," said Calick. "If the greatness of a secret goes by the number of people there are in it, it 'll be the biggest kind of a secret afore Sunday, for all the town 'll be in it."

"Good gracious! Calick, how can you talk so? You know I was n't going to tell every body. But Mrs. Ficksom ought to know. She 's the Deacon's wife, and she 's taken a deal of interest in Capp'n Mayferrie, for she said to me one night at the sewin' circle, says she, 'I think that somebody ought to look after that Mr. Mayferrie,' says she, 'because,' says she, 'we don't know any thing about his private affairs,' and says she, 'our girl Deborah was up there at Squire Blankes's, and she said that Maldie—that 's Squire Blankes's girl—said that Martha told her how the Captain drank; and she said just how many times he filled his demijohn in a week,'—I think it was in a week,—and Mrs. Ficksom says to me that some body must take the lead in this thing and find out, 'because,' says she, 'if the man drinks all the time, of course he can't work; and then where does his money come from.' Yes, Mrs. Ficksom is very much interested in him; and I think she 'd ought to know."

"And Mrs. Graynes?" suggested Calick, inquiringly.

"Why—yes—I suppose she ought to know. Yes, oh, yes! of course the minister's wife ought to know. She 's very much interested in him. Not so much in him as Mrs. Ficksom is, because Mrs. Ficksom said she was. Says she, 'Oh, I do want to know all about him.' But Mrs. Graynes ought to know, because she 's very much interested about the baby. Yes, I think I ought to tell her."

"And Lucretia Oleanda?" said Calick.

"Why, Lucretia was really very kind, and she helped me so much, and then she heard all that the poor mother said. Yes, I think she ought to know. I ought to tell her."

"Well," said Calick, "I'm glad to understand, for I'll tell Captain Mayferrie to-night to take the child, poor thing."

"Why, Calick! la me! you talk just as if I was a-going to let out the secret. No such a thing. But don't you think Mrs. Ficksom has a right to know about it?"

If Aunt Pease had an interest in the baby, Calick was concerned for the Captain. There were those elements of nobility in the stranger's character which took hold strongly on Calick's simple-hearted affection, and he had seen indications of danger in the gradual approaches of intemperance, that appealed to his compassion, and made him resolve to do what he could, in a humble way, to save the Captain. Under this hope he said to his aunt,—

"I think we may do both of 'em a very good turn, if we 're good friends. The poor man has seen trouble, and he 's down-hearted and 'most desperate. As for the baby, she 's got nothin' but a name, and we don't know as that belongs to her. If they go off from here, there 's no knowin' what 'll become

of 'em. As for these women folks, if you think they ought to know, why tell 'em. Only I shall tell the Capp'n."

Aunt Provy seemed quite undecided as to her duties to the friends of Mr. Mayferrie in the village, and very unusually, was silent for the space of full fifteen minutes, at which period she reached her home. Here, on seeing the baby, which had grown measurably, as she declared, since morning, she nearly smothered it with hugging, and said to Calick, "If you ever catch me saying a word about the story to any body—you'll know it."

Calick thought so too. And to make the more sure, he thereafter paid more attention to the talk of the women folks than ever before he could have deemed possible.

It was not enough, however, that Aunt Provy should say nothing. Information of the arrival of a mysterious little stranger being speedily noised abroad in the town, and the wags of the village wittily circulating the news in the jocular remark that "Aunt Pease had got a baby," the story of events connected with Salanda's birth, gained extensive circulation. Many editions of the tale, enlarged and improved, with notes, introductions, appendices, and promises of sequels, were brought out in the village, and Salanda was made the heroine of a great many romances before she was a month old.

But as the gossip received no stimulus from the conversation of Aunt Provy, and as the gentlemanly man showed himself entirely indifferent to the whole discussion, it gradually died out, and gave place, in course of time, to other inquiries upon subjects equally important in their day and generation.

One pleasant morning in the next summer, when earth had put off her winter cloak, and assumed the gay garment of green

again, Mr. Mayferrie and Calick, on their way down the hill from the farm to the village, were passing the burying ground.

"Calick," said the Captain, "there ought to be a grave stone."

"Yes, sir," responded Calick.

The Captain stopped, and leaned against the wall.

"Yes, Calick, there ought to be a grave stone, or the poor child will never know even so much as where the dust of her mother lies."

"I would set one," said Calick, speaking gently, after some silence, "if I knew what you would have on it."

"I should like to have you do it," replied the Captain. "A plain stone without inscription, will mark the spot. It is better than nothing."

And so the stone was set.

By midnight moonlight, a tall, manly form came slowly down the hill, and, passing the meeting-house, entered the burying-ground by the arched gateway. He looked carefully about him, but seeing no one, he rapidly approached the newly turfed mound, and stooped, uncovered, at the marble stone. Its pale white face shone mournfully upon him in the moonlight.

With a ready pencil he sketched, and with a dexterous chisel he lightly cut upon the stone the one word:

MOTHER.

It was a task of some time, and somewhat rudely done at that. He lingered over the word too, touching and retouch-

ing here and there. At last he laid aside his tools, and wiped his brow.

"Oh! oh!" sighed he. "It could never mean any thing to anybody else; and this is all that it can say even to her, poor child!"

And then he went away.

VII.

MARCH, 1843.



TIME with his scythe had mown the hair from Elder Graynes' forehead, and made a place there to plant a wig, although no wig had as yet been planted.

The same industrious farmer had plowed deeper furrows in the Deacon's face, and brought its capacities of varied expression into a higher state of cultivation than ever before.

He had, in leisure moments, carved the lineaments of Calick's countenance into the expression of maturity. He had made many other changes in Cone Cut Corners also, more or less noticeable and important. He passed his hand very lightly over Aunt Provy, to be sure, bringing her only a pair of silver spectacles, which she rarely found need to use; but then, on the other hand, he had magnified Salanda through all the sizes of infancy and childhood, and now adding up the years of her life, he computed her to be seven years old.

Time, in making these changes, did not pass by, untouched, the gentlemanly man.

Captain Mayferrie was no longer a young man. He no longer went to meeting with jet black boots. He no longer frequented the society of the village—except those circles which gathered in Gregory Donoe's store. The ambitions of men change with their ages. Captain Mayferrie now no longer plumed himself upon the hay crop, nor prided himself upon his seed-corn. He thought less of his oxen now, and more of his horses. He cared little for his ax, but a good deal for his fishing-pole. He had built him a new cider-mill, and his orchard was now esteemed by him, more according to the quantity of its products, than their quality.

In short, Captain Mayferrie had passed that time of his life when respectability was his most cherished luxury.

Time, who had quieted the inquiries, and speculations, and gossipings, which sprang up upon the occasion of Salanda's birth, thought fit to raise them to life again; and to do it through the instrumentality of Mrs. Gregory Donoe.

Gregory Donoe, the Captain's friend, was a man very well to do in the world, as we have already had reason to judge. He was prosperous, and, after the manner of men, happy. He had nevertheless one affliction—he was about to lose his wife. It is not often that a husband can obtain definite and reliable information of the exact date of his approaching widowhood; but Mrs. Donoe had marked with an ink-blot in her husband's almanac, the twenty-third of April, as the day of her undoubted departure from this earthly scene, and was arranging her family affairs with a view to a public ascension upon that day.

In other words, Mrs. Gregory Donoe was a confirmed Millerite;—a believer in that faith which was then somewhat prevalent in New England, and which, by a careful casting up of the accounts of the prophecies, demonstrated the certain destruction of this globe upon the 23d of April, 1843.

As the spring of that fated year advanced, Mrs. Donoe began to be less and less interested in such sublunary affairs as breakfasts and dinners, parlors and bedrooms, furniture and clothing, guests, customers and charges, until it really seemed as if she were indeed about to give up the business of living altogether. As the month of April drew near, she grew more and more enthusiastic in the work of preparing ascension-robcs for herself and Tommy. Tommy was a young Donoe of some fifteen or eighteen months old. He was not, to be sure, a very strong believer in Millerism, but then, as his mother said, he was "so young and innocent like, he would go right straight up by his own heft when the time came, and think nothing at all about it."

Mrs. Donoe's Millerism might not have disturbed her husband much if it had been confined to a quiet opinion in her own mind, which did not interrupt the regular performance of her domestic duties. But, unhappily, the case was otherwise. Nothing in the house was properly washed but ascension-robcs. Very often there was neither breakfast, dinner, nor supper, prepared for Gregory. For a time he submitted to live on casual luncheons in the store. But before long he began to tire of the limited variety of that establishment, and he concluded that the world would come to an end for him, pretty soon, if he was not careful. And so he told the Captain; who cheered him up by the assurance that, if he could

only get along by the twenty-third, he guessed things would all come out right after all.

Mrs. Donoe derived the information, which supported her in her controversial discussions upon the melancholy subject which occupied her thoughts, from a villainous-looking sheet styled, "The Midnight Cry," a newspaper of a somber cast of mind, devoted to the elucidation of such problems as:—

Given, a beast with seven heads and ten horns, numbered 666,—the date of the Babylonish captivity, not very definitely settled,—a guess that the word "time" in prophecy means a period of three hundred and sixty years,—a period of seventy weeks with leave to make it as many centuries long as you choose,—as many beasts with heads, horns, wings, legs, and tails, *ad libitum*, as the nature of the argument may seem to demand,—and such like data;—

Required, to compute the time of the general end of all things.

This sheet, being printed in extremely black type, and profusely illustrated with graphic portraits of the various beasts by which the argument was supported, was by no means what one would call light reading; and was not at all calculated to give a lively or exhilarating turn to Mrs. Donoe's discussions with her friends.

These discussions, although they turned chiefly upon the certainty with which the destruction of the world on the twenty-third of April might be counted upon, involved a further, though subordinate debate, upon the positions, prospects, and chances of all the neighbors. It was a great point with Mrs. Donoe to assure herself, who, upon the promised day was likely to go up;—who, down.

Foremost upon the latter list in the opinion of Mrs. Donoe, stood Captain Mayferrie. Her reasons for despairing of his future safety, were thus interpreted to that gentleman by Aunt Provy, one afternoon, when she met him in the village street.

"La! Captain," said she, "do you know, Mrs. Donoe's been saying most awful things about you. Mrs. Tripp was over to see me this afternoon, and says she, I was down at Squire Cartrock's, and Mrs. Cartrock said her girls was up to the hill a little while ago, up to Mrs. Buxton's, and Mrs. Buxton says that if you 're what Mrs. Donoe says you are, you 're not fit to live; them 's her very words."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain.

"She says,—you know Mrs. Donoe 's a Millerite, and believes the world 's a coming to an end next month,—she says all sorts of things about you, and Mrs. Buxton told the Cartrock girls that she heard that Mrs. Donoe told her husband that you was a reprobate; and, says she, the poor girl was his victim, and the child 's his outcast."

"I 'm much obliged to you for telling me," said the Captain; "I must call on Mrs. Donoe some night, I think, if she 's going to bring that old gossip all up again."

Nor did the Captain forego his intention. A few nights later he stood in Gregory Donoe's store, as the storekeeper was preparing to close for the night.

"Is your wife waiting for the end of the world as patient as ever?" he inquired of the proprietor of the establishment.

"Yes, just the same," was the reply.

"She expects to go up before the fire, don't she?" continued Captain Mayferrie.

"I believe she does," answered the storekeeper, somewhat

absently. He was putting some packages away in a drawer down under the counter.

"It would n't be quite unexpected, if she was to be called away to-night, would it?" asked the Captain.

"What?" said Gregory, looking up quickly, and closely scanning the expression of the Captain's face.

"It would n't come much amiss, would it," said the Captain, repeating his inquiry; but this time with a nod and a wink, which seemed to make a far greater impression on the trader's mind than did the language of the question, "if she was to be called for to-night?—not if she would come back to breakfast in her sober senses?"

"Mayferrie," exclaimed the storekeeper with an appreciating smile, "you're a regular brick. What'll you take to drink?" And with unprecedented generosity, he poured out a full glass of the Captain's favorite beverage, and treated him, gratis.

That night was a cold and blustering March night. About one o'clock some one rapped sharply outside the window of the room where Mr. Donoe and his wife were quietly sleeping.

"Mrs. Donoe," cried a voice from without; a sort of midnight cry.

"What do you want?" said Mr. Donoe, in reply.

"Mrs. Donoe," responded the midnight cry, "Mrs. Donoe; I'll not talk to an unbeliever."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Donoe rising hastily and going to the window.

"I've come for you," replied the cry without, laconically, "come along; I'm in a hurry."

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Donoe, peering out from behind the curtain.

"I'm an angel," was the answer. "We're a going to carry up all the saints before the twenty-third; and they've sent me for you, so come along."

"Oh, Gregory!" exclaimed his wife, bursting into tears, "I must go with him, I must, I must. Oh, dear me! Do come too, now. Now you know it's all true what I've told you so many times. Only believe, and we'll go up together. Oh, dear."

"Don't go, Mary," remonstrated her husband, "I would 'nt, it's too cold; besides that ain't an angel, I don't believe."

"Yes it is," said Mrs. Donoe, "and I must go."

"Come, be quick," said the angel, "I'm as cold as thunder, waiting out here."

"Did you ever hear of a cold angel?" asked Mr. Donoe of his wife, argumentatively.

Mrs. Donoe made no reply. She busied herself with the preparations that were necessary for her departure. There was but little for her to do, since she had done nothing for a month previous but arrange her affairs for this crisis. Grief in her heart filled her eyes with tears, for, with all her folly, she loved her husband truly. To be parted from him for any cause, would have been a great affliction to her, but to leave him thus, was doubly painful. He, on the other hand, seemed but little moved by the prospect of her departure, but then it must be considered that he was not, perhaps, then fairly awake. At one time indeed, he seemed almost overcome with emotion, but he soon stifled it under the blankets. What kind of emotion it was, is not easily determined. He, however, repeated his advice, that she should disregard the

dubious summons, but to no effect; an angel called her, and she must go.

"Mayn't I take little Tommy?" said she, addressing the angel without, "I've got his robes all ready."

"No, no," said he, "I'm coming for all the babies next week; let him be; and come along yourself quicker, do you suppose an angel can wait forever?"

Mrs. Donoe bid a hasty farewell to her husband, in which tears, Millerite Theology, kisses, expostulations, and womanly affection, were strangely mingled,—gave the sleeping Tommy a parting caress; and then, weeping bitterly, sallied out into the cold and blustering night.

She found her angel in earthly guise, resembling a stage-driver as much as any thing. He was warmly clothed from head to foot, wore a warm fur cap and shaggy woolen comforter, and stood in as stout a pair of boots as ever cased the feet of a mortal. As Mrs. Donoe had never been led to conceive of angels in such a form and dress, but, on the contrary, had supposed them to consist of the head and wings usually assigned to them by imaginative artists, she felt her confidence in his muffled angelhood somewhat shaken. She gazed upon his countenance to discern that radiant glory which she supposed would there appear; but it was dimmed and quenched between the fur cap which was pulled down low over his eyes, and the comforter, which was tied around the lower part of his face, concealing every thing below the bridge of his nose.

The angel, however, gave her no time for questions, but grasping her arm started off with her down the road at a brisk pace.

"How are we going up?" inquired Mrs. Donoe, timidly,

after they had trudged some three or four minutes. "We ain't going to walk *all* the way, I suppose, are we?"

"No," said the angel, "I've got a chariot of fire down along a piece, when we get to it."

"A chariot of fire," exclaimed Mrs. Donoe, mentally. The possibility that this would be the mode of her ascension had never occurred to her. She had expected to go up in the balloon style, as being safer, and more in accordance with the teachings of the Millerite prophets. However, there was nothing to be said about the matter, and the two walked on half a mile in silence. The angel would not talk, and Mrs. Donoe dared not; but she began to fear that the angels were very unsocial creatures. But at last, as they reached a place where two roads met, the angel spoke:

"You wait here," said he.

"What for?" said Mrs. Donoe. "I don't see the chariot."

"We have n't come to that yet," replied the angel. "I've to go up this other road after two more sisters; then we'll all go on to it."

So saying, he led Mrs. Donoe to a rock by the side of the road, which afforded her a seat, and telling her to sit down there until he came back, started off upon his errand. Mrs. Donoe sat patiently down to await his return.

"By the way," thought she, "if I'm going up in a chariot of fire, I guess I'll carry up some snow; perhaps it'll be hot."

So saying, she crowded snow into her shoes and bonnet, as well as into such parts of her dress as the construction of her robe allowed; in order to be protected as much as possible from the element to which she was to be exposed.

Time passed slowly on, but no angel appeared. In vain

the deserted lady stood up upon her seat, and looked eagerly to see him coming down the hill with the promised companions of her journey. He came not. In vain she turned about, and strove to catch in the dim distance some flashes of light which might disclose to her the stopping-place of the chariot. No light revealed its form. No light could she discern, except that the gray rays which warn us of the morning were beginning to make their appearance in the east. Day was dawning; but faster than its tardy coming, dawned the light of truth upon her mind. Weary, cold, wet, indignant, she resolved to await no longer the coming of her deceptive angel, but to return to her husband and her home.

Accordingly, about five o'clock, Mr. Donoe was aroused by another tap at his window; this time a light and timid one.

"Who's there?" said he.

"I," was the answer.

"Well, I know that," said Mr. Donoe, "but who is I?"

"Your wife, your own Mary," answered Mrs. Donoe.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Donoe; "my wife went off with an angel in the middle of the night; I expect she's far enough off by this time."

"Oh, Gregory!" replied his weeping wife, "do let me in, I've come back; only try me, and I never will be such a fool again."

Mr. Donoe gladly received his wife home again, and neither heard nor saw more of her Millerism. The dust again flew from the shelves and chairs betimes; the frying-pan sputtered in the morning, as of old, and the tea-kettle hissed and sang at twilight. The wash-tub returned to its wonted activity, and order and comfort reigned again in the household.

The Captain, accidentally passing the domestic entrance of Gregory Donoe's one bright morning in the first week of Mrs. Donoe's re-conversion, saw that lady shaking the door-mat on the front-door steps, in front of the porch. Gregory himself was standing near the door watching that operation. From all appearances, the mat had not enjoyed as thorough a shaking for some time.

"Your wife's about again, I see," said the Captain, in an under tone, to Donoe.

Gregory Donoe grinned at the Captain, as much as to say, "You're a cute fellow."

"Good morning, Mrs. Donoe," said the Captain, in a louder tone of voice.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Donoe, curtly, without looking up however, and without intermitting her occupation.

She was the least bit in the world suspicious of the Captain.

"It's a fine morning," renewed the Captain, pleasantly.

No answer.

"Milder than last Tuesday night," persisted the Captain, in a still more winning tone.

Mrs. Donoe looked sharply at the Captain, and murmured something to the effect that she "didn't know any thing about last Tuesday night."

"Gregory turned suddenly around, away from the house; presenting to a philosophic cow, who happened to be passing, a visage surprisingly rosy and contorted with repressed emotion.

"I thought I would just mention," said the Captain, assuming his most gentlemanly manner, "that if any body ever comes to me again with any gossip about my affairs, that you

had a hand in, I shall feel obliged to tell them all about your trip with that angel."

"Oh, you!—" commenced Mrs. Donoe, clinching her fair hand.

"And about the chariot of fire," added the Captain. And he bowed a gentlemanly bow, and passed on.

There was no further gossip in Cone Cut about the affairs of Captain Mayferrie.

VIII.

FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, DOWNWARD.



In the present embryotic state of American aristocracy, the name of Chesslebury can not be expected to receive that admiration which it surely will command when, by the inevitable lapse of time, it shall have become truly ancient and ennobled. It is now middle-aged and respectable. It aspires to become antique and venerable. We all know that families, like cheese for instance, are more highly esteemed after they have become old and rich, and fragrant of a certain highly artificial savor. It is for this odor that some of the ambitious members of the family, with whom we have presently much to do, most ardently aspire.

The name of Chesslebury, however, is not even now to be sneered at. It has been in newspaper paragraphs for many years. It has furnished several subjects for modern biographies, "printed for private circulation—not published," and mostly written by modest descendants, who are supposed to

have caught whatever mantle of earthly virtue the late lamented may have left behind him. This same name too, appears once in a foot-note in a memorable page of Bancroft, which makes that historian a favorite with the readers of the family. There are towns named for it too. It has been called by the tellers in Legislatures with various prefixes, from Peter to Lafayette, time out of mind—that is to say, for almost three quarters of a century—and it may be further said, if that adds any thing to the weight of such considerations, that it has graced three defeated tickets in congressional elections.

It is, therefore, a very respectable name.

There hangs at this moment in the library of Lafayette Chesslebury, Esquire, an elaborate painting of the coat of arms of his family. The resurrection of this decoration has been a recent work; and it now begins to be announced upon proper occasions, which occur with sufficient frequency, that the American branch sprang from "two brothers who came over in 17—, and settled in Connecticut," where their name has been industriously propagated ever since.

Of this branch of the family tree, the bough with which we have more particularly to do, comprises five twigs: Hon. Lafayette Chesslebury, Mrs. Virginia Chesslebury, the two Misses Chesslebury, and the young Master Chesslebury. These have some time since forsaken the country condition and circumstance of the Connecticut Chessleburys, and have sought modern and urban prosperity in the city of New York.

Mr. Chesslebury's original profession was Law. It was now, Money. He started in life by practice in the rural districts. In this he was quite successful. He knew enough law to talk to his clients, and gain about half his cases, which

is said by those who ought to know, to be no mean proficiency in his profession. Becoming thus an important man in the county, he gradually assumed political engagements, which carried him more and more into public life. When he had achieved his election into the State Legislature he came to the conclusion that all things considered, it would be a very good time for him to marry. Here arose a perplexity. Mr. Chesslebury did not know upon whom to confer his name, and this question was made still more serious and embarrassing by the thought that he had just added "Honorable," to that name. He scanned the horizon of his acquaintances without finding any star of sufficient magnitude to throw much light upon his path and prospects. For Mr. Chesslebury had set his heart on Congress, and in default of Congress, an office. "Now," reasoned he, "I have a pretty good chance to run in as representative next year; as good a chance as I can make it; and if that falls through, I must have the train laid for being appointed District Attorney. I must therefore plan with reference to that. I must marry into some first-rate family; some family with large political influence; that's what I need. The best thing I can do is to go to Washington a little while this winter, and perhaps things will lead to something." In pursuance of this resolution, the Honorable Lafayette Chesslebury finally wooed, won, and married one of the first families in Virginia—in fact, without doubt, the very first—in the person of Miss Virginia Plumme.

Mr. Chesslebury was a smart man, not a great man. The life of a smart man is the asymptote to the hyperbola of greatness. It continually approaches, but can never meet it.

The political interest and influence of Miss Virginia Plumme very curiously losing its strength as soon as she was married and settled, Mr. Chesslebury was obliged to console himself with the seven thousand and odd per annum, which bonus he had received when he took his better two-fifths off the hands of the first family. Moreover, as next fall, a poor democrat, who had often made horse-shoes for him in the country, ran over him in the congressional election, Mr. Chesslebury, with characteristic readiness, found opening before him, other, far higher aims, and infinitely broader prospects than an attorneyship, or a seat in the somewhat plebeian hall of representatives. Soon his ambition converged to that of his wife, and he removed to New York; "which is, after all," said he, "the center and head-quarters of all those interests—and influences—and powers—which are the real sources of any great success in life, and of those things which do finally lead to something."

In the lower part of Broadway he opened an office, and devoted himself to such practice as came to him—which was little; to managing his property—which was considerable; to speculating largely and shrewdly in things which were going to lead to something; and to achieving for the Chesslebury name that eminence and precedence in the fashionable world to which it was undeniably entitled.

Mrs. Chesslebury is therefore of the best society. Few stand better in the best society than she. She is a leader in the world of fashion. Few have higher qualifications for that very lofty and commanding position.

The world of fashion in which she shines is not a large world, but it is a very choice world. Its orbit is smaller than the orbits of some others; the path prescribed for it in the

social system is narrow, but it is exclusive. It is an industrious world; it works late at night, and far into the next morning, and only retires to rest, putting out its many lights, when the morning sun begins to extinguish, one by one, the stars. Like the moon, the world of fashion shines by night; and shows but a feeble, faded face by day. It is an ambitious world; ambitious to wear the newest dress, to produce the most recent fashion—to make the most striking show. It is a world which spends much, dresses much, talks much,—does little. It is a world of smiling faces, and of envious hearts—of bright eyes and dull intellects—of brilliant nights, and of cold gray mornings. It is a world of great cry; but not of a great deal of fine wool;—a world of much glitter; but of very little pure gold.

Prominent as a leader in this world is Mrs. Lafayette Chesslebury, well fitted by nature and education for her position;—well endowed with all those charming qualities of mind and person which make the world of fashion so elevated and so elevating. The great object of her life is to outshine Mrs. Stuccuppe; as the great object of Mrs. Stuccuppe's life is to outshine Mrs. Chesslebury. The world of fashion is pretty equally divided between the two. One half takes its tone from Mrs. Stuccuppe,—the other half from Mrs. Chesslebury.

Mrs. Stuccuppe drinks the waters at Saratoga. Mrs. Chesslebury bathes and yachts at Newport. Mrs. Stuccuppe attracts admiring glances in morning service, by a new Parisian bonnet. Mrs. Chesslebury extinguishes her, next Sunday, with a camel's hair shawl. Mrs. Stuccuppe annihilates Mrs. Chesslebury with "the largest party of the season," in which, she introduces the new feature of tableaux. Mrs. Chesslebury the next week attains a glorious resurrection, in a triumphant

fancy dress ball. Meanwhile, they are to each other warm friends; and no acquaintances in an evening party shake hands more cordially than these two mortal enemies.

In all such fashionable warfare, Mrs. Chesslebury is unsurpassed. A host within herself, wherever she goes, she carries strength and courage to her friends, and spreads rout and dismay among her enemies. Young ladies growing up in the world of fashion, model themselves after her. Old—we beg their pardon—mature ladies, hesitate not to imitate her closely. Young men, connoisseurs, pronounce her a splendid woman, and her husband a lucky fellow; and the pair never enter a ball-room together without producing a sensation.

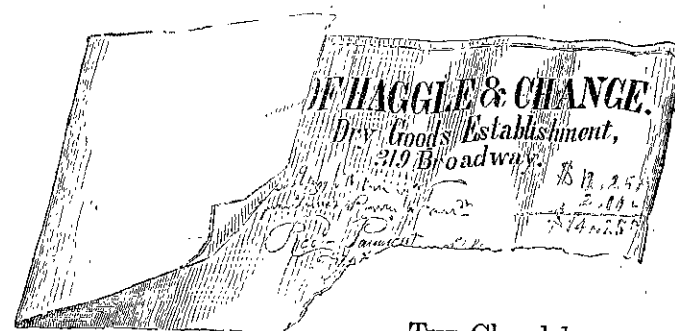
She is bold in open contest, skillful in tactics, placid in triumph, and graceful in defeat. She has a mind for maneuvering, an ear for scandal, an eye for the faults and frailties of her friends, and a hand for her husband's purse.

The elder Miss Chesslebury, just seventeen by the family genealogy, has lately finished her education, and has butterflied, or as that process is termed among the insects of fashionable life, has "come out," this winter. The younger Miss Chesslebury is still in chrysalis at a boarding-school. Both of them sing a little, play a little, dance a little, and misunderstand French a good deal. There is also in the family, young Master Chesslebury, already mentioned in these pages. But young masters are of no account in the fashionable world. Of him, more hereafter.

This comprises the whole of the list; and gives you, sir, what many a young gentleman would give his head, aye! and a good deal more than that is worth, to obtain; namely, a personal introduction to the Chesslebury family.

IX.

AUGUST, 1847.



THE Chesslebury mansion, a building brick in substance, but veneered with free-stone, stands four stories high in the vicinity of Washington Parade Ground; and the younger Miss Chesslebury, sitting listlessly by the window, overlooks the park, and sees through the green foliage a number of vulgar people sitting upon the benches.

From stopping to rest upon a bench a moment, and munch a penny apple, purchased on the spot, a boy wends his way to the Chesslebury mansion, heavily laden with vulgar bundles.

No! we beg your pardon, madam! There is nothing vulgar in those bundles. This, for instance, is a French silk;—that an expensive shawl;—this a pair of Cinderella-sized slippers. This littlest parcel is a pair of kid gloves, which it is the gentlest thing to wear upon the hands; but a very vulgar

thing to carry in the hand, thus tied up in brown paper. On so slight a matter, madam, depend so important results.

The boy goes straight to the Chesslebury mansion, knowing it of old. He climbs its broad steps, rings the door-bell, and sits down upon a step, to wait for an answer; whistling, meanwhile, a popular melody with brilliant variations, and keeping time with his head. The performance is interrupted in the middle of the second repetition, by,—

"Well! there, boy!" What do you want?"

The speaker is a very sprucely-dressed gentleman, whose boots are of the brightest polish, whose coat is of the glossiest black, whose marseilles vest is of the most unspotted purity, whose clerical neckcloth is of the most dazzling whiteness, whose whole mien and manner is that of one fresh starched every morning, like his own linen.

"Is Mrs. Chesslebury in?" inquired the lad.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly-dressed young man, coolly surveying the boy, whom he at once noted as belonging to the lower order of creation. "Yes, Mrs. Chesslebury is in."

This he said with the door opened but a little way, and the space fully occupied by his own prepossessing person.

"Bundles for her," said the boy.

"You can leave the things. I will see to them."

"I am to see her, if you please."

"Well, really," said the gentlemanly-dressed young man, in soliloquy, quite deprived for the moment of his usual presence of mind. Then recovering himself, in a tone of some impatience he added,—

"Well, why don't you come in, then?"

Saying this, he threw the door open, standing carefully on

one side, lest he should be contaminated by the vulgar presence. The boy, modestly entering his bundles, was proceeding to follow them himself, when he was again interrupted.

"Hold on there," said the gentlemanly dressed young man, "what do you suppose scrapers were made for?"

The boy made no further answer to this interrogatory than to scrape his feet very hard against the scraper, which stood outside the door, and to burnish them very bright upon the mat which lay within. The gentlemanly-dressed young man then shut the door, and departed up the richly-carpeted stairs, treading apologetically upon the pictured flowers, which climbed naturally enough up the spiral staircase.

"Which Miss Chesslebury did you wish to see?" inquired he, stopping half way up, and turning partly around to address the boy, who was leaning wearily against the wall.

"It's Mrs. Chesslebury, if you please," returned the boy.

"Mrs. Chesslebury. Eh?" said the gentlemanly-dressed young man. "That's quite another matter. Why could n't you say it right at first. No. She's out. Or stop. It's just possible she may be in. I'll ask."

So saying, he went on up stairs to inquire of Mrs. Chesslebury whether she were in; that worthy lady having just informed him over the bannisters that she was out unless the boy from Haggie & Change's came.

Mrs. Chesslebury and the elder Miss Chesslebury were examining dress patterns. The younger Miss Chesslebury was working a beautiful design in worsted—a green butterfly in a blue oyster-shell, reposing amid a bed of many-colored roses. Young Jason Chesslebury, pressed into that service much against his will, was reading aloud.

"Well, Wilson," said Mrs. Chesslebury, as the gentlemanly dressed young man entered the room.

"It's the boy from Haggie & Change's."

"Good!" cried Jason; "Cousin Paul!" So saying, he threw down the book, and darted out of the room, very glad of the interruption.

"Jason! Jason!" called his mother, reprovingly.

But Jason had already disappeared down the stairs, or to speak more accurately, down the bannisters, upon which he had slid, descending like a young avalanche.

"Oh, dear! What a boy!" sighed the younger Miss Chesslebury.

"Oh! how ridiculous!" exclaimed her sister; "running after a shop-boy in that manner."

"Let the boy leave the things," said Mrs. Chesslebury.

"I told him that, ma'am," replied Wilson, "and he said he wanted to see you."

"Let him wait, then," said Mrs. Chesslebury.

"Very well, ma'am."

"Hulloa, Cousin Paul," cried Jason, sliding dexterously off the bannister, and cordially shaking hands with him. "How are you?"

"Tired," said the boy.

Paul Rundle, though Jason's second-cousin, was entirely unknown to the Chesslebury genealogy. His mother, originally a Chesslebury, had voluntarily excommunicated herself, when she promised to love, honor, and obey a Rundle—a mere shopman—a fellow of no pretensions to gentility whatsoever. She never had stood high in that family before. She was now utterly disowned. Her name was struck off the family

visiting-list, and she no longer moved in any society at all. A few—Mr. Chesslebury among the number—kept up, for a while, a limited acquaintance with the Rundles, in the hope that it might lead to something. But when Mr. Rundle invested, through Mr. Chesslebury's advice, in an unlucky speculation, by taking stock in one of Mr. Chesslebury's companies, the result of which operation was the transfer of all his property to Mr. Chesslebury's pocket, the business world, as well as the fashionable world, deserted him, and the Rundles were known no more forever. Thus it was that Paul, though Jason's second-cousin, was unknown to the Chesslebury genealogy.

"Come in, and sit down," said Jason.

The boys entered the parlor and sat down. The room was one which seldom saw the daylight. The shutters were closed now, and the dark curtains were not gathered up in graceful folds, but hung heavily to the floor. Paul noticed, however, that the sofa on which they sat, as well as the rest of the furniture, was covered with a brown linen dress, like that which elephants are accustomed to wear when entering a country village in company with a menagerie.

"How are they all at home?" asked Jason.

"First-rate."

"And how's your father?" inquired Jason, hesitatingly.

Paul shook his head sorrowfully, but said nothing. Jason understood the answer.

"I say," said he, after a pause, "why didn't you come up yesterday? Ma's dreadfully cross that the things didn't come before."

"I can't help it," answered Paul, despairingly, "if she is.

I can't manufacture the silk, or steal the gloves. I have to take them when they're given to me. I came straight here as soon as I could get them."

"Well, I know it," replied Jason. "I don't blame—"

"Now, look here; this is how it is," continued Paul, interrupting him, "I come away from the store with a dozen bundles. I come here first. And your mother keeps me waiting half an hour before she'll see me, and then I have to catch it because the things were n't brought before. Then I go to Mrs. Stuccuppe's, and there I have to wait for half an hour, and then catch it because a ribbon does n't match;—as though I had any thing to do with that;—and then I go to Mrs. Minnyflinn's, and there I have to catch it because the last silk she bought was n't a good one; and so on; every where they keep me half an age, and blow me up for other people's faults; and then, when I get back to the store again, I have to catch it finally for being gone so long, and loafing."

"Well, I declare," commenced Jason, "it is too bad."

"And if," continued the boy, interrupting him again, "I am tired, or in a hurry, or both, and try to hook a ride a little way, why I am a dishonest scapegrace; and if I get cut behind, I get laughed at."

"Why! don't you ride?" asked Jason. "I mean if you're going far."

"Ride! bless you! no! I wish I did. Now, to-day, I have n't had any dinner, not to speak of. I shan't have any tea, nor yet supper; and if I get to bed before to-morrow morning, I shall be lucky. Then if I ain't at the store early to-morrow, and get the windows washed and the store swept

out before seven o'clock, I am a slow stupid, or a lazy rascal. Oh! ho! If it was n't for Susie and mother I don't know what I should do."

"And do you have to run of errands all the day?" asked Jason.

"All day, and half the night, too. It's nothing but bundles, bundles, bundles, from morning to night. Why, a lady—a real fine lady—can't buy a yard of ribbon, or a pair of gloves, but they must be sent home. My feet ache so, sometimes, when I get home, with being on them all the time! Heigho! I wish your mother would come down."

"I'll go and see if I can't get her to," said Jason.

He was as good as his word, and presently returned with Mrs. Chesslebury, whom he had persuaded, though not without much difficulty, to come down.

"Well, Rundle," said the lady, graciously, to him.

"Here are all the things, ma'am," replied he, now out in the entry, and placing the Chesslebury bundles on one of the entry chairs. "And if you please, ma'am," he added, hesitatingly, "Mr. Change wants to know would you find it convenient to settle that bill." He handed it to her as he spoke.

"Bless me!" said she, "is n't that thing settled yet? You brought this to me a month ago."

"I know it," said Paul.

"And I told you then," said the lady, "not to bring these bills to me. You must carry them to Mr. Chesslebury, to the office."

"And so I did," said Paul, "and Mr. Chesslebury said that he did not know any thing about it. He could n't settle it. I must bring it to you. He said I must n't bring these bills to him, never. I must carry them to the house."

"Oh! it's a mistake," said Mrs. Chesslebury; "I have n't

got the money. I never keep the money here. You must carry the bill to him, and just say that I said it was all right. He will settle it. It's of no use bringing these bills to me—no use."

Of this Paul was very well satisfied, as he took the bill back again from Mrs. Chesslebury. Four times did Paul thus play shuttlecock between the house and the office, before he succeeded in getting even any promise of payment; and that was only by finding, luckily, Mr. and Mrs. Chesslebury at home together, one evening, where neither could well refer him to the other.

"And what," said Mrs. Chesslebury, taking up a bundle directed to Mrs. Stuccuppe, "and what is in this? Do you know, Rundle?"

"No, ma'am," said Paul.

"It feels like velvet. Look here, Helen. I wonder what this is. Something new for Araminta, I expect."

"Poor thing! I hope so," said the elder Miss Chesslebury, in a tone of great commiseration. "She has worn that pink brocade of hers three times. I declare it is quite dreadful to think of it."

"It certainly is velvet," said Mrs. Chesslebury, opening a little crack in the corner, for the purpose of taking a better observation.

"Let me see," said Helen.

She took the bundle, and slipped the string partly off.

"Oh! please not," said the boy, starting forward, and then stopping, frightened at his own boldness.

"Oh! dear me," said Miss Helen; "you need not be frightened. I shall not hurt it."

"I don't see what business you have to open it," remonstrated Jason. "You would n't like it if Araminta should open your bundles."

"'T would be just like her, the meddlesome minx!" returned Miss Helen, opening the bundle at the end, and examining its contents.

"What a lovely color!" said Mrs. Chesslebury, looking over her daughter's shoulder.

"It is a cheap thing," said Miss Helen, contemptuously, testing its quality between her thumb and finger.

Probably no epithet in Miss Chesslebury's vocabulary contained so much of contempt as the word cheap. At all events, it completed the examination of the dress pattern, and she tossed the parcel back, leaving Rundle to tie it up as well as he might. She then followed Mrs. Chesslebury up stairs; while Jason covertly went out with Paul, to accompany him up to Mrs. Stuccuppe's, and help him carry his bundles.

"My dear," said Mrs. Chesslebury to her husband that night, "don't go right to sleep. I want to talk to you about Jason."

"Well!" said Mr. Chesslebury.

"He ought to go away some where to school," continued she. "He is getting into very low habits here. To-day he went up to Mrs. Stuccuppe's with a—what's his name—Rundle. And he actually carried some of his bundles for him."

"Yes!" responded the gentleman. "I've been thinking of that for some time past. It is very important that he should be placed at some good institution immediately. He is just

at that age when it is of the highest consequence that his mind should be properly trained, and its growth rightly directed. And we ought to be peculiarly careful, my dear, in respect to the character of the circle of his acquaintance. He should be placed in some quiet, yet exclusive circle, where his tastes and manners may be formed in a mold more congenial to, and—and—and better fitted for, the position in society which his family, and, I think I may safely say so—his abilities, are eminently calculated to bestow upon him."

"There's Doctor Crammer's Collegiate Institute," suggested his wife.

"And yet," said he, doubtfully, "there are objectionable features even in that excellent institution. It is too much, perhaps, of a miscellaneous character; which is, indeed, a characteristic, I regret to say, of all our American institutions of learning. There are, I am afraid, many lads, sons of shopkeepers, and even mechanics and farmers, at Doctor Crammer's, with whom we should naturally not wish our son to associate in future life, or even now. 'T was only last night, I think, that Jason told me young Haggie was going to school there, this fall."

Mrs. Chesslebury shuddered.

"Cone Cut has occurred to me, as a place better fitted, in some resp—"

"Why, bless me! Mr. Chesslebury," interrupted his wife. "There is no school there. Nothing but a village academy."

"True, my dear," returned he, "but I should not propose to send him directly to the academy. Let him go into some quiet family; the minister's for example. What is his name? Some sort of vegetable, I think. Corn? no it can not be corn."

"Grain," suggested Mrs. Chesslebury.

"Thank you. That is the word, Grayne. He has no children, I think. Strange I should have forgotten his name; we used to be at school together, once. Jason would have no common acquaintances and friendships to form therefore. And, indeed, it would be more like employing a private tutor for him than sending him to a public school. It would be, it is true, rather more expensive than the ordinary course of education, but—ugh—" he ends the sentence with a yawn.

The expense Mr. Chesslebury stated in form, as an objection; but in effect, as a recommendation.

"Will it?" said Mrs. Chesslebury. "Well! perhaps then, that is the best place."

"I—ugh—dear me—" another tremendous yawn—"think that will be found to be the most desirable course to be pursued." As he said this, considering the discussion virtually finished, he turned over and composed himself to sleep; he then continued, "In such a position he will—he will be free from all—all restraints and—and—; what was I saying? I mean from all—from all associates and—"

There is a brief pause.

"When is he to go, Mr. Chesslebury?"

No answer.

"Mr. Chesslebury! Mr. Chesslebury! I say, Mr. Chesslebury!"

"Eh! What?" said he, suddenly.

"When is he to go?"

"Yes! I think so too. He had better go by—by all—"

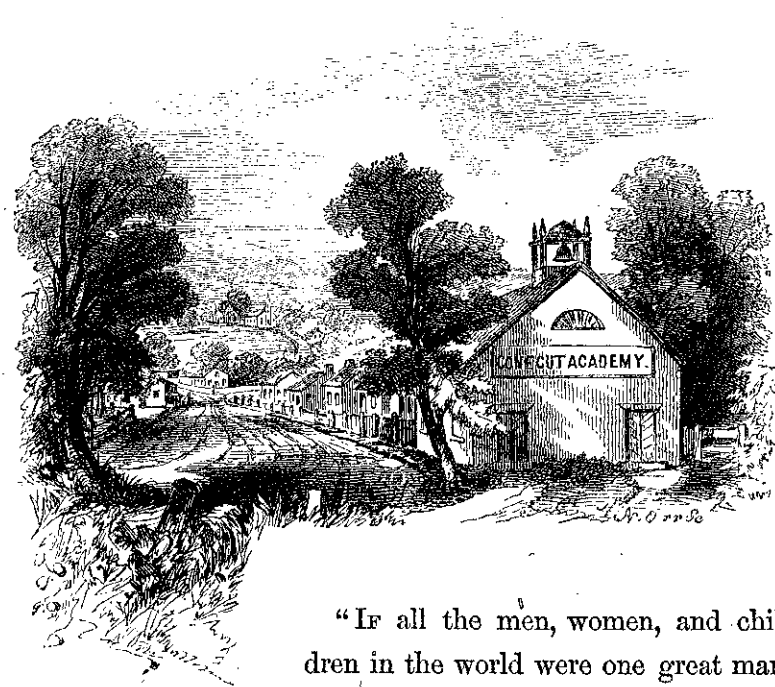
"Yes! but when? Mr. Chesslebury! I say Mr. Chessle—"

bury! Oh! dear me; just like him. Always will go to sleep when I want to talk; and always will talk when I want to go to sleep."

And this was the way it was decided that Jason should go to Cone Cut to school.

X.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.



"If all the men, women, and children in the world were one great man, and all the axes, hatchets, and knives were one great ax, and all the trees and bushes were one great tree, and all the oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, ponds, brooks, and fountains in the world, were one great ocean; and if the great man, taking the great ax, should cut down the great tree, so that it fell into the great

ocean, what a tremendous splash it would make," theorizes an ancient proverb with which the authors of this veracious history recollect to have been greatly entertained in their infancy.

Very much such a splash as this did the news that Jason Chesslebury was coming to pursue his education at the Cone Cut Academy create, when it was first precipitated into the placid mind of Miss Provy Pease;—from which central point, circling ripples of intelligence flowed out over all the surface of society at Cone Cut Corners.

For the academy of that town did not boast a foreign reputation. It was not a college, as, in certain portions of our republic, most academies are growing up to be. Nor was its principal a "Professor." Nor had that functionary received that degree of "Doctor of"—something or other,—to which every man who attains a position of mediocrity in literary pursuits,—and keeps it,—is now understood to be entitled.

Nor was the Institution heralded, from term to term, in the city prints, in advertisements, setting forth in effect, that Cone Cut Academy was so near the city that parents could, without the slightest inconvenience, enter their children as students, and visit them upon the shortest notice, while it was yet so remote that no adventurous boy could return unexpectedly;—that its situation was at once so retired as to entice the minds of youth to engrossing study, and yet so rurally agreeable as to tempt to constant and healthful pastime in the open air;—that as a special favor to particular friends in urgent cases, any body's children would be received into the family of the principal, where, for a consideration merely nominal,—absolutely a bagatelle,—they would enjoy not only every phys-

ical luxury, no matter how costly, but also that strict and elevated moral training which is more closely associated, in the mind of the boyish philosopher, with fasting and flagellation, than with good living.

It may have been that such eminent advantages as these, which now-a-days seem to be the uniform perquisites of rural schools, were not at the command of the founders of the Cone Cut Academy. At all events those unsophisticated men had been content to intrust the management of their school to a young man who had grown up in their own town, and had won his way to a good education by hard labor. He had devoted himself steadily to the task of educating the youth of Cone Cut and its vicinity, without laboring for a more extended fame.

Thus it was that Jason Chesslebury was the first who had ever joined the school from quarters beyond the immediate neighborhood.

Nor is it likely that Mr. Chesslebury would have had his attention favorably drawn to this seat of learning, as an eligible place for his son to pursue his education, had it not been for a slight circumstance connected with the early financial management of the academy. A number of years before, when the old church was first surrendered to the uses of the school, the trustees had applied to Mr. Chesslebury, their wealthy ex-townsmen, then on a summer's visit among them, for a pecuniary loan to aid them in making the desired alterations in the building. With this request Mr. Chesslebury had complied, to a limited extent, taking the note of the trustees for the amount of his advance. This note the trustees had never found it convenient to pay. Such a circumstance as

this was exactly calculated to interest Mr. Chesslebury in the academy; to give him, as it were, a paternal feeling toward it. 'Therefore, he had often written for information upon the affairs of the school, asking—"how they were getting on,"—"what their prospects were,"—"how they were off for cash," and making other like inquiries indicating his friendly interest in the welfare of his pet academy. And this autumn, finding money rather tight, and looking about him, as rich men do when times are hard, to discover what retrenchments he could make without making any sacrifices, he bethought himself that he had better send Jason to Cone Cut and endorse his bills upon the note, than keep him at school in New York and pay them in cash.

"Besides," ruminated Mr. Chesslebury, putting the Cone Cut note back into the little tin box which served as coffin for sundry "dead papers" of like character; "a run in the country 'll do him good; the country is the best place to be brought up in, after all."

What weight Mr. Chesslebury attached to these respective considerations, can not at this distance of time be ascertained. It is certain, however, that the arguments which he suggested to his wife in the domestic council, revealed in the last chapter, were not those which operated most strongly upon his own mind. Notwithstanding this, however, the plan was duly carried into effect, the black trunk embroidered with bright brass nails, presenting, in the midst of various geometrical devices, the initials J. L. C., was seasonably packed, and, on the appointed day, Jason departed from the Chesslebury mansion.

Our young friend, having duly arrived at the residence of

Elder Graynes, made a very favorable impression upon the scrutinizing and inquisitive eyes that were immediately turned upon him.

First was the inspection of the Elder himself, made gravely and silently through the medium of a pair of substantial silver spectacles, produced for the purpose from a pocket.

"I am very glad to see you, my young friend," said the Elder, in a hortatory tone of voice, and seating himself as he spoke, in a rocking-chair. "I hope you and I shall get along together as well as your father and I used to, when we were at school."

"Father told me," answered Jason, with a frank smile, "about the good times you used to have together."

The good pastor smiled at the reminiscences of mischief thus called up, and silently nodded, as if to confess that the lad had the advantage in the first approaches of their acquaintance.

The eyes that Jason next became conscious of, were those of Mrs. Graynes, an elderly lady, grave too, and kindly in her manner, like her husband. Mrs. Graynes was seated in another rocking-chair, upon the opposite side of the still summer-screened fire-place, and by the side of her little work-table, where she was employed in getting out work for the sewing circle. The two rocking-chairs were alike, except that the Elder's wore a coat of paint—a black coat—and looked ministerial, while his wife's chair wore a chintz dress, with the usual stuffing upon the seat, and looked matronly. The occupants, too, resembled each other, except that the one was ostensibly masculine, and the other apparently feminine. It seemed as if the quiet current of their lives had run so long

in one channel that they formed indeed one and the same. When the husband smiled and recognized Jason's quiet suggestion in anticipation of questions of discipline, the wife smiled and nodded too; and when the Elder asked Jason about the health of his father, the wife followed with inquiries after the welfare of his mother; and finally, when Mrs. Graynes apologized for withdrawing to the kitchen on the ground of household duties preliminary to supper, the Elder excused himself for going out in the other direction to put away the garden tools, which he said he had left behind the house.

Jason, however, was not to be left in the sitting-room upon ceremony. He followed the Elder into the garden, where finding that the basket, which the latter had been filling with potatoes from the hills, was but half full, he suggested the propriety of completing the job; and briskly rolling up his sleeves, grasped a vine with a sweep of his hands, and had the roots shaken free of earth, and dangling over the basket, before the Elder, had he been accustomed to that expression, could have said Jack Robinson; much less, Jason Lafayette Chesslebury. Looking up with a smile, Jason stood back to let the Elder uncover the hill.

"Aha," said Elder Graynes, "I did n't think you city boys knew as much as that."

By the time the hoe was planted to uncover the first hill, Jason had the next one opened; and before the Elder could bend his stiffened back to pick up, Jason was stooping over the hill, and the potatoes were rattling into the basket. When Jason came trudging unceremoniously in at the back door of the kitchen, carrying the heaped basket, the surprised

Mrs. Graynes within said, "Thank you, Jason," in exactly the same kind, pleasant tone in which her husband, who followed with the hoe, had uttered it five minutes before, in the garden without.

During the few moments they had been out of the house, Jason had been the unconscious focus of many eyes.

Miss Lucretia Oleanda Blossom, who had been looking from her parlor window opposite, ever since the stage came in, said he was a fine-looking little fellow, until she saw him picking up potatoes; and then she added, as if in the same sentence, that his manner was quite rude and boyish.

Mrs. Boggs, who was a judge of character, of juvenile character in particular, and was then looking at the young stranger from around the water-butt which stood under her own eaves, soliloquized a compliment and a resolution to afford him an early opportunity to gather a basket of chips for her own domestic hearth.

Mr. Trimmings, the tailor, who was accidentally passing the Elder's gate at about the same time, leaned his short person against the fence, tarrying to familiarize his eye with what he assured himself must be the latest fashion of youth's roundabouts in New York; and next week reproduced his idea of the same in the shape of a jacket with half sleeves, and only quarter coat tails, for Master William Henry Blossom, younger brother to Miss Lucretia Oleanda.

Mrs. Soozle, who was of a different persuasion from the Elder, and deplored his ministrations, remarked from behind her thin hedge, across the lane, that the Elder was getting the poor fellow at work in good season, and she thought it

would pay well at that rate if her husband had a boarder from the city.

And Miss Provy Pease herself, coming briskly in at the garden gate, followed the Elder into the kitchen, and running before him to greet the stranger, cried out;—

"So this is Master Jason Chesslebury: I am happy to see you, Jason, how do you do? You left them all well in New York I hope?"

To this unexpected greeting Jason responded with better grace than Miss Provy Pease was accustomed to receive from unknown young gentlemen of his age; and she being quite struck with admiration, addressed her remarks thereafter to Mrs. Graynes, to help whom, she averred she had come in, as she happened to be going by.

Miss Provy Pease prolonged her stay some time; but no favorable opportunity arising for her to offer her services in assisting in the unpacking of Jason's trunk, she contented herself with dispatching the preparations for supper. She received an invitation from the Elder, and a similar one from his wife, to stay to tea. This she declined to do, saying with a laugh, that she could n't leave Calick to starve; and thereupon she threw on her white sun-bonnet and nodded herself out again.

And thence on every hand the ripples spread. Flowing in through a door here, and through an open window there; now eddying over a garden gate, now dashing up at a second story. And so the ripples spread.

One of these ripples reached Mr. John Mayferrie in the store of Gregory Donoe.

Mr. Mayferrie was then very comfortably seated in a rush-

bottomed chair, tipped up against the door-post of the store. It was hardly the gentlemanly position he was accustomed to assume some years ago. But perhaps he had just finished a hard day's work, and might be pardoned this indulgence. There was an idle tip about the hat he wore, and when he rose there was something in his gait, not by any means the vigorous step and handsome bearing he used to have. But then perhaps a farmer's life and hard toil had made him stand less straight and tread less firmly.

When the ripple reached him he rose and remarked that it was growing dark, and time for steady people like him to be off. With this he started homeward. Tea was just finished as he approached the parsonage.

"Ah," said the Elder, who was standing in the open door with Jason, after tea, "there goes Captain Mayferrie."

But Captain Mayferrie did not seem to be decided to go by, and as he lingered a moment near the gate, the Elder sallied out to exchange a word. Jason followed.

"Captain Mayferrie, this is our young friend, Master Chesslebury."

"Good evening, Mister Chesslebury," said the Captain, handsomely.

Jason stepping up, clandestinely put his foot on the lower bar of the front fence, to raise himself to a level with his new acquaintance, and his new title.

"You have come to spend some time among us, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so."

"I should be happy to have you come up and see me. My place is on the hill right up the road. They all know where

it is. I should be happy to see you. Come any time. We are getting in apples now. We have about got through with that, and are beginning to make cider. I always begin that early, and mine is pretty good too, they tell me. Come up to-morrow and you shall have some cider, and as many apples as you can bring home."

XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1947.



MR. BAXTER BLOSSOM, who may perhaps, be styled the Captain of the Cone Cut Infantry, inasmuch as he taught the young idea of that pleasant village how to shoot, pursued his vocation in a curious old intellectual pistol-gallery, known in Cone Cut chronicles as the Academy. It was a building originally erected to serve as a church, when the village numbered fewer church-goers than at this day. But as time passed on, and the congregation grew too large for their edifice, there were but two courses open to them ;—to split up

into half a dozen denominations, build five additional churches, settle five additional pastors, and set themselves diligently at work to convert each other—or, upon the other hand, to build one larger church and worship therein in harmony.

Unlike most towns in New England when in a similar emergency, they chose the latter course; and thus it was, that upon the completion of their new building, the old church became the new academy. It was very little changed without; but somewhat more within, where the old pulpit was razed to make a platform for Mr. Baxter Blossom's seat, the former pews were re-modelled to the form of desks, and the little singer's gallery was fitted up as a recitation-room. To this Mr. Blossom daily conducted little troops upon various intellectual target excursions. And in this arrangement he enjoyed one eminent advantage—that he could stand sentinel over the whole force under his command below stairs, at the same time that he was able effectually to superintend the practice of the particular detachment on duty above.

It was into this academy that Master Jason Chesslebury was brought by destiny and Elder Graynes, to commence his intended course of study. And the term being now well under way, and the school prosperous, the desks were nearly full. All up and down on the right hand side of the aisle the seats were filled with boys;—big boys, little boys, shame-faced boys, bold boys, lazy boys, industrious boys, bright boys, roguish boys. And on the other side were girls;—young girls, grown-up girls, handsome girls, plain girls, charming girls, fine girls, pretty girls, queer girls.

At the further end of the room there had formerly been upon each side of the church three side pews which faced the pulpit, with doors opening out toward the body of the house. These had been favorite seats with all the boys in the days of the old church, as affording at once a view of the minister and of the singers. But now their popularity had departed. Those on one side had been removed to make room for an extensive set of hat and cloak-stands. Those upon the other had been replaced by a pair of school-desks, each long enough to seat four scholars. The forward one of these was vacant. That behind it was occupied by a young girl alone. Bending over her slate, with long curls shading a still childish, yet almost womanly face, she was the only one who did not indulge herself in a good look at the new comer.

Her curiosity respecting him, if any she felt, was somewhat gratified, inasmuch as, since Mr. Blossom, after a short examination of his new pupil, installed him in the unoccupied desk just before her, she had an excellent view of so much of the new scholar's person as could be seen from her position. And before long, as the novelty of his new seat began to wear off, and Jason began to grow tired of having nothing to do, and but a dull place to do it in, he casually, as it were, and with great and well-assumed appearance of accident, turned himself about from time to time, to observe his new neighbor; finding upon nearly every such occasion that she was herself equally busy in observing him.

Not to make advances toward a better acquaintance, under such circumstances, was not to be Jason Chesslebury. And having no better letter of introduction, that young gentleman drew from his pocket a good-sized russet apple, one of Cap-

tain Mayferrie's best graftings, and having previously prepared a slip of paper containing the phrase, borrowed from his city reminiscences—"introducing Mr. Jason L. Chesslebury"—fastened it to the brown-cheeked fruit by the simple process of driving a pin through the paper and cheek, into the very seeds of the apple. This done, and having watched Mr. Blossom into the very furthest corner of the room, he adroitly laid his peace-offering upon the young lady's desk, in such manner that, without opportunity for remonstrance on her part, it rolled directly down into her very lap.

There was a look of surprise and interest upon her face as she looked up from reading the inscription; which was quickly mirrored in Jason's countenance, when she covertly opened her arithmetic, and turning it half round to meet his eye, permitted him to read, inscribed upon the inside of the cover, the classic lines:

"Steal not this book, for fear of shame,
For here you see the owner's name.
SALANDA PEASE CHESSLEBURY."

"What!" exclaimed Jason, in a whisper, Mr. Baxter Blossom being nearly forgotten in the discovery of a namesake; "*You* a Chesslebury?"

But Jason was not forgotten by Mr. Baxter Blossom. That careful preceptor had seen the apple roll; and stealthily making his way up to the delinquent's seat, Jason's question had scarcely passed his lips when he felt himself sternly grasped by the arm, and lifted bodily over his fair neighbor's desk, and seated by her side.

"There;" said the ironical Mr. Blossom, "now talk."

There was a titter among the girls, and a grin passed across

the faces of the boys, at this prompt vindication of outraged law and order.

"Thank you, sir," responded Jason with cheerful submission; "we will."

Another titter, and another grin. But Mr. Blossom allowed no laughing in school hours, except at his own wit.

"Silence!" said he; and he emphasized the command with so forcible a blow upon his desk, that he was fain to examine his knuckles as he went down the aisle, under the strong suspicion that he had broken the skin upon them.

"I say," said Jason in a whisper, as Mr. Blossom retired, keeping an eye and a half upon Salanda, and half an eye on Mr. Baxter Blossom.

But Salanda would not say. Bending over her slate, she ciphered with a rapidity and energy very unusual among Mr. Blossom's pupils.

"I say," continued Jason, laying his head down on the desk, and looking right through the curls, "are you truly a Chesslebury?"

The slightest possible shake of the head, not so much a negative, as an injunction to silence, was the only response that he received.

"I say," continued Jason, venturing to pull the fold of the calico dress that lay nearest to him, "he said, talk."

But talk his companion would not, and Jason, much against his will, was compelled to leave his promise to his teacher unperformed.

"I don't care," said he to himself, but in a whisper intended for Salanda's ear. "I think it's too bad. You ought to mind the teacher. He told us to talk."

When school was dismissed that afternoon, Jason did not immediately return to Elder Graynes'. He turned first to seek for his new acquaintance, but she had disappeared. Partly in the hope to meet her, and partly in the desire to explore the precincts of his new scene of duty, he lingered for some time around the school-house. Having at last seen sufficient of that, and nothing of her, he concluded to bid his preceptor good afternoon. For this purpose he entered the school-room.

Mr. Blossom was drilling, with a terrific voice of command, a small company, who, having been unfortunate in their regular afternoon exercise, were detained on duty for further discipline. English grammar was the field whereon these disported themselves.

"MAN," said the terrific voice, reading from a text book of moral sentiments, adapted to dissection and analytical examination; "MAN—IS—A—SOCIAL—BEING. NEXT, PARSE MAN."

Next attempted the task; but finding himself at an early stage of the usual formula unable to determine whether "man" was in the first person and agreed with "is" in the nominative case, or whether it was not a personal pronoun, referring to "social being"; there was a silence.

"Well, Chesslebury?"

"I came in, sir," replied that youth, "to ask if you would like me to keep the last seat you gave me to-day?"

"H'm!" said the voice, surprised into a moderate tone. "I'll see about it; ask me again to-morrow."

This was Mr. Blossom's invariable and invincible shield against troublesome questions. It served the purpose now; for Jason, who wished to ask the question a good deal more

than he desired to gain an answer, turned away quite satisfied, and departed home.

And as he passed the door he heard the voice commence again, terrific;—

"MAN IS A SOCIAL BEING. NEXT, PARSE MAN."

Salanda, going home that afternoon, walked hurriedly and out of breath, she hardly knew why; partly with excitement, and partly in apprehension that her new acquaintance might be following in the same path. Strange timidity! for as she hastened, she looked back, fearing nevertheless that he might be going in the other direction.

Walking with nervous haste, she soon came to Aunt Provy's. Finding that lady at home, she immediately detailed her strange introduction to the new comer. From Aunt Provy she had a long extemporaneous biography of the young gentleman, including a circumstantial account of his arrival, of the objects of his sojourn, and the conjectured length of his stay, together with a review of his birth and parentage, and a statement of pedigree; the whole concluding with a masterly discussion of the controlling motive of Mr. Chesslebury in wooing and espousing Mrs. Chesslebury, which was conclusively shown to be compounded thus; one third an eligible match, one third high family connections, one third an aristocratic alliance, and the rest love.

The russet apple stood for several days upon Salanda's little study table, in the diminutive slanting-roofed chamber which she called her room. It ultimately fell a prey to that destruction which awaited all of Captain Mayferrie's russets. But the seeds Salanda carefully saved, and treasured for

many months in one corner of a little compartment of her work-box. And the note of introduction finally found an appropriate place, at the foundation of a packet of notes longer and less formal.

XII.

JANUARY, 1848.



THE lapse of six months enabled Jason and Salanda to become very well ac-

quainted; and mid-winter found them most excellent friends.

That same mid-winter, at church one pleasant afternoon, found Salanda, seated in Aunt Provy's pew at the side of the pulpit, attentive to the ministrations of Elder Graynes; and found Jason, seated in the Elder's pew—a front pew it was—

with his head somewhat shaded by his hand, attentive to the movements of Salanda.

The last strain of Old Hundred had ceased. The final, long-drawn squeak of the chorister's violin had expired, and the congregation were standing in noisy expectation of the benediction. Elder Graynes' arose in the pulpit.

All the boys immediately began to feel for their hats.

"I omitted," said he, "to give notice that there will be a temperance meeting on Tuesday evening next, at seven o'clock, in the brick school-house in the Bunganock district. It is hoped there will be a general attendance."

Then followed the benediction, during which, from the appearance of the younger portion of the congregation, a deaf hearer might reasonably have supposed the minister to be saying: "Now, wait a moment, boys;—let all have a fair chance—make ready hats;—now start!" The congregation then began to disperse. The men of Cone Cut greeted each other in the porches, the old ladies gathered in little knots to gossip, and the younger ladies walked slowly, very slowly, toward home, interspersed by entirely accidental young gentlemen.

A temperance meeting in a New England village, presents two attractive features. Any one attends it who wishes to practice oratory, and it thus offers to beginners in that art, a fine opportunity to display their forensic powers. Then again it is usually appointed in the winter season, when there is good sleighing, and, if possible, a fine moon; circumstances which add much to the size and pleasure of the meeting.

Jason's interest in these abstract considerations was greatly heightened when he perceived Salanda a little before him in

the path, by the calculation that Salanda and himself upon the front seat, and Miss Lucretia Oleanda Blossom and her cousin Carrie Vining upon the back, with buffalo robes to match, would exactly fill Captain Mayferrie's new sleigh, and form an inspiring load for Captain Mayferrie's best horse.

The identical horse and sleigh was now before him, and Calick, in fur cap and big mittens, was holding the best horse, while the Captain was handing into the new sleigh, ladies young and old, invited promiscuously on the spot, from among the dispersing congregation. When the Captain had filled the sleigh, and had cast his eye over the crowd of bonnets to calculate the best order in which to distribute his load, he took his seat in front, and received at Calick's hands the reins. Jason climbed upon the runner by the Captain's side, and as they started he said,—

"Mr. Mayferrie, are you going to the temperance meeting?"

"I guess not, Jason."

"Well, were you intending to use your horse Tuesday night?"

"Oh, you'd like to go, eh? Well, you shall. I'll lend you the horse, only don't take him into the meeting, because I don't want him to get any bad ideas."

"Thank you, sir," said Jason.

"But, Jason," said the Captain, stopping him as he was about to jump off, "don't take too many girls with you, for you'll be sure to upset them."

Jason, laughing, jumped off to speak to Salanda, whom they had just passed.

"Oh! Salanda," said he, speaking as if the opportunity was quite accidental, "will you go to the temperance meeting

Tuesday night? There will be "a splendid moon, and it is capital sleighing; I have got Captain Mayferrie's horse and sleigh."

"Yes, certainly," said Salanda, "if Aunt Provvy will let me. Who else is going?"

Then Jason said he did not know, that was for her to say; and then Salanda was going to say—and then Deacon Ficksom appearing, Jason bid her a sudden good morning and fell behind.

Early Tuesday evening, Jason drove the Captain's sleigh down, and took in his load, though not without a great deal of laughing and joking, particularly at the expense of the young lady who in accordance with ingenious management on his part, was to sit with him on the front seat. And after wrapping his companions up well with buffalo robes, he started off with his load of ardent spirits for the temperance meeting. On they went; the horse smoking, sleigh-bells jingling, girls all laughing, every one talking, no one listening, going to the temperance meeting.

At length they came to a little square wooden school-house, painted after the fashion of country school-houses, red on the outside, and not at all within. It presented the other familiar features appropriate; a large wood-pile by the door, and every tree or bush which might add to the warmth or beauty of the place, carefully cut down. But what does that matter? When all were gathered around the huge wood fire which crackled and roared as if old Boreas himself had escaped from his dungeon, what mattered appearances without?

The interior was quite a curiosity. Rows of long slanting-topped desks ran across the room. Valuable desks these

were; made of the genuine old Connecticut mahogany, in form antique, and cut and carved in curious figures, with mysterious ciphers and initials. By the side of the door, as if to guard it, was the master's desk. It stood upon a square platform, with an elderly arm-chair behind it. On the desk lay several well-worn books, the inkstand, a couple of pens, and the noble ruler, so often wielded in scholastic strife. On the right hand of the teacher's desk, and corresponding with the door, stood the remains of the blackboard.

Salanda and her companions had scarcely warmed their numb fingers at the glowing fire, when some volunteer stepped upon the teacher's platform, and suggested that the meeting should come to order. The meeting, taking this suggestion in good part, came to order accordingly. The gentlemen took their seats upon one side of the house, leaving the ladies to take the other, as was required by the Cone Cut etiquette of public meetings. Then upon a further suggestion of the volunteer upon the platform, the meeting proceeded to elect a moderator; and after some delay, the moderator elect was duly installed. He was a gentleman known to be somewhat fond of making long and tedious speeches, and was, perhaps, elected chiefly on this account; just as in the world outside of Cone Cut we notice that many men in high places are placed there because they are in the way any where else.

There was a few moments' delay before speakers could be induced to come forward. But at length, in response to a call from the Chair, Colonel Willick, the same gentleman whose vinegar was at an early stage of this history experimentally compared by Deacon Ficksom with the article sold under that

name by Gregory Donoe, and who more lately attained a military elevation, arose to address the audience.

Colonel Willick standing up, spit and put his hands into his pockets, looking very earnestly and intently at the floor, spit and half seated himself against the corner of the desk behind him, and then spoke as follows:

"Mr. Moderator," (spit, and a pause,) "I did n't expect (spit) to be called upon to speak to-night; I came to (spit) listen, not to talk, (spit, and took one hand out of his pocket and hung it by the thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat.) There are others more able to please this (spit) audience, and better orators (spit). I don't feel prepared to (spit) break the ice; but after it is broken, I will drop into the same hole. (Spit, followed by great applause from all). I believe in (spit) temperance; but I don't pretend to be a talking man. My heart is all right, (spit several times,) but I ain't no talking man, so I'll quit." (Spit, and sat down).

"Mr. Moderator," said Jason, a short time afterward, rising in great haste, and hitting his knee under the desk.

"Mr. Chesslebury," said Mr. Moderator, bowing benignant-ly to Jason.

Jason had been so much encouraged by the success which attended Colonel Willick's effort that he immediately determined upon essaying a speech himself. He had, indeed, already risen thrice with that view, but had been each time forestalled in his purpose of obtaining the floor, by other speakers; which was the occasion of his present haste. He now found himself somewhat disconcerted by the very readiness with which the opportunity to speak was awarded him. So he said again:—

"Mr. Moderator."

Having thus made a fair beginning, he turned himself partly around toward Salanda's seat, burst into a little laugh, and immediately smothered his face into a preternatural solemnity.

"I hope, sir," he proceeded, when these preliminaries had been adjusted, "that you will excuse my occupying your time this evening; but I should like to contribute my mite with the rest. I don't intend to say but little. I'm not any more of an orator than Colonel Willick, nor so much, but I suppose, ladies and gentlemen, that we don't come here to make orations, but only speeches. So I should like to say that what seems to me is, that we ought to *do* something about temperance, as well as talk about it. It's just as if a man should see his house on fire, and go on saying what a dreadful thing it was to have one's house on fire, and how he must begin to put it out, and should n't begin to bring any water, or any thing. Speeches are very good things, sir, particularly when they're short. But what we want is to *do* something about temperance. We might sit here, and talk and tell each other stories, and so on, all night, and have a good time; but the question is, what good would it do?"

"Now what I move is, that we get up a society. Form a temperance society, and have a meeting regularly once a week, or a fortnight. I should attend regularly and I think most of the students would;—and—and—"

What rock Jason's smoothly-gliding speech here struck upon—whether he found himself upon the very verge of expressing an intention to bring Salanda and Miss Blossom and cousin with the same regularity, and could not connectedly

draw back,—can not be ascertained. At all events he here brought his address to an abrupt termination, with a—"that's all I have to say, sir," and took his seat; somewhat uncertain whether he had been silly, or had made the best speech of the evening; and he scarcely knew whether the applause which followed his effort was intended in commendation of the speech, or was called forth by the dilemma which hastened its termination.

Deacon Ficksom rose. "He had been requested," "he said, 'to take some part in the meeting, and he had come for that purpose. He thought it was a good cause, if prudently followed, and not overdone. He approved the zeal of his young friend from the city, but thought nothing ought to be done in haste. He supposed there were a good many people who drank too much, and he wished they would reform. People would be a great deal better off if they were only willing to spend less money in drink. He was glad that people were giving more attention to temperance. Some people thought total abstinence was the only remedy for intemperance. There was a good deal of difference between temperance and total abstinence. There was no need of drinking so much. He was not prepared to say that all drinking of fermented liquors in every form ought to be given up. There was certainly a difference between temperance and total abstinence. Temperance was certainly a virtue, the Bible commanded it. But it was hard to say that total abstinence was a duty. St. Paul himself said, that we should 'take a little wine for our stomach's sake, and our often infirmities.'"

Here the Deacon made a pause; he was not quite certain whether he had quoted the text aright. He had an idea, in

which he seems to be supported by some modern commentators, that it should read,—“take often wine for your stomach's ache, and your little infirmities.” But not feeling quite clear upon this point, he proceeded.

“He thought that the only means was moral suasion; every man should endeavor to persuade his neighbor to be temperate—moderate—”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed a wild voice. “I say, Deacon who did you ever persuade, eh?”

“I have the floor, I believe,” said the Deacon.

“Ha! ha! ha! who now? Tell us.”

“Please address the Chair,” interposed the moderator, tapping that article of furniture upon the arm.

“I tell you,” cried the wild voice, in still wilder tones, with no laughter now, but with terrible earnestness, “I tell you the man that talks about moral suasion to sots and drunkards is a fool.”

The whole room buzzes with astonishment.

“Is a fool,” the voice repeats.

The speaker rose. He stood somewhat unsteadily, leaning now back against the wall, and now reaching forward in the emphasis of his utterance, and leaning half over the desk before him. His dress was very poor, his hair disheveled and matted, and the Deacon, turning round to see him, recognized the red-nosed man he had often met enjoying the hospitality of Gregory Donoe's store. The Deacon said nothing, but he turned upon the assembly a mild but impartial look, that seemed to sum up concisely the law upon disturbances of religious meetings, and to express the opinion that a fellow who would put out a Deacon, ought to be summarily put out himself.

"Moral suasion to drunkards! it's no use, and it's worse than no use. *I know it.* I tell you I am one of 'em. I am, by the Almighty God I am. And I know."

The whole room is startled into perfect silence. In the pause, the very fire seems to hold its breath.

"I've been a drunkard these ten years. You know it. You've seen me loafing about your streets ten years, and you've had a chance to try your moral suasion—and I ain't the only chance, God knows. Yes, and you've tried it, too. You know I used to want to knock off. You have n't failed to say kind words, and try your suasion. You all try it. By God, the very man that sells me rum, says, when he pours me out a glass, 'Come, come, Jerry; you'd better not drink any more.'"

His profanity was terrible, but the equally terrible earnestness of his speech suffered not even the Deacon to reprove it.

"You think a drunkard needs persuading. There's not a drunkard in the State—that's worth saving—who doesn't wish, two hours out of three, every day of his life, that he could knock off. They've got moral suasion. What they want is help! *help!* Good God! *HELP!*—*FORCE!* *FORCE!* to back it up.

"You've seen me—you see me every day sitting round—loafing. You thought I've been asleep, thinking of nothing. Outside I've been dead as a heap of ashes. Inside, I've been a-fire!

"When a man's a going to sell himself to the devil, cool and easy—money down—and wants to drive a sharp bargain, like your rum-sellers, it may do to talk of moral suasion to him. But when the devil's caught a careless fellow—and's

got him tight in his clutches—as he holds us, and we writhing and squirming, then when you come along and think we need moral suasion to get us away, you're fools. And with some of you it's worse 'n that. Some of you *know better*, and when *you* say so, and quote Scripture to it, you're *damned* fools. *I* can see you're making the devil's speeches, and I believe the Lord's sharper-sighted than I am. If he pays any attention to what goes on in a temperance meeting, he'll settle your arguments one of these days. If God ever lets any thing earthly into hell, it'll be rum-selling. There'll be no law agin' that business there, I tell you. The devil knows what'll pay for licensing, as well as you do. But you go on selling liquor, and talking about moral suasion. Moral suasion! Good God! if any body needs it, it's your ministers who darsen't preach rum down, and your deacons who quote Scripture like a devil's concordance."

The discussion which followed these remarks was not of that parliamentary character which can be well reported.

But whatever may have been the result of this meeting in other respects, it at least wrought a marked change in the position of Deacon Ficksom upon the temperance question, and thereafter he became gradually more and more known as conservative.

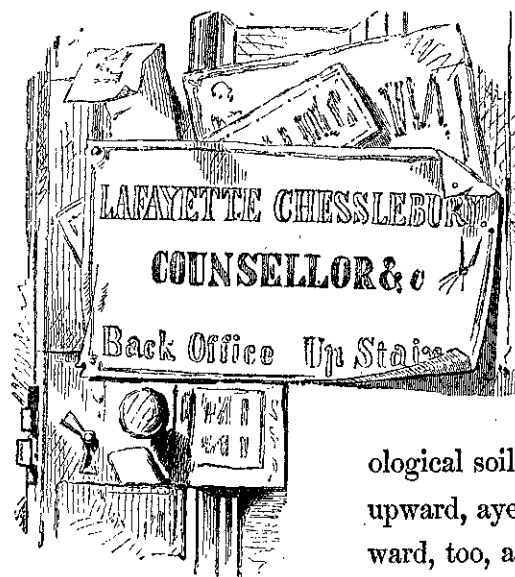
He took, from time to time, a more decided stand against all innovations upon all the old-established liberties of men, and raised his warning voice, upon occasion, against that fanatical excitement which, before many years had passed away, began to agitate society in Cone Cut Corners.

His enemies—the best of men have enemies—called him

a "rummy," and attributed his defeat, in the usual church election for deacon, two years later, by a two-thirds majority, to his being pledged to the liquor interest;—though, as all the world knows, this disappointment was the work of a fanatical clique, who, though unsupported by the real wishes of the majority, succeeded, by unscrupulous maneuvering, in obtaining a temporary supremacy.

XIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.



Up stairs.
For here humanity deposits itself in strata, like ge-

ological soils, and the city grows upward, aye! and burrows downward, too, as well as widens and extends abroad.

Upstairs. Dusty, dark, and dingy stairs; well worn with many foot-prints; hollowed and sunken with strange burdens. Many diversities of foot-marks these same steps sustain. Rough, thick-shod feet tramp heavily up, and jolt noisily down. Bright boots, prim and glossy, glance up and

down. Many weary little feet, naked and sore, bearing the heavy burden of a young heart, chilled and joyless in poverty, climb slowly here. Now and then dainty, tripping feet dance up, bringing a rare beam of sunshine, and visions of bright colors into staid and dusky-hued places.

Strange diversities of errands, too, they come upon. One listening unseen could dream the meaning of their different steps. The step of haste—rapid, vigorous; it speaks of hurried toil, a mind whirled in the vortex of uncertain business. The step of leisure—growing age and independence; deliberate, but firm. The step of indolence—sauntering in moody carelessness. The step of uncertainty—wavering, hesitating, stopping to consider, and starting again undetermined. The step of poverty—gentle, slow, wearisome; a hopeless sound is this step. The step of juvenility—dashing, delighting in noises and dusts. The step of anxiety again; nervous, quick; rapidly this foot hurries away, as if it had not time to finish its own foot-prints.

There are many tiers of offices above, and many froward feet that haste to do evil, run to and fro here, and climb these stairs; for, from the time of Babel, to these days in which law offices have ascended into upper stories, it has been observed that many men who climb much toward the sky, do not thereby come nearer heaven.

These profound and solemn suggestions which rise with us upon the staircase, are by no means intended as reflections upon the honorable gentleman whose name heads our chapter, much less upon our errand at his office. They are but the suggestions of the moralizing and philosophic mind, fertile in wholesome fruit from almost any soil.

Passing from the head of the stairs toward the end of the entry, two steps down bring us on a level with Mr. Chesslebury's door. This leads us into a low room, so comfortably full of substantial furniture, and so agreeably littered with books and papers, that it looks snug and cozy, and almost small. It is well-lighted by three broad windows upon one side; but the remaining sides are so filled and darkened with the shelves of books, the secretary, the black marble mantle, and with the maps which fill the spaces of the wall, that the room has just that aspect of shaded light most convenient and congenial to an intellectually busy place. There is an oblong table in the middle of the room, with a grove of tall quills growing out of a tub of an inkstand upon it. It bears also the newspapers, piles of open letters, and a few books. The seats are all easy-chairs, except a wooden chair at a desk near the door, and also except a corner of the table, which we may, for the moment, allude to as a seat, inasmuch as it affords a resting-place to the form of a young gentleman of one-and-twenty or thereabouts, of a *négligé* style of attire, and very-much-at-home-where-I-am manner.

This is Mr. Stretch, the junior professional gentleman and the senior errand-boy of the establishment. Mr. Chesslebury, it is almost unnecessary to say, is of course, the senior professional gentleman. The junior errand-boy is at this moment endeavoring to fill that gentleman's usual seat with one end of his body, and a neighboring chair with the other extremity; and thus, in a position of considerable practical uneasiness, effects great theoretic comfort and indolence.

"Well, John," said Mr. Stretch, from the corner of the table, as he polished his hat with his right elbow and inspect-

ed narrowly the good qualities of the nap which were beginning to be strongly developed by age, "so Mr. C. has gone. Is he coming back again?"

"No;" said John, spitting at the fire-place, and hitting the letter press. "He said he was gone for the day."

"Aha!" said Mr. Stretch, speaking with much amiability of manner, and meanwhile, reducing an incipient dent in the top of his hat by pressure applied from within. "He's gone for the day, is he? Well, I'd have advised him to start earlier if he wanted to catch it."

"John," added he, after a pause, in which the hat relapsed, "I am going for the day."

"You'll catch it!" retorted the lad sharply, "never fear about that."

Mr. Stretch leaned over and selected a couple of the most readable newspapers at hand, folded them deliberately to fit his pocket, turned over the letters on the table for a few moments to post himself upon the news of the day, which he indexed in his memory by saying half audibly as he read, "*Pockitt* vs. *Pierce*; pooh, eternal! Pennsylvania property again; speculation, eh! good; h'm. Mrs. Chesslebury; hullo; Confiden—ah! huh!"

"Well!" said Mr. Stretch, after a short pause, in which he seemed to have been reviewing his investigations into the correspondence of Mr. Chesslebury, and proceeding as he spoke to dress his somewhat disorderly hair with a brush which he took for that purpose from a drawer in Mr. Chesslebury's secretary. "When I get things straightened out a little, I must look into that Pennsylvania business. Perhaps there's a chance for me too."

If John had been a stranger he might have wondered what was the occupation of a man who was devoted to getting things straightened out. His wonder would have been mis-spent, for with Mr. Stretch every thing was crooked and entangled, and needed to be straightened out. All his own affairs, and all of other people's in his keeping he regarded, and for the most part, indeed, he was justified in so doing, as so many snarled and knotted threads, the straightening out of which was the task he perpetually held up for his anticipating industry. Existence itself he thought sometimes had some tangle about it, though here his attention was not much spent, nor did he set himself at work to mark the crooked places of his life, or straighten out himself.

"Well," asked John, quietly, "when do you expect to get things out straight?"

"I'm sure I can't say; there's every thing to be done; seems to me there's no end to it. I say, John, what does he pay you?"

"Twelve shillings."

"Whole ones? Ain't any of 'em clipped, or with holes in 'em?"

"It's the regular price," said John, with some indifference in his tone.

"Why, he could n't hire a dog for that, that knew enough to pull a cart."

"It don't make any difference to me," said the boy, in a careless tone, "but I used to make more than that in the hotel business."

"You were a landlord, perhaps?" inquired Mr. Stretch, with a very humorous feint of misunderstanding the lad's expression.

"Trading in hotels, I mean. Selling things. I used to clear three or four dollars a week sometimes. But father did n't like my being around so, and then he put me in here, where he said I would learn. Pay don't make any difference to me either way; but you might as well expect a fellow to grow fat by standing in a wholesale flour and pork store, as think I'd learn any thing good here for all he ever says to me."

"Well, now," said the other, taking a chair, and speaking with the familiarity of a senior errand boy, though still retaining the dignity of manner of the junior professional man; "that's just it. Plenty of words about opportunities, and contingencies, and prospects, and things leading to something, but devilish little pay. If any body should ask me what he pays me, I should be ashamed to mention it. And then to say it is about the usual terms, and no office does differently. *True* enough, but that's the worst of it. The man that was here before me staid five years after he was admitted. He did all the law business that Chesslebury charged people for, and he stuck at it till he grew bald, and then left only because they would n't pay him but five hundred dollars; just as if society expected to pay men just enough to feed them, and then expected them to go about to clothe themselves decently with opportunities, and to lodge in contingencies, amuse themselves at prospects, and improve in general with things that are going to lead to something. I tell you what, Mr. Chesslebury, if things don't lead to something pretty soon, I shall be driven to something."

Thus apostrophizing his employer, the junior professional man rose to depart. At the door he stopped for an instant, and resuming that easy and good-humored manner, which for

a short time he had forgotten, he turned, and said facetiously, to the occupant of his principal's chair,—

"Well, sir, if you have no further commands to-day, I will bid you good afternoon."

"None," said John, "only if he comes in and should ask for you—"

"Why then you may tell him that I have gone—to—the City Hall, and from there to the sheriff's office in Brooklyn, and shall probably not be back—until—well say till six o'clock."

So saying, he closed the door and disappeared.

"Huh!" said the solitary John, breaking silence a few moments after the departure of Mr. Stretch, and subjugating another easy chair with his right foot as he spoke, and drawing it near him so as to have one for each leg, "Huh! Gone after the sheriff. You'll have a sheriff after you if you go on this way."

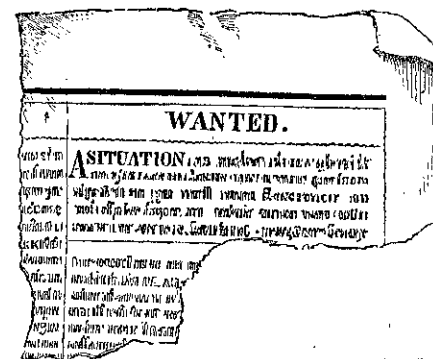
The ears of Mr. Stretch were unfortunately far beyond the reach of this wholesome caution, he having reached by this time the sidewalk of Broadway. After some lingering upon corners, with that peculiar uncertainty of manner which betokens a mental indecision, he finally bent his steps toward the Hoboken ferry, and by easy and agreeable stages arrived presently at the Elysian Fields, where some hours afterward the last rays of twilight forsook him, disporting himself in congenial scenes.

John, left triangulated in easy chairs, dismissed Mr. Stretch's complaints from his mind; and his train of thought which the conversation of that gentleman did, so to speak, switch off and break up, glided on into its former track, whatever that

may have been, and was soon again under full headway. Nor was its course checked until the strokes of Trinity clock, which in the subsiding noise of the latter part of the afternoon became audible, reminded him of his approaching liberty.

XIV.

OCTOBER, 1851.



MR. CHESSLEBURY sat in his office one fine morning in October, balancing his check-book prepara-

tory to calculating how much to subscribe to the capital stock of the Mintermunny Land and Timber Company, which was about to be organized under his auspices, when his pleasant thoughts were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door.

If the owner of the impinging knuckles had turned the door-knob and walked in without ceremony, Mr. Chesslebury would have gone on interpolating a balance at the foot of the page, so as to set down naught and carry nine into the thousands' column, and have left the visitor to announce himself. But a knock indicated to him that he was about to receive either a lady or an unaccustomed stranger. Therefore, under

the alternative motives of gallantry and curiosity, he looked up to see who it should be.

The entrance to the office was guarded by the youth John, who presented, when on duty, a sharp and vigilant aspect, very different from that in which he indulged himself during afternoon relaxations in the empty easy chairs. He seemed to be regarded by his employer in a strictly legal light, and as simply an infant; and the duties assigned to him were to do as he was bid, to speak when he was spoken to, to shut the door when other people left it open, put every thing away that was left out of place, and in, general, to bear the burdens of other people's delinquencies, which indeed, seems to be the lot of infancy throughout the civilized world.

The same knock which stopped a balance in Mr. Chesslebury's book caused a sudden suspension of the operations of the particular infant in question, who then occupied about three fifths of a chair, and one fourth of a desk, near the door, and was at the instant engaged in engraving his employer's name upon a ruler. Upon hearing the knock he rose, and crying, "Come in," in a tone of surprise, pitched so high that it seemed to come from somewhere in the ceiling, opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Chesslebury," said a hearty, pleasant young voice.

The speaker was a young lad of about — well, in the professional eye of Mr. Chesslebury, certainly not yet out of his infancy. He was of a tall form, and sufficiently slender to suggest through that professional eye to the humorsome fancy of its possessor, that if infants could not contract it was to be hoped that some of them might expand. His features were

small but expressive, and his dress substantial, plain and neat. He entered uncovered, in token of respect for the location; and having got fairly within the door turned and shut it with great care, thus relieving the lad behind him of his usual tribute to the negligence of visitors.

Mr. Chesslebury was entirely prepared, as the door opened, to rise and come forward with a greeting of overwhelming cordiality, if circumstances should render that politeness politic. Judging however, with a glance, and on the instant, that the visitor was not likely to be made, at any effort, a purchaser from him at par of the Mintermunny Stock, (on which two per cent. was to be paid in,) he merely said, after an impressive pause, "Ah, Master Rundle; good morning," and sat still to await approaches.

If there ever was a man who understood the art of adapting his conversation to his hearers, it was probably Lafayette Chesslebury. So much did he rely upon his persuasive powers, of which he considered this art the main secret, that the only business to which he would address the professional eye was such as consisted in convincing you or me, or some desirable subject among us, that it was for our interest to do some very handsome thing by him. Negotiation was his occupation. Tongue was his working stock. Words his staple manufacture. The expenses were small,—the profits enormous. To carry a point with a large-worded man, he too, could use large words—large sentences—large periods and paragraphs, developing large views, and large probabilities of large results. In contesting with brief-speaking, word-frugal men, he would overpower with the abundance of his eloquence. In contradicting eloquent men, he knew how to set at naught

their resonance by little, brief and pithy words. To men from whom he cared to hear but little, he did set most infectious examples of uncommunicativeness.

"Well, sir," said he to the young man who stood waiting before him, and he settled his whiskered chin between two graceful points of collar, and turned the professional eye upon him.

Well, sir! Only two words, but a paragraph of meaning in each.

When with a pleasant falling inflexion of the voice, he said, "Well," what more would he have conveyed to his young friend if he had said, "I am at your service, sir, be brief, because time is precious; not my time in particular; I can afford the luxury of precious time; but time in general; business time—your time. You can not afford it." And when with an agreeable rising inflexion he added in the same breath, "Sir," what more would he have communicated if he had said, "Sir, yes sir, sir to you. Your most obedient, sir. You have taken the liberty to call upon me, and I am of course entirely at your service, sir. What will you have?"

With these remarks so delicately condensed and expressed in two polite syllables, which he calculated must impress his visitor kindly, at the same time that they should dismiss him with most profitable brevity, he closed his check-book instinctively, as if he felt that it ought not to be generally understood that there was any limit to Lafayette Chesslebury's account, or that such a thing as a balance ever needed to be ascertained by him. That laid aside, the professional eyes from under eyebrows growing long and tangled, and varied with gray, looked at Paul Rundle.

"And how is your mother?" he added.

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, with a brightening countenance. "She is better. She's a great deal better, and quite herself again."

"Been sick?"

"O yes, sir, she's been very poorly. She was very low, and we were very sad for her one time."

Mr. Chesslebury expressed something between disapproval and sympathy, by ticking twice with his tongue, as if his affection were a clock that would go just two seconds and no more.

"But she's almost well now, and about again like herself."

The gentleman nodded slowly to indicate approval of the course his cousin had taken.

"The doctor said it was a slow fever. I think it was as much as any thing having so much to care for, and to do; and then father's not being heard from too. She can't give him up. At any rate," pursued the youth, still standing, but taking courage that the professional eye was not directed at him, "she was very low. I had to give up my place at Haggie & Change's because I was needed at home, and now I could take hold again it's a dull season, and they don't need me. Mother said I had better come and see you, and perhaps you would know of some opening."

Mr. Chesslebury looked at an unknown point through, and about three feet beyond, the mantle-piece, as if he would, if possible, pierce the wall with the professional eye, and make an eligible opening for the young man in the chimney. No such opening, however, occurred. And it appearing thereupon to him that the case was hopeless, he said.—

"No."

Paul waited as long as it seemed proper to prolong the silence, and then commenced to thank the gentleman for his kind attention.

"Well, Paul," said he, as the lad turned to go, "I am sorry; if I hear of any thing, I will let you know."

"I beg pardon," said Paul, stopping, "but would you have any objection to my referring to you. If I ever should find a place," he added, rather sadly, "it might be of great use to me to mention it."

"Oh! none at all," replied Mr. Chesslebury, as if he felt himself good for any amount of respectability, and was ready to honor his young friend's drafts in that currency to an unlimited extent.

Paul Rundle withdrew.

He stood for a moment at the top of the stairs, as if he had come thither as a last resort, and there was no other place for him to go to. Presently he moved mechanically, and then hastening, as if suddenly awakened from forgetfulness, he was rushing down the stairs, when, at the bottom, he came forcibly into the arms of some one else, who came around the door-post as suddenly as he had descended.

"Why, Paul, halloo!" said a voice.

"Ah, Jason, how do you do? I beg your pardon. I hope I have n't hurt you."

"No, but you might have killed somebody by running over them in the street, if I had n't stopped you. Where now in a hurry?"

"Home, I believe," said Paul.

"Good," cried Jason. "I must go, too. I have only got

back this very day, but I must go and see your mother and Susie. How do they do?"

Then Paul said how they did, and from one thing to another the conversation ran on, until Jason had asked all that his father, a few minutes before, had listened to, and much more beside. Jason found how Paul had held his former place by working day and night; how it took him till ten or eleven to distribute the purchases of the day; how he could not often reach home before midnight; how Susie could not take care of the shop and of mother all day, and then watch with mother till midnight, too; how disappointed he had been to have to give up his place just before the year was out, and lose the prospect of increasing wages and better position, which was, after all, the real compensation in view in many months' hard work. Then Jason learned for the first time, that father had gone away, and ascertained, from unwilling answers, what he had before conjectured, that father had been unfortunate, not in his work particularly; perhaps in his company and his habits; and that he had not done well, and had got into trouble; that he had left home a long time ago, and had never written yet a line. And first and last, Jason realized how anxious was Paul for occupation, and how important to mother and sister it was that he should have it.

Arm in arm they walked up the Bowery, and a handsome pair they were.

Miss Helen Chesslebury, in the Chesslebury carriage, returning from a morning call on the eastern side of the city, passed the young men.

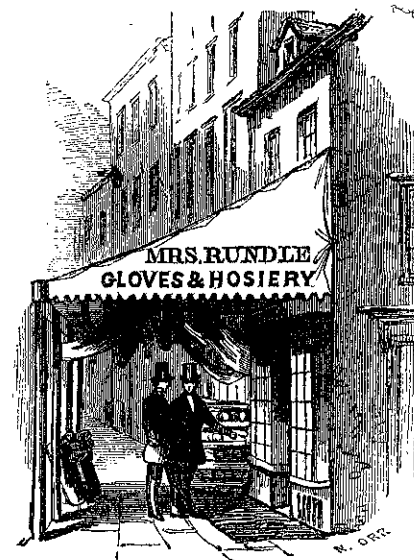
"Oh, dear," pouted the charming young lady, "there's

Jason with that fellow, the *first* thing. Why, he acts just as if that shop-boy was his brother."

Alas! my dear Miss Chesslebury, how true. What a mistake. Just as if he were his brother. Oh, dear! What good can be anticipated from a young man who acts just as if a shop-boy were his brother.

XV.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.



MRS. MARGARET RUNDLE kept a thread, needle, and fancy store in Grand-street.

We are bound in candor to inform the genteel reader who may peruse this chapter in some rural district far from the noise and bustle of

the city, that Grand-street is by no means so grand a street as might be supposed. For New York is a city of great self-contradiction. It is related in ancient chronicles, that in the beginning, when the Adams of that respectable metropolis were assembled to name the places then newly under their dominion, and had with great study and research pre-

pared a list of names applicable to streets, parks, squares, buildings, it was the Genius of Discord, standing near, who volunteered to assort these names and apply them appropriately; and the unsophisticated New Yorkers accepting the proposal, she proceeded to execute the commission in most characteristic style.

And thus, oh, genteel reader, you may start from the foot of Manhattan Island, from the very toe thereof, indeed, where stands Castle Garden,—so called it would seem, because it long since ceased to be a castle, and can never be a garden; and traveling up through the heart of the city, you shall cross the Battery, that most hospitable and peaceful rurality, where are neither enemy to batter, nor ordnance to batter with;—and pass the Bowling-Green, where no man plays at bowls;—and thence journeying up Broadway, by no means so broad as many other ways, you shall pass Wall-street, whose ancient wall, built by the Dutch to keep out marauding Yankees, has long since crumbled,—Canal street, whose name is but the epitaph of a canal a long time dead and buried,—Niblo's Garden, stuffed as full as it can hold with a hotel and an opera-house, holding no beds except in the chambers of the first, nor flowers save those thrown upon the stage of the second,—and Union Square, which is round;—and thence as much farther as you please, but always with a like experience. After this trip you will not be surprised on entering Grand-street to find it what it is; a modest, substantial, respectable street, with plain, economical houses in some parts, and neat shops crowded with low-priced goods in others;—an excellent street, a most unimpeachable street; but with no pretension to be the grand-street of New York.

From the Bowery and the observation of Miss Helen Chesslebury, the young men passed into Grand-street, such as Grand-street is, and passing eastward through a long vista of stores of various kinds, they came upon the little shop of Mrs. Margaret Rundle. Standing close under the shadow of the flaunting breadths of gay calicoes and high piles of flannels and sheetings which adorned significantly the front of a great dry-goods establishment, it looked all the smaller in its contrast with its next-door neighbor. It was a very modest little place. It was, therefore, (or, if you prefer, oh, genteel reader, we will say, notwithstanding,) a very charming little place. The shop was a little room, and it was not entirely a shop either, but had a family-sitting room air. Since the family seemed to consist of a very genial-looking woman who was comfortably disposed in a rocking-chair at the end of the counter, balanced upon the other side of the room by a very charming-looking young girl seated and industriously employed at a work-table in the corner, the domestic aspect of the room will not, perhaps, be deemed objectionable. Between the seats of the two occupants, was the back door of the shop, leading into a little back room. On the very delightful day in which Jason had the pleasure to visit this place, this door was open, and revealed a bright little retreat, its floor carpeted in the same style with the shop, and its open windows curtained, within with spotless white, without, with festooned and waving green, through which he caught bright glimpses of sun-light.

"Mother," cried Paul, cheerily, as they entered, "mother, and Susie! here's cousin Jason."

In his pleasure in bringing his friend, he forgot, for the moment, his sorrow in bringing a disappointment.

At the first sound of her brother's voice, Susie sprang forward, and, asserting her sisterly privilege, regardless of Jason, that modest young gentleman looked away, and took occasion to greet particularly the elder lady. Mrs. Rundle in words and tone expressed all kindly, and respectful affection, but Jason observed that she made no effort to rise from her chair; and he saw many lines of care and anxiety quite new to him in that pleasant face.

"And Susie," said he, turning again to her, "how do you do?"

"Oh! I am so glad to see you, Cousin Jason," she said in a frank, musical voice, extending a hand whose beauty was undisfigured by gilded trinkets.

Greetings were cordial; and the conversation was unchecked until, in the usual course of mutual congratulations, Susie was suddenly silenced by her cousin's observing that she had wonderfully improved, and grown quite handsome; and Jason himself, in turn, was as completely extinguished a moment after, by being told by Mrs. Rundle that he looked very like his father, and was quite a man himself now.

Jason, naturally feeling a little embarrassed after so long an absence, and now, doubly so, by consciousness of change, was at a loss for conversation, until he bethought himself of his need of a pair of gloves. He thereupon requested of Susie that she would do him the kindness to sell him a pair. That young lady consented to do so upon condition of being allowed to mend the old ones. This understanding being had, the young people proceeded to the counter to accomplish that business transaction.

"Cousin Jason," said Susie, after a short silence, raising her

blue eyes from the box of gloves between them, and speaking with a smile, "I don't think you are a bit changed."

"Cousin Susie," returned Jason, "you are the same Susie you always were, after all."

It was strange how much time the business transaction took after this. First there was an endless discussion about the color; and then a careful examination of seams, which Susie insisted upon, and then a long, long trouble about trying them on, which Jason insisted upon, and a spirited contest about who should be allowed to put away the boxes, which both insisted upon; which contest resulted in a sudden bumping of heads, and a great deal of laughter; and then at last, the purchase being finally consummated, Jason found the subject exhausted. Then he made Paul promise to come to the office next noon to meet him to form further plans, and bade Mrs. Rundle good afternoon, and Susie good afternoon too, and went out, and came back again in two minutes to know when he should come to get the gloves that were left to be mended, and then finally disappeared and went home.

Paul then, in answer to his mother's request, detailed the fruitless searches of the day; how he had scanned every newspaper, which indeed he had done every morning for a fortnight, in hopes of finding an advertisement for a boy; how at last he met one, and hastened to apply for the place; how he found, when he reached the counting-house, that nearly twenty were there before him; how there were little fellows there who could neither write nor read, almost lost among the larger boys, and apparently quite dismayed in the crowd; how there were ragged boys with their caps on, and neat, spruce-looking boys with their caps off, and showing nicely-

brushed hair, wet and sleek; how there were stout-looking young men making themselves as short and juvenile as possible, in the hope that they might be taken for boys; and how there was even one old man with thin light hair and very poor clothes, who stood a little apart from the crowd, and kept bowing whenever the merchant's eye was turned toward him. But Paul did not tell all the story then. It was not until evening, and when they were alone, that Paul's mother asked him what the merchant said to him; and then he replied with tears in his eyes:—

"He made us all come in a row one after another, and when he came to me, he stopped me and said, 'I like your looks'; and he asked me if I lived with my parents, and I told him yes, that was, with my mother, and where we lived, and he said was my father living, and I told him yes I believed so, and he said where was he, and I told him I did n't know. Then he said, 'Oho! that won't do,' and that I might go; and the boys all looked at me as I came away. Oh! mother," sobbed Paul as he finished, "I thought that if I ever should touch a drop of drink, I hoped God *would* curse me, as I knew he should."

With this bitter pledge revolving in his mind, Paul went to sleep that night.

That evening, at about the same time that the unhappy Paul was endeavoring to get to sleep, the magnificent Mr. Chesslebury was trying as laboriously if not as successfully, to keep awake. He was sitting in the private parlor of the Chesslebury mansion, ensconced in a many-jointed easy chair, and appeared as comfortable as a man could who seemed to

have his head in the stocks, and was wearing a white Mar-silles strait waistcoat. It was early in the evening, that is to say about eleven o'clock, and he was waiting the completion of Mrs. Chesslebury's toilet for a party. The carriage, which had just brought Jason and his sisters from the opera, was at the door, and the coachman upon the box without, was growing nearly as sleepy as his master within.

In the interval which elapsed between the arrival of the young people and the appearance of Mrs. Chesslebury, Jason roused his father with the proposal that Paul should be offered a place in the office. To this Mr. Chesslebury demurred, upon the ground of unnecessary expense.

"But why can't you arrange it in some way? You said John was going to leave to go to school. Paul will do a great deal more than he, I know."

"Perhaps so," said his father.

"Well now, why can't you take him?" urged the son.

"Well," said his father, "I should like to do something handsome for Paul."

"Father," said Jason, after a pause, "what were you going to give for that pony for me?"

"I do not know; whatever a good one costs. Crupper said I could n't have what we want short of three hundred dollars."

"And what will it cost to keep him?"

"Oh, he'll go right into the stable with the other horses."

"But it will cost something more to keep four horses than three?"

"Yes," replied his father, "I presume, doctor's bills and all, it would come near two hundred dollars a year additional."

"Would it? Well father, I'd rather have Paul than the pony, so you can afford to have him now, can't you?"

"Ha! we could n't afford to pay so much for a boy."

"Why, certainly, father, if I give up the pony, you can."

"Oh, no! that makes no difference. We can not expect to give so much for a boy."

"Why not, does n't he work as hard?"

"Yes, yes, but then we can not afford to pay so much for boys, because there are plenty of them, and we can get them cheaper."

"Well," said Jason, "whatever he is worth, you can give him. Now please send for him to-morrow;—before somebody else engages him," added the lad, with intended sharpness, worthy of his parent.

Here entered Mrs. Chesslebury, arrayed in gay attire—in very gay attire—in fact, in attire calculated to be several hundreds of dollars gayer than the attire of any one whom she might chance to meet that evening. It was with this sole view that Mrs. Chesslebury had been got up for that occasion with great care and labor, and without regard to expense, except that regard which consists in making the expense as large as possible. If Mrs. Chesslebury proves more expensive to-night than Mrs. Stuccuppe, then Mrs. Chesslebury is a triumph, and the family name shines in her splendor. If not, then Mrs. Chesslebury is a failure, and the family name is eclipsed.

A perfumed breeze bearing down upon us, announces her approach, and a rustling proclaims her presence. It is a rustling, not as of an uneasy motion, but a still rustle; she rustles as she stands, like a wild poplar-tree in a perfectly calm day.

without apparent cause or reason; she rustles all over, around, under and through.

In the light of this rustling splendor, Mr. Chesslebury departs for an evening of pleasure, from which he succeeds in tearing himself and Mrs. Chesslebury triumphant, at the early hour of three o'clock. Strange to say, although they went and returned in a coach, Mrs. Chesslebury enters the mansion in the full possession and exercise of her rustling powers.

In the morning at breakfast, Mr. Chesslebury was reminded by his son of his compact; much to the diversion of the young ladies, who charged their brother with proclivities toward jockeyism, for having swapped animals before he had bought the first one.

True to his word, the father sent for Paul that morning, and in an exordium of some length and vagueness, he gave him to understand that he had long been intending to do something handsome by him, and he impressed very strongly upon his juvenile mind, grounds of great gratitude.

"The time seems now to have arrived," said that gentleman, spreading out his sentiments in a confidential tone, and pinning them down with sharp glances of the professional eye,—“the time has now arrived, I believe, for me to accomplish something. Circumstances now place it in my power to offer you arrangements which, if consummated upon your part, will, I doubt not, be highly advantageous to one, who like you, knows how to profit by all the privileges of such a position, and in this relation, I have no doubt that things will lead to something. I am confident that things may be made to lead to something very important; in fact, things can't help leading to something; and this to a young man, is of

great advantage. You would here have many conditions of improvement which can not be expected elsewhere, and you would be thrown among men of importance and high character, and in fact, in your capacity of messenger, you would often enjoy the opportunity of calling upon men of position and standing, whose acquaintance would be most valuable, and things I have no doubt will lead to something, which, if not immediately and pecuniarily remunerative, yet would be of far greater and higher importance."

"Yes, sir," said Paul, to fill a pause.

"I have no hesitation," pursued Mr. Chesslebury, "in saying that I think you would succeed admirably; you would have much to learn; and that is the great advantage that there is so much that can be learned; here are books and papers and—and all that is calculated to lead to something eventually. Indeed," concluded he, "I hardly know what the arrangement, if consummated and operating successfully, might not lead to. It opens before you—before any young man who may enter upon it, a wide field, a new field, of thought—and information—and influence—and business—and indeed all those innumerable sources of success which, if rightly and perseveringly pursued, can not fail ultimately and finally to lead to something of one kind or another inestimably valuable to a young man."

"Thank you, sir," said Paul, with a general feeling of gratitude and admiration.

Mr. Chesslebury received these words silently. He was estimating the amount which could be reasonably deducted from the usual salary, on account of circumstances that were going to "lead to something."

Paul was mercenarily thinking of wages too. It seemed a

delicate topic, and not exactly the thing to speak of in connection with the enjoyment of pastoral fields of study and shepherd-like circumstances.

"Perhaps you would like to think longer of it," asked Mr. Chesslebury.

"If you please, sir," answered Paul, "I should like to know what wages you would like to give."

"Oh," said the gentleman, as if it were a thing he had not thought of in this connection, "wages! Ah! You have never been in an office before, I think?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I suppose under the circumstances,"—commenced the gentleman,—"however, in common offices they pay sometimes one hundred dollars a year, for the first year. You would here have, as I have said, many unusual circumstances which I might claim should qualify the question, but I want to make a most liberal and handsome arrangement, and that amount, under all the circumstances, I should be very glad to pay you."

But just here Mr. Stretch coming forward from his seat, interrupted with a question about some matters he was endeavoring to get straightened out. Whether he did this out of commiseration for the fly, or of grudge to the spider, he succeeded in quite interrupting Mr. Chesslebury's negotiation. The things that were in hand of Mr. Stretch to be straightened out, were considered by Mr. Chesslebury as things that might lead to something, and our young friend Paul was dismissed to consider and reply at leisure whether he would like to have something very handsome done by him, with a gratuity thrown in of one hundred dollars a year.

That night Paul made long and repeated calculations as to how mother could make out to meet expenses, if he were not earning full wages, and convinced himself unwillingly again and again, that by no marshaling of figures and management of estimates, could they support themselves unless he earned at least four dollars a week. He was therefore compelled to make up his mind to commit the ungrateful politeness of declining Mr. Chesslebury's offer. This he did in a short note, which he left early the next morning in the hands of the infant John at the office door.

John looked at the note and the bearer with curiosity, and said, "Are you coming in here?"

"No," returned Paul.

"Good," said the infant, shutting the door.

That evening Mr. Stretch, in his usual review of Mr. Chesslebury's correspondence, picked Paul's note from the waste-paper basket, where it lay crumpled up. He straightened it out with great care, and read it; and as he read it, he said,—

"Good."

XVI.

OCTOBER, 1851.



THE next morning, Paul Rundle, looking as was his wont in the columns of WANTS in the morning paper, in the hope that somebody wanted him, found the following advertisement:

"WANTED, a lad to tend store and run of errands.

He must come well recommended; must be steady, active, quick at figures, a good penman, understand accounts, and be a judge of money, and must be able and willing to make himself generally useful. To such an one a good place will be

given, with a prospect of advance. The best of reference will be required. Wages, four dollars a week. Apply to Bagglehall, Floric & Co., 317 Broadway."

Immediately after breakfast—and Paul took his breakfast before Mrs. Stuccuppe's supper things had been cleared away—Paul started for Bagglehall, Floric & Co's., to answer the advertisement. If we should say that Messrs. Bagglehall, Floric & Co., kept a grocery and liquor store, we should do them injustice. If we should say that they were wholesale and retail dealers in family groceries, and in foreign and domestic wines, we should say exactly what their sign did.

The store contrasted strongly with its next-door neighbor, Haggle & Change's. The latter was fresh and flashy; the former was old and dingy. The one delighted in huge show-windows as transparent as a vacuum, brightly-polished counters, and carefully swept floors; the other in cobwebs, and a certain dust of an eminently wholesome appearance. The one was new and genteel; the other old and respectable. The one resembled its ribbons; the other its cheese. It was an inconveniently crowded store too, was Bagglehall, Floric & Co's. Only at night, when it was carefully shut up, could it contain its contents. As soon as it was opened in the morning, they overflowed upon the sidewalk, and there stood all day long. It was so crowded full of barrels, and boxes, and baskets, and bags, piled up every where to the very ceiling, in every passage-way but one, against every door but one, darkening every window but one, that half way down the counter, where the book-keeper's desk stood, a candle was necessary to give the spiders light to work by. Just behind this desk was the darkest possible pair of stairs. They were effectually walled

in from outside gaze by baskets and boxes;—baskets oblong like a coffin; baskets bottle-necked like a demijohn; baskets full and baskets empty, baskets covered and baskets open;—with boxes too; round boxes and oblong boxes, and many square boxes containing, as an algebraic inscription, XXX, upon their labels, indicated, unknown quantities of ale and porter.

As Paul entered the store, a man whose sandy whiskers looked like a dilapidated hearth-brush came up the stairs. He had a gray checked cap upon his head, and wore an apron which was heavy and stiff with dark stains of fluids, semi-fluids and solids; and in each hand he held a long-necked bottle, covered with dust and cobwebs.

"Hi!" said he, holding one up between his finger and thumb by the very tip of its neck; "Hi! the spiders know what's good,—they do. They know where it is. They can't get in, but they hang around it. Talk about animals not having reason. You never saw a fly down in that cellar, did you? What do you suppose the spiders are so thick there for? They know what's there, they do. Instinct? Nonsense! I say, ain't it fine?"

"It is handsome, and no mistake," conceded the gentleman who was standing behind the dim candle, writing at the dark desk. As he spoke, he looked up from his accounts, and held the candle close behind the bottle.

"Handsome?" echoed the other. "Ain't it, though? Talk of the fine arts. There ain't any thing, according to my eye, in the fine arts as handsome as that. It's real regular genuine, and no mistake, that is. It's the real Symington eighteen-twenty."

"Hold on," said his companion, "you'd better keep that story for customers, you know. It's too good to be wasted."

"Practice," responded the other; "it's good practice."

"Well, you needn't practice on me," returned the clerk. "You may be practitioner, but I'll be hanged if I'll be patient. Well!"

This last was addressed with some sharpness to Paul, who had advanced to the counter, and there stood waiting for a pause in the conversation.

"I called, sir, in answer to an advertisement in this morning's—"

"Back room," interrupted the clerk, erecting his right forearm upon the desk, into a finger-post for Paul's guidance. He then dropped his pen into the inkstand, wiped it on his hair to dispose of superfluous ink, and went on with his writing.

Paul followed the direction of the finger-post, and went back to a little counting-room, divided off from the rest of the store by a thin partition, partly glass. In this counting-room were a green safe, a high desk, a stool to match, an easy-chair, and an empty fire-place. Upon the mantle over the fireplace, there were a row of dingy bottles, a box of cigars, and a pair of feet. The feet were, by a pair of chunky legs, apparently connected with something in the easy-chair. This something, whatever it was, was completely hid by a large newspaper interposed between the easy-chair and the fireplace, and beneath which the legs disappeared. As the door opened, the newspaper dropped and disclosed to the view of Paul a perfectly round head, a crooked nose, and a very large vest.

"Good morning," said the vest. The voice proceeded ap-

parently from the vest, which moved quite as much as the lips in the utterance.

"I called, sir," said Paul, "in answer to an advertisement which appeared in this morning's Sun."

"Yes! yes!" replied the vest. "Take a seat; take a seat." The legs moved the feet from the mantle to the floor, and turned the vest round in its chair more toward the young man. "Yes! yes! take a seat."

There being no other seat in the room than the high stool, Paul declined the handsome offer of such promotion, and stood up.

"What name?"

Paul told his name, and then, in answer to further inquiries by the occupant of the easy-chair, told him where he lived and who his mother was, and that his father was away; but where or how he did not say; and how it happened that he had now no situation, and whom he was with last. And he gave him a specimen of his handwriting, and did a sum in mental arithmetic so quickly, that the round head had not the least idea whether it was accurate or not, or how it was done, though it nodded approvingly at the prompt answer when it was announced.

Paul also then learned that the round head, and the crooked nose, and the large vest, were all the property of Mr. Florie, the junior partner of the firm of Bagglehall, Florie & Co., and that what the firm wanted was, according to the tenor of the junior partner's conversation, a young man of good mental abilities to help keep the books and attend to the accounts, and a young gentleman of pleasing address to help tend the counter and to be assistant salesman, and an able-bodied light

porter, to help get out and pack the goods, and a young man of some acquaintance with horses, who was an experienced and careful driver, to drive one of the wagons in an emergency, and a person of strict integrity to fulfill the pecuniary trusts of the place, and a small boy to run of errands and make himself generally useful; and that they were only willing to pay for the small boy to run of errands, and expected the assistant book-keeper, and the assistant salesman, and the assistant light porter, and the assistant driver, and the young man of strict integrity, all to throw themselves in. To the contract, as thus defined, Paul expressed his willingness to accede, and desired then and there to take hold and commence work.

"At least, sir," said he, "I can try it for to-day, and if I succeed to your satisfaction, I can go on; if not, why—"

"Well," said Mr. Floric, to whom this proposal seemed unobjectionable, "say you try it for to-day. Hold on though, a minute. The best of references required. Bagglehall was particular about the references."

"Well, sir," said Paul, "I can refer you to Mr. Haggie, next door, or to Mr. Change—"

"H'm," said Mr. Floric, somewhat doubtfully.

"—and to the Honorable Mr. Chesslebury."

"Lafayette?" inquired Mr. Floric.

"Yes, sir," replied Paul. "He's a relation of ours, sir, my mother's cousin. He offered me a situation as errand-boy in his office, sir, but the salary was so low; the advantages for study, and improvement, and acquaintance, and those things you know, sir, he said were so great that the salary had to be low, and I could n't possibly get along with it, for I have to

support myself, so I could n't take the place, though I wanted to very much. But though he could n't get me a situation, he said that if his name would be of any use to me I should be welcome to refer to him."

"Lafayette Chesslebury all over," said Mr. Floric, slapping his hand upon his knee, while an audible chuckle agitated the surface of the large vest. Probably Paul's astonishment at this irreverent treatment of the name of his august relative, was apparent in his countenance, for Mr. Floric added:

"So he's your mother's cousin, is he? That's considerable honor to start with, my boy. Hococks!"

The man with the hearth-brush whiskers made his appearance in obedience to this summons. To him Paul was introduced as "young Rundle, who had applied for the situation, and who was to take hold and see what he could do."

"Very good, sir," said Hococks.

"He can take right hold and help you get out that order for—for Mr.—for—what's-his-name, there, you know up on Washington Square." This, with a nod of the round head expressing great intelligence, and a wink which wrinkled the crooked nose into an expression of great mystery, and a simultaneous point of the thumb toward Paul. Seeing all mystery and no intelligence reflected in the countenance of Hococks, the partner took that man out to one side, just beyond distinct ear-shot of Paul, where he was heard to speak, interspersed among other words, the following, "family—smart boy—sharp—keep dark—no hurry—on trial—the business."

From this interview, in which the gray checked cap and hearth-brush whiskers were seen to nod a great many times,

Mr. Hococks came forth, regarding Paul with great attention and curiosity, much to the confusion of that somewhat modest candidate for employment in the respectable establishment. Then, guided by Mr. Hococks and a dim candle, Paul descended the cellar stairs into the subterranean vaults of the store. Thanks to the candle, the cellar was not perfectly dark. There was, it is true, glimmering through the grating in the side-walk, which formed the roof of the other end of the cellar, a little dingy light, but it seemed like little more than the shadow of twilight, and merely sufficed to make the darkness look respectable. Paul could therefore see very little, until the candle, groping its way to one side, set the catching example of combustion to a gas-burner, over a rough bench against the wall, and immediately the grating and the candle were eclipsed with a flood of light. Then he saw rubbish of every respectable description; fragments of old boxes, pieces of baskets, hoops, piles of musty bags, old brooms, heaps of broken bottles, bins of coal, empty barrels, and a pile of staves looking like an admirable throw of magnified jackstraws.

Casting hasty glances at these features of the place, which were mostly distributed in the darkest end of the cellar, Paul followed his guide to the bench. Stored in racks upon one side were bottles of all sizes and sorts, and in great quantities. Wine bottles by the hundred; London brown stout and pale India ale bottles by the gross; Champagne bottles by the thousand; all empty, bright, and clean. On the other side was a row of hogsheads raised on a little platform, with their faucets all in a line.

"Now," said Mr. Hococks, producing a crumpled memo-

randum from the gray cap, and smoothing it out upon the rough bench, "we have got a nice order to fill. First we'll take the South Side Madeira—I think. Now Bob, we've got to make up two dozen real old South Side East India. Them's the bottles, that kind—no," said he, with his hand on the rack, suddenly interrupting himself, "that ain't the kind. We have n't got one of those English bottles left."

In great apparent consternation the man ran to the foot of the stairs and called for Mr. Floric. That gentleman came to the cellar door, but being of a person not adapted to running up and down stairs as an amusement, he stood there and responded to the call, peering down the stairway, and shouting:

"What's the row?"

"I say, sir," replied Hococks, in a loud under-tone, "we have 'nt got any of those English Madeira bottles. He wants two dozen, and we have 'nt got any left; not an individual bottle."

Mr. Floric looked up to see who might be around in a position to listen, and looked down again and said,—

"The devil, Hococks."

Mr. Hococks did not notice the apposition, but continued.

"I sent down to the Drinkwater House yesterday, but they had n't any empty yet. They're to have a dinner-party to-morrow, and we can have plenty the day after, but that won't do, I suppose. Mr.—um—he's very particular about his bottles."

"Fact!" assented Mr. Floric.

"And if we send up wrong bottles he'll make difficulty."

"Precisely," said Mr. Floric. "Can't you get 'em at Guzzling's Hotel?"

"No! they supply Waters & Bungole."

"So they do. So they do," nodded Mr. Florie. "Have you got any paper labels left?"

"Oh, yes, sir," responded Hococks.

"Well, you 'll have to use them."

"What bottles?" persisted Mr. Hococks.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Florie, "I have it. Stuccuppe sent down a lot this morning, just the thing; what we sent his last sherry in; they're at the back-door now. They are plain; they 'll do for any heavy wine."

"Very good," said Mr. Hococks, in a tone of great relief.

"When you make that up, Hococks," added Mr. Florie, "put in a little more brandy. The last we sent him he thought was not so good a body as he'd been used to. His taste is getting that way. Put in a little more brandy."

In accordance with these instructions, Paul, who began to comprehend the art before him, was set at work to clean the empty bottles sent down from Mr. Stuccuppe's; and he wondered occasionally who it was that was to be accommodated with them next, whose eye for bottles was so sharp, and whose taste for the contents so delicately sensitive.

Mr. Hococks meanwhile calculated, according to the arithmetic of the respectable dealers, that in the usage of trade it would take just one dozen and six quarts to fill two dozen quart bottles. Then he brought forth from under the bench a large tin can which he cleaned by a whiff of his handkerchief, a puff with his breath and a shake with his hands. Placing this under a faucet which stood first and foremost in the long line of faucets, but which was not connected with any hogshead, he laid the foundation for the South Side Madeira,

in about five quarts, measured by the eye, of pure, or nearly pure, Croton water. To this he added from a large hogshead, which contained the Madeira of the trade, about a dozen quarts, drawn in a gallon measure, with a little over, thrown in by way of giving himself a margin for tasting. Then he lifted the can upon the bench, and sat down by the side of it to reflect.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Hococks, in meditation, felt any compunctions at having diluted the liquid called Madeira. There was no ground for any such feeling. Rather for satisfaction. For the history of the old South Side of eighteen-twenty, and of East Indian memory, was somewhat as follows.

Not quite two years since, a dirty crew of naked natives, jumping up and down, with songs, in the wine-vats of the south side of the Island of Madeira, crushed with their feet the over-ripe and bursting grapes; and as the juice and pulp squirted from under the soles of their dancing feet, and spirted up between their brown toes, and spattered upon their brawny thighs, they sang the louder and danced the faster, until the perspiration, starting in large drops, rolled down their hirsute legs, mingling with splatterings of grape, and was finally rubbed off into the vat by the hands of the retiring laborers; and thus was accomplished, at a very early period, the first dilution of the pure juice of the grape. Thence undergoing many equally pleasant courses of treatment, the final result was strengthened with brandy to enable the same to endure well the voyage, and by an imaginary trip to the East Indies, came quickly to London, and there was entered safely in bond.

Not even here, however, though safe under government care and surveillance, did its history end. For here by virtue of the authority of those convenient ordinances of the British Government, known as Treasury Order, 20th of May, 1830, Treasury Order, 20th of June, 1830, and other like wholesome regulations, it was mixed again with not over twenty per cent. of brandy and with other wines, also Madeira so called, *ad libitum*, then and there also in bond; and thence, having been racked into other casks, was brought into the city of New York, where it appeared by the oath of the respectable dealers, who imported it, (and who subsequently made a profit on it by expanding it into thirteen hogsheads out of a dozen,) that its original and true cost to them was 48½ cents a gallon. Coming from them into the hands of Messrs Bagglehall, Floric & Co., they surely did it no harm in adding what they fairly could to its quantity, since they could not injure its purity.

At any rate, so Mr. Hococks thought, and made no scruples in doing so. His next proceeding was to add a few drops of some pleasant preparations contained in certain phials conveniently kept in a shelf above the bench, the effects of which were supposed to be in every way the same as thirty years of age and a real voyage to the East Indies. Lastly he drew a quart of brandy and proceeded deliberately to work the mixture up to the standard of the customer's taste. When he had arrived so near success as to seem entirely doubtful about it, and had balanced many spoonfuls upon his tongue in long hesitation, he got up and rinsed his mouth thoroughly with cold water. He then returned to his experiments, and, making one more addition, pronounced it as good as it need be.

"But I hate," said he, "to get up these things in a hurry. I ought to have time to it, and let 'em stand, and ripen."

By this time the bottles were ready, and he instructed Paul in which box to find the labels with the right name upon them, and in which box he would find the corks with the same name branded on the end. Then he went up stairs with a wine-glass, opaque with respectable dirt, and filled with the fine old South Side Maderia of 1820 of East Indian experiences, to be tasted and approved by one of the respectable dealers.

In the course of the morning the two dozen bottles were filled, corked, sealed, labeled, and dusted with a highly respectable dust, until they presented that artistic and admirable appearance which was so pleasing to the cultivated eye of Mr. Hococks. When they had been finally arranged in two baskets, they were carried up into daylight; where the old South Side Madeira was presented—as one might almost say—in the original packages of importation, to the critical approving scrutiny of Mr. Floric.

In the counting-room, this commodity was charged to account of the customer who ordered it, at the low price of twenty dollars the dozen; a very insignificant advance upon cost, it must be confessed, when we take into account the skill and care expended by the respectable dealers, to bring it into its present excellent condition—to say nothing of the trouble of getting up foreign corks and labels, at home.

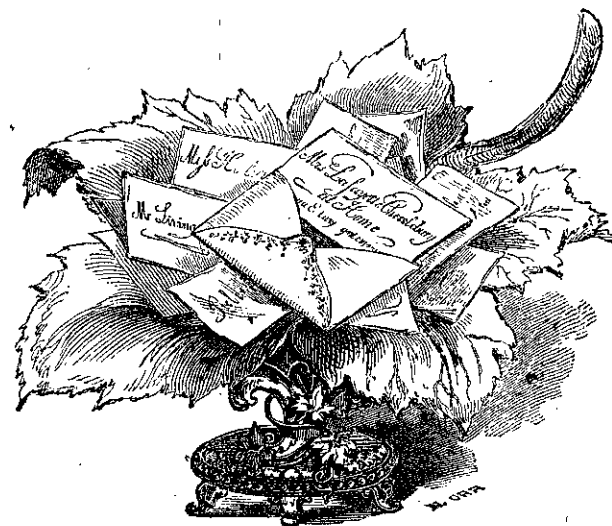
During the day too, a great many bottles of champagne were got up by the simple and ingenious process of aggravating cider into effervescence by sugar of lead, and forcing it, with a cork after it, through a machine into each bottle. Lastly Mr.

Hococks, after bringing out a great many demijohns of various sizes, and filling them with various combinations of the contents of hogsheds, phials and water-faucet, checked off the last item on the crumpled memorandum, and said that job was done.

Paul that night was much gratified at receiving the approbation of Mr. Florie, and the patronizing approval of Mr. Hococks; and was still more pleased when the former called him into the counting-room and told him to come again tomorrow. Still as he went home, and as he lay awake that night, he found it very hard to decide whether he should accept a situation in the house of Bagglehall, Florie & Co., Respectable Dealers.

XVII.

OCTOBER, 1851.



THE Chesslebury mansion is all alive to-day with busy preparations. Externally the house has a demure and muffled aspect by reason of carefully closed blinds; but within it is as busy as an ant-hill. For it was last week announced to the world of fashion, by the broadest card of the season, that Mrs. Chesslebury will be at home this evening; and crowds are expected to look in, to witness that rare domestic event.

It seems as if all the vehicles that pass through the street

stop to pay a tribute to the busy mansion. Now it is a carriage whose footman leaves a card; or a baker's cart depositing a basket. Now a milkman, who sits and ladles out a great many drops into the servant's pitcher, measuring by his own convenient rule that two gill dippers make a quart. And now comes the wagon from Bagglehall, Florie & Co's., with many baskets and brown paper parcels and twine-laced bags, and many more demijohns—large demijohns—small demijohns—medium demijohns—all with diminutive tickets tied to their necks, like so many carrier-pigeons on duty. These must be messengers of some importance, too; for when the driver telling his horse to stand—the facetious fellow! hands these in at the basement door, the gentlemanly-dressed young man stands there to receive them affectionately, and pays them great regard. He condescends too, to bestow a recognition even upon the plebeian driver, although he has no attention for baker's baskets, and no consciousness of milkmen. Now, the last demijohn handed in, and its message read with interest, he says, with a tone of some concern, "Is this all?"

And the facetious driver answers concisely, "No! 'nother load—long necks;" and makes a pop with his mouth, and jumps into his swinging wagon, and undertakes the task of countermanding the order to stand, and at last succeeds, and is whirled away by an unexpected start. His departure is followed by other arrivals which have no charm for the gentlemanly-dressed young man. In the middle of the afternoon again comes the facetious driver, his easy wagon this time packed with trunk-shaped baskets, like a freight crate. One after another these are handed in, each one a good lift for the

driver, and are deposited, under the delighted eye of Wilson, upon the entry floor, where they count two dozen baskets, all told; and thence, under the supervision of that gentleman, they are subsequently removed to the secret and subterranean recesses of the Chesslebury mansion.

Later in the afternoon, the gentlemanly-dressed young man having put on a little cap, jauntily took a broom, as another gentleman would take a cane, and sallied forth to enjoy the air and gentle exercise by a lounge upon the sidewalk. It should not for a moment have been supposed that this movement had any thing to do with the straws with which the champagne-baskets had marked their track from the curb-stone to the area door; indeed, he would have at once resented the insinuation. He promenaded gently before the house, the broom following him upon the payment; much in the same style as he had observed the elder Miss Chesslebury to walk with a live canine skeleton, called a grayhound, induced to locomotion by a blue ribbon. In the midst of this pleasant recreation, seeing a gentleman acquaintance in the distance, he abandoned even this remote semblance of activity, and composed himself to a leisurely position against a tree-box, in which he might have passed for a remarkably life-like statue of Laziness. The person approaching was no other than Mr. Sagory St. Julien, the gentlemanly superintendent of the culinary department in Mrs. Stuccuppe's domestic establishment. These two gentlemen being in similar positions of trust in the highest circle of the metropolis, of course often met, and, moreover, were upon much the same terms with each other as their mistresses; familiarly intimate and friendly, but sharp-eyed rivals.

"Aha!" Mr. Wilson, said the Stuccuppe retainer. "You have cards out for this evening."

"Oh! only a quiet little affair," returned Mr. Wilson. "Our eldest's wedding, only. There'll be a few here. Only two dozen baskets of champagne. There'll be a few particular friends. We should be happy to see you, Sagory. Look in about twelve. They'll be pretty well along then, in the evening, up-stairs, and we can amuse ourselves. It won't do to have any of that two dozen left over. Eh? Will it?"

With a nod of assent, and a smile of understanding, the gentlemen separated for the time. Mr. Wilson was complacent in having extended the hospitalities of the occasion to that perfect gentleman, Mr. Sagory St. Julien. The latter was well satisfied to secure so easily what had been his object in happening by; and promised himself a good time for the evening, and an insight into the Chesslebury economies, which should afford him means of some amusement and much instruction thereafter.

The wedding of "our eldest," as Wilson somewhat paternally described Miss Helen Chesslebury, took place at the church at six, and an hour afterward the family carriages drove up to the family mansion, and the family party flitted up the broad steps, and crossed the family threshold, to the great interest and excitement of so much of the world as happened to be within eye-shot.

Ten o'clock began to bring company. Then came bustle and business; noise of wheels and horses' feet, and slamming-carriage doors without. The rustle and rush of entering visitors in the hall, and on the stairs within; running up stairs and running down. Gentlemen loiter while their ladies

linger over the last touches in their toilets, in the respective retiring rooms; and then at concerted signal, enter and are announced. A momentary and partial silence, a general inspection of the new comers, then the buzz of conversation closes over them, and they are lost in the crowd.

Mrs. Chesslebury is in her glory—in all her glory. In a glory twofold exceeding all previous glory. A glory of satin and blonde. A glory of ribbons and laces. A glory of fashion in amplitude of rustling skirts, louder and more incessant than ever. A moral glory in heroic triumph over a bodice smaller than the most sanguine dress-maker could have hoped her to wear. A golden glory of pins, chains, bracelets, and a broad sparkling zone, around the impossible bodice. A curious glory of a dress as much too long for convenience at the bottom as it is too short for appearances at the top. And a halo of general and promiscuous and indescribable glory upon her fashionable head, of feathers, laces, costly flowers, and no doubt equally costly curls, composing a crowning glory, which well rewards that head for all its pains. In all this glory the Honorable Mrs. Chesslebury shines and sparkles with redoubled intensity as she receives, and greets, and welcomes, Mrs. Stuccuppe. For she has had the advantage of that lady to-night in being able to dress further toward destruction to remain at home, than Mrs. Stuccuppe possibly could, leaving a margin of life and breath to ride to and fro.

But this is not all. There is another lens which magnifies Mrs. Chesslebury's glory, and which makes her a perfect Fresnel light upon the apex of the social promontory. Mrs. Stuccuppe has not been so fortunate in her daughters. The

eldest has not been married at all, nor seems she like to be; and the second has recently taken it into her head, the crazy girl, to take up with a young teacher, a mere schoolmaster, a regular pedagogue, upon our word, with nothing but brains, and those all squandered on children. But, on the other hand, the eldest Miss Chesslebury that was, is to-night Mrs. Livingston Sharstock, and Mr. Livingston Sharstock has every thing but brains—of that he has no need; and Miss Frederica is now Miss Chesslebury. There are three hundred people here to-night, headed by Mrs. Stuccuppe herself, to witness the triumph. And so the glory shines.

And there stands Mrs. Livingston Sharstock, dressed all in white, in spotless and unqualified white, delicate, dazzling, flowing white, like an angel, as she undeniably is. One of those angels who run through their career as such before they leave this earth, and are seen no more in that character forever.

Of the three hundred here, some are real friends, and here for friendship; more are curious, and here as spectators; others rivals, and here only to be envious; many are foolish, and here as a capital chance to be silly; and a few—young men principally—are hungry, and attend because they know that “Lady Chesslebury’s oysters and champagne are first-rate.” These last perhaps are the most easily and thoroughly satisfied in the course of the evening.

“I say, Livingston,” says Mr. Chesslebury to his son-in-law, with unusual familiarity, as they were in the crowd and crush of the supper-room, and surrounded by the pop and sparkle of Champagne, “I say, have you heard of this most extraordinary thing they are doing down in Maine?”

“No, nearly, sir, I have not,” drawls Mr. Sharstock, who,

in fact, has heard of nothing for some time but his wedding, and does not really understand that phenomenon yet. “No, nearly, sir, I have not; where is it, sir?”

Mr. Chesslebury bends the professional eye upon one or two around him, to fix their attention and make the conversation more general; and this is but a symptom of the confusion of his mind in the confusion of the scene, and surrounded by the pop and sparkle of Champagne. Nevertheless, regardless of the noise of nigh three hundred plates and three hundred spoons and three hundred mouths making merry over three hundred glasses, except to raise his rich and husky voice above the ordinary conversation tone, he proceeded.

“Yes, sir,” said he, “the State of Maine has done a most extraordinary thing. It is a thing which I have no hesitation in saying is quite unparalleled in the history of legislation. They have just passed a law prohibiting the sale of wines or liquors of any kind, under severe penalties; so that hereafter there is nothing to be drank in Maine except cold water—and warm water. Yes,” reiterated he, swaying gently in an oratorical style as he spoke, “a most extraordinary thing.”

“Why, ridiculous, nearly!”

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Chesslebury; “at the instigation of some fanatical fellow, they have actually passed a law which is to put an end to all drinking.”

“T would be a joke if they should keep it,” replied Mr. Sharstock, filling his glass again, and laughing at the idea of such a joke.

“Most undoubtedly,” continued the first speaker, “it is an unconstitutional law, and can not stand the ordeal of judicial test. But I have no doubt there are people so mad with

these ideas of temperance as to think a similar law will be passed here."

The family physician, Dr. Newsham, was, as it happened, standing at the other side of the table, and just opposite his patron, at this juncture of the conversation, and it so happened that he, being interested—painfully interested, of course—in all the symptoms of any of the ills of which flesh and blood are residuary legatees, was just observing a heightened color in Mr. Chesslebury's nose, and being at a little distance, was putting on his spectacles to examine more closely the little red ramifications which formed a net-work over it like the veins upon one of his own anatomical preparations.

"Now, Doctor," said Mr. Chesslebury, catching his gaze as an index of attention to the conversation, and turning toward him as he spoke the very point under the Doctor's examination, "now Doctor, look at it; look at it."

The Doctor certainly was looking at it.

"What is to be done, sir," continued Mr. Chesslebury, "when such laws are enacted? They are sumptuary. They are sumptuary laws, sir. Laws which attempt to direct our eating and prescribe our drinking, and, by a natural consequence, to regulate our digestion, which can not be."

"Why, no," assented the Doctor.

"Certainly not! How can it be! How are laws going to regulate digestion?"

"It would be a joke if they could," drawled Mr. Sharstock, who would have rather liked the idea if some gentle legislation could have been substituted for his daily dinner pill.

"Certainly," said the physician, "that law seems unconstitutional."

"I think not, sir," said a young man who stood near, and had listened with some interest in silence hitherto. "Have you read the Maine law?" This question was politely put to Mr. Chesslebury.

"No," confessed that gentleman.

"It has been held repeatedly," said the young man, with a modest but confident air, "that a State has the right, under the constitution, to regulate, and, if it sees fit, to prohibit, a traffic within its own borders, which is injurious to public welfare."

"No, sir," said Mr. Chesslebury, recovering from his astonishment at finding there was a fanatic in his family mansion, "no, sir. I have got the documents. You can have a restraining law, but you can not have a prohibitory law. You can *not* have a prohibitory law, sir! I have the documents myself, sir."

"On the contrary," returned the young man, "we can, and do have prohibitory laws. The general government itself has enacted, and is enforcing such. There have long existed laws prohibiting the traffic in ardent spirits among the Indians in our western territories, and no one has pretended they were unconstitutional."

Mr. Chesslebury expressed the idea that what might be perfectly constitutional for the Indians, might be quite tyrannical for civilized citizens. For he considered that the spirit of our territorial institutions rightfully regarded savages as a set of poor devils, with no rights, except the right to keep out of the way of the settlers as well as they could. Therefore legislation for them went on very different principles from legislation for freemen.

Dr. Newsham listened to this discussion with much interest. For the Doctor was one of those eminent practitioners who

adorn the profession and oblige their patients, by freely commending the poison in the evening when they know they will be paid for the antidote in the morning. Thus they delight in the golden eggs of illness which folly lays in the nest of intemperate luxury; but too often fulfill the old fable, and kill the bird in too much haste.

Therefore Dr. Newsham watched the progress of the gentlemen with some interest in the result.

Thus professionally attentive to slight indications, he mistook the wandering gesture of the arm which enforced the sentiment of Mr. Chesslebury's last sentence, for a point at a decanter of the old South Side Madeira of eighteen-twenty from the respectable dealers.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Chesslebury, allowing the physician to prescribe for him another glass, and bowing a health to him as he took it. "Now," he continued, holding up the glass half emptied, "that is rare old South Side Madeira, of the year eighteen-twenty. That is pure and innocent. I had that imported myself. Baggleshall & Floric got it for me. That has been once to the East Indies on a sea voyage for the benefit of its health, Doctor," continued the blissfully ignorant Mr. Chesslebury, "which is better than being drugged at home, is it not, eh? Ha! ha! That's exactly what Floric said to me when it came. Now suppose you pass such laws. Here are the respectable dealers like Baggleshall 'n Floric; don't you see you'll ruin them at once. Of course there are classes of dealers any one would be glad to see shut up. These low places, resorted to by poor people; three cents a glass; and such wretched manufaschured stuff too;—but then this pr'ibitory law treats us all alike. You see

its unconsi-hootional—unconsi-hootional. It treats us all alike. It makes no dishincshuns. It's unconsi-hootional."

"But," said the physician, "I suppose some such law would put a stop to a good deal of public intemperance?"

"Never, sir," returned the host. "Mor'l means are the only ones to effect a mor'l reform."

"Besides," interposed Mr. Livingston Sharstock, "it would be a joke if it did. Because the sight of one of those drunken wretches once in a while has a very good effect upon people who are inclined that way, I dare say. Indeed, I've often seen them when going through the street and a good many little boys running after them; and it must have a very salutary effect—very salutary, indeed, to have these people see what they will come to if they do drink at these low grogeries."

All this among the great noise of the three hundred plates, and three hundred spoons, and three hundred mouths, making merry over three hundred glasses, and more pop and more sparkle, clattering and clinking of wares, shouts of mirth and delightful screams of feminine laughter at wine-prompted wit.

This swelling tumult of hilarity reached the ears of the gentlemanly Sagory St. Julien, who was let in at the area door at about midnight, and while he awaited Mr. Wilson, he was filled with pleasure by the sound. Mr. Wilson himself, above stairs, finding that the company were enjoying themselves so well as to be unconscious of his absence, deserted the post of his duty, and withdrew to the basement, where, in company congenial, he imitated the example of his illustrious prototype, and scattered more corks upon the floor than he would have cared to pick up next morning.

Mr. Chesslebury, still in the crowd and crush of the supper-

room, holding his place manfully amidst the sway of the fashionable multitude, and standing well to his post against the onset of ranks of ladies and files of young gentlemen, who make a charge through the crowd with the hope of getting to the door and going out to commence the labors of the evening in the ball-room—maintaining his ground thus amid more pop and more sparkle, more merriment and more jingling than ever, Mr. Chesslebury continued his discussion of the distinctions between restraining laws and prohibitory laws, and between respectable dealers and low dealers, until gradually the debate, growing wandering, took the form of practical defiance both to the principles of prohibition and the weight of moral considerations, by the pouring down, in rapid succession, of a great many glasses of divers liquors.

"Here, Livingston, my son," commenced Mr. Chesslebury, with a smile of strange sweetness and affectionate sentiment, as the group were gradually left nearly alone in the supper-room by the withdrawing crowds, "come, lem-me f-fill your glass-sagain."

"I thank you, sir," returned that gentleman, with a steadiness which would be thought very creditable by one who did not understand how he had the advantage of more intellectual people, in that he had very little head to be affected by the innocent social glass. "I thank you, sir."

The Doctor volunteered to fill their glasses. There was social pleasure expressed in his obedient features, but undeniable professional interest and anticipations peeping from each eye. He filled the glasses, and he filled them high.

"Here's to your health, Mr. Chesslebury, and our better acquaintance as father and son. Here's to your health."

Catch lions' cubs and play with them for kittens. Dig pit-falls and say they are resting-places. Raise whirlwinds and call them music. Earthquakes and say they are but dances. But do not drink poison and call it drinking health.

"Your health," repeated Mr. Sharstock, raising his glass.

He wonders to see his father's does not rise. He lifts his eyes from the hand which holds it so stiffly. He is struck with a strange astonishment. Mr. Chesslebury is gazing fixedly toward the door. Does some unexpected messenger beckon him away? The son looks around. He sees no one there. The stiffened arm for a moment relaxes. A tremor in the hand spills the red wine. It falls dripping to the carpet. The Doctor has scarcely time to cry out and start forward, when the tottering form before him grows stiff and rigid, and leaning slowly backward falls heavily upon the floor.

No more drinking of his health now.

No better acquaintance with him now.

Then a cry for water and pillows—a rush of people—a crowd and crush of visitors standing over their fallen host in murmuring consternation. Then a cry for air, and room for him to breathe, and silence, lest he be disturbed. Little use are these. No need has he now of air or room; water is now too late, and silence—ah! that is his forever.

A sudden stopping of music above stairs; an abrupt cessation of dancing and laughter; much terrified whispering; long-drawn exclamations; mutual gazes of silent terror. Then clandestine withdrawals in rapid succession. All those addicted to good living, but not too far gone in pleasure tonight to think of good dying, hurry away as if fearful lest the penalties of nature should be infectious. Then the fashionable

rival, who has been goaded by envy at her hostess' brilliant glory all the evening, lingers to steal a few moments' secret and solemn triumph in her sudden calamity. Then Mrs. Chesslebury, more in the keenness of chagrin and bewilderment than in the agony of a yet unweighed affliction, rushes up and down insanely; and calling for help! help! finds Wilson—the gentlemanly-dressed—the unexceptionably-mannered Wilson—together with Sagory St. Julien, in a state of disheveled idiocy below stairs.

The catastrophe once fully known, the house becomes rapidly deserted. But its insensible host still lies upon the floor where he fell. His position has been, with pillows and cushions, ameliorated, if indeed earthly conditions may be bettered to him now; and the family physician paces the room, while in great anxiety he awaits the result of his remedies, and hopes in vain for signals of some remaining life.

Mrs. Chesslebury, her glory disarranged, disordered, and forgotten, sits half upon a chair accidentally convenient by the table, and makes with her elbow a resting-place amid its rich and wasted confusion. Her head, throbbing with consternation, rests upon her hand, and she looks vacantly with hot, dry eyes at her husband out-stretched before her.

The gray eye of morning, peering through the curtains, falls upon this scene; and it opens wide and shining, with amazement, as it gazes upon the strange disorder, and stranger dismay in the Chesslebury mansion, and the comfortless couch, and the breathless slumber of its occupant, strangest of all.

XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1851.



THE day which thus dawned upon the family mansion wore slowly away, and at last Night came forth, and

standing, like a policeman on duty, with a thousand stars on his blue breast, gradually raised the new moon for a dark-lantern, and through the trees of the neighboring park cast a ray of light upon the door-steps. This ray, at ten o'clock or thereabouts, served to illumine the footsteps of no other than Paul Rundle, who, after skipping briskly up the steps, hesitated a moment, and then rung the bell.

Paul had just finished a hard day's work at the store of the respectable dealers, and hastening home, heard vague news of the sudden death of Mr. Chesslebury.

"Paul, my son," said his mother, who had sat up for him. "Paul, Jason is away, and they have no one there but servants. I think you had better go round, and see if you can do any thing. Some one must sit up to watch, and I think you would be very useful."

Paul's mind had long been balanced between an ill-defined apprehension upon the one hand, that his father had owed some of his embarrassments to Mr. Chesslebury's assistance, and upon the other hand, an equally vague sense of gratitude at the very handsome words subsequently used by that gentleman to him. He was pretty sure he owed some kind of debt to the estate of the deceased; but he was by no means clear on which account it was, or whether it ought to be paid in gratitude or indignation.

"My son," said his mother again, as he made no reply, but sat revolving these half-formed thoughts. "I suppose you are very tired; but I know they need you, and I think they would take it very kindly, too."

His mother's recommendation turned the scale; and he accordingly put on his hat again, bade her and Susie good night, and hastened off.

With low-toned voices and much whispering he was received. The gentlemanly-dressed Wilson with eyes swollen and heavy, as Paul thought, with grief, waited upon him in the hall to learn his errand. Paul inquired for Mrs. Chesslebury.

"Oh!" said that domestic. "It's no use; you can't see her. She's so terribly stewed up that Dr. Newsham says she must n't see any body; he won't answer for the consequences to her brains."

"Dear me!" said Paul, quite impressed with Mr. Wilson's idea of grief.

"Besides," continued the domestic, "she's very busy ordering her mourning. She's got Mam'sell Flounce, the milliner up stairs, and it's impossible to see her. She's getting ready for the funeral."

Paul hesitated, half inclined to go away, but upon second thought he made known his offer, and was graciously bid into the back parlor. There, alone, he awaited the servant's return, who soon came bearing Mrs. Chesslebury's acceptance of the proffered service. Wilson left this message, and then went out, saying he would bring Mr. Bundle a glass of wine.

"We've got some prime old Madeira," said he; "it's thirty years old."

"No matter about it," interrupted Paul, calling after him; "I don't want any."

But Wilson was gone.

"The very stuff that Hocoeks made I do believe," exclaimed Paul, slapping one hand with the other in a gesture of astonishment.

With this pleasant surprise in mind, he threw himself into the many-jointed easy-chair. It stretched itself to accommodate his form, carrying his head gently back, and lifting his feet from the floor; and thus Paul settled into a position of perfect comfort.

"Oh!" said he, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction. "This is great. I wish I had such a chair as this. I've seen them in the store windows. I never knew they were so near alive as to move of 'emselves."

Then came a little battle between Curiosity, wishing to see

how the chair was made, and Sleepiness, insisting on sitting still. Sleepiness got the best of it, and Curiosity gave in. The result was a treaty of peace, conditioned that Curiosity might ask any number of questions, but Sleepiness should not be disturbed to answer them.

So Curiosity asked what such a chair would cost, and Sleepiness winked a great many times with no thought of making an estimate. Then Curiosity asked what they would do with it now Mr. Chesslebury was dead, and Sleepiness shut eyes to remember just how Mr. Chesslebury looked when he was alive. And then Paul wondered what was the matter with Mr. Chesslebury,—if it was really the apoplexy, and he wondered whether, in case he should ever become rich and own such a house, he should eat and drink so much and do so little as to die of it, just as a steam-engine well fed with water and fire, but lying idle, would grow red, and full, and burst; and then he thought about the fire under the boilers, and how the coals glowed desperately in the furnaces, and how angrily they snapped and growled when fresh coals were cast in, and he wondered whether South Side Madeira had any thing to do with it, and what would be done with what was left over, and then he wondered without wondering about any thing in particular; and then he heard a sound as of a faint sob coming from up stairs, and noises as of footsteps to and fro upon the floor above him, and he saw Mrs. Chesslebury in her room walking in funeral procession all alone and crying, and it seemed very strange that she should ever cry; and he wondered if she would think any thing about his coming round, and whether mother would be invited to the funeral; and then he wondered if mother was lying awake, thinking with tears

of father, as she often did, and then he beckoned to father to come home to dinner, and father said he was coming, but he did n't come, and they sat up for him till they all fell asleep; and then he wondered what Susie was dreaming about that made her smile so, and if he could kiss her without awaking her, and then, just as he was going to try, Jason's voice called him, and he went out to find Jason, and Jason wanted some white kid gloves for a party, and Paul handed down black, and Jason asked with a laugh, if he supposed he were going to a funeral, and Paul said "Yes," and Jason, who had just come into town, was astonished and said, "Whose?" and Paul tried to tell him gradually, so that he should not know all at once, and he began by taking Jason down stairs into the cellar, and there he showed him how to make old South Side Madeira, and just then Mr. Hocoeks came down with Mr. Florie, bringing something long and heavy upon a shutter, and Mr. Bagglehall came after them with an account-book and an inkstand, and they put the shutter across two old brandy-casks and pulled the horse-blanket off it, and there was Mr. Chesslebury's body;—he was not quite dead yet, for he turned his head over; and Jason fainted away, and Paul himself could not stir to do any thing, for he was tied hand and foot, and when he tried to scream, Mr. Florie laughed and thrust a little roll of bills into Paul's mouth, and quite choked him, and then when Paul was looking on, they stripped up their sleeves and rolled up their pantaloons so high, and developed such thin black limbs, that they became like immense shadows of the spiders which hung from the beams over head, and then dancing triumphantly, but in silence, like imps and specters, they disrobed

Mr. Chesslebury and pulled him to pieces, and dancing all the while, but still with no dream of music, they examined each piece, and Mr. Bagglehall set them all down in his book opposite Mr. Chesslebury's account there, and Dr. Newsham was among the other spider shadows, and he wore a new hat with narrow crape, paid for, he said, out of his last fee; and he made an estimate of how much the body was worth for a "subject," and how much each piece, each organ, muscle, membrane, nerve, bone and tissue were damaged by moderate drinking, and they found a considerable injury to every one, so that there was a good deal to be deducted from the value of "the subject" on account of the trade of the respectable dealers, and all these deductions were footed up together, with a commission upon the amount of Dr. Newsham's spirituous prescriptions, which had been put up by the respectable dealers, and the total amount was passed to the credit of the Doctor, who said he would take it in some of that old South Side, if they had any of that importation left, and would let him have it at trade price; and then Mr. Bagglehall balanced the Chesslebury account, and announced the net gain, which he carried to Profit & Loss, and drew a black line across the page; and the result brought a few dollars to Dr. Newsham, a few hundreds to the respectable dealers, and made Mr. Chesslebury a total loss; and this was so satisfactory, that they danced more, and drew liquor from the casks, and broke necks of bottles to get at it; and just then Wilson came after Mr. Chesslebury, but not in time to prevent Dr. Newsham from bundling up the pieces in Mr. Hocock's apron, which stretched amazingly for the purpose, and the Doctor ran away with the bundle on his back, crying, "Come! bundle, come!"

and Wilson gave up the chase, and drew himself a glass of wine, and another for Paul, and came to him and said: "Will you have a glass of wine?"

"What?" said Paul.

"Come, Bundle, come!" repeated Wilson, laying a hand upon his shoulder, "will you have a glass of wine? You've been asleep."

"H'm," muttered Paul, waking to a sense of being called on to say something, but not certain what.

"Come, Mr. Bundle," said Mr. Wilson, evincing a permanent confusion of mind as to Paul's proper cognomen, "come, perhaps you will like a bite of something." And he placed a cake-basket and a decanter and glasses upon a slight table—"This is Madeira—"

"Ah?"

"Yes," said the servant, condescending to be confidential, "It's prime old South Side Madeira—"

"Is it?" said Paul.

"—that was made in 1820," continued Mr. Wilson, waxing communicative and familiar. "It's been to the East Indies and back, and it's stood in bottles ten years. That's the best there is any where. Try a little, won't you."

Although this recommendation produced no effect, Mr. Wilson was very loth to depart without an opportunity to discuss the contents of the decanter; but at last he went, and Paul was left alone.

Paul thought that a book might be an assistance to him in keeping awake. So he opened the glass doors of a rich mahogany book-case which stood against the wall in the back parlor, in search of a volume to read.

He passed by the novels, of which there were a great number in the book-case, as being inappropriate to the present occasion; and the learned treatises, of which there were two or three elegantly bound, and with leaves yet uncut, as being uninteresting; and the books in the French language, of which there were a number, as being unintelligible to him without a dictionary; and the Latin classics, of which there was what purported to be a complete set, as being unintelligible, even with one. He passed them all by, and selected an old fashioned copy of *YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS*, as being just the book to doze over. He took it down, and returned with it to his chair, where he propped it upon his knees and began to read.

The noise of evening carriages upon the avenue died away. The last gay passing group carried the sounds of their footsteps and their voices into the distance. The echoes of busy day, which since sunset lost their way and wandered with fainter and fainter strength through the reverberating streets, sunk exhausted into silence and repose. The great fire-bell, whose sudden alarm startled Paul, and for a short time awoke again the noises of the street, ceased at last its terrible trembling tones, and all was still again.

They are all asleep at last throughout the family mansion, and Paul sits guarding the repose of him who can never be disturbed again.

He lies in the front parlor. When Paul goes in to pay a solemn visit, it is not through the folding-doors which slide with ponderous noise; but around through the hall and on tiptoe.

It is very silent there. The misty atmosphere of the room

is half illumined by a feeble flame hovering precariously upon a finger of the many-armed chandelier; a famished butterfly upon fictitious flowers. The shutters are closed, the curtains are loosed and hang drooping in heavy folds to the floor. The rich furniture which fills the parlor, stands back with reverence to make room for him. The marble center-table is moved to one side. The sofas have retreated against the wall. The piano is closed; the music-books have been piled away beneath it. The paintings which cover the walls are hung in crape. There is no fire, and the black grate-screen reflects solemnly upon the scene. The dark shadow of mortality is cast over the elegance of the parlor and its equipments.

But the richest of all the rich furniture is that which stands in the middle of the room. No article of ornament or of luxury here is so costly—so elegant—as that. Of all the rosewood here, none is so rich, so beautiful as that. There is no polish so perfect: no color so delicate. No silver so pure as the plate upon the door of that last home; none so profuse as that which nails him in. No satins adorning in fashionable glory the fair forms which filled this room last night, could surpass that which now arrays his form. Nor were the garments of the gay more true to their transient fashions, than are the garments he wears, to that ancient fashion—the only fashion which never changes—which we must all assume at last.

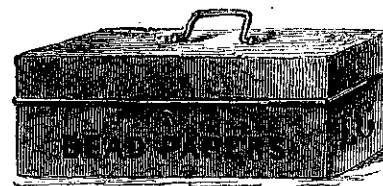
"Oh, ho!" sighed the young man, "Where is *my* father, I wonder. He surely must be—Oh dear! It is above three years he's been away, and no word yet. Perhaps it's better so. But I would almost rather he were dead, like him, than gone dishonorably, and leaving us disgrace."

Paul raises the stiff vail which lies above the pale countenance before him. The body is composed in the inflexible posture of death. The face is turned toward Heaven; the eyes are forever closed on all things earthly.

"No," said Paul, softly, "No. There is hope yet. My father may come back. It is better as it is, for there is some hope yet."

XIX.

OCTOBER, 1851.



MORNING broke early upon the ocean, and thence fresh from its bath, running hither over the eastern country, lingered a little in the fields and on the hills before it came into town. Waking first its favorites, the flowers and the birds, and then its friends, the farmers, and all sensible country-folk, it spent a merry hour or so with them. It came forth from ambuscades behind the hills, to surprise early reapers; it gallantly greeted milkmaids coming out upon their morning errand, and laughed with the bright-eyed children who were making nosegays in the morning dew; it peered in at chamber-windows, and on the walls painted bright monochromatic pictures—in a color, not in the blackness of art—and out of doors again it played at hide-and-go-seek with its own long shadows through the forests, until at last, it settled down into a steady, permanent, full-gloried day, and went into town to devote itself to business. It traveled thither on swift wings, overtaking and passing the Cone Cut

stage, which was creeping over the hills toward the nearest railway-station to meet the early train, and as it passed, it smiled upon Jason, who sat on the top; and as it glanced in his face, he took off his crape-banded cap to cool his forehead in the fresh air, and he looked so sad that the merry morning did not much care for him, and he did not at all care for the morning; so, flying on, it reached the city by the spires, and came down into it, like Santa Claus, by the chimneys.

Paul, long watching for it at the open window that overlooked the little stone-embroidered piece of ground which the Chesslebury mansion called its garden, was as glad as any one to see it. Standing there, he listened for the signs of life it might awaken above him. At last he heard a slip-shod step come down the stairs and shuffle through the hall. He lost no time in calling the servant back, who proved to be Wilson. Reporting to him that every thing was safe, Paul requested to be let out. Declining an invitation to wait four or five hours more to participate in the Chesslebury breakfast, he bade the mansion, in the person of Wilson, good morning, and went away.

Mr. Wilson thereupon went out to his morning's amusement, with the jet of Croton, on the sidewalk, where he disported himself for some time as an imp of the fountain. For to-morrow was to be the funeral, and the blinds must be very dustless, and the area fence an unexceptionable black, and the windows of a glossy brightness, and every thing must be of an elegance unusual even for the Chesslebury mansion.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Sharstock were utterly crushed by the death of their father. Of course the wedding tour must be begun in a close carriage in the van of the funeral proces-

sion, and they must, for a time, at least, enjoy such resources as they had, in retirement from the promiscuous gaiety of the best society; and this prospect made the honeymoon intolerable. The best society recoiled from them in their supposed affliction, and left them alone.

Whether it did this out of compassion, which we should not expect, or out of natural antipathy to any one who should enjoy the pleasures of a well-endured and rightly cherished grief, or whether it did it out of custom and in accordance with the latest style of fashion, Mr. and Mrs. Sharstock did not inquire; but they were so completely overwhelmed at the prospect of having to make the most of each other's society for a time, and so aghast at the idea that Helen could not wear colors, and that Livingston must wear crape, that they were quite broken down, and totally unfitted by grief, as Mrs. Chesslebury said, for any care or supervision of the necessary solemnities.

So well, however, did Mrs. Chesslebury school her deeper feelings, that she showed, by exertions overpowering sorrow, what a tribute she wished to pay to departed worth. She penned the brief and suggestive announcement, "Died suddenly at his residence." She supervised all the arrangements, and planned the details of the ceremony by clandestine orders from her retirement.

She sent for Mr. Stretch, who came with a long face and his hand in a black glove, and not long after, went away with a short face and his hand in his pocket, and took an omnibus for Nassau street, and spent the afternoon in brief interviews with busy editors in dirty third-story rooms, and next morning reported himself again at the Chesslebury mansion, with

all the morning papers; in each of which he had marked for Mrs. Chesslebury the printed grief of all the journalists in town, that their fellow-citizen had fallen; and one or two long articles there were on pedigree, public life and private virtues, for which Mr. Stretch was particularly commended.

It was her foresight which provided linen by the piece for the officiating clergyman and family physician, and gloves by the box, sufficient to furnish an extra pair to the mourners at large.

She employed the most fashionable undertaker in town, and her instructions to him being very brief and comprehensive, to wit: "to do it in the best style," he exerted himself to the utmost, and outshone all his previous triumphs in that line. All the minutiae of the pageant, as well as all the grander details of his bill, were left entirely to his solemn discretion; and having come at the first interview very readily to an understanding with Mrs. Chesslebury, on the subject of style, he found her to be a mourner after his own heart, and had the details of both the ceremony and the account all his own way. It was she, too, who catalogued the friends of the family who were invited to attend; and so liberal was her heart then, and so unusual her friendship, that the undertaker rejoiced when he saw the list; and on the day, Mr. Floric, in his shop door, after counting sixty carriages following the plumed hearse in the street, and seeing now upon the sidewalk behind, a long supplementary procession of pedestrian mourners, said that was the largest funeral he ever saw, and stepped out and asked the pedestrian mourners whose funeral it was; and some of them stared as they passed, and two or three laughed and said they did not know, and they all went

by, keeping step and following their estimable fellow-citizen, as far as they could in body, without thinking of him at all at heart.

A few weeks afterward, Mrs. Chesslebury met her old friend Mrs. Stuccuppe, who, with much solemnity, condoled with her, remarking, as if it were some faint consolation, that the funeral was very impressive.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Chesslebury, speaking inquiringly from behind a pocket handkerchief with a deep black border around it—so deep that it might more properly be described as a black handkerchief with a white square in the middle of it. "Yes! do you think so? I am very glad; I thought every thing went off well. It was estimated that we had had nearly five hundred persons present. It was a great deal more than we could have expected; for the weather looked so doubtful that I did not think there could be really any body expected. But there were nearly five hundred; there were sixty carriages went to the cemetery."

"Yes," added Mrs. Stuccuppe, with sympathy, "and only seventeen of them empty."

"Did you see the hearse?" asked Mrs. Chesslebury.

"Yes, I saw it from the window," answered Mrs. Stuccuppe.

"What did you think of the idea? four horses with black blankets on, and plumes in their head-dresses, and a postillion in black, with a white neckcloth."

"I thought it was very impressive," assented Mrs. Stuccuppe, "very much so indeed."

"Mr. Graves got up all the arrangements for us, you know," concluded Mrs. Chesslebury, "and he said it was the handsomest private affair he had ever had any connection with."

These consolations, and others of various natures, but all with a like success, ministered balm to the wounded spirit of the widow; and the calmness and self-possession of her mind was preserved, and the elegant fascinations of her dress and manners, were perhaps increased, while in the sable glory of mourning, she exhibited the signals of her bereavement through the full appointed time of sorrow.

As soon as the Chesslebury family begun to recover from the shock which it had suffered by its sudden decapitation, it came into new perplexity in respect to the settling of the Chesslebury estate, which proved to be one of those estates that, being very muddy, are settled with much difficulty, and only in the lapse of time.

It was not easy to see clearly of what the Chesslebury estate consisted.

There was the family mansion, a handsome property in itself; but the Chessleburian papers indicated that its late owner had entertained some secret misgivings as to the state of the title.

There was a policy of life insurance in a sum that was a fortune in itself; but it was the policy of a Chessleburian company, which, having received all acquirable premiums through the aid of a considerable flourish of trumpets at the outset, had been very shortly afterward conveniently dissolved, to save the payment of losses; and was rightfully considered as having been successfully managed, since it divided so handsomely at its dissolution.

There was the great case of *Pockitt vs. Pierce*, which had been in the office ever since creation—so said Mr. Stretch—and in which Mr. Chesslebury had a depending interest of twenty

thousand out of fifty thousand dollars, together with costs; he having originally bought into the claim to prosecute it on speculation. The cause being now as it appeared from Mr. Stretch's voluble statement: "In the Supreme Court in equity, late before the Chancellor,—on a decretal order that the decretal order of the 17th January, 1850, modifying the decretal order of the 12th November, 1848, modifying the decretal order of the 27th May, 1845, be so far modified that the defendant Kortright go on to sell until the further order of the court";—the case was naturally a matter of some difficulty of investigation, to say nothing of uncertainty of profit.

Then there was the Jenkins' estate claim, in which it appeared that by conjecture supported by a lack of any evidence to the contrary, there was reason to believe that untold millions in the Bank of England, composing in fact an actual and respectable fraction of the specie deposits currently reported by that institution to be in its vaults, were unclaimed dividends belonging of right to the heirs and next of kin of Peter Bopp and Lady Jane Bopp, who died according to legend in 1694. And the problem in the Jenkins' estate claim was to establish by town records, tomb-stones, affidavits, and the traditions of grandmothers, that the numerous and scattered family of Jenkins in America were lineal descendants of Peter and Lady Jane Bopp. This problem, it appeared, had been under the professional consideration of Mr. Chesslebury, upon the basis of making the claim a stock called the Jenkins' Unclaimed Dividend Stock, to Mr. Chesslebury's expenses in prosecuting which, all inducible fools, Jenkins or otherwise, had contributed the sums set opposite their respective names; it being covenanted and agreed that the proceeds recovered should be

divided among the subscribers *pro rata*, after paying to the counsel, viz., Mr. Chesslebury, a commission of fifty per cent. Whether this was a bonus likely to accrue to the estate did not at first appear, until a memorandum of report to the stockholders was found, from which it was to be inferred, that the Bank of England was found to be an oyster, and that English tomb-stones of 1694, turned out to be mostly illegible.

There was an interest of nine seventeenths in the Grand Palava Cinnebar Mines in Mexico, which apparently had been very profitable; indeed, so much so, that the paternal attention of the Mexican Government had been attracted to the same, and its fostering care being interposed between it and its American proprietors, the incomes had been diminished; and under these circumstances the whole affair was at present shrouded in an almost impenetrable cloud of correspondence.

There was also a share of one undivided fourth part of the patent of Mr. Weismann, of Weismann and Sillibuoy, civil engineers, for making carpets and cloths out of copper wire, and finer textures and laces out of threads of annealed glass.

There was an endless catalogue of sections, half sections, quarter sections, and North-west quarters of South-east quarters of sections of townships and ranges, North and South, East and West, in the great Bunkum Reserve, in Indiana.

There was a large interest in an insolvent iron foundry company of Pennsylvania.

There was a complicated conglomeration of conveyances in the matter of the estate of Carrol Plumme, deceased, from which papers nothing appeared very clearly except that Carrol Plumme, surviving, was father-in-law to Mr. Chesslebury, but so far from ending that relation with his mortal existence,

as is usually considered to be the case, Carrol Plumme, deceased, intestate, grew still farther and farther in law to that gentleman after death. These papers seemed to touch the title of Virginian estates, but where they touched it, or whither they carried it, or how they left it there, was not so easily determined.

There was no end to the list of these and the like snug little investments. It might be said literally, no end, because the last upon the catalogue was the Mintermunny Land, Timber and Mining Company, which being endless in itself certainly afforded no chance of a conclusion to the others. It did not appear that the land was yet purchased, or the timber grown, or the mining prospected, nor in fact that the Mintermunny itself had any location whatever, except that which it possessed in the verdant eyes of innocent purchasers of the stock, and in its partial and incomplete realization in the pockets of those of the projectors who had been so fortunate as to find within their circle of acquaintance the verdant purchasers alluded to.

Take it all together, therefore, the Chesslebury estate was a most desirable estate; and had Mr. Stretch been disposed to sell out his business, it would have been a magnificent item in the good will. There being no legal fish-skin with which to settle such a cup, the usual course was taken, and Mr. Stretch and the three executors with their legal advisers, sipped at it by turns, with the intention of drinking it off and leaving the dregs and grounds at the bottom; and thus, in the process of time, did the Chesslebury estate become settled.

To accomplish this to his better satisfaction Mr. Stretch with decent haste caused the word Counselor, in Mr. Chessle-

bury's sign to be obliterated by the painting over it of the word Executors, and affixing an s to the name of the deceased, to put him in the possessive case. Moreover Mr. Stretch, at the same time, for convenience of having it all charged to the estate in one bill, caused his own name with the full title of Attorney & Counselor, to be delineated in gilt letters upon three several glossy tin tickets, and the same nailed up, one in bright contrast over his late principal's name, and the others at convenient spots upon the stair-way, sticking out where they were likely to be in the way of catching the attention and the hats of passers by. This done, he proceeded to make himself very much at home in the office, and to know, or appear to know, himself, as much, and allow others to know as little, as possible, about the affairs of the estate.

The three executors who found themselves named in the will, held respectively brief confidential interviews with Mr. Stretch, in which it seemed that he knew all about the estate, and that the duties of the position offered them were merely nominal. It appearing further, in answer to chance inquiries addressed to Mr. Stretch, that under the law of the State, executors were entitled to certain satisfactory commissions upon sums collected and paid out by them, they severally made their own little computations of the probable commissions upon the Chesslebury estate, valuing the same at the Stretch estimate, and adding in a margin for perquisites, drippings, drainings and strainings. They thereupon came to the conclusion, as they emulously hastened to assure Mrs. Chesslebury, that they should be very happy indeed to be of any service in their power, in bringing the affairs of their much lamented friend to a settlement, a task doubtless of

much weight, but one which would be cheerfully borne by true friendship; and so far from shrinking from the burden of the cares of so extensive and complicated interests, they begged to be called on for any thing and every thing.

In due time these disinterested gentlemen qualified, and thereafter proceeded to hold weekly meetings after bank hours, for a short time, in the somewhat humorous expectation of arriving, by that means, at a clear view of the contents of the estate. But the books and papers were in a condition of Chessleburyan magnificence and indefiniteness. It was impossible to learn from them any thing more than vague estimates and contingent calculations. So that after a meeting of half an hour, and a foggy musing over papers and books, the first executor, who was one of your clear-headed men who saw things at a glance, would fix himself in an easy-chair, light a cigar, and commence with a statement that the whole affair lay in a nutshell, and would go on to show how plain it was that the Mintermunny and the Carrol Plumme estate were not exactly the same, but that probably the lands of the Mintermunny were partly those of the Plumme estate, having undoubtedly been exchanged by the deceased, administering upon that estate, for Grand Palava Cinnebar stock, as being a secure and profitable investment for the funds of the Plumme estate, and that consequently;—when just at this juncture, the second executor, who was one of your driving men, a great hand at dispatching business, and had a reputation for doing more in a day than almost any other man in the street, principally because, of the fifty things he turned his hand to, nine and forty were dropped in a hurry to take hold of the next one—just at this juncture, this most inde-

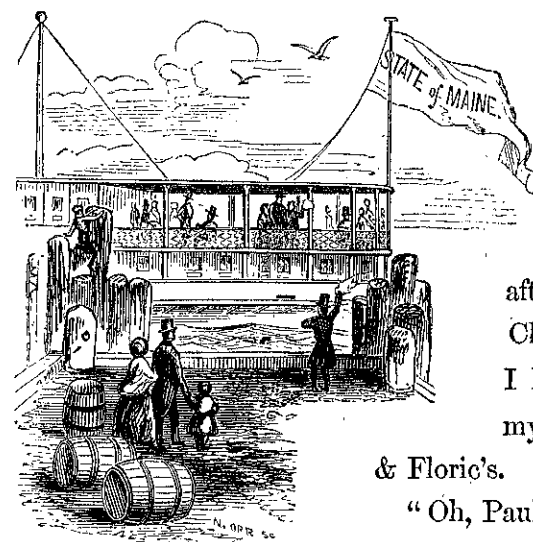
fatigable man, suddenly pulling out his watch, would remember he must take the four o'clock train to Tarrytown;—whereupon the third executor, one of your cautious, deliberate, wary men, who will never see any thing except in daylight, and then are not sure about it unless the sun shines, who want to know all about a thing before they speak, and who would not kick a foot-ball without looking at it all round, admonishes Mr. Stretch that he must make an exhibit to show all these things, just how they stand. Mr. Stretch promising to have them all straightened out at the next meeting, they were accustomed to leave him. Then he generally charged the estate with another week's services, and counted up his disbursements both actual and constructive, including all omnibus rides that it seemed likely it might have been necessary to take, if things had been a little otherwise; and from thence until the hour of closing the office, he would relapse into the classical recreation of writing a Latin maxim a great many times upon his blotting-paper, with a free interlinear translation beneath it.

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM."

"Of the dead there is nothing left but their bones."

XX.

NOVEMBER, 1851.



"MOTHER," said Paul, at breakfast one morning soon after the death of Mr. Chesslebury, "I think I had better give up my place at Bagglehall

& Floric's.

"Oh, Paul!" said Susie.

"Well, my son?"

"Because," said Paul, "I think it is not a right business. It is a very good place, and I think I could get on well with them. But I did not know what the business was, or I would not have engaged."

"Why?" said Susie. "Groceries is a first-rate business, I should think."

"Yes," said Paul. "But they sell liquors and wines, and what is more, they don't do it honestly. I can't stay there."

"Well, my son," said Mrs. Rundle, "I want you to do just what you think is right, and we shall get along as well as we can. I was afraid it would be too hard for you."

"Oh, it is n't that, mother. In fact that's just the beauty of the place. There's a chance to do something there. They are willing to let a fellow meddle with things if he'll only meddle right. I could improve there, I know. But I think the business is wrong. I don't know but any other trade is just as bad in one way or another. If it is, I'm sorry. But I can't do business in the way they do." And Paul briefly recounted to his mother what was the most important branch of the respectable family grocers' business, and what he had seen of the conduct of it.

Mother and Susie concurring in Paul's judgment, he hastened off to the store, and arrived there just in time to perform the round of his preliminary duties in preparing the store for the business of the day. Pending these he busied his thoughts with a much-dreaded interview with Mr. Floric. At last having magnified the importance of the occasion in his thoughts by long delay, and having swept twice, and dusted three times, and arranged the fig-drums, prune-boxes and pineapple cheeses in four or five different ways, he took off his apron, buttoned up his coat, and marched back to the counting-room.

He found Mr. Floric there apparently in a mood of great good-humor with himself and the trade. For he had that morning purchased down town half a dozen casks of Otard Brandy, which casks having upon them the custom-house certificates of yesterday, the genuineness of the importation was thus beyond doubt established, and they would capitably fill

several orders from the firm's best customers, who wanted the highest-priced article, while at the same time the same casks by virtue of having been emptied of their original and genuine contents three hours after they were out of the custom-house, and having then been sold with the certificates fresh upon them to a dealer in government endorsements of this description, who filled the casks promptly with a home-made article, Mr. Floric had been able to procure the six casks of Otard at a very insignificant sum. When Paul entered the little counting-room, that gentleman was figuring out upon the margin of a newspaper, the interesting problem of how many hundred per cent. of profit there was in selling seventy cent brandy in ten dollar casks at five dollars and a half a gallon.

"Well, young man!" condescended the grocer, looking up with one jolly red eye, and shutting the other very tight, as if to keep his calculation in sight, and not let it drop in the interruption.

"Mr. Floric," said Paul, beginning just as he had rehearsed it outside, and without regard to that salutation. "Mr. Floric, you remember when you engaged me it was to be at first on trial; because I did n't know much about—"

"Oh, well Rundle, I forgot to say to you that Mr. Baggle-hall and I are perfectly satisfied. You'll do. You'll do."

"Well, sir," said Paul. "I am very much obliged to you. But if you please, sir, I should prefer not making any arrangement. I don't like—"

"What!" exclaimed the little man, opening both eyes wide, and dropping the calculation out of view.

"I can't help it," said Paul, determined to speak the truth.

"I do not think it is right, sir. It is bad, I know it is, and I don't believe any good ever came of it. It killed my uncle, you know that too, sir, and it ruined my father, and—and I would rather not have any thing to do with it."

Mr. Floric seemed as if he had been struck by astonishment, such a blow, that it drove all the breath out of his body, and he had not yet recovered it.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness to me. I would have tried to be satisfactory to you, and I think I would. But I don't think liquor-selling is right, sir, and I would rather not have any part or lot in the matter."

Mr. Floric, still panting from the effects of his blow, here found opportunity to reply.

"Well, my lad," said he, "I am sorry you feel so about it. Because you and I would have got along most excellently well together, I am sure, except for these little prejudices of yours. You'll outgrow them some of these days."

"I hope not," said Paul, earnestly.

"When you are as old as I am," continued Mr. Floric, not noticing the interruption, "and as experienced," he added as an afterthought, "you'll understand these things better. It's the same in all trades. We must do it. We must live. If one don't do it another will. So it don't make any odds. You'd better go home and get calmed down. You'll think better of this to-morrow. You're excited, I see, by your uncle's death. That's all."

"No, sir," said Paul, resolutely, "it is not that. I am not very old, I know, but I have had all the experience I want in this business. I shall not think any better of it. Good day."

"Spunky fellow," said Mr. Floric, as Paul closed the counting-room door behind him. "Pity." And then he resumed his calculation, and dismissed Paul from his mind.

"Halloo, Blunder," interposed the voice of Mr. Hococks, as Paul was leaving the store with his apron in a newspaper parcel under his arm. "Halloo, Blunder."

"Well, sir," said Paul, respectfully, not inclined at that moment to contradict the imputation.

"So you've made your fortune quick; eh? I tell you, boy," he added, confidentially, "when you set up on your own account, don't put too much sugar of lead in the Champagne. It's cheap, but it's dangerous. Spoils your customers."

Paul looking at his instructor, rightly judged him to be in too happy a condition to appreciate a reply, and so turned away in silence, and walked down the street.

Gladly relieved of his engagement, and entertaining dark shadows of the wicked wish that some rumored law, fanatical and despotic though it might be, could ruin the business of the respectable dealers, Paul walked down Broadway toward Liberty-street. On the steps of the Chessleburyan office, Mr. Stretch stood, just arrived from a late and leisurely breakfast in Beaver-street.

Paul was passing the doorway with no other notice of its occupant than a sidelong glance, when he was accosted with much warmth.

"Ah, Rundle, my dear fellow," cried Mr. Stretch, jerking over the heads of the passers-by the remains of the cigar that had been superseded by his toothpick, "how are you? Where are you going?"

Mr. Rundle was well, he said; but where he was going Mr. Stretch could only judge from his passing on without stopping.

Mr. Stretch was not inclined to allow his greeting to be so lightly returned. For some purpose he seemed particularly desirous of more than a mere recognition. So thought Paul on being called earnestly to come back.

"I want to see you," urged Mr. Stretch.

Paul, with his accustomed good nature, complied.

Mr. Stretch urged an invitation to go up stairs, which Paul cordially declined.

"Well," said Mr. Stretch, "I wish you would come in some time. I think I'd better talk with you. There are interests that—er I—er could protect. Interests of some importance;—that is to say that I have reason to believe—or rather I am induced to suppose—I should say to conjecture—that matters connected with your interests—er—may need my attention, and in the position in which I stand I may be of service. Come up stairs."

Paul was very much obliged, looked up at Trinity clock, and thought he would go up a few moments.

"Well, now," said Mr. Stretch after they were in the office, "What I mean is this. You see me here. I am in charge of these interests, and I know whatever there is to be known of the late lamented and so forth. His affairs with other people included. Now I want to see justice done. I want to have things set right where they ain't right. That's all I want. You understand."

Paul did not understand a word, so he said "Perfectly."

"That's all," said Mr. Stretch.

Paul seemed to have been expecting something more, for he prolonged an awkward silence.

"You mean to say, Mr. Stretch," said Paul, speaking at last, "that things have come to your knowledge in a capacity of confidence, which you think I may be interested to know, and which for a consideration, you are willing to disclose."

"Not at all, Mr. Rundle. Not any such thing. I have nothing to disclose. I know nothing one way or the other. I only guess, and I guess only what any other professional man of experience would guess, that where a party has had dealings with another party, and there has been difficulties, and one party has lost, we may say there is a presumption the other party has gained by it. And where one party goes off and leaves his interests at loose ends, the other party has it all his own way. All I say is I want justice done. I might say it's no difference to me, and then it is n't; but then again it is; for you see as a professional man, I feel a pleasure in seeing things right, and having that done which is right between man and man, or between ghost and ghost, which is more likely to be the case in this matter. Your father has n't been heard of yet, has he?"

"No," said Paul.

"I've nothing to disclose. But if I can be of any service to your family, I should be very happy. What the true state of the case may be, I have no knowledge. You see I don't want to know unless it is my business. If I am employed then it is my business to find out."

"Well," said Paul, "I believe I understand you now. I thought my father did not get all his due with Mr. Chesslebury."

Mr. Stretch shook his head.

"And if he had the papers now, he might make it all right yet."

Mr. Stretch nodded.

"But we don't know where he is," said Paul. "If we knew 't was so, we could n't do any thing without him."

Mr. Stretch whistled one short note.

"Say, when did your father clear out?"

"It was in eighteen forty-eight," said Paul.

"The summer was n't it?"

"Yes."

"Then it's three years?"

"Over three years," responded Paul.

"And he has not been heard from?"

"No," said Paul. "It is three years on fourth of July."

"Well," said Mr. Stretch, carelessly, "I should say that comes clearly within the statute. I should advise, if I were asked, you understand, I should advise a separation. A divorce can be obtained without any difficulty. It is a matter of course—almost a mere form. If nothing is heard from him in a few weeks, I should certainly advise no delay. You did n't know that an absence, in fact one might say a desertion, like the present case, was ground for a separation."

"No," said Paul, "I was not aware of it."

"Yes," returned Mr. Stretch. "That was what I called you back to suggest. It is the simplest thing in the world, and there is no difficulty or doubt about it. After that is done, I apprehend we shall have no difficulty in—in considering what to do next. That's the only course."

So Paul went away. He was quite uncertain whether Mr. Stretch's suggestion of a divorce ought to be resented as an insult, or accepted as a favor.

When a person whose mill of petty dishonesties has long been driven by the pressure of contracted means, comes unexpectedly into a condition of prosperity, as had Mr. Stretch, he usually finds himself somewhat regretful of the littleness of the grists he has been grinding, and is very ready to become penitent for the sin of having cheated for so small gains. Mr. Stretch, Paul thought, must be in this frame of mind, and desirous to make up for an ill-paid connivance in his late employer's enterprising operations, by better paid services in the other direction. Being, however, more mistrustful of Mr. Stretch's honesty than he was even of his own legal knowledge, he resolved to repair at once to Mr. Edgecutt for advice. Mr. Edgecutt was a young lawyer whose acquaintance (in the Chessleburyan sense of the word) Paul had casually made in the capacity of messenger in the store of Haggie & Change. He found Mr. Edgecutt in his office, a pleasant little room in a third story in Nassau-street. He was a very young-looking man of about twenty-five years of age. Haggie & Change had employed him to collect, for they thought he would be cheap; but in the course of a few months by assiduity and fidelity he had quite monopolized the whole law business of the firm.

"Mr. Edgecutt," said Paul, as he took a seat by that gentleman, "I have some questions to submit to you. My name is Rundle."

"How do you do, Mr. Rundle?" said the lawyer.

He was a pleasant-looking man, of a sharp, keen eye.

Paul thought that unless he could contrive to state his case in the legal manner, a lawyer could not understand it. So he commenced:

"Suppose that A makes a mortgage—"

"Who?" interrupted Mr. Edgecutt.

"A, I said," answered Paul. "Well, suppose it's me. Suppose I make a mortgage to somebody, to secure him or her for funds they put in my possession, and they leave the papers with me. And then I die. Have they a right to the securities again, and to payment of them?"

Mr. Edgecutt glanced at his client a moment, and then said quietly, "No."

"Why not?" asked Paul, with some disappointment.

"Because you are an infant, and you can not make a valid mortgage. You are not of age, are you?"

"Oh!" said Paul, quite nonplussed by this unexpected difficulty. "Well, suppose I was of age."

"Mr. Rundle," said the lawyer pleasantly, "I suppose you wish to consult me professionally. You make a mistake which almost all clients do at first, of concealing your case, and trying to get an opinion upon a statement of what you deem to be the essential points. If I were to give an opinion upon such a statement, you could not rely upon it, you see. In the case you have in mind, you are in need of advice, not only upon the law applying, but upon what are the important facts which govern its application. It is probably a matter of confidence and delicacy, and you may not like to reveal all the circumstances. I can not, however, advise you, unless you like to do so. I ought even to know the names, or at least the relations of the parties, and the connection you bear to the case, because without knowing that, I can not tell how full, or correct, or straightforward your story may be. Any hypothetical case you can make and put, supposing it to contain all the important

points, will be sure to omit some essential features of the real case."

"Well," said Paul, "I will tell you all about it."

"I think you had better," said the lawyer. "Whatever you say will be confidential with me. If you wish my real opinion, you must tell me your real story. I can not give you any advice otherwise, and the lawyer who will, is not worth consulting. He will surely lead you wrong."

"I think you are right, sir," said Paul. "I will tell you every thing, and then, if you can give me your opinion, I should like it."

Paul then recounted the circumstances which led him to believe that his father had placed nearly all his funds in Mr. Chesslebury's hands, and had taken a mortgage upon the Chesslebury house to secure it, but had left the mortgage with Mr. Chesslebury to be recorded, which that gentleman had never done, and Paul said that he thought the mortgage was now among the papers under Mr. Stretch's control, and that it was the reason of his conversation.

Mr. Edgecutt questioned him upon various matters, and, without expressing any opinion upon the chances of success, said he would investigate the case, and if Paul would call to see him the next day but one, he would undoubtedly have some information to report to him.

Thence Paul in perplexity, doubled in degree, because its cause had evidently perplexed also Mr. Edgecutt, went with some anxiety and uneasiness to the postoffice.

At the postoffice Paul found a letter addressed in a well-known hand, to his mother. With it he hastened home. The

letter was from father. It contained a twenty dollar bill. It was dated Portland, Maine, October 9th, 1851.

Mother read it to Paul and Susie as follows :

"DEAREST MARGARET.

"If you receive this with any interest, and read it, it will be more than I deserve. A single thought, a solitary tear is more than I can claim now. For unless you offer it, I am an outcast and an outlaw from you.

"The best account of myself in the present, you will gather from my story. I will try to tell you briefly where I have been, what I have done, how I am here, and why I send this, but do not come myself.

"It was a long time ago I left you. I went off fourth of July. I was half crazy, and said to myself, 'She shan't be troubled with my troubles any more. It's Independence Day, and she shall be independent.' I knew that if I left you, and was not heard from, you might abandon me; and I said in my heart, I'd give her a chance, God forgive me.

"Would to Heaven there was less Independence Day and more law, in New York.

"Since that time, for three years I have been getting deeper and deeper into trouble. I staid about New York a while, working a little, and being idle a good deal. Then I shipped on a vessel and went South. I spent some months in New Orleans. At last I resolved to come back to you. I could stay away no longer. I came to New York again. We got in in the evening. On my way up I wondered if you were at home, and how you would receive me. The doubt never

entered my mind before. I did not really mistrust you even then; but I hesitated. I knew I had no right to expect your greeting. I wanted time to collect my thoughts and consider what to say when I saw you. I faltered. I was out of breath and faint. I looked at my poor dress, for I came, like the prodigal, in rags, and was ashamed of it. I thought of you, and wondered bitterly whether I should find you well, prosperous and happy; above me to look down on me; or forsaken, poor, and sunk to my level. Oh! Margaret, if you knew what I suffered in that hour, you would forgive me that I ever thought so of you as I did. I confess it. Because I had abandoned you and deserved no notice from you, I harshly said you would turn me away.

"I was passing The Shades. What a name! I hesitated. I went in to rest and collect my thoughts. I did not come out sober. That was the end of that hope—my last hope I thought. I grew worse than ever.

"Any thing dishonest, or any thing unfaithful to you I have not done, but all shame and misery short of that I have been through. But I ought not to speak of my suffering, for the keenest part of it has been the thought—which in sober hours I could never forget—that you were abandoned to your fate by me. Heaven knows that women, unprotected in a great city, get little grace from men. It made me burn with shame to think that I had left you and my daughter Susie to such fate as you might find; and that by my indolence and vice I had put upon Paul, my son, that dear burden of care, which I, in infatuation, threw off, and left him to bear alone, with no encouragement, but disgrace from me. And then to recollect that even this were better than to have remained a

shameless burden on you, as I was, impoverishing your means, disgracing my children's name, degrading your minds. to a familiarity with my vice and shame. All this was my keenest misery. In every wretched day of three long years it punished me for past intemperance, and yet drove me to renew it more grossly than ever.

"After I turned back from going home, I thought I was lost indeed. I did not care. I said I was glad I didn't go. I said that you were too wise to show me any mercy; and I was glad I had come to my senses in time. I went to sea again.

"I resolved I would never return to New York. It was a bitter and a rash resolution. I did not think how it would serve me in better times, as now it does. This voyage was on an eastern coasting vessel. In the great storm, two months ago, we were wrecked near this place. And now, at last, comes the happy part of my story. I have not drunk since. I am, thank God, safe, in Maine. They have a law here that no liquor shall be sold. It is very recently passed, but it is a glorious experiment; throughout the State the worst of earthly temptations is now put out of sight. Oh, Margaret, I'm free here. Only such wretches as I was, can know what a liberty it is to walk the streets and not meet an overpowering devil on every corner, hanging out his sign. In New York I was a slave. Here I can go from one end of the town to the other and not find my master; not even fear to meet with him. I am free here.

"I have been here two months. I should have written before—forgive me, Margaret, that I did not. But at first I did not know my liberty. I know it now. I have worked

steady and sober. The trifle I enclose is the savings of my first wages. I send all to you. Though I must stay here, my treasures are at home.

"I can not leave Maine. Margaret, I dare not. I do not dare to trust myself away. But you can come here. If you are living to receive this, come. We may be happy here. I need you. I want my home here. How long I can stay exiled and alone, I don't know. Come with Paul and Susie. I am sure of work and gradual prosperity here, if God pleases. Will you not sell the business, or what remains of it, at the best you can, and come and join me? Oh, Margaret, what mercy I am asking. I who should come to you, and that most humbly.

"It was almost twenty-three years ago that I came to you, proudly at that time, and asked you to be mine. I was strong in myself then. How happy I was in your confiding consent. Now I ask again; humbly this time. I have nothing to offer, every thing to ask. I was thinking of this yesterday, when I was hesitating whether to dare to write to you. I think I should not, except that I now believe that, with the help of my Saviour, I am a different man from what I have been. I have been in the very whirlpool of destruction, but I am now safe and happy, for He has brought me salvation.

"I know, Margaret, this will rejoice your heart more than all the rest. Our heavenly Father has dealt most mercifully with me through all the desperateness of my course. When I was with you and happy, I disliked even to hear His name. When I became ensnared and wretched, and abandoned you, I cursed the fate that ruled me, as I said. Now, since I have

been brought by his kindness into a place of safety, and have been made to think and feel again like a man, I have seen what I have been, and I know now where my strength and true happiness is.

"But I can not help thinking, as I write, that after all you may never get this; or, getting it, you may say, 'I can not regard it or, regarding it, you may say, 'I am glad he is safe and doing well, but I can not trust myself and my family to him again.' If so, I can not remonstrate. But do write to me at once. I dare not go away from here, or I would hasten to you.

"Whatever you decide, read this to Paul and Susie. I want them to know all. May God bless you all; and whatever earthly lot he has in store for us here, that he will bring us all together above, redeemed at last, is my constant and earnest prayer.

"I am, dear Margaret, if you suffer me, again and anew, your affectionate, repentant, faithful and loving husband.

"THOMAS RUNDLE.

"P. S. Don't forget my love to the children. You can give them better counsel than I can. Do not spare my example if it can do them good. And come, Margaret, come if you can."

It would be hard to describe the scene which followed the reading of this letter from the long-lost husband and father. Speechlessness and tears can not be written down. The swift, glancing, loving thoughts of wife and daughter and son, sympathetic and mutually conscious, but silent, unspoken, un-

hinted, can not be spun into words from that awkward distaff, the pen. Joy and delight so exquisite and ethereal that it distills in tears and speaks in sighs, are not to be held up exposed to every view.

It was not until that evening, when the little family gathered as usual in the little back-room for prayers; and Mrs. Rundle had read the allotted portion of Scripture, and all knelt in devotion, that father's name was mentioned; and even then sobs came instead of words; and gratitude and all tearful praise outrunning the ready lips, from honest hearts went up to heaven quickest on silent wings, like angels.

The next morning, although there was no definitely expressed consultation, they all seemed to feel that it was decided that as soon as possible, they should go to Maine. Susie wrote that morning to father. She was on all ordinary occasions mother's amanuensis, but this time mother put on her glasses, and with an unsteady hand, added a postscript of a few words and a great many tears; and Paul took the letter to the office.

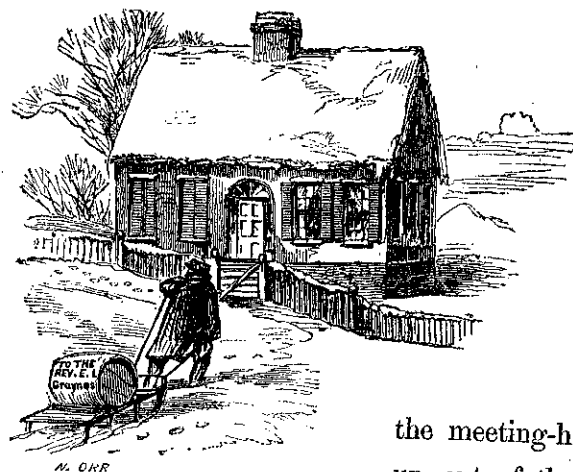
At the same time he told Mr. Edgecutt of the news; and consequent plans. With Mr. Edgecutt's assistance, the stock and other property of the family was turned into money at no great disadvantage; and after paying off all the debts, a sum of several hundred dollars was left. With this in hand, the family started for Maine; but not, however, until Paul had sought out Mr. Stretch, and effectually disabused his mind of the prospect or expectation of being retained in a divorce case among the connections of the Chesslebury family. As for the interests of the Rundles, which Mr. Stretch had in mind to protect, that account was, by advice of Mr. Edgecutt, left

standing until Paul's father should have an opportunity to advise some action.

So Paul, with his mother and sister, left the city. Although they were abandoning their home, and had no expectation of returning to it again, not even Susie felt any shadow of regret at parting with New York, until, as the steamboat "State of Maine," by which they went, left the wharf, she was, strange to say, surprised to see Mr. Edgecutt on the shore waving his handkerchief to them.

XXI.

JANUARY, 1852.



Why was
Elder Graynes
cottage built
upon the hill,
next beyond

the meeting-house, as you go
up out of the village, toward
Captain Mayferrie's?

It seems impossible to say, unless it was because the ground just there was too steep to be good for any thing else.

It may be, however, that considerations of convenience and economy in the construction of the cellar, had some influence in determining the selection of this site for the parsonage of Cone Cut Corners. For the cottage faced the road. One end of it, therefore, stuck into the hill above, and the other end projected out of the hill below. This made it a very easy task to build the cellar, because it saved digging. Now

country ministers, it is well understood, have no need of spacious cellars; or of cellars warm in winter, and cool in summer. It seems to be generally considered better for that class of the community to be thrown upon the care of Providence as much as possible. And if the few creature-comforts which Elder Graynes' cellar contained, did freeze in January and melt in July, it would serve—so probably thought the founders of the edifice—continually to admonish him of the dependence of man, and of the worthlessness of the luxuries of life.

It is unnecessary to inquire whether this philosophy of the pastoral office was peculiar to Cone Cut Corners, or whether it is common to other parishes. The sum of the Cone Cut theories upon the subject was, that one becoming a minister ought no longer to be regarded as a man, possessing the feelings and characteristics of other men, much less the liberal rights and limited responsibilities of common Christians; but that he was thenceforward to become a peculiarity; a being, as it were, half man, half angel—man, in that he should live and labor on earth—angel, in that he should subsist on nothing in a pecuniary point of view. He was to be a man in respect to his tasks and means of labor—an angel in regard to his finances and sources of happiness.

In accordance with this view, Elder Graynes' salary was adjusted at the lowest possible figure, and paid with as little punctuality as practicable.

For the Cone Cut philosophy forbade that a minister should lay up money. Other men, aye, even deacons, were expected to be remunerated for their labors, at a rate above their immediate necessities. If Deacon Ficksom saved something

yearly, if he laid by an annual surplus to invest in mortgages or bank-stocks, by way of provision for the wants of his family, this was thrift; it was a virtue. But for Elder Graynes to do the same, would be parsimony; worldliness; a downright sin. The sheep could be trusted, the shepherd could not. So true is it that circumstances alter cases.

The good Elder, however, had long ago made up his mind to meet with equanimity such peculiarities of treatment and regard from his people, as these, and he submitted to the dictates of the Cone Cut philosophy with the utmost good-humor. This winter, on the January installment falling due, he was not even ruffled by the information that the treasury was quite empty.

The Cone Cut philosophy, however, did not consider itself refuted even by this experience. It embodied within itself an ample and systematic provision for even this not uncommon emergency. When all other means failed, when contribution-boxes fainted for very hunger in their emptiness, and subscription-papers turned pale and looked permanently blank with astonishment at the intellectual condition of a parish in which so few persons seemed to know how to write their own names, when the list of those who would give was exhausted, and the list of those who, although they would not give, would lend, was drawn to the last, even at this apparently final and ultimate point of descent, there yet remained to the Cone Cut philosophy another resource.

It was in the Donation Party.

The donation party was a peculiar and a noble contrivance. It so completely settled up all arrears, balanced accounts with the minister, set a seal upon a receipt in full of all his de-

mands to date, and carried forward still a handsome balance of gratitude against him, that it is not strange it became a favorite institution under the Cone Cut philosophy.

In the present exigency of affairs, therefore, Elder Graynes was not at all surprised to hear mysterious intimations of "speedy settlements," "making things all right again," "turning over a new leaf," "starting square," and others of an equally satisfactory import; together with pithy maxims, to the effect that "what could not be done in one way, might in another;" and "when the ladies took hold of a thing, sometimes they succeeded when the men had failed," and the like. Readily guessing the event which cast these shadows before, the Elder quietly resigned his chance of subsistence for the coming quarter to Providence and the donation party.

Among his parishioners however, or at least among so many of them as felt in duty bound to make some substantial contribution to the proposed donations, there was a deeper feeling of personal interest in the project, and of responsibility for its success. And there was indeed no little consideration, and no little discussion, therefore, before each of the good ladies had settled with her husband what they should give.

And it was interesting to observe the struggle which took place in many minds betwixt the grateful desire, upon the one hand, to make a more brilliant donation to their good pastor than any other family in town, and the noble sense of duty which, upon the other, prompted the Christian Cone Cutter to consecrate all his resources to the fulfillment of that elevated obligation, the making provision for his own family.

Nowhere, perhaps, was a sense of this latter obligation more generally or more devoutly felt than in Cone Cut Corners.

For, having read that "if any one provides not for those of his own house he is worse than an infidel," the Cone Cut philosophers naturally enough concluded that he that did so provide, was better than a Christian. Never was precept of elementary piety more faithfully carried out in daily and hourly practice than was this, in Cone Cut Corners, during the few weeks which preceded the donation party.

But it was a hard matter for the families of Cone Cut to decide what to give.

The superficial reasoner would say, "Money." But here the superficial reasoner would speak with his accustomed lack of sound, sterling common sense. For upon a broad and comprehensive view of the subject, meaning thereby a view in which the mere personal advantage and convenience of the individual donee is merged in the consideration of the interests and natural sentiments of the great body of donors, we at once discern that money is by no means an expedient medium for parish donations.

Let the superficial reasoner attend, if he have capacity for the train of thought, while this matter is made elaborately clear.

If, sir, at a donation party, Mrs. Beatue gives a two dollar bill, and Mrs. Bragin a quarter eagle, is there any possibility of denying that Mrs. Bragin has given the most?

Clearly not.

Is there any opportunity for Mrs. Beatue to suggest that quarter eagles were very well a few years ago, but are rather out of fashion now? Is there any chance for Mrs. Beatue to whisper to her little coterie of especial friends, that Mrs. Bragin meant well, but really the woman has no taste? Is

there any room for the coterie of especial friends to thumb and finger the respective gifts, and assure Mrs. Beatue that her two dollar bill, though less showy, will wear longer, wash better, and be far more serviceable in the long run than Mrs. Bragin's quarter eagle?

Clearly there is not.

But all these things can be done with a gift of dry goods, and Mrs. Beatue and Mrs. Bragin can each return homeward from the donation party in a happy faith that *her* gift will be the most highly valued of the two.

Still there were in Cone Cut Corners several superficial reasoners, who, in the blindness of their minds, resolved on making pecuniary donations. And very acceptable and useful donations they were to the Elder, notwithstanding their unhappy tendency to cause heart-burnings and ill-feeling among the parishioners.

But, oh, the pies and the loaves of cake that were baked for the donation party! For these were easy to make, and did not cost a great deal, after all, and then a good many would be wanted for the supper-table, and besides, to have a pie or two, and some nice cake left over for the week after the donation, would be nice; so thought all the good ladies. And Mrs. Graynes' heart sank within her, on the afternoon of the long-expected Thursday, as she saw one good female parishioner after another, opening the little white gate that led into the parsonage yard, with something very round and flat balanced on the palm of her hand, and covered up with a white napkin. Nine loaves of cake and thirteen pies in this manner contributed themselves to the support of the Gospel as embodied in the person of Elder Graynes.

A large portion of these, indeed, were eaten up by the good parishioners themselves, during the evening of the appointed Thursday. For at a donation party, the immediately eatable donations are, by custom immemorial, arranged upon a refreshment-table, from which a hungry parish take the first selections and the choice cuts; and the fragments, and the nothings which are left, are gathered up for the future maintenance of the pastor's family. For Elder Graynes and his wife, however, there were so many left, that the worthy pair ate nothing but pie, except cake, and nothing but cake, except pie, for nearly a week after the festive scene. At the expiration of this time, Mrs. Graynes, observing that there were still half a dozen pies which manifested slight tokens of impatience to be called into active service, ventured, with some hesitation, to distribute them among several families of her parish, who were not so rich but that the occasional assistance of their more prosperous brethren and sisters was welcome.

But could Mrs. Juke, who had been a contributor of some of these very pies, tamely submit to such an indignity? By no means. It was but a short time before that lady, by some accident, learned that Mrs. Graynes did not consider the Juke pies good enough to eat, and had given them away to poor folks. This fact having been commented upon in the Juke family councils, and discussed in certain neighborly circles which Mrs. Juke and Miss Georgiana Juke frequented, very nearly led to the establishment of a new church of a different denomination, in Cone Cut Corners. It did, indeed, form the foundation of a long-established estrangement of the Jukes from the pastor and his wife, and a consequent non-attendance of the family upon public worship for a number of weeks.

To the same cause is to be attributed the transfer of Miss Georgiana Juke from Mrs. Graynes' class in Sabbath-school, to another; a piece of retaliation which it was not so hard for Mrs. Graynes to bear after all.

Mrs. Buxton, of course, gave a Bible. Mrs. Buxton always did give a Bible. She had a little memorandum-book like a tract-distributor's diary, in which she put down the Bibles she gave away; and there were seventy-nine entered, in a period of a little less than eleven years, and she now entered the eightieth as having been devoted to the support of the Gospel as embodied in the person of Elder Graynes.

So Mrs. Buxton selected at the store a very pretty little copy of the Scriptures, with a brass clasp, the price of which was eighty-seven cents—the Diamond Bible, it was called, which being interpreted means “The-too-fine-print-to-be-read-without-hurting-your-eyes Bible.” And Mrs. Buxton wrote on the yellow fly-leaf:—

“To the Rev. E. L. Graynes and his wife,

“From their loving parishioner,

“JANE BUXTON.”

—And on Thursday evening put the volume, done up in half enough tissue-paper to hold it, on the table with the other presents. And every body took it out of the paper and said, “How neat,” and opened the clasp to look inside, and said, “How appropriate,” and read what was on the fly-leaf, and said, “Pretty, isn't it?” and turned away with an idea that a Bible was, after all, the most appropriate present for a minister.

Now Elder Graynes was not without a copy of the Holy

Scriptures before this time. He had already, in fact, several copies, as follows:

An old family Bible, with an apochrypha of births, marriages, and deaths, between the Old and New Testaments.

A small Bible which his mother gave him when he was a boy.

A medium-sized Bible which he bought when he was in the theological seminary.

A handsome Bible that his aunt gave him when he was married.

Four or five Bibles that had been given him by loving parishioners at different times.

He had besides:—

Three Testaments—New Testaments, but very old copies.

A Scott's Commentary.

And, in his capacity as depositary of the Bible Society, *ex officio*, he had in his charge for sale upon occasion, or even to be given away to such as were too poor to buy, a great stock of Bibles and Testaments, neatly arranged in the book-case in the parlor.

Moreover, there were in the same book-case two or three Bibles which Mrs. Graynes had before she was married.

But notwithstanding all this, the good couple thanked their loving parishioner cordially, and on the morning after the donation party, they put the new recruit away in the book-case, at the end of a whole regiment of copies of the Scriptures, without, we do believe, a single thought that it was hard that the Buxtons should give them an eighty-seven cent Bible, which they had no use for, and might not sell or give away, in the place of a cash payment of three or four dollars,

which, in justice, was due to the Elder from a man in Mr. Buxton's position.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp gave a different sort of present—a barrel of flour.

"That is something like," thought the Elder, on Thursday afternoon, as he saw Mr. Tripp's barrel-loaded hand-sled turning up into the yard. But the Elder never knew the exact history of that barrel. It was a history not quite palatable enough, perhaps, to be disclosed to him, still less to Mrs. Graynes. But the truth was, that a few weeks before the donation party, Mr. Tripp brought a barrel of flour down to his own house for domestic use. He unheaded it and stood it in the store-closet. Superfine it was branded outside, and superfine it looked within. But not many days passed before Mrs. Tripp, in developing the resources of the barrel, developed—!!—well, whether the mice had carried the straw into the barrel before it was headed up, and made their nest there, or whether the top of the barrel, while yet open, had been selected as a place of sepulture for mice, on account of its being a soft spot and easy of digging, or whether mischievous boys had contrived the whole matter as a trick upon purchasers, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp were unable to determine.

The Tripps found it not easy to decide what to do with their flour. Mrs. T. could never eat another spoonful of it, she was sure, and Mr. T. was strongly indisposed to lose it. Nor would the grocer take it back.

But a compromise was at last effected. The grocer was induced to sell the Tripps another barrel at a liberal discount. And the first barrel, every thing that was not strictly superfine having been dug out, and the vacancy refilled from the

second, its head having been replaced, and the Elder's address marked upon its side in blacking, in order to disguise some little traces of its use, the barrel, thus reformed, was devoted to the support of the Gospel, as embodied in the person of Elder Graynes; "who," Mrs. Tripp argued, "would never know the difference, and therefore it did not signify."

Mr. Blankes was the lawyer of Cone Cut Corners, and a prominent man. A man of public spirit, he was also, as prominent men in country towns, and in cities also, for that matter, are not, always.

The deficiency in the subscription-list was not ascribable to Mr. Blankes, for he himself subscribed fairly, and paid his subscription promptly. When it proved that the amount raised was going to fall short, he added a sum which ought to have made some of the contiguous subscriptions blush like red ink, not because it was so large, for it was not, but because they were so small. And beyond this, he took the list and went through the parish again, adding his personal exertions to those of the parish committee. Very efficient exertions they were, and the subscription was materially benefited by them.

Mr. Blankes, therefore, rightly considered that it befitted him to give the Elder a souvenir rather than a donation. So he subscribed, in the Elder's name, to Harper's Magazine for two years; and when he entered the Elder's parlor, on Thursday evening, he laid the first number, with the receipted bill pinned inside, upon the table appropriated to the knickknacks contributed to the support of the Gospel, as embodied in the person of Elder Graynes, and a pleasant visitor it became at the Elder's cottage.

Mrs. Colonel Willick never once thought about the donation party until the afternoon of the identical Thursday had arrived.

She declared she never was so careless in all her born days.

So putting on her bonnet, and telling Hannah to mind the baby, and not let him eat too much,—in which direction she had reference to the youngest Willick, an infant traveler upon the journey of life, now packing his little trunk with doughnuts to an extent which promised his being carried through by very rapid stages,—she set out for her husband's store, to select a donation.

It was by no means a busy day with Colonel Willick, there being nobody in the store except the Colonel himself, a ruddy-faced, awkward lad employed by him as clerk and general assistant, and a rustic-looking young man with a fur cap on, and a long goadstick in his hand. The latter individual sat by the stove, tipping back against the counter, and acting apparently as contemplative visitor, rather than customer.

Mrs. Willick was by no means devoid of interest in her husband's business prosperity, but she secretly rejoiced to find him thus at leisure, for her errand was one which required some connubial consultation.

And a long connubial consultation there was, conducted in too low a voice for the ruddy-faced clerk and assistant to overhear. A great quantity of goods of various sorts was overhauled in search of a donation. At length Mrs. Willick put her finger upon a piece of muslin de laine, which was "exactly the thing," she insisted, with much vivacity, for a dress for Mrs. Graynes. It was a piece of muslin de laine which was so well suited to the Cone Cut taste, that the ladies of the Corners and the surrounding country had selected

dresses from it, until there were now only eight yards and three quarters left. It was what Colonel Willick had never been willing to call a remnant,—nor had the five or six ladies to whom he had offered it at a discount, been quite satisfied that it was a pattern. But it was exactly the thing for a dress for Mrs. Graynes, waiving the trifling defect that as she was rather tall, it was a matter of actual impossibility as it proved, to make a dress out of it which she could wear. However, the Willicks were carefully uncertain as to whether it might not prove to be enough. The Colonel thought it would, and Mrs. Willick hoped it might. At any rate, reasoned she, it will pass for an accident, and after all, the will is as good as the deed.

So the muslin de laine was rolled up in a brown paper, and consecrated to the support of the Gospel, as embodied in the person of Mrs. Elder Graynes. And Mrs. Willick trudged homeward, congratulating herself upon her selection.

Mrs. Graynes also congratulated herself that same Thursday evening upon the acquisition of a new dress; and measured it doubtfully on Friday, consulted Miss Provy Pease about it on Saturday, tried to help thinking about it on Sunday, endeavored, without success, to match it at Donoe's store on Monday, (she did not feel quite like going to Willick's,) gave up the idea of a new dress on Tuesday, and bargained it away on Wednesday to the young girl who assisted her about her house-work, for and in consideration of one dollar to be deducted and reserved from the next monthly installment of her wages, which fell due on Thursday.

Thus there was no slight difference between the value of

the donations as appraised, on behalf of the parish, and as estimated on behalf of the Pastor.

<i>Parish Estimates.</i>		<i>Pastor's Estimate.</i>	
Donations in cash.....	9 50	Cash Donations.....	9 50
9 Loaves of cake at 25 cts.....	2 25	5 Loaves of cake } Eaten at the	
13 Pies at 10 cts.....	1 30	4 Pies } Donation.....	—
		4 Loaves of cake at 25 c. } Useful to	
		3 Pies at 10 c. } the Elder	1 30
		6 Pies, — necessarily given away..	—
1 Diamond Bible, very "neat,"		1 Bible.....	—
"pretty," and "appropriate,"...	0 87		
1 Barrel of flour, as valued by El-		1 Barrel of flour, as valued by Mr.	
der Graynes.....	10 00	and Mrs. Tripp.....	—
Subscription to Monthly Magazine		Two years' subscription to Month-	
for two years.....	6 00	ly Magazine.....	6 00
1 Dress for Mrs. Graynes.....	2 50	1 Dress for Debby Ann.....	1 00
	32 42		17 80

But we have forgotten Aunt Dannels' stockings.

The stockings which that lady knit to present to Elder Graynes, are of course those referred to.

Aunt Dannels was almost eighty years of age. In a pleasant dell, down on the old valley road, about three miles from the village, there was a small yellow house, with an unpainted woodshed by its side, no fence in front, and a well-sweep in the yard; and there was where Aunt Dannels lived. She had one son and three or four grandsons for next door neighbors, and a pig and a little flock of turkeys for boarders.

Aunt Dannels was a widow. Twenty-five years ago her husband came home from the hayfield in the middle of the afternoon, overwearyed—said he was almost afraid he was going to have a sick turn—ate a little supper—thought he should feel better for a good night's sleep—and early went to bed. There were bright lights in the house all night, but darkness settled on it in the morning, for when the sun rose, the

spirit of the husband and father ascended to another world. Her hair was thin and gray then, and her step already weak; and she thought it would be but a short separation. But she lived to see a quarter of a century pass away; mature men grew aged, and lads grew mature around her, and still she waited.

Aunt Dannels was a mother. To rear her children was her calling; she had never known any wider sphere than this. Her eight sons and her three daughters, were the work of her life, and she felt her strength renewed in them. Her sons filled high positions, and her daughters presided over populous households in their turn. Her grandchildren were entering upon active life in employments and homes of their own; or were standing expectant upon the verge of the paternal threshold. And she had even great-grandchildren who were old enough to know her.

Aunt Dannels had not accomplished much, as some judge woman's work. She had written no books—argued no causes—edited no paper—taught no school. She had reared children only, and the world was none the better for her, except so far as it was the better for them. Among her sons indeed, one was a distinguished author,—one the leading lawyer of his State,—one the editor of an influential city journal,—two were college professors. Their works were famous. Hers was humble. Whether to write—to plead—to edit—to teach—be nobler works than hers, depends upon the question whether books—lawsuits—newspapers—school-lessons—be better things than human life. If no—let not the mother's sphere be quite forgotten yet. If yes—then country-women be yours higher aims and ends in life than hers.

In country towns, those who toward the close of kind and useful lives come to find their relatives scattered and themselves alone in life, are not uncommonly adopted into a universal relationship to all their neighbors. Thus it was, that Mrs. Lydia Dannells became Aunt Dannells to all Cone Cut Corners.

Aunt Dannells and her grandson rode slowly up through the village, and up the hill that led to Elder Graynes'. Grandson jumped out to lighten the load for the horse. The horse is probably to this day ignorant of his kindness. For any lightening he accomplished, grandson might as well have stopped in the sleigh.

Grandson turned the horse artistically up to the Elder's door. Aunt Dannells sat still in the sleigh.

"I declare," said Mrs. Graynes, pushing the little chintz curtain of the sitting-room window on one side, and peering out to see who the new visitor might be; "there's Aunt Dannells. Eben do go out and speak to her, the good soul can't get out of the sleigh."

Elder Graynes laid down his book, rose from his seat, and walked out to the sleigh, his study gown shivering behind him in the cold wind.

"How do you do, Aunt Dannells?" said he. "I'm glad to see you. Won't you come in?"

"Do come in," said Mrs. Graynes from the door-step, hospitably reënforcing her husband in his invitation. "Come in and rest you a little, and get your foot-board warm."

The nephews and nieces of Aunt Dannells, whom she had been accustomed to visit for some years past, knew very well that it was her habit to provide against cold feet in her long

winter rides, by the primitive process of keeping them upon a hot piece of plank, of convenient size to lay down in the bottom of the sleigh. Her foot-board had often toasted its browned sides before Mrs. Graynes' fire, leaning up against the brass andirons.

"Not to-day," said Aunt Dannells; "I'm obleeged to you. It's 'most sundown, and I must be getting towards home. But my boys told me," she continued, addressing the Elder, "that you was a going to have a donation to-night."

"Yes," said the Elder, "my people have been very thoughtful and kind; I hope they will be repaid for all they have done for me."

"Well, I'm sure they have been," said Aunt Dannells; "you've been a hard-working man, and a faithful one ever since you come to labor among us; if ever there was one. You've done more for us than ever we can do for you. But the Lord keeps the accounts," she added, solemnly.

"I suppose your sons heard the notice given out in meeting?" said the Elder.

"Yes," said the old lady; "I was n't out myself; I have n't been so I could really get out to meetin' since cold weather set in."

"I know," said the Elder; "we've missed you this winter."

"It ain't because I don't love to come, you know," said Aunt Dannells. "But my meetin' days in this world are pretty nigh over. But I did n't want you to think I was too old to remember my minister, so I thought I must knit you a pair of stockin's."

And she took out from under the buffalo robe a small

package, wrapped up in a fragment of newspaper, and handed it to the Elder.

"Thank you, Aunt Dannels, thank you," said he, taking the package. "Nobody understands stockings better than you, I am sure."

"I'm too old to come with the rest to-night," said Aunt Dannels, "or I'd have come and brought 'em then. My boy Nathaniel is a going to come up with his wife, and he wanted me to let him bring 'em; but I thought I'd rather come and bring 'em myself. Good-by."

"Good-by."

The pastor shook hands with his aged parishioner, and stepped back to the little white gate.

Grandson turned the horse artistically round, and started him off down hill.

He was a horse with whom capers and pranks were sheer impossibilities. Running away was a forgotten pastime of his youth. Shying was an error not to be committed by an animal of aged eyes like his. His was the sedate, calm temper of age. So grandson permitted him to ramble along toward home, the reins hanging loosely over the dasher, while the young driver cut crosses in the snow with his whip-lash, till the road looked like the route of a Catholic procession.

There was not much conversation between youth and age. Grandson was busy planning a skating excursion and a fire on the ice. Grandmother's thoughts ran placidly, happily back, over scenes in her life long past, even as the Great Traveler in the western sky, now on the very verge of the horizon, turned from the course which lay before him, and from his chariot of gold and fire, threw a smiling, loving

glance over the track of his completed journey across the earth.

That evening there was a pleasant company at the Elder's.

There was also pleasant company in Gregory Donoe's store. The gentlemen then and there assembled had been enjoying themselves in their own peculiar ways, involving much anecdote, some profanity, and immense laughter. Captain Mayferrie was giving his feet their last toasting for the night, at the stove. A hot beverage in a stone pitcher was circulating briskly in the crowd at the expense of the Captain, who had lost a wager on the number of glasses which his friend Jerry could drink at a sitting. Jerry having exceeded all anticipations, and disposed of seven consecutive drams, the Captain had made good his word. He was now pulling on his boots, which had lain near the stove most of the evening, while Gregory, was putting up two packages for him.

"Sev'nglass-ses," said the Captain, "I knowaman candrink mor'n sev'n-glasses. Mor'n sev'n."

The Captain spoke in a dialect adopted by the judicious friends of Temperance in their most happy moments. It is a dialect easier learned than understood. It may be acquired in one easy lesson of five or six glasses; but it can only be recorded by the use of the phonetic system of spelling,—a style which the reader, if he will take the trouble of trying the experiment, will find sounds more intelligible than it looks.

"Who's that, Captain?" asked the storekeeper.

Gregory Donoe was a temperate man; he was a strictly temperate man, by Deacon Ficksom's definition, "A man that drinks with moderation." His physical nature was so much

a machine, and so little human, that he justly prided himself on being naturally fitted for "the business;" for he could always take a friendly glass with a customer, and it never seemed to get up as far as his head.

"I'll tell youoot-tis," returned the Captain, getting up and steadying himself along the counter toward Gregory, "gimee those b-bottles."

"There," said Mr. Donoe, putting them in Mr. Mayferrie's hands.

"How much ist-terbe?"

"Oh! I'll charge it."

"No! you 'ont charjiteither, olefeller, yourer lilltoo fass-sir, too fass-sir. Howm-uchartthey. You've more lezherpaper t' my name now, olefeller, anyou 'll-ever-use-fer-kindlin'."

"One-fifty," said Gregory.

"I've got summuney to-day, an' I'll pay. Pay's you go, b-boys. Allerspáy syou go. Thasspoorichard. Bu' I know a man 's can drink mor'n sev'n glas-s-ses. 'N'cell be sober, too. S-ober's I am-mnow."

"Who is it?" inquired the storekeeper, as he made change, showing some interest in so valuable a customer as such a man would be.

"Oh? he 's-cesaman," returned the Captain, reaching the door, and holding it open as he spoke, "oh-h-cesa-uh-you knowim. Ee'sa man; 'sa-man. Don't you knowoo-o'tis? I'll tell youootis. Ee'sa col'blooded, ir'nbone, grizzlemuscled, fish-'arted m-man. Oweesaman. Za man erbiznez."

So saying, the Captain stumbled off the threshold, and slammed the door after him.

From the hot and somewhat fragrant atmosphere of the

store into the fresh and stinging air of outer night, was a wholesome change for the Captain; and he breathed more freely, and walked with less uncertainty than he did within.

The winter night had settled down cold and clear upon the village. The sun, which three hours since had set beneath the horizon, had already hatched out a magnificent brood of little stars. The Captain took a look at their nest, rubbed his eyes with his mittens, and toiled on up the hill. It was slow work, walking up that hill. The snow was very deep and soft, and the Captain's heavy feet sunk far at every step. True, there was a path, but it was erratic. It was well shoveled in other respects, but it had unexpected stumbling-places in it, and it was crooked, and went on the wrong side of trees, and the Captain preferred to walk straight.

In course of time, however, Mr. Mayferrie came opposite Elder Graynes' front gate. It was very cold outside, and the bright lights in all the windows attracted him. So he stopped to rest, and look a few moments, and try to collect his thoughts. He was not quite certain what he had been thinking about before, and he tried to remember. As he stood leaning on the gate, the pressure of one of the bottles in his over-coat pocket, suggested a new topic.

"I'll gowinside-sir," said he to himself, "an 'pay myr-res-pees' to th' ol' gen'leman. I—I hav n't been t' meeting f-f-'r some time, an 'eel be gladerseeme."

With this anticipation, he addressed himself to his purpose, first by kicking very loud against the right gate-post to get the snow off of one boot, and then against the left gate-post to get it off the other. This process he repeated against the door-posts, and then knocked. Instantly the door was opened by

a young lady, one of that portion of the company who had taken up their positions in the little entry between the two parlors.

The Captain straightened himself up in view of the brightly-lighted rooms and array of people, smiled, said, "Goo'-evening," took off his hat, and stepped in.

The entry was a little square room that opened on the left, into the sitting-room, and on the right, into the parlor. What part of it was not occupied by these doors now standing open, was filled by a table against the back-wall, and all interstices and crevices remaining were crowded with ladies and gentlemen of the youngest class, who had overflowed from the crowd in the two rooms.

The Captain took off his hat and placed it upon the table, crown down. Then he took out a bottle from his pocket and placed it carefully in the hat; then he produced the other bottle, and tried in vain to get that into the same receptacle. This, amid profound silence of the young ladies and gentlemen, who looked on in some wonder at his curious proceeding. Finding that two large bottles would not go into one small hat, he put one of them back into his left-hand coat-pocket, where the neck of it stood out to hand, like the hilt of a sword. He then turned around, smiled upon the young people, peered around the door-posts, first into the parlor, then into the sitting-room, then drew back, and smiled again.

"So theresum company eer?" said he.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Mayferrie," said one of the young ladies, "it's the donation party. Didn't you know it?"

"Ah! i'sthe d-donazhun-party? Why there's DeaconFick-som in—in there," said he, pointing into the parlor. "Ee'san-

iceman. I did'n'no'erwaza donazhun-party. 'Sthat Elderg Graynes?"

The young people made no answer. Some of them were laughing in the corners; some of them had retreated out of the entry.

"I wanter see'm. I wanter see-e-El'ler. I like him. He'sa rich feller. No! he's-n't a rich-f-feller. He'samin-ster. But 'ces a goo'feller—he'sa firs' rate feller. I wanter see'm."

So saying, the Captain entered the parlor.

As he entered, the buzz of conversation around the room was hushed. All those on the right wondered what it was that brought the Captain here. All those on the left saw the contents of the pocket, and guessed what it was.

The Deacon was in the corner by the window. He had come to contribute his countenance—he brought nothing more—to the support of the Gospel, as embodied in the person of Elder Graynes. As the Captain entered, the Deacon looked up to him with a countenance that spoke volume after volume of temperance tracts, of the old style.

Mr. Donoe was by the side of the Deacon. He came up with the sleigh for Mrs. Donoe, overtaking and passing the Captain upon the hill. He had just come in, and though a somewhat unexpected visitor, yet had seated himself very deliberately, contiguous to the refreshment-table. For Mr. Donoe was one of those men who are of such length of moral limb, that they attempt to walk with one foot in the broad road, and one in the narrow path. During the day he had taken a long stride in the popular thoroughfare; to-night he had come in to take a little step in the less-frequented way.

Mr. Donoe and the Deacon were discussing, in a high moral tone, the aggravated case of Jerry Bender, the red-nosed man, who in consequence, as Mr. Donoe said, of sheer shiftlessness, was about to come upon the town as a pauper. The Deacon was expressing his views of the shamelessness of a man who would allow himself to be, not only an evil example, but a pecuniary burden to his fellow-citizens, when the Captain entered the room.

At his appearance the gentlemen in the corner dropped their discussion. Elder Graynes turned around from the middle of a monologue of gratitude addressed to Mr. Tripp, which that gentleman in the weakness of his nature was quite uncomfortably affected by, and visibly confused to receive. There was a rush from the other room, and heads rose on heads, in the door-way. The ladies looked at each other with eyes elongated down into exclamation points, and short gentlemen in the background looked between the heads of tall gentlemen before them, to see what was going on. Salanda, in a far corner of the room, surrounded by several members of her Sabbath-school class who would not think of sitting apart from her, looked for some way of escape, but finding none, hid her face in her handkerchief, and instinctively crouched behind the others. The store-keeper folded his hands before him, and raised his eyes; whether in silent devotion or in contemplation of the wall-paper, did not appear from their expression. The ex-deacon turned upon the assembly a look that embodied a whole volume of warnings, stereotyped the work, and kept it before the people.

All this in a moment.

The Elder saw the cause of the disturbance, and the nature

of it, at once. He went up to the Captain and received his offered hand.

"I'm very glad to see you," said he, mildly. "Walk into the other room and take off your coat;" and he moved gently to turn the Captain toward the sitting-room.

"Nozir; nozir; thank you zir," said the Captain, smiling very much upon the Elder, and opening his eyes very wide upon those who were staring at him. "I'm 'bliged—nozir. Ve'y much 'bliged. Doan trouble your-s-self. I haven' come t'et—I haven' come t'et any thing. Why! There 's Donoe. How-d'-ye-e doDonoe?"

Mr. Donoe, making no reply, the Captain looked very hard at him.

"Zthat Donoe or 'z that z' Deacon? No, 'ts—I see—'ts two Deacons. I see 'm. I see 'm plain. 'T's two D-deacons. He 's been drinking andees besidimself."

"I 'x-pect tyou did n't 'xpect tsee m-me t' night? But 's adonazhun. I 've brought a donazhun. 'Ts a little one—little—but-z-z good."

With these words, or more properly syllables, the Captain fumbled in his pockets for his bottle, beginning with his waist-coat pockets, and searching his person thoroughly. At last he found it where he had put it, and producing it with chuckling and triumph, he held it out to the Elder.

"There," said he. "Ts a little donazhun. Butz firs'rate."

"Miss'r F-ficks'm."

No answer.

"Miss'r Fick-s-som."

No answer.

"He 's deaf. But eenozeits-s good. It 's jus-same as ce

uses. It's Co-oannyack. Tha's real Co-oannyack," repeated he, smiling, and holding the bottle up to the light before the Elder. "Iz jusswat I buy,—'nd 'tz jusswat er Deacon buys. Z' Deacon 'n I alwz buy t'gether. 'Ey Donoe?"

The Elder, assisted this time by one or two gentlemen, renewed his effort to lead the Captain away. They succeeded in getting him near the door, when he broke away from them and returned to the middle of the room.

"Take a little—little, eve'y day. Z' Bible says so. Z' Deacon says so. Z' good. There," continued he, placing the bottle on the table by the side of Mrs. Buxton's Bible. "But doan' let 'm drink 't all up. Miss'r Donoe k'n drink mor'n sev'n glasses. Eesa man—eesa maner bizness. Z' Deacon 'sa man. Eesa good man."

"D'ye think as you k'n drink sev'n glasses. Z' Deacon can, n' Donoe can. Sev'n 'n 'sev'n' z fourteen—fourteen glasses. So—better not-t-open it till they're gone."

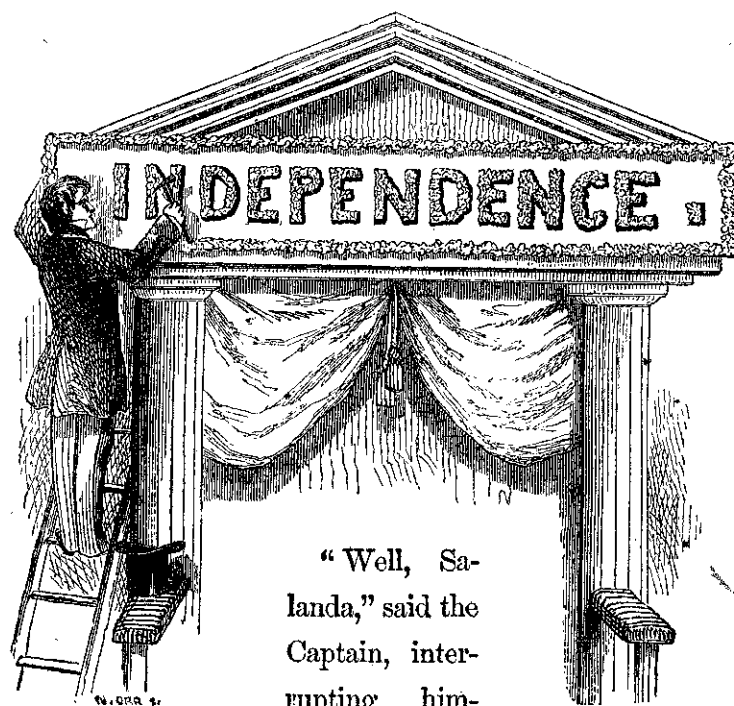
"Goo' night ladies 'n' gen'lem'n. Goo' night."

With this the Captain gently freed himself from the assistance of those around him, walked straight at the clock, turned short around just before he reached it, and went off at an angle toward the door, where he was lost in the crowd. And then considering that he had acquitted himself of his share in the donation, he bowed himself out, took his hat and the remaining bottle, and went away.

From thence to Captain Mayferrie's home was a long mile. He traveled slowly, stopped often on the way, and the remaining bottle was somewhat lightened of its contents when he reached the house.

XXII.

JULY, 1852.



"Well, Sallanda," said the Captain, interrupting himself in a long

pull at a cigar, which, by special leave of Aunt Provy, he was smoking, as he was seated, one moonlight evening, on the little piazza at the back of her little house.

"Well," said Salanda, in a delightful little feminine echo.

The Captain took another vigorous pull at the cigar, and wanted to know what Salanda was thinking about.

Then there was a short pause, in which the moon, peeping through the woodbine and honeysuckle of the piazza, winked through the leaves, as if she thought the Captain was Jason. It was not such a ridiculous mistake, either; considering how frequently this same little piazza of Aunt Pease's enjoyed that young gentleman's company, on pleasant nights.

"I was thinking, sir," said Salanda, speaking slowly and gently, though without hesitation, "I was thinking if I could not get a school some where this fall, to teach."

The Captain puffed a wreath of smoke at two musquitos, who were serenading him in duet, and watched their voices out of hearing in the distance.

"Why, Salanda! What do you want to teach for?" he asked.

"I should like to, because I have been studying a good while now, and I think I ought to be doing something for myself."

"For yourself?" said the Captain.

"To maintain myself, I mean. I thank Aunt Provy daily for her care; she has done every thing for me;—but—"

"Well," said the Captain again, after a long conference with his cigar, from which, during the whole conversation, he seemed to receive many useful suggestions, and constant support and sympathy, "I think you might do very well to teach; very well indeed; I'm sure your scholars would."

"Do you think I could get a school?" inquired Salanda.

"Yes; oh, yes; but I don't think it's quite time for that

yet. I suppose you've about got to the end of Mr. Blossom's learning."

"Why, I *am* studying pretty much by myself now."

"Oh, I understand," said the Captain, "you study the lesson, and then you go and explain it to him, and he calls it reciting, I suppose."

Salanda laughed, and shook back the curls which had fallen in the way of her work.

She was at that moment arranging oak leaves and sprigs of evergreen, upon a strip of sheeting of appropriate length, to form the word "INDEPENDENCE," which was to adorn the pulpit of the Cone Cut Academy on the occasion of Esquire Clegge's Fourth of July oration, which was to be delivered on Monday, the day after to-morrow.

The Captain had heard that a motto was desired, and had come down with a wagon-load of the required foliage, gathered by his own hands from the woods about his house. His zeal in this regard must not be attributed entirely to patriotic sentiments, or to enthusiasm for the public entertainment. He had heard that Salanda was intrusted with the duty of preparing the device, and it was more out of simple pleasure in assisting her, than from any other motive, that his share in the labor had been performed.

Salanda twisted around into its place the sprig of cedar, which she was patiently training into the shape and meaning of the letter D, and laughed again as she thought of the Captain's notion of the course of instruction in the higher branches, enjoyed by the pupils of the Cone Cut Academy.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I think you might do very well to teach, very well indeed. But would n't it be a good idea

for you to go away to school—some real school—for a year first? Say some school in New York?”

“Oh, I wish I could,” said Salanda, enthusiastically. “Would n’t it be grand?”

The Captain took his cigar from his mouth, and puffed a cloud of smoke into the air. He watched it as it slowly disappeared.

“Well,” said he, “I guess we can fix that.”

“How do you mean?” asked Salanda.

The Captain puffed away, without answering, until he had enveloped himself in a little atmosphere of smoke. He seemed to feel renewed assurance and hopefulness in it.

“I guess we can find a school,” he said.

“Ah, that is n’t so difficult as it is to find the schooling,” said Salanda.

The Captain puffed away in silence again, while Salanda waited to hear his views in respect to that difficulty.

“Well,” said he, at length, “I guess we can find that too. You see what Aunt Provy thinks about the plan. Perhaps she can lend you some money. If she approves, I think you had better go this fall.”

“What!” said Salanda, “really and truly? Go to New York to school? How can I ever thank—”

“There, be quiet,” said Captain Mayferrie, interrupting her. “You’re a true woman, you are. I should know that, the minute you speak. You jump at a conclusion over a gap that it would take a common man’s mind a month to bridge with reasons, and then he’d be afraid of it. There’s Aunt Provy come to call you in. What a dear good old prudent soul she is.”

“Salanda,” cried Aunt Provy, opening the window, “you’ll catch your death a cold out there in this night air, and with nothing on your head too.”

“Good evening, Miss Pease,” said the Captain.

“Ah, is that you?” responded Aunt Provy. “I wonder at you, Captain Mayferrie, letting her stay out here so late. You’re as bad as Jason.”

“Nonsense,” said the Captain. “What’s the harm. There is n’t air enough to hurt a musquito.”

“Perhaps not,” responded Aunt Provy. “But there is enough to hurt her.”

“Well, well,” said the Captain, “I must be going, any way. I’ve got some business at the village before I go home.”

So saying, he tossed his cigar over the railing, and stretched himself erect.

“Not at Gregory Donoe’s,” said Salanda, softly, laying her hand upon his shoulder and looking him in the face.

“Why, yes, my dear, I am afraid at Gregory Donoe’s. What’s the matter with him. He’s a good man, is n’t he?”

“I’m afraid he is n’t a very good friend to you,” said Salanda, with hesitation.

“Come, come, Salanda,” said Aunt Provy. “What conspiracy are you plotting out there against me?”

And Aunt Provy laughed at the idea of any body’s conspiring against her, as the most delightfully absurd joke in the world—which it was.

“There, run along,” said the Captain.

“And you?” said Salanda, inquiringly.

“I—I am—no I ain’t; I’m going straight home,” replied the Captain, surrendering.

"Thank you."

Salanda said this better with her eyes than with her lips.

The Captain bade her good night, and jumped over the railing into the yard, by way of making a resolute start, to go home; while Salanda went into the house.

It was not until the evening of the next day that Salanda communicated the substance of her conversation with the Captain to Miss Provy Pease.

"Aunt," said she then, to her, "what a strange man Mr. Mayferrie is. Don't you think so?"

"Why, I don't know as he is," replied Aunt Provy. "They are all queer more or less. Now there's Deacon Ficks—"

"But I mean it's strange he should be here so much and talk so much about me, and have so much to say to me. You know that beautiful new shawl he gave me last winter, and now he wants to pay for me at school somewhere, this winter, I believe. I can't see what he should want to do it for. That is what puzzles me."

"Why I don't know as there is any thing mysterious in him," responded Aunt Provy. "He is n't the only one who comes here much, and as to the shawl, I am sure it is n't any handsomer than the gold pin somebody gave you to fasten it with, and—"

"Oh, that's different," said Salanda. "Besides, I was n't talking about Jason. I don't want to know about him. I want to know about Mr. Mayferrie."

"What about him? I don't see as he's a bit more mysterious than Jason. Why now he's carried you out to ride four times this week."

"Oh, no, only three, Aunt."

"Why, yes, my dear. There was last night—then the ride Wednesday—then you went with him up to the hill Monday—and he brought you home from church Sunday."

"But that don't count—just coming home from church. Besides, the Captain was there, or at least it was his horse and wagon. And I'm sure Jason asked you to go."

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Provy, "that's all very well. And he was very glad when I did n't."

"Well, no matter about Jason," said Salanda, having apparently no great objection, after all, to being worsted in the discussion of this question; "I want to know about Mr. Mayferrie. I do really wish aunt you would tell me about Mr. Mayferrie."

"Tell you what, child? How should I know?"

Salanda made no answer. She left the question, and commenced anew.

"What makes you think my mother was a Chesslebury?"

"She told me so," said Aunt Provy.

"I wonder where she came from," said Salanda, thinking aloud, rather than talking to her aunt. "Poor mother. How you ever came that cold night to wander straight to such a home as this! Did you ever know where she came from?"

"She was n't in her right mind, my dear, and could n't tell."

"And you never asked?" said Salanda, reproachfully.

"Who was there to ask?" said Aunt Provy.

"And you never knew where she was going, or what she was going after?"

"How should I? She never could tell. She talked crazily of her John and her treasure. That was all."

"Are you certain it was Chesslebury. I mean to tell

Jason about it some time. I never did. Maybe he would know."

"Oh, no, I would n't say any thing to Jason about her," said Aunt Provy. "That would n't be a good plan, I don't think. Besides, he would n't know any thing about it. He was nothing but a little baby. Most likely it's another Chesslebury, too. Oh, no, I would n't ask him."

This conversation was in a low tone; Salanda's share indeed almost in whispers. And there were long pauses of solemn stillness as the two sat knitting in the darkening twilight.

"Captain Mayferrie came the summer before, didn't he?" asked Salanda.

"Yes!"

"Mayferrie. Mayferrie. I wonder if that is his real name. What was he captain of?"

"The story was, he was captain of a privateersman," replied Aunt Provy, who believed in his captaincy as firmly as any one in the village, and who, in the age of his title, forgot its origin.

"Let me see. It was John mother talked about?" said Salanda, inquiringly.

"Yes," returned Aunt Provy.

"Is n't that Captain Mayferrie's first name?" asked Salanda.

"John—John. I believe it is," said Aunt Provy, with a most wonderful pretense of having a great deal of doubt upon the subject.

"I mean to ask Jason some time," said Salanda, "if there was not a John Chesslebury."

This conversation ended as indefinitely as twenty similar ones had ended before. But as Salanda went up to her room she had a half-formed suspicion—which she dared not confess, even to herself. As she knelt before her heavenly Father that night, she prayed long and earnestly that He would guide her to her earthly father. As she arose, she arose with a determination to discover, if it were possible, who he was. In the darkness she began to revolve plans for carrying that determination into effect; and she tried to recollect her conversations with Captain Mayferrie, and what he had said to her, and did he look any thing like her, and was his name Chesslebury, if so, was not Jason a relative of his, and if so, how near, and who was his father, not John, oh no, not John; but there was a John somewhere, and she was going after him in the snow, and then there was a beautiful lady dressed in white—in snow, that was it—who was with her, and was—no, it was Aunt Provy who was carrying her to New York to school to learn to find her father; and there he was in the barn thrashing, and she was introduced to him, and he shook her warmly by the hand, and congratulated her for something, and she turned round to ask Aunt Provy what for, and Aunt Provy was Jason, and the barn was a church, and Captain Mayferrie was the Elder, and she was trembling so violently, that even Jason's arm could not altogether steady her, and the church bells were ringing merrily, and—and—and the sun was shining brightly into her room, and Aunt Provy was ringing the first bell, as she always did, as regularly as the clock-hands pointed to six o'clock, whether every body were up and wide awake or no.

Just at the time when Aunt Provy's bell forbade the banns at Salanda's wedding, Mrs. Graynes went up to Jason's room to awaken him.

"Jason! Jason! come, get up, Jason!" cried she, calling through the key-hole of his chamber door.

No answer.

"Come, get up, Jason!" continued she, rattling the door. "He always sleeps so light, too," she continued, soliloquizing, and stooping down to peer through the key-hole, "I should think, of all mornings in the year, he would be awake this."

So saying, Mrs. Graynes gently opened the door a crack, then widened the crack to a considerable opening, then threw the door wide open and walked in; for the room was deserted.

"He 's up before me, I declare," said she.

So saying she threw the bed-clothes back over the foot-board of the bedstead, hung over the back of a chair Jason's every-day suit which he had deposited on the floor, picked up a pin which her careful eye discerned upon the carpet, opened the window, and leaned out to take a breath of fresh air and a view of Cone Cut Corners by sunrise.

The village was now wide awake. The Cone Cut cannon had been carrying on an animated conversation with the hills for some time past, and still kept it up. The academy bell had wagged its tongue incessantly ever since four o'clock. In the road, and on the paths, and scattered about the yards, lay the bursted bodies of patriotic fire-crackers, in numbers sufficient, one would think, to celebrate the Fortieth of July, if that uncommon anniversary should ever arrive,—let alone the annually-recurring Fourth. And constantly a meritorious

horse-pistol, in the yard of Gregory Donoe's tavern, exhibited a perseverance in well-doing amidst a very evil report, which was worthy to be a pattern and example to the Cone Cutters from that day forward.

"Mercy on me!" said Mrs. Graynes, "what a racket already."

And she shut down the window, and went down stairs. If she could have seen Jason at the moment, she would have perceived him standing upon a ladder erected in the church, by the side of the pulpit, nailing up the oak and evergreen motto which Salanda had prepared for the occasion.

The cannon which had awakened Jason so early this morning did not produce a like effect upon Captain Mayferrie. He slept through all the noise of the noisy morning, nor did he show any signs of wakefulness, until nearly eight o'clock. To be sure his house was somewhat removed from the village, and, moreover, in his military career, he might have become accustomed to noises which awaken more peacefully-employed men. But at all events, whatever might have been the reason, it was late before Captain Mayferrie came to any sense of Independence.

At length, however, from very weariness of sleep, he began to awake, and after one or two uneasy tossings, half opening, half shutting his eyes, he gave a desperate yawn, and sat up in bed.

"It must be pretty late," said he; "I guess I'll get up."

And then he did what all men do under similar circumstances—he did not get up at all, but sat still thinking about it.

"I declare," said he at length, running his fingers through

his hair, and brushing it off his forehead, "it was bad enough, Charlotte, for you to drink yourself to death to begin with, without bothering me this way after you're dead."

At length he got fairly out of bed. His first proceeding then was to refresh himself by a drink from a suspicious-looking bottle, standing upon the mantle-piece. The refreshment seemed effectual, for he straightened himself up in a military fashion, struck himself two or three smart blows on the chest, went through a boxing match with an imaginary foe, and, having vanquished him, went to the window to look out.

The prospect was not as pleasant as was the same prospect out of that same window ten years ago. The gate had fallen off its hinges, and stood leaning up against the fence. The whitewash had been beaten off in streaks by the rain, and had left the fence a dirty white. In one place, too, some cattle had broken in, to get at the Captain's corn, and the gap had never been mended. As the Captain unfastened the blind to swing it back, the hinge—it only hung on one—gave way, and the blind fell with a crash to the ground.

"Go it, old boy," said he.

He looked around, as if for something to throw after it. But the other blind was already down, so he contented himself with looking at it.

"I believe Calick was right," said he. "I am going to the devil as fast as she did."

And then he went back and took another drink from the bottle on the mantle-piece.

Calick had left Captain Mayferrie's. It was the town talk when he first left, for Calick and the Captain had always been warm friends. But as Calick kept his own counsel, and never

assigned, even to his aunt, any other reason for his leaving than that the Captain did not need him any longer, the town in the usual time came to talk no more about it.

Martha had gone away too. And Martha's place was filled by Mrs. Spyke.

Mrs. Spyke was a lady who had seen and felt some forty winters;—and they had frozen her. She was extremely frigid. She had a cold head, a cold heart, cold hands, and a long and evidently cold nose. She was crooked also; she had a crook in her shoulders, a crook in her chin, and a nose all crook. She was cross-eyed, cross-visaged, and cross-worded. How she ever succeeded in attaching herself to Captain Mayferrie, had been the town talk too, but the usual buzz having taken place, and nothing having been found out, the village left Mrs. Spyke and Captain Mayferrie alone, and talked of other things.

This morning, Captain Mayferrie, having finished his toilet, went down stairs, and there found Mrs. Spyke sitting by the kitchen fire, warming her cold hands, and rubbing her cold nose, and watching some cold beans left at dinner yesterday, and carefully economised for this morning's breakfast.

"Good morning to you, Mrs. Spyke," said Captain Mayferrie.

"No, it's not a good morning to me, either," said Mrs. Spyke, with about the same amiability of tone and manner that a cat usually assumes when engaged in familiar conversation with a dog, "and it's no use saying it is. I expect to have my head blowed off before night. I always do, Fourth of July."

Mr. Mayferrie's countenance probably expressed some re-

gret at this annually-recurring catastrophe, for the good lady added :—

“ You know what I mean. I always expect to.”

“ Oh !” said Mr. Mayferrie.

The temperature of the chilly beans having been by this time somewhat raised, Mrs. Spyke placed them upon the table, which was already set, and they sat down to breakfast.

It was a very different breakfast from that which Calick and Martha shared with the Captain, in December, 1835.

By the time Mr. Mayferrie got through his morning meal it was nearly nine o'clock. The noisy patriotism of Cone Cut Corners had for a time somewhat subsided. The cannon had spent its breath, and had been wheeled back into the gun-house again.

And now the farmers' wagons begin to come in from the surrounding country, in long procession. Old farmers come, bringing their wives and children, the two boys—there are always two boys in these wagons—sitting in the back of the wagon, with their legs dangling out behind. Young farmers come with their — well, say cousins, every wagon bringing two young ladies and one young man. All the young ladies are in unmitigated white ; all the young men in unmitigated black ; and all the boys with clean faces and smoothly-sleeked hair, and the broadest possible turn-down collars, and altogether looking very nice, and feeling very strange by reason of having on their very best suits in the week time.

Now passes a hay-cart fitted up for the occasion, loaded with merry fellows from Cone Cut Hill, who bring Captain Mayferrie to the window with their shouts as they rattle down the road. Now comes a baker's cart jogging along, for Cone

Cut Corners furnishes a good market for gingerbread to-day. And then the procession goes on again unbroken, of white dresses and streaming ribbons, and stiff young men sitting gingerly in ladies' laps, and mammas on the front seats of wagons carefully holding on by the coat-collar to sprucely-dressed boys sitting in behind.

And now the academy bell which slept at breakfast-time—sometime before the Captain's breakfast—wakes up again ; for Esquire Clegge, the village lawyer, delivers the Fourth of July oration to-day in the Cone Cut Meeting-house. Now the farmers, leaving their companions in the meeting-house, proceed to make their horses comfortable by tying them with long ropes to the fence, and putting under each of their respective noses a bushel basket of fresh grass, produced from under the wagon seat. Now the people from the village come hurrying in. Now the gentlemen who came early, and got front seats, rise to give them to ladies who came late, and got no seat at all ; and gentlemen who came not so early, and got back seats, congratulate themselves on their position. Now, the church being full, every seat occupied, the aisles and doorways crowded with gentlemen, the very windows filled with boys who clamber in and out during the oration, the performances begin.

These are of the usual description.

There is first a highly oratorical reading of the Declaration of Independence by Deacon Ficksom. There is next a grand performance of sublime choruses and impracticable glees selected from the North American Feathered Songster, every one of which ends with a tra-la-la-la ; and this performance attracts great attention, inasmuch as the choir

is increased to-day by the addition of a flute and a violin, who on Sunday attend a neighboring church. There is, over and above all these, a patriotic and spirit-stirring oration by Esquire Clegge, which may be described in brief to be the spirit of 1776 in bottles of 1852, and in which the orator gives his hearers, as something novel, a general review of the history of our Revolution, with copious extracts from cotemporary writers in general, and the Declaration of Independence in particular, together with a sketch of the subsequent rise and progress of the United States under the Federal Government, and a full exposition of its present greatness and glory; in the whole of which address the orator says much about the liberties established by our forefathers in 1776, but carefully abstains from making any, even the most distant allusion to the fact that there might be some liberties which it was desirable should be cared for by their sons in 1852.

The exercises at length being concluded very much to every one's satisfaction, the audience crowds its way out, the ladies crushed and crumpled, the gentlemen tired and hungry, the boys merry and noisy, the Deacon sleepy and thirsty, and the orator elate and modest.

Aunt Provy and Salanda are among the last to leave the church, for Calick is sexton, and has to shut up the house after the audience has left. They wait for him in the porch, and the three go home together. There is no side-walk to the Cone Cut streets, and they walk in the beaten-track in the middle of the road.

"What an eloquent speaker Squire Clegge is, don't you think so?" said Aunt Provy. "His language is so easy and

flowing, and he has such large ideas of things—I mean such general ideas."

"I don't know," said Salanda, "I don't know but he had general ideas. I did not think he had any ideas in particular."

"Why, Salanda, I am sure he had very large ideas; about liberty, and—er—glory—and—er—all those things you know. It was very fine I thought. Only I wish he did n't wear his handkerchief in his coat-tail pocket. Do you like to see a man wear his handkerchief in his coat-tail pocket? Don't you think it looks a great deal better to wear it in one's breast-pocket. It looks so grace—"

"Hi yi!" shouted some one from the side of the road, "Out of the way."

Aunt Provy screamed at the top of her voice—and that was pretty high up too,—and, clutching Salanda, attempted to run in one direction, while Salanda tried to escape in the other.

There was a gig coming down the road at a rapid pace. A gig with wheels so large, and body so little, that it looked all wheels and no body. The driver pulled up his horse just in time to avoid running over Aunt Provy; and he did this so suddenly that he had to catch hold of the back of the seat to save himself from being thrown head foremost.

It was Captain Mayferrie.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," said he, rising in his seat and bowing to them. "Really I was not aware that the meeting was out. Salanda, won't you ride home?"

Salanda wondered how she was expected to get up there, and where it was supposed she was to sit when she got there.

But she did not ask; she thanked the Captain, and declined his offer.

Then the Captain, touching his hat to the ladies, gathered up his reins, and started up the horse; and the gig in a moment was whirling down the hill in a cloud of dust, while Calick, Aunt Provy and Salanda went on toward home.

XXIII.

JULY, 1852.



At home, and dinner over, Aunt Provy and Salanda began to prepare for the picnic. For there was to be a Sabbath-school picnic that afternoon, in a romantic spot, a favorite with the young people of the village. Their preparations consisted of packing the most inviting of all the tempting productions of Aunt Provy's kitchen in large baskets for Calick to bring, and in small baskets for Aunt Provy and Salanda to carry.

These arrangements having been completed, the ladies put on their sun-bonnets, and declared to Calick that they were ready to go.

The location of the picnic was about a mile below the village; that is to say, only a mile if you go in a straight line across the fields, as bees go to a flower-garden, or boys and girls to a wood-frolic; but then if you go round by the road—a country road—the way men go with beasts of burden, it was a mile and three quarters, and a stretch at that.

The picnic ground was in the woods—among the rocks—by the water.

The woods were such glorious old woods that nobody who had a soul would have dared to cut them down. It might be deemed certain that that was the reason they were never interfered with by the villagers, if we knew that Gregory Donoe, and perhaps Deacon Ficksom, had no interest in the land they blessed. They were not the ugly, thick set woods, full of brambles snarling at each other, and bigger trees that ought to know better pitching into each other in every direction. They were not the second growth, those most uncombed and uncomely locks that disfigure the face of nature. They were glorious old woods, where the trees looked as if they had got up above this world, and were going on, arm in arm, toward heaven. Up there are the places where the wood-robin sings very early in the freshness of the morning; Salanda knows it. There, too, is the singing-gallery of a bird who chants only when she fancies herself alone, and then, never but one tune, and that a slow, deliberate and careful one, almost mournful, were it not that it is so beautiful, so musical in its simple interval, and so loud and clear of tone. Salanda never knew this bird's name, nor could she learn it; but she often came to hear its music, and in these very woods too. The woods were not beset with underbrush, but clear and

free; and from the carpet of brown leaves away up to the canopy of green, there was nothing to obstruct the view, or hinder the wanderings of the cool breezes, whose milder dispositions led them to seek this haunt on sweltering days, and play gently in the shade.

It was among the rocks, too. Gray old boulders, peeping out under the leaves here and there. Noble stones for seats, these, and now and then larger ones appropriated sometimes by the young people for picnic tables. Then as one wandered further from the stream, they peered out of the hillside between the trees; the solid underpinning of a mountain.

These things were all very well for the girls and romantic people, as Jason said, but the real beauty of the place was the brook. It was "a *great* brook," according to the opinion of that young gentleman. But the unsophisticated reader must not infer that it was a large brook. It was great, not in size, but in contents. It was a *multum* of trout in a *parvo* of water. It rose in little springs upon the mountain, and came dashing down through a narrow little valley of its own; wound through the picnic-ground among the rocks and the woods, until gradually, like many other country folk, who leave their hills and seek to mingle in a larger body of their kind, it lost its primitive, honest, straight-forward character, took to roundabout, sinuous ways, in which it stole clandestinely through a short space of meadow in a serpentine course, coming at its ends in underhand ways, hiding under long grass and alders, frothing at opposition and undermining its boundaries, until at last it was swallowed up and inextricably lost in the Cone Cut Pond.

This pond was a body of water supplied by a number of

little brooks from the hills around, and supplying in its turn a mill-stream, which, five miles down the valley, drove the Cone Cut Mills. This body of water was known among the ladies of the village as Crystal Lake; but it bore among the farmers of the region the more euphonious title of Bull Horse Pond. It really was, though, deserving of the title of lake. It was two miles from head to foot—from the picnic ground to the outlet—as it lay curled up asleep in the valley. If you could imagine it to get up and straighten itself out, it would grow four or five. Its shores were all full of queer hiding-places and cozy nooks, little bays and creeks; promontories reaching out from each side, as if trying to meet each other and shake hands in the middle of the lake. And along the banks of the lake, here and there, trees came crowding down and peeping over each other's heads and between each other's branches, to catch a glimpse of themselves in the water.

To these woods, and toward this picnic-ground, the infantry of Cone Cut, marshaled in companies—according to their proficiency in the catechism, and more particularly in Newcomb's Questions—were marching, the head of the column, adorned by a banner borne by four boys in the most approved style, and proclaiming in golden letters the motto, "Cold Water."

The history of this flag was briefly this.

Jason's speech at the temperance meeting, though it did not incite others to a very effective working, had at least the good effect to incite himself, and he immediately began to carry his plan into operation to the best of his ability, by inducing a number of boys in the village, who never did drink any thing but water, who did not want to drink any thing but water, and who could not get any thing but water

to drink, to pledge themselves that they never would drink any thing but water. These forming a company of some fifty, constituted a cold-water army, had occasional exhibitions in the academy, and marched, and counter-marched a good deal about the village. Exhibitions, however, losing their novelty, and marching growing rather dull, the cold-water army began to lose numbers, and flag in zeal. Then the young ladies of the village conspired together, and with their own fair hands embroidered the banner in question. Notice having been given of this fact, old deserters having returned, and new recruits having been brought in by the intelligence, a day was set, the boys all marched in solemn procession by the most roundabout way they could conceive of, to the academy, a troop of thirty girls happened in, quite accidentally, with the flag, and presented it amid much excitement, and no less to the surprise than to the gratification of their unworthy soldiers; at least so the commander said in his reply, which did him, it must be said, great credit for so impromptu an effort.

This was the history of the cold-water banner.

At first the little column moved with demure gravity and solemnity; then with irregularities of maneuver, induced by obstacles of fences, and with consequent mirthful disregard of the rules of military discipline, and now and then a desertion; until when, at the edge of the wood the banner was lowered, with all joyous freedom the whole troop broke line and scattered themselves among the trees.

At first they rambled about in the grove, the girls picking flowers, the boys climbing trees and tumbling over the rocks, in total disregard of best clothes. Gradually, however, they

collected together around the picnic tables, extemporized for the occasion out of long pine boards and empty barrels. All numbered, old and young, there were about one hundred there.

The invitation which the Elder had given out on Sunday was addressed to all interested in Sabbath-schools. It must have done his heart good to have seen how many in the village there were who included themselves in that description.

It is curious how many people always are interested in Sabbath-schools on such occasions.

The company being collected around the table, and the boys, with some difficulty, being reduced to silence, the Elder made a few remarks—a very few, for the boys were all impatient, and the Elder has at least this requisite of a good speaker, that he knows when to make his speeches short. Then all turn upon the tables with a right good will, the wiser ones of the company separating in groups, and appropriating chairs and sofas, made to hand by nature, in the grass and rocks.

Captain Mayferrie was not interested in Sabbath-schools. Nor was Gregory Donoe. And just at this time Captain Mayferrie was resting himself on a nail-keg in Gregory Donoe's store, and Captain Mayferrie's horse was resting himself in the road outside.

Gregory Donoe did a good business to-day; a large business in fire-crackers, which went off better in his store by the pack, than they did out of his store individually. Then he had a great pail of lemonade, flavored of tartaric acid and

essence of lemon, with the peel of one lemon floating on the surface to give it a color of respectability. This pail had to be frequently refilled, the same lemon doing service in many pailfuls of lemonade, and was constantly surrounded by greedy-eyed boys; bad boys these, not interested in Sabbath-schools. Then in the darker end of the store, behind the counter, there was another pail, the contents of which were only known to a comparatively few of the more knowing ones, but which, too, had to be refilled occasionally, and was now getting in more request. To this Captain Mayferrie resorted after each race, and now, as the afternoon passed on, his independence began to show itself more distinctly by a general defiance to any one to produce an animal who could compare with his Roan.

"I tell you, Gregory," said he, taking that gentleman by the lappel of his coat, "there ain't an animal as can hold a candle to her. Not an animal."

"Do you want to try it, Capp'n?" said one of the company, an overgrown boy, who was sitting on the stove drumming it with his feet.

"You!" said the Captain contemptuously, turning quite fiercely round upon him, "you! I could beat your team with a saw-horse."

"Ya-as," said he, "Mebbe you want to try."

"Come on, then," said the Captain.

The overgrown boy, at this challenge, tumbled lazily off the stove, opened the top of it and dropped in the quid of tobacco he was chewing. He then performed an intricate wink at Gregory Donoe, and thence proceeded to the door to prepare for the race, accompanied by the little crowd of loungers.

Captain Mayferrie in some way became confused, whether in getting off the nail-keg, which he did backward with much care and some anxiety, or in what other manner, can not now with certainty be ascertained; but certain it is, that instead of going straight to the door, where he undoubtedly intended to go, he proceeded in exactly the opposite direction, so that at the time when he should have been getting into his gig, he was actually employed very near the mysterious pail behind the counter, at the darker end of the store. Thus it happened that some time elapsed after the overgrown boy reached the door-step before the Captain made his appearance.

This lapse of time the overgrown boy employed in the following manner. First he drew from his coat-pocket a bunch of fire-crackers, which he lengthened out from their original compact form into a long string. He then got down under the Captain's gig, and seating himself comfortably there, proceeded to fasten the fire-crackers securely to the axle. This done, he got up again, took from his pocket a piece of decayed wood of that kind technically known as punk, which he lighted with a match taken from his pocket for the purpose. This was a work of some little time, for the wind would blow out the match, and the punk was obstinate and refused to be coaxed to burn. At length, however, he accomplished his task.

"Well, Capp'n," said he, "are you ready?"

"Aye! aye!" said the Captain, from within the store, "I'm your man, sir. All right. Here I am. You don't find me a backing out, I reckon. No, *sir*, I'm on hand, I am."

Quite a little crowd had by this time collected around the door to see the sport. They made room for the Captain. He

unfastened his horse, and climbed, with some difficulty, over the large wheel into the little seat.

"Now," said he, gathering up his reins, "are you ready?"

"All ready," said the overgrown boy, appearing from under the gig, where, unseen to the Captain, he had been fastening the pack a little more securely in its place. "Start when the whip cracks."

And he lighted the fusee of the pack with the burning punk.

"Hold on," said the Captain, "and I'll give you a start."

"Crack!" said the first cracker.

The horse pricked up his ears, and the Captain drew taut the rein.

"Hold on," said he.

"Crack! crack! crack!"

The horse reared up, and stood erect on his hind legs.

"Confound it; stop that whip," said the Captain.

"Cr-r-r-rack! crack!"

"Go it, then," said the Captain.

The horse needed but the loosened rein. She was away like the wind in a moment.

"Cr-r-r-r-rack! cr-rack! Crack! crack! crack!"

"Go it," shouted the Captain. "No you don't, old boy."

"Crack! crack! cr-rack! crack! crack! Cr-r-r-r-rack! crack!"

"Hi—e!"

And the gig disappeared in a cloud of dust, amid the shouts of the crowd.

It was not until the fire-crackers had said all they had to say, and had quite spent themselves, that Roan began, of her

own accord, to slacken her speed, and the Captain looked around to see what had become of his competitor.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed he. "I have beat him out of sight already. But it's too bad for a man to thrash his horse like that, if he is racing."

The day was very hot. The Cone Cut people considered it the hottest Fourth they had known in twenty years, which, considering it was the Fifth, was very extraordinary; and so continued to consider it until the next Fourth. Continual racing was beginning to tell upon the Captain's horse, and though she kept up good speed yet, she ran less easily, stumbled occasionally, and showed, to the Captain's practiced eye, evident signs of being nearly beaten out. It was not much wonder, for he had done little else during the day than to test her fleetness through the town. So the Captain gradually reined her in, reducing her speed from a frightened run to a gentle trot, and from that to a lazy walk.

"Well, Roan, what next?" said he. And he pushed his straw hat back on his head, and wiped his forehead.

Roan paid no attention to this question, but proceeded on just as before, breathing very hard, and stopping occasionally to bite at a troublesome fly. So the Captain had to determine for himself what next.

As fate would have it, the Captain's race had led him down the very road upon which, an hour before, the picnic party had started on their way to the woods. As they had turned off upon the short cut through the fields, the Captain had passed the region of the picnic-ground, without meeting with any thing to remind him of their near presence; and had now come to the shore of the Crystal Lake, which lay just beyond

the mouth of the brook. There was here a level bit of road, along the shore of the pond, in fact nearly the only level piece of road there was about Cone Cut, which Roan instinctively improved by quickening her speed.

"Whoa," said the Captain, as they reached the foot of Cartrock's Hill. "Breathe now."

In obedience to this mandate the horse stopped just opposite an opening in the trees, which afforded the Captain a full view of the lake. The water took a beautiful daguerreotype of the clouds, the mountain and the trees; the Captain stopped to look at it.

"That's pretty," said he, "though it is water;" and he laughed with a pleasant contempt for that element.

And then he stood up in his gig, and fanned himself with his broad-brimmed hat. A very refreshing breath of air came across the pond, rubbing out the daguerreotype in a moment, and making the water look more temptingly cool than ever.

"I declare," said he, "I believe I'll take a swim."

So he turned his horse out to the side of the road, fastened him to the fence, climbed over, and went down through the trees to the shore.

"I wonder where old Cartrock's boat is," said he; "seems to me he keeps it along here somewhere; I should like to get out into deep water."

So he walked back along the shore of the pond, toward the mouth of the inlet. Just before he came to the brook, he found two boats in a little cove, moored quite near each other. They were both plain flat-bottomed scows. One was very large and heavy, with a ballast of rain-water in it, and was fastened

to the shore by the bows being pulled up high and dry. The other was light and better; it was fastened to a stake by a chain and a stout padlock. The Captain was not long in unfastening it, by pulling the stake out of the mud and pitching it, chain, padlock, and all, into the boat.

"Cartrock might just as well leave his key handy for a fellow," said he.

So saying, he jumped in himself and paddled out into deeper water.

"Ugh," said he, laying down his paddle and rising from a gaze into the water. "I'm glad I ain't a fish; how do they live with nothing but cold water to drink?"

And he began to prepare for an external application of that element which had so long served him in no other way.

"Now," said he, standing up in the bows of the boat. "One!—two!—three!—"

And he made a plunge which drove the boat back from under him, and brought all the inhabitants of the pond who resided in that neighborhood to their doors to see what was the matter.

"Good," he spluttered, as he came up to the surface to breathe, and paddled after the boat again.

Now it so happened that just at the time the Captain was unfastening his boat and getting ready for a swim, the picnic party were about exhausting, simultaneously, their appetites and their viands, and it was proposed by Elder Graynes that they take a little walk through the woods. To this proposal, an amendment was offered by Jason to the effect that they take a sail upon the lake instead. Thence followed a spirited debate, in which the younger portion of the community,

headed by Jason, clamored for the sail, while the more conservative class, ably represented by Aunt Provy, insisted on the walk. The debate became animated, and might have terminated seriously, at least so far as the destruction of the good feeling and harmony of the party can be considered serious, had it not occurred to Salanda just in the nick of time that it was barely possible for those who preferred walking, to walk, without absolutely preventing those who preferred to sail from sailing. She having timidly suggested this, and Aunt Provy highly approving the suggestion, so much so as to adopt it as her own without the slightest hesitation, and Calick adding force to it by the declaration that the boats would not begin to hold them all, it was finally agreed that the whole party should go down to the lake, and that those who wished to sail should do so, while the rest walked along the shore.

Thus it happened, that just as the Captain was coming up from his last dive, he thought he heard voices on the shore, and stopped, one hand on the bows of the boat, to listen.

"Calick," said Elder Graynes, as they came down to the shore of the pond, "my eyes are not so good as they used to be, but is not that the boat I see off there?"

"It certainly is, sir," responded Calick. "It must have floated off. We'll have to go off and get it."

"How are you going to do that?" asked the Elder.

"Oh, there is another boat along here," said Calick, "We can go out in that."

"The devil," said the Captain. "There's the picnic."

He took his hand off the bow, and hung on the chain,

peeping round the edge of the boat to watch the operations of the party on shore.

"Halloo!" shouted Jason, who had run on before, and was bailing the water out of the boat with a leaky tin pail which he had found there. "Here's the boat."

Calick and the Elder quickened their pace.

"I guess, Mr. Jason," said Calick, "we had better tip her over. It will take too long to bail her out."

"Well," said Jason.

So Calick and Jason pulled the stern of the boat upon the shore, and then with the assistance of a few of the larger boys, and the hinderance of all the smaller boys, tipped it over and let all the water run out. They then let it down again, launched it fairly into the water, and brought it up to a stone to receive its load.

"Whew!" said the Captain. "I verily believe they are coming after me."

He gradually lifted himself up until his head was fairly above the edge of the boat, and surveyed their operations for a moment.

"Go 'way!" said he.

Then he dropped suddenly down again. In a moment, he peered cautiously around the edge of the boat. It was evident that the party had not heard him. The wind had taken his words and carried them across the lake, where they got lost among the trees.

"Let's have in the flag," said Jason.

So he passed it along to Salanda, who was, if we may

be allowed that expression, bowsman. She stood it upright in the bows. The wind filled the banner out like a sail.

"If'm!" said the Captain, as he saw these advancing preparations.

Then he lifted himself up gradually, as before, and shouted, this time in a louder voice.

"Go 'way!"

"What's that?" asked Salanda.

"What?" said Jason.

"Hark!"

The whole party listened for a moment, but heard nothing.

"I thought I heard some one calling," said Salanda.

The Captain peered round the edge of the boat again. The party were going on with their preparations. A boat-load were about starting from the shore.

"Now," said Calick, "push her off, Mr. Jason. Steady! Whatever you do, don't scream, girls. There she is. Now then, in with you."

Jason, jumping in at the stern, pushed the boat fairly off into the water with his oar.

"Now head for the other boat," said Calick.

And Calick and Jason began to row in the direction of Captain Mayferrie.

"Good gracious!" said the Captain. He looked at them a moment in hesitation, then caught hold of the chain with one hand, and struck out to swim away with the boat behind him.

"Calick," said Jason, "seems to me that boat's moving."

"Can't be," said Calick; "there is n't any current here, you know."

"It certainly is," said Salanda, looking at it earnestly. "Perhaps it's the wind."

"Oh, no," said Calick, "there is n't wind enough to move it."

"But it is moving," insisted Jason. "Look at it for yourself and see."

"That's a fact," said Calick. "It is, and no mistake. Put in, then, and we'll find out the why."

So Calick and Jason rowed harder than before, and the whole crew looked forward eagerly to solve the mystery.

Meanwhile, on shore, Aunt Provy had noticed that the little boat had commenced to move, and all her party were watching with interest the inexplicable race.

The Captain tugged at the chain with a right good will, but the race was wholly unequal. They gained upon him fast.

"Ready there, Salanda," said Jason, as their boat approached the other.

The Captain, settling himself well down in the water, caught hold of the chain near the bows, and stood still, treading water, and ready for a spring.

"Now then," said he to himself, "all ready, old fellow."

Salanda, in blissful ignorance, leaned forward and caught hold of the little boat, to draw it to the large one.

"Why! here's somebody's clo—!"

"Go 'way!"

This shouted the Captain, his head appearing with a spring above the bows of the boat.

"E-e-e-e-e!" screamed all the girls.

In the midst of screaming, covering of faces with the hands, dangerous rocking to and fro of the heavy boat, and much confusion, Jason, with a sweep of his oar at the stern, turned the boat's bows toward the shore, and made all possible haste thither. And Captain Mayferrie, from his place of concealment, could discern Aunt Provy on the bank, with her apron over her face, making for the woods as fast as she could go.

The Captain remained quite still until the party had gained the shore and disappeared in the woods, following Aunt Provy. Then he turned round and swam slowly and laboriously in another direction toward the shore. Landing in a secluded cove some half mile down the lake from where he found the boat, he proceeded to prepare his toilet, stopping occasionally to enjoy a laugh or entertain a chagrin at his adventure. Thence he proceeded by a short cut across the meadows to Roan, now growing anxious for the return of her master. She neighed a glad welcome to him as he came across the field.

Thence by a devious and roundabout road, avoiding the village, he drove slowly home. For a time he sat in deep meditation, leaning forward, his arms crossed on his knees. At length he took up the reins and started up his horse.

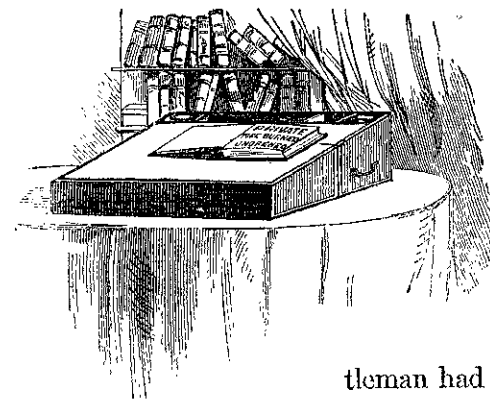
"Well, well!" said he, "it's a family failing. I'm sorry for it, but it can't be helped. It's a family failing."

Having thus transferred his burden of his regretted habit to the broad shoulders of the family, he felt more light-hearted, and prepared himself to enjoy the cheerful society of the amiable Mrs. Spyke.

If we are to be believed, we have human failings, national failings, even family failings—but never individual failings. Strange! Captain Mayferrie, that a family composed of members so perfect, individually, should be troubled with so serious a family failing collectively—quite incomprehensible!

XXIV.

AUGUST, 1852



DURING the winter that passed after the decease of Jason's father, that young gen-

tleman had made no particular progress in any thing, except an al-

manac advance toward years of discretion.

He did not go back to the Cone Cut Academy, but remained for a season at home. Finding home rather dull, he traveled a short time. Finding traveling rather "slow," he came back to New York. New York being rather brighter than when he left it, he managed to get through a few leisure months without absolute weariness.

He formed, meanwhile, large plans of future labors and achievements, and fed a lofty ambition upon somewhat ethereal and unsubstantial food. Unlike most of that unfortunate class, the sons of rich men, he rather disliked the idea of living upon other people's earnings, and producing nothing himself. He was quite indifferent to the honor of living in ease on hereditary wealth, as a fungus on a decayed log feeds on the remains of a more substantial ancestor.

Jason had some ideas of his own about dead languages; and he demonstrated to his mother, more by pertinacity than by consistency of argument, that a diploma was no consideration to him, and that four years at college would be nearly wasted.

Yes; no doubt they would.

At various times he had various inclinations.

He commenced an investigation into his father's estate, and learned in a month more about its condition than the three executors combined had been able to discover during the six months they had been at work. Rummaging over the books and papers in the office, he brought to light some little indiscretions of Mr. Stretch's, which brought surprise and consternation to the executors, and the result of which was that Mr. Stretch took down his sign one morning and rather abruptly departed, leaving the executors to "get things straightened out," as best they might.

Then he thought himself meant for a chemist. He took great interest in scientific studies. He made him a laboratory in the fourth story, and evolved the worst smells of science with greater pleasure than if they had been the fragrance of roses.

Before he had really learned any thing, except the inconvenient effects of sulphuric acid on the fingers, he turned his attention to light literature. He made researches in the Rhyming Dictionary, and all the accessible hand-books of criticism, and came shortly to consider himself fairly enlisted in that army of bold men who seek the bubble reputation at the inkstand's mouth.

Before he had seen any service, or exposed himself in any way, he deserted and went over to the ranks of the legal profession. Happening to form the acquaintance of Mr. Edgecutt through calling on him with Paul, he resorted much thereafter to that gentleman's office, and became, for a short time, greatly interested in his profession. His mental capacities, and his qualities as a friend, made his new acquaintance take much interest in his plans and purposes; and Mr. Edgecutt proved of great service to him in imparting some weight and permanence to his ambition.

Nevertheless, Jason's ideas of future industry and self-achieved success were very vague. He had yet to learn that it was not enough for a man to be "the architect of his own fortunes." Jason drew the plans and laid out the measurements often enough; he played the architect again and again. But before he could move into that edifice of personal position which he now occupies, and which Mrs. Jason L. Chesslebury with him adorns, he found that he must be not only his own architect but his own carpenter and mason and his own hod-carrier.

The country influences of his previous education, undoubtedly will have to bear the blame for Jason of this strange and almost vulgar notion of his, that he ought to be doing something for himself. It was certainly not to be justly attributed

to the atmosphere of his city life. Nor was he wholly removed from these unfortunate, unfashionable, and unsophisticated rural influences when he left Cone Cut, summoned hastily by the sad news of his father's death. Not long after the funeral, he wrote of his affliction to Salanda, and the letter receiving a simple and straightforward, but tender and sisterly reply, he found a wholesome pleasure in her sympathy. And so it came to pass that from seeking Salanda's condolence he asked her advice, and took good counsel of her honest heart in many questions, and on many subjects, where he would not open his thoughts to other friends; nor take advice if offered. In fact he thought more of Salanda (in a brotherly way, of course) than he would have cared to acknowledge, and governed himself more by her thoughts and wishes, than by those of any other person, unless it was his sister Frederica.

His mother was the same dignitary that she had always been; and even yet appeared to consider Jason and Frederica as "the children." Experience had not yet obliterated the impression, that the sympathy and friendship which young folks need, is just what the nurse and nursery-maid were paid for furnishing at the proper time. She was no more approachable in black than she had been in colors; and although undoubtedly she had a mother's heart in the place for it, yet its hiding-place was, and had ever been to the children's recollection, so handsomely concealed with silks and laces, that their heads had never been permitted to rest upon it, and find that it did really beat in unison with their own.

His elder sister, Jason seldom saw. She had taken her husband to the South to spend the winter. In this movement Mr. Sharstock had tractably acquiesced. For whatever else

might be said against him, he could not be charged with a disposition to make trouble in his family; and it became ultimately the fundamental maxim of his matrimonial philosophy, to let Mrs. Sharstock do as she liked, and make no objections; for, as he said to himself privately, after more dialogues than one, "She may quarrel. It would be a joke if she did."

But his sister Frederica, Jason found to be a noble friend. In point of time, she was younger than he by one year and an odd month or so, but allowing for difference of sex, that made her perhaps a year older, in point of—well, in point of a good many things.

Frederica saw all of Salanda's letters. Not that there were many of them. On the contrary, not half enough. They were a most provokingly long time in coming. When Jason complained of this, Freddie looked wise, and said she didn't wonder; she thought, though, they would come and go quicker one of these days; and then Jason would ask innocently, "When?" And Freddie would say, "Well, if you can't guess, it will be when you put more in yours." And then Jason would protest, with earnest solemnity, that he never thought of such a thing; she was only a friend. Then Freddie always laughed—what a sweet, sisterly, sarcastic little laugh, with dimples of kindness and affection playing all over it, that would have made any body else than Jason quite confused in mind to witness.

But when the letters did come, were they not good ones?

Did you never, when passing the post-office, happen to see Jason coming out with a letter, and doing the very foolish thing of opening it right there in the street to read it; and, as he read, running against people, with a bright smile of

enjoyment on his face, contrasting queerly enough with their glances of indignation?

Did you never see him take it out of his pocket in the omnibus going up, just partly out, to take a look at the superscription, as if he were carrying a document on an errand, and wanted to be sure he had taken the right one? Or sometimes, when the passengers did not look very inquisitive, have you not seen him take it quite open, and read, but with a very sober face, and stopping to look abstractly now and then, pretending that it was a terribly dull, important, business letter.

But then they were good letters, and would bear reading three times—for he always read them at home with Freddie leaning on his shoulder and looking over; and this made the third time, though he did make as if it was the first. They were good letters. There were good honest truths in them, and gentle good wishes which were spurs to Jason's better nature. There was such an instinctive interest in any of Jason's purposes, or plans, or even half-formed thoughts of usefulness or self-improvement, which, when he had such, his letters always disclosed to her; and such an intuitive avoidance and quiet disregard of frivolousness and levity, that it did Freddie's heart good to read them, and she was glad that Jason read them so closely too.

Ah! those letters came altogether too rarely.

Taking into view these circumstances, and many more that can not be here reviewed, but which, by logical induction, may be readily supplied, it was natural enough—at least so Freddie thought—that Jason should conclude to spend the summer of 1852 in Cone Cut, instead of dividing it with his mother between Saratoga and Newport.

Jason was warmly greeted by all his friends in Cone Cut. This, indeed, was nearly all the town; for he knew every body and every body knew him, from Elder Graynes down to Captain Mayferrie's dog. And they were all glad to see him.

Except perhaps Salanda?

No! she was as cordial in her welcome as ever. Still in some way she did not seem quite as Jason expected. Not exactly indifferent. No. Not at all indifferent; not at all; but in the least possible degree distant. No, no; not in the slightest degree distant; but perhaps somewhat reserved. Not really reserved, though; but in some way changed. Hardly, though, changed; because she certainly was just the same as ever; but nevertheless that was not exactly what Jason seemed to have expected; though he could not for the life of him say what was wanting.

It is wonderful what a number of beautiful rides there were in the region of Cone Cut Corners. Not those macadamized avenues, those everlastingly unfinished roads, that are never done until they are worn out; but real country roads, paved only by Nature, graded only here and there in steep places by freshets, and unswept save now and then by the winds; true country roads among the mountains, through forests, over hills, down ravines; genuine country roads with big rocks in the middle occasionally, to give scope to the skill of amateur drivers; with gridirons made of logs, in marshy places, to give variety to the motion of the wagon; with, once in a great while, streams to ford, in broad, shallow places, to test the courage and the confidence of a timid companion. Splendid roads these, for a brisk little horse and a light strong wagon and two good friends, enjoying the air and the prospect together;—nothing more!

It is a little remarkable too, how many pleasant walks there are in the vicinity of the village. There was the way to Captain Mayferrie's, up the north hill; a noble walk this, early of a summer morning, giving a view of sunrise up there full three minutes before any body down in the village caught it. Then there was Cartrock's Hill. That was the place for box-berries and sunsets. Down the pond there was a delightful wild old path leading through all sorts of wildernesses into a perfect Garden of Eden of raspberry-bushes. Then at the head of the pond there were the rockmaple woods, where the forest that belonged on the mountain had ventured down in one corner into the valley, and made a colony along the brook. This was the spot which Salanda's taste, approved by the assent of all the village, had selected for a picnic ground.

But of all the pleasant walks in the whole neighborhood there was none more pleasant than the old valley road; at least so Jason thought, and perhaps Salanda thought so too. This was an old road, and now almost deserted, which formerly had been the thoroughfare from Cone Cut Corners down the valley, to the mills at the other end of the pond in the next town. Lately a new road had been cut through the woods, along the shore of the pond, and this being level and shorter, soon attracted all the travel and left the old valley road high and dry among the hills. This deserted thoroughfare was now only used by the farmers who lived upon it. It was a capital road for a walk, as Jason said to himself, because, although there was enough publicity in it to give it propriety, there was yet a seclusion which made it agreeable. Salanda acknowledged that she liked it, because, she said, there was no dust, and no being turned out of the road every little while by teams.

It was a pleasant road too. Some climbing, but many capital resting-places, and a noble prospect. Some woods with cool and somber shadows and some orchards (free for Jason) on the hill, with early apples of that size and rosiness and juicy mellowness that prevented their ever getting to market. The roadway itself, was overgrown with grass between the wheel-tracks, which made it look like a winding green railroad with soft cushions of sod for rails. So it was a very pleasantly carpeted place for pedestrians.

One evening toward the end of August, Jason and Salanda were coming slowly along this road, on their return from a walk.

The sun, that most inexorable of all creditors, had been around, during the day, dunning all the earth to pay up an installment on the debt of rain lately incurred, and was now good-humoredly going home in the midst of a rare glory. He had been very successful in his day's tour, and had raised a large amount, which was heaped up about him in golden piles, and, amid all this immeasurable wealth, he was bowing himself slowly below the horizon.

Salanda and Jason, from turning back to see the sunset, moved slowly on along the green railroad toward home.

What there might be in the sight to make Jason look very steadily on the ground, and Salanda look very straightforward into the darkening distance, and both to walk on in the same silence in which they had watched the setting of the sun, is not easy to say. But as they lingered slowly along the way, Jason kept his eyes upon the grassy track, as if intent on search for something that he scarcely hoped to find; while Salanda, her broad straw-hat shading and darkening

the soberness of her beautiful face, looked still steadily before her, toward the eastern hills across the valley.

At last Salanda spoke.

"No," said she, in a very gentle tone, recurring to whatever may have gone before in the conversation—"no, Jason, I am afraid you will not be happy with me,—or without. I don't think you're quite safe where you stand. No love of mine can make you safe, I fear."

"But, Salanda, you don't understand me."

"I think I do," said she. "You think there's no danger. You dislike dissipation, as you call it, and think you never can be tempted into it. But you enjoy occasionally a wine-drinking frolic; and when it is over, you laugh, and call it a spree. It may not be wrong, but I am sure it is not safe."

Jason was silent.

"Perhaps you think it's only the poor who are in danger from intemperance. Forgive me, Jason, if I say—if I even think—any thing I ought not; but it seems to me, that of all persons, those who are well off and live in ease are the most in danger. Those who use the temptation as a luxury will be most prone, and the highest up have the furthest to fall.

"You know best," she continued, "if you will judge unprejudiced. And don't you think so? I verily believe that there are more mothers made wretched by the ruin of their sons among the rich, than among the poor. Oh, do! Jason, promise me, as you would your sister, that you will not go on so any more. I can not say how much happiness your—your—confidence has given me. You have been a brother to me, Jason, though I *am* alone. I am very grateful. But I can not say yes."

"Salanda," Jason commenced.

"Don't ask me more," she said, putting both hands to her face, to stifle a sob and conceal a tear.

"My dear Salanda," returned Jason, tenderly disregarding the remonstrance. "Is that all?"

"It is enough," said she, drying her eyes resolutely, and pulling forward the straw-hat, for they were now entering the village. "It is enough."

"Yes," said Jason, "but if I promise."

"Oh, I shall be very glad," said she, joyfully glancing at him.

"And if I do, what—what—will you say then?"

Salanda looked serious again, and was silent. After a moment, she spoke.

"It must not be a bargain. It ought to be a principle. Then you will not forget it, nor be tired of it. I don't think, Jason, it ought to be a bargain."

Jason was silent.

"It is," said she, "because you have been so much my friend that I have spoken so plainly."

"Well!" said Jason. But he did not seem quite satisfied that it was well.

"When they reached Aunt Provy's gate, Jason stood leaning over it a little while, prolonging the conversation.

"From my heart I thank you," said he, commencing again after Salanda thought he had said all that he would, "I thank you for all your sisterly good influence and kindness. I hope you will know one day how much I owe you. I sometimes wonder what I might have become without your friendship."

Salanda's tears made answer for her.

"I shall go back to New York, to-morrow."

"Why, Jason!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," returned he, "to-morrow. I shall write to you from there. Until then I promise you Salanda, truly—no—I'd better not make any promises."

"Good-night, Salanda."

"Good-by, Jason."

Salanda from the gate watched Jason going up the hill toward Elder Graynes', until what with the distance and what with her tears, he disappeared from her sight. Then turning slowly from the gate she entered the house, and with scarcely a word to Aunt Provy, went up to her room.

The little window of Salanda's room looked westward. A faint tinge of twilight not altogether yet gone out, spread over that part of the sky; and as Salanda sat with her arm on the window-sill, she watched through tearful eyes the increasing darkness. Then on the western hills the landscape was growing confused. Fields and forests were losing their identity and going into partnership in the gloom; and the houses along the old valley road, which in daylight had stood out in white or sober brown against the surrounding foliage, now faded out of sight, and were recognizable only where, in the sitting-room within, the evening firelight or candles, made signal of their position.

But Salanda's thoughts did not linger here.

Further up the hill, then, on the brow.

There the bold ridge stood up high and clear, making itself look flat against the sky; and the sky came down and looked as if it stood flat against the hill upon the other side; and the apple-trees in the orchard up there, which had been all day in

a crowd huddled together in confusion, now separated and stood out distinct to view, and the fading light shone between their stems and through their foliage.

But Salanda's thoughts did not linger here.

Further on, over the hill, through the trees, into the sky, she looked; and so she sat. Until Darkness, whose forces had already conquered and invested the valley, gained full possession of the horizon, and there built an embankment of cloud along the ridge, and to that fortification rallying forces, again charged, thence down the hill, upon the retreating enemy.

Salanda closed the window, dried her eyes, lit a lamp, slightly arranged her curling hair at that littlest of all glasses which stood over her bureau, and then sat down at her table. It was a round pine table of moderate dimensions. A plain white cloth, full and flowing, gave it a neat and pleasant look. Behind it, back against the wall, hung her bookcase, which consisted of three shelves of yellow pine, neatly made by Calick—the noble fellow; he was always doing something for her—and varnished by him until it would make you believe yellow pine to be the most beautiful of all woods.

Before her upon the table lay her writing-desk. She opened it with a key, lifted an inner lid, and took out of it a morocco-covered book. It opened almost of its own accord toward the latter part; and she proceeded to write for some time upon its pages.

The sentiments which she thus confided to her Journal can not properly be laid open here. Whether they were reflections upon the themes of the evening's conversation with Jason, or whether they were anticipations of the time, now near at hand, when she was to leave her home for strange ex-

periences abroad, or whether other and even deeper thoughts were hers, can not well be settled here. Whatever those sentiments may have been, they are not to be spread before the world. They were indeed with perfect propriety intrusted to her Journal, that most secure strong-box for the weaknesses of young ladies. There they stand guarded from intrusive eyes by the invariable title-page, bearing the talismanic, or to speak more properly, taliswomantic inscription :

"PRIVATE.

"To be burned unopened in case I should be taken away."

This inscription would, as Salanda (in common with other young ladies) supposed, completely satiate the spirit of investigation in the most curious stranger, and raise up an insurmountable barrier of high conscientious scruple in the heart of an heir, executor, or administrator, however devoid of moral principle.

Confiding in the sacred character of these protecting words, Salanda closed her Journal and locked her desk, put on her hat and a shawl, and went down stairs again.

"Aunt Provy," said she, looking in at the kitchen, "I'm going out to take a walk."

"La, child ! you won't do any such thing," predicted Aunt Provy, confidently.

"It's such a beautiful night, and the moon's rising. I'll not be long," replied Salanda.

So saying she went out, and from the gate directed her steps up the hill.

XXV.

AUGUST, 1852.



THE moon, now rising high in the East, brought light and cheerfulness upon the somber landscape again. So that Darkness, whose short triumph Salanda had witnessed from the window, was, in the very midst of his victory, suddenly fallen upon in the rear, by this ally of Light, who had been coming up to the succor from an ambuscade behind the mountains. Between the two enemies Darkness found close fighting, and retreated, and fell into concealed places, and hid behind any thing which would cast a shadow of safety. Light thus gained a partial possession of the field again.

Next the church, down the slope, shaded by grand old elms, was the little lot of ground sacred to the memory of the Cone Cut dead. And here the Darkness found its best safety from the moon, concealing itself by the overshadowing trees, and hiding among the gravestones.

Salanda stopped a moment at the gate. It was a plain white gateway, with a little archway over it, which bore the inscription, "The wages of sin is death." It was scarcely a fashionable sentiment, according to the custom of cemetery inscriptions, and when Elder Graynes had caused it to be placed there, the people of the town murmured somewhat—for they were accustomed to more comfortable scriptures—and said it was not the thing; and strangers riding by, stopped in their chaises a moment to look, and said how odd; and, in short, mortals generally disliking the anticipation of being paid off in that coin, were in no hurry for pay-day, and thought that some other inscription would have been much more tasteful and appropriate.

Salanda opened the gate and went in. She shut it gently after her, as if afraid to disturb the sleepers whose chamber she was entering. Notwithstanding all her caution, however, she awoke all the attention of the place. Grim old gravestones stared at her in surprise. The trees bent their heads together and whispered to each other their wonder who it was that dared encroach upon these grounds at such a time of night. The evening breeze, which had almost fallen asleep up among the branches, awoke again, and came down to meet her; while the moon, wondering whither she was going, struggled through the foliage here and there to watch her course.

The familiar pathway brought her soon to the white gravestone with the simple inscription. The grave stood there like a sphinx; and a strange riddle it was—when most thought of, least understood. Strange it seemed always to Salanda, yet never more inexplicable than to-night.

Here Salanda stopped and sat down upon the grass, leaning her head upon the stone. From here, through the trees she could see the valley; and in its center the pond lay gleaming in the moonlight. Salanda faintly smiled as it brought to mind the fancy which her childhood had associated with the scene, that it was like an opening in the earth where she could look through and see the other sky.

Just beyond her, up the hill, was the church, facing down the valley; and its two front windows aside the steeple, looked like two dark eyes sleeplessly watching the village. A little further on stood the parsonage. It was mostly hidden by the church and in the trees. But one window she could see. She well knew whose room that was. She even thought that she could see his form against the curtain.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "how much I need your counsel, your sympathy! Oh, how much! Oh, that you could advise me. I could tell you all. I can not talk of him to —, no, I can not. Oh, mother, why should I be bereaved of you. Of your memory, and perhaps your name. I could better bear to be an orphan if I but knew how and why it was."

The evening breeze that had gone back to its cradle in the boughs above was not more restless, uncertain, aimless, than Salanda's thoughts. She turned and leaned her forehead upon the cool stone, and the little violet leaves and stems of grass at its foot, bowed sympathetically as her tears fell upon them.

Some distant sound recalled her attention. She listened with head erect. Nothing.

She looked to the window again.

"Oh, if he only knew how much I love him! Was I not wrong? Or must I lose him?"

The form against the window rose, and disappeared. Salanda had not even a shadow's company now.

"Still, it is better to lose him now; be parted from him and forgotten, than to be his, and then to lose him slowly day by day. That is the bitterest bereavement which grows slowly on the heart. I can bear his farewell now. I could not bear forgetfulness and his slow ruin, then—it would be better to lose him now, if he loves such liberty more than me.

"Oh! if he should—but I have seen too many suffer so already. No, I must be firm. Perhaps my words may save him. I might persuade him to promise me. But I don't want him to promise me. That were an idle pledge. It ought to be his—"

Hark!

Salanda crouches behind the gravestone. There at the gate, in the moonlight, peering through the archway into the darkness around Salanda,—who is it? As Salanda hides behind the stone, he shakes his fist, and mutters something which she can not hear. Then the little gate creaks upon its hinges, and a shadow passes up the walk.

There is but an instant for thought. If she attempts to leave the place she is seen. She steps behind the trunk of a neighboring tree. The darkness favors her. The evening breeze draws a white veil of cloud over the face of the inquisitive moon, and cuts off her attention from Salanda.

The intruder comes slowly up the path. He walks toward Salanda. It is Mr. Mayferrie! Why he is here, to-night, Salanda trembling, wonders; and finds conjectured answers in the motives of her own presence, which make her tremble all the more. The Captain comes to the spot that she had left. He leans heavily against a young tree, which sways under the burden, and can scarcely support him.

"Oho!" sighs he.

The evening breeze catches up the sound, and mocks, and echoes it in every tree-top.

"I would to God, Charlotte, that I were asleep here with you."

Salanda conjectures no further. She knows it now.

"Quiet company you have."

He looks about upon the little army of gravestones that stand in rank and file, as if they had been soldiers encamped, and petrified in their rest.

"This accursed life; it's death to me. It was to you. It will be to me. I'm ruined now, as you were. It's no use disguising it. It's no use resisting it. It's my fate, as 'twas yours.

"I disowned you once. I could disown myself. My shame is worse than yours. Oh, Charlotte! to know what I am, and what you are. And to have such a daughter; a stranger, yet my own. To know she's mine, to see her, to talk with her, to meet her every day, to see her gradually fearing to discover who I am, to love her, as heaven knows I love her; and then to be ashamed and afraid in her presence. Oh, Charlotte! Charlotte!

"Well, she's going soon. To live much longer near her

would be to claim her. She half guesses me now. I can bring her nothing but a disgraced name."

Salanda, shivering (for it grows chilly, she thinks), leans for support upon the nearest stone. She forms a purpose, but hesitates to execute it.

"And when she's once away, the sooner I am dead the better. It's no use to fight against it. God grant that she may follow better examples. No, she must not know of me; nor of her mother. And when she's once away, I don't care how soon I'm gone.

"Keep off! be you angel, ghost, or devil, keep off, I say!"

The Captain springs to his feet, and throws up his arms to ward off the apparition.

"Father!"

There is a moment's silence.

"Dear, dear father!"

XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1852.



THAT impertinent little fellow the sunshine, who can never be persuaded to confine himself steadily

to his proper business of taking daguerreotypes, but goes roaming over the world, peering in where he has no manner of concern to look—now stealing the colors from the window-curtain—now trespassing upon the new parlor carpet—now climbing stealthily upon the baby's face, who slumbers in the cradle, and sitting there so heavily as to wake the little sleeper—now flashing from some mischievously slanted mirror full in the face of a patient student across the way—behaved

in an especially impudent and indeed dishonest manner one morning, at the house of Mrs. and Mr. Mirrium, in Division-street, in the city of New York. For discovering that the front room on the first floor of this house was "To Let," as was confidentially announced by a manuscript in letters originally very small and crabbed, and now nearly smeared out by the rain, which manuscript was wafered to the door-post; the little culprit clambered up over the iron railing, thence got upon the window-sill, and then passing quietly through the half-opened window, got down upon the floor. Nor was this the sum of his transgression, but the mere commencement rather. For after rolling himself about upon the carpet, and playing milky-way with the dust which had been quietly floating in the air, he climbed upon the bed, and there stretched himself out upon the counterpane to take a nap. In this gross trespass he was still engaged, when Mrs. Mirrium, the true and lawful ruler of the domain, turned the key in the door, and entered the apartment.

"La, sakes!" she exclaimed. "Here's the sun in again. There won't be a color left in the carpet, next thing."

So saying, the prudent housekeeper shut the blinds of one window, and commenced to do the same at the other. Now just as she drew them to, so that the invader seeing his retreat about to be cut off, leaped suddenly out at the last closing blind, our old friend Paul, now no longer simply Paul, but Mr. Paul Rundle, paused as he was about to pass the house, attracted by the handbill.

Mrs. Mirrium eyed him through the blind, closely, but hospitably.

Paul surveyed the exterior of the house. It was somewhat

incongruously decorated. There was a show-case upon the door-step, filled with garments mysterious to Paul, upon the bottom of which—the show-case, not the garments—was a sign announcing that Dr. and Mrs. Drigg were engaged in the importation and manufacture of certain articles of ladies' wear, after the newest French styles and patterns; and that ladies would be confidentially attended by Mrs. Drigg. Then there was the further sign, a tin sign this, and tacked upon the door-post, intimating that the house was also the residence, or it might be only the office, of "The Copper Man," whoever he might be, and that one Constantine Felcher was his secretary. Then there was the further announcement, painted upon a goodly board above the window, to the effect that Mrs. Mirrium kept a "Gentlemen's Furnishing Store." Moreover there was a most elaborate manuscript, finished off with intricate flourishes, and pen and ink sketches of winged horses, a cupid and similar devices, and framed in a gilt frame, by which public attention was called to the merits of Professor Tappun's Institution for the Education of Boys in Writing and Commercial Arithmetic. Also an imitation-silver door-plate suggested the existence of an H. Mirrium, without revealing either title or occupation of that individual. Finally, there hung upon the left hand door-post the manuscript placard which Paul had noticed.

Finding the placard illegible from the sidewalk, he ascended the steps, to get a nearer view.

Mrs. Mirrium wiped off the dust that had accumulated upon the face of the looking-glass, and pushed the dressing-table back snug against the wall.

"To Let," said Paul, reading to himself, and shifting his

little carpet-bag from the right hand to the left; "A front parlor, furnished, with breakfast and tea to a single gentleman, with pantries."

"I wonder," thought he, "whether these houses that all have such a decided preference for single gentlemen, have n't got a daughter or two a piece. . Perhaps a man might marry after he took the rooms." And he turned to step down again, yet hesitated; turned to look at the hand-bill once more; considered a moment.

"I might as well inquire," said he, thoughtfully reaching toward the bell-handle.

Mrs. Mirrium arranged in battle array the four chairs with which the room was tenanted, and smoothed out the corner of the rug with her toe.

The bell rang.

Mrs. Mirrium, standing before the glass, ruffled her feathers and smoothed them down again, and was thus just ready to sally forth in smiling answer to Paul's inquiry, addressed to the servant,—Could he see some one about the front parlor.

"The front parlor, sir?" responded Mrs. Mirrium, "certainly. Walk in, sir."

So saying, Mrs. Mirrium ushered Paul into the very front parlor itself.

"This is the room, sir;" she continued.

"And a very pleasant room it is," responded Paul, taking a concise inventory of the furniture with his left eye.

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Mirrium, "that 's what all the gentlemen I've had always says. The very last gentleman used to say, the last that ever I had in this room, he was a French gentleman, and salesman in Moneypenny's great fancy

store, name of Monarquey; (Mrs. Mirrium improved upon the French pronunciation of this name, for she pronounced as Monarquey what the gentleman referred to had been accustomed to spell Monarque;) a very nice gentleman he was too; one of the very nicest gentlemen I ever had; perhaps you knew him."

Paul signified that he was not acquainted with the gentleman in question.

"Oh, he was a splendid gentleman," continued Mrs. Mirrium, "always paid me every Saturday night, regular, except when he took too much wine for dinner, and came home,—you know—"

Here Mrs. Mirrium paused in her account of the splendor of Mr. Monarque's character, intending apparently to explain her meaning by a smile and a wink; but observing that Paul looked grave, and was not inclined to take a humorous view of the French lodger's peculiarities, she frustrated that intention, and feigning to remove from her eyelid some troublesome mote, continued.

"It's a dreadful habit, I know," said she, "when gentlemen will take so much wine that they can't conduct themselves, but I suppose these French gentlemen want something to remind them of home; at any rate, Mr. Monarquey always paid me Saturday night if he had his proper senses about him, and if he did n't, he used to be so sorry the next day, and stand out at the foot of the stairs of a Sunday noon in his shirt-sleeves, and with a wet towel round his head, and his little red velvet smoking-cap on the top of that, calling at the top of his voice for me to come down and take his money;—I declare I used to laugh so when I got up stairs, you can't think."

Here Mrs. Mirrium, having entirely lost sight of that commendatory expression regarding the apartment, which it is probable that at the outset she intended to quote from Mr. Monarque, dusted off the top of the bureau with her handkerchief; laughing heartily, meanwhile, at the reminiscence of her favorite lodger.

"You have other boarders, now, I suppose?" said Paul, inquiringly.

"No boarders," said Mrs. Mirrium, "only lodgers. I let the rooms, but don't give any board."

"Ah," said Paul. It had been a favorite idea of his to take a room, and find his meals here and there through the city, wherever he pleased.

"There's the Doctor on the second floor," continued Mrs. Mirrium, "they have all that floor—three rooms—and up stairs, we have that story; and the attics,—there's Mr. Feltcher and his Copper Man, and there's Mr. Sylvanus, and the two Clutters."

"And the back parlor," inquired Paul, pointing to the folding-doors which divided that apartment from the front; "how is that occupied?"

"Oh, that's Professor Tappum's school. He's only here day times, about two hours. His boys are very quiet, they won't disturb you, they don't make half the noise of the Copper Man."

"Who is the Copper Man?" inquired Paul, "I saw his sign up, but who is he?"

"La, it's a Society—the Society of the Copper Man. Mr. Feltcher's secretary. They meet here once a month. I'm sure I don't know what they do, but they make a dreadful noise sometimes."

"What is the object of the Society?" inquired Paul, not feeling attracted by this account.

"Oh, it's a secret Society you know. Bless you I don't know nor I don't want to. They would n't tell me. I've tried every way I could think of to make Mr. Feltcher tell me, but I can't find out. But I never want to pry into my lodgers' business as long as they're respectable. They won't disturb you, though," continued Mrs. Mirrium, observing that Paul appeared to consider that the Copper Man would probably be an undesirable neighbor; "that is, not if you're 'way down here; Mr. Mirrium and I sleep right under Mr. Feltcher's room where they meet; that's the trouble."

"I believe you only take single gentlemen?" pursued Paul.

"Only single gentlemen," returned Mrs. Mirrium. "But you can't be a married gentleman, you're too young to be a married gentleman."

Paul smiled, and assured the landlady that she was correct in supposing him to be single.

"I don't like to take ladies," she continued. "I had a lady boarding with me once, for a while, but I found out afterwards that she not only was n't a good lady, but she was a very naughty lady."

"Why there's Mrs. Dr. Drigg, is n't there?" inquired Paul, "she lives here, does n't she?"

"Oh, la! I know her," exclaimed Mrs. Mirrium, "she was my second cousin before she married Dr. Drigg."

"Oh," said Paul. "And you have some family of your own, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mirrium, "I've my husband and three children. Mr. Mirrium's out of town just now, he's gone to

Washington. He's writing a book on free-trade, and he's gone on to see Congress about it."

"Is he in favor of free-trade?" asked Paul.

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Mirrium. "My husband's dyed-in-the-wool free-trade, the strongest sort."

"Well," said Paul, after a few moments pause, "what are your terms for this room?"

"Eight dollars," said Mrs. Mirrium, "that's for the room. Fire you can furnish yourself, you have a box in the cellar for coal, or it will come a dollar a week. Lights you furnish yourself."

"Eight dollars a month?" interrogated Paul.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mirrium.

"That don't include washing," I suppose.

"Oh, no. Washing is always extra. Six shillings a dozen, I charge Mr. Felcher; the other gentlemen have theirs done themselves."

"Except the Copper Man," suggested Paul. "He does n't have much washing I suppose."

"No," said Mrs. Mirrium, with a smile. "Nor Mr. Felcher either, for that matter."

"Well," continued Paul, "I've been to several places, but this room suits me better than any of the others. I shall want to look a little further, but probably I shall come back and take this room. You want some references, I suppose."

"Why," said Mrs. Mirrium, "I mostly have references with gentlemen, but when I can see that a gentleman is a gentleman, I judge for myself. I should n't need any references with a gentleman like you, for I can tell by your looks that you are a gentleman that'll do what's right."

"Thank you," said Paul, considerably strengthened in his intention to engage the room. "I could refer you to Mr. Haggie, or Mr. Change, the dry goods dealers in Broadway. You know their store, perhaps."

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Mirrium. "I buy goods there every week 'most. But I never saw you there. You're not in their store, are you?"

"No," said Paul, "not now. I used to be. I'm a medical student now; that is, I'm going to be. I've been down in Maine 'most a year, and just got back this morning."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Mirrium, as Paul turned toward the door, "we should be very glad to have you take the room if it suits you. I try to suit all my gentlemen, I'm sure, just as much as I can; and I should like to have such a gentleman as you."

And Paul departed to pursue his inquiries. But that night found him installed in his new lodging in the front parlor of the house of Mrs. and Mr. Mirrium.

Mrs. and Mr. Mirrium were named in that order by their humorous acquaintance, as a delicate intimation of the doubt which existed in the public mind, whether Mr. Mirrium was really entitled to be considered the head of the family. The door-plate, as already mentioned, gave out that H. Mirrium was, in its opinion, the head of the household under its guardianship; but this was not decisive, for although Mr. Mirrium's given name was Henry, it was equally true that Mrs. Mirrium had been christened Hannah.

Mr. Mirrium was indeed arduously engaged in great enterprises, calculated to win, at no distant day, great fame to himself and wealth for his family. But so it was, unhappily, that

no one of these enterprises was ever brought to that prosperous conclusion; Mr. Mirrium's versatility of talent being such as to prevent him from completing any thing of consequence which he undertook.

Mrs. Mirrium, on the other hand, occupied herself only in the humbler employments of letting rooms, when she could find tenants, and of furnishing such gentlemen as would intrust themselves to her hands to be furnished; for the purpose of which latter business, she turned a little room in the rear of Professor Tappum's Institution, into a shop for the sale of neckcloths, ready-made shirts, Cologne-water, combs and brushes, and other similar articles, such as are understood to constitute the furniture of a gentleman. In this branch of her business, also, she was slightly assisted by her daughter, Miss Edwina, a young lady of the supposed age of sixteen; and sadly hindered by her two sons, Howard Fry, a boy of about four years and one half old—whose birth had occurred at the period when Mr. Mirrium was actively engaged in endeavoring to establish a society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Prisoners, of which he hoped to be the well-salaried president—and Calhoun Peel, an infant, born since the commencement of his father's devotion to the cause of free-trade. And certain it was in the minds of those at all acquainted with the household economy of the Mirriums, that the only funds enjoyed by that worthy family flowed from the coffers of Mrs. Mirrium's gentlemen's furnishing store, or from the purses of Mrs. Mirrium's lodgers; which certainly contributed not a little to inflame the popular doubt whether Mr. Mirrium was entitled to be esteemed the head of the family. And to those familiar with these facts, it was pleasant to contemplate

the confidence and firm faith with which Mr. Mirrium awaited the brilliant issue of his successive enterprises, and assured his wife, meanwhile, that she was only wasting time and money in "her foolish goings on," as he was wont to style the gentlemen's furnishing store and the lodgers.

Paul had a fondness for political discussion; and he awaited with some interest the return of Mr. Mirrium from Washington, expecting to fall easily into deep and philosophical conversations with that gentleman, upon the subject of free-trade, and topics connected therewith. Mr. Mirrium at length arrived. But no subject appeared further from his mind than that of free-trade. Whether Congress and the Cabinet had frowned upon the intended work, and stifled it in embryo;—or whether some aspiring politician, discerning the transcendent merit of the book, had purchased the manuscript with a view to publish it in his own name, and thereby soar upward in public favor on pinions stronger than his own;—or whether Mr. Mirrium's constitutional inability to finish any thing, interfered with his completing the volume;—Paul never learned.

At all events Mr. Mirrium had no sooner returned than he bought a second-hand printing-press and a limited font of type, on credit; turned his family sitting-room into a printing office, and commenced the publication of "The Laborer's Chronicle and Poor Man's Friend;" a weekly journal, "devoted to the interests of the lower classes." But it soon appeared experimentally that this periodical was not destined to meet with the success which its merit deserved; inasmuch as there were no laborers, every man applied to considering himself a master-workman, or as good as one, and the poor men had

none of them money to spare for subscriptions to a new paper.

Therefore, this journal was abandoned with its second issue; and a new one started forthwith. This was intended to contain advertisements solely; and was to be distributed gratis through all the hotels, steamboats, restaurants, railroad trains, &c., &c.; and the expenses of its publication, including a handsome compensation for the editorial services of Mr. Mirrium, were to be defrayed by assessment upon the advertisers. To bear this burden the advertisers severally promised, at least so Mr. Mirrium understood them, but subsequently severally refused.

These enterprises having been thus brought to a conclusion, Master Howard Fry melted up the greater portion of the type in various processes of lead manufacture; while Mr. Mirrium broke the press in the attempt to reconstruct it into a packing machine of his own invention, "calculated," as he explained to Paul, "to supersede all known modes of compressing goods into a small compass."

After the accident to his press, Mr. Mirrium was for a short interval without any well-defined occupation; until he opened an office down in some unknown part of the city, for the sale of the Catawba wine of native American growth and manufacture. From his Catawba agency he was never known to realize any profits, partly because, in his zeal to draw custom, and lay the foundations of an extensive business, it was his principle to sell at retail at exactly the cost price at wholesale, besides employing a considerable quantity in giving what he called "samples" gratis, to any one who happened to call in upon him. "Nor could profit be expected,"—he was ac-

customed to observe to Paul when requesting payment of that young gentleman's eight dollars in advance, to enable him to pay his own office rent, "until government could be induced to lay a prohibitive duty upon foreign wines. The adoption of this policy," he would urge, "is earnestly to be desired, not only for the happy effect it would have upon the temperance cause, by checking the sale of adulterated liquors, but as a wise measure of protection to the American manufacturers of an article in which difference of climate and other natural obstacles must forever prevent them, if unaided, from competing with foreign countries."

In the bosom of the family of Mrs. and Mr. Mirrium, Paul resided a couple of years; sometimes, meanwhile, boarding at a hotel near by, and sometimes going through a miscellaneous course of restaurants. He steadily pursued his medical studies, for the first few months in the capacity of assistant at a low salary to a neighboring druggist, and afterward reading under the direction of a regular practitioner, and attending the lectures of a medical school of high repute. These studies were interspersed to a limited extent with some of the usual recreations of a medical student in the city.

In the latter he often enjoyed the company of his cousin Jason. It is true that Jason was far less cautious and prudent in his amusements than was Paul, and often exceeded the limits of moderation which Paul prescribed for himself. But the two were excellent friends nevertheless, and often companions. It was not in Paul's nature to resist Jason's cordiality, nor in Jason's to be offended at Paul's good sense.

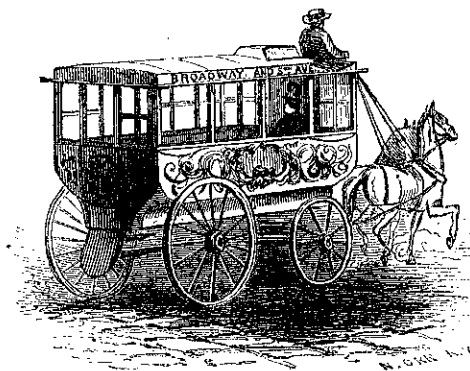
Occupied by these his studies and pursuits, and cheered by the companionship of his fellow-students, and the parental

care of Mrs. and Mr. Mirrium, Paul trudged steadily onward toward that professional degree which he had made the object of his ambition ;—pausing sometimes in intervals of study, to read in the distant future of imagination, his expected diploma, and the wished-for title,—PAUL RUNDLE, M.D.

XXVII.

DECEMBER 31, 1852.

JANUARY 1, 1853.



It was Friday evening ; the last night of the year. The great solar light had been turned down in

the West. Night drew her curtains ; and Nature went to sleep.

But New York, like a naughty, restless little boy, laid wide awake, winking his bright eyes at the stars. He talked busily to himself in a murmuring tone of voice, and now and then you might have heard him hum the fragment of some merry song. He moved restlessly, too, from time to time, as if thinking of some active game which his weary feet had not quite forgotten.

But at last the busy murmur of the great city hushed.

One by one, the noises of evening, slinking to their hiding-places, were lost to the ear. The barrel-organ having sung to sleep all the children of its neighborhood, even those itself had waked, went slowly and unwillingly to its dark quarters, in a cellar at the end of that long narrow alley. The apple-women, whose flaring lights had contributed to the illumination of the street all the evening, at last packed their stale, half-frozen fruit away, to be polished again for exhibition in the morning, dissected their stalls, extinguished their smoking lamps, and were seen no more. The dealers in hot cakes and pies, whose carts, half-rockaway, half wheelbarrow, had sheltered them all day from omnibus-wheels, and who saved the expense of private lights in the evening by getting behind lamp-posts in the open angles of streets, made preparations to move, ate their last pieces of pie as an economical supper, trundled their whole establishments away from the brilliant thoroughfares, and disappeared in dark bye-streets. The itinerant market-men who had stationed their rickety wagons of questionable provisions upon frequented corners of the poorer streets, ceased their unintelligible cries, and started up their lank and bony steeds for home—if homes they had. Even the news-boys, who, late in the evening, had unexpectedly broken out with an extra, and shrieked a dreadful accident and loss of life, from the Battery to Bull's Head, at last became resigned to the calamity, stopped their cries, and went gasping home.

One after another, the little corner groceries retired within themselves; the barrels of faded vegetables and piles of painted pails which had been dozing on the sidewalk since morning, went in to spend the night; the basket of cocoa-

nuts that had each grinned mechanically all day at the passers-by, delighting to deceive the little boys into the belief that they were monkeys' heads, retired within, and mounted watch upon the counter.

One after another, the illuminated fronts of the theaters grew dark, as the crowd of jaded pleasure-seekers poured out from their long imprisonment.

Among the last of one of these crowds were three young gentlemen, who walked away arm in arm from the threshold of the theater in Broadway, and conversed in a joyous and merry manner as they went up that thoroughfare. They had been improving the evening—it being impressed upon their minds that it was the last evening they would ever enjoy in 1852—by devoting their time and attention to a lesson at the great—perhaps the greatest school of moral reform which civilized institutions afford—and now having learned somewhat of decorum by listening to profanity, and something of morality by mingling in circles quite above morality, they were, it may be supposed, going home, revolving in their minds those happy and wholesome reflections which the mirror, thus held up to nature, had cast.

"Well, fellows," said one of them, whose voice ought to be familiar by this time to the reader, for it was that of Jason Chesslebury, "where next?"

And he stopped his companions upon a corner.

Really, it seemed difficult for them to cease their motion, for they swayed to and fro as if walking, although making no progress.

"I tell you where I'm *going*," said one of his companions, emphasizing the first and last words of each sentence with a

feeble gesture. "*I tell you where I'm going. Now's the time for supper.*"

"Oh, you had better go home," interrupted the third member of the party, who had evidently profited the least of them all by the lessons of the evening. "You had better go home," said he.

"Home! sweet home! Oh, yes, we'll all go home. Down among the dead men."

"Phil-hi-lip," said Jason, his tone of sober earnestness somewhat marred by the interruptions of hiccough, "Philip, your're in-hintoxicated. You've been drinking too much."

"Oh, come along," remonstrated the third gentleman, with some impatience. "Come, come, I'm in a hurry."

"Hurry?" said Philip Fawley, inquiringly. "Hurry? Oh yes! Hurry! *Tell him to hurry. Fetch along another bottle.*"

"Hold on," said Jason, turning toward a lamp-post, and pointing with a crooked finger at the gas-light. "Seems to me that's very small, sm-h-hall for a full moon."

"Oh, you're as drunk as you can be, both of you," said the other.

"No," said Jason, "I'm not drunk. I deny the fact. I'm not at all. I'm only hungry. I'm s'ungry that I can hardly stan'."

"*I'm not drunk's I can be,*" said Mr. Fawley, speaking at the same time with Jason. "*Not by a good deal. I can be a good d'l drunker 'n this.*"

They were just at this moment standing at the head of a flight of stairs, leading down to a brilliantly-lighted basement. It was a prominent Broadway restaurant. Jason took hold

of the lamp-post, to prevent it from falling over, which it seemed much inclined to do.

Jason being hungry, and Philip being thirsty, it was determined to go in to supper. Then pretty soon Jason had a consciousness that the lamp-post left him and went away, and that there were a great many lights about, and a very warm and fragrant atmosphere, and a clinking of glasses, and a noise of much conversation and loud laughter, and a crowd of people, and a great smoke of cigars; and Jason was holding on to a counter to prevent its sailing away from him, and a gentleman in shirt-sleeves behind the counter was pouring out a glass of brandy for another gentleman, and was saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Chesslebury?"

"How d' you do?" returned Jason, wondering faintly who it was.

"I'm glad to see you," said the gentleman, who to Jason's eyes seemed either to have grown very small, or to have gone a great way off. "Don't you remember me? Mr. Stretch."

"How d' you do, Mr. Wretch?" said Jason. "I'm glad to see you."

His hand, dropping the counter, rose to salute the hand of Mr. Stretch, but forgetting its purpose, suddenly grasped the glass of brandy, and poured it down Jason's throat.

Then Jason asked Mr. Stretch if he had been admitted to the bar, and then somebody laughed, and then when the room turned around, Jason had an idea that the counter got away from him, and the floor tumbled up and struck him on the head, and somebody said "he's drunk," and he wondered who was drunk, and he could not think what had become of

Jason L. Chesslebury, whom he had a confused idea of having left at the theater, and then he ceased to have any ideas at all, and went out of consciousness altogether.

One by one in the streets of the darkening city, the shutters of the cigar-shops went up. One by one the lights appeared in the third story windows, and one by one they faded out. One by one the bright oyster balloons, which marked the corners of less frequented streets, descended and rose again invisible. One by one the brilliant windows of the druggists' shops grew dim, and the colored globes, which peered like hideous eyes through the broad spaces in the shutters, cast grim glances on the few who, at this late hour, were passing. One by one the tardiest omnibuses finished their last downward trip, and trundled heavily up, making more noise in the deserted thoroughfare than all the bustle of the day. One after another, each of the policemen stationed in the streets, found an easy seat and a nice place to rest his back, in the corner by the coal-bin, or on an empty ash-box turned up against a lamp-post.

Time approached the smallest of the small hours. The clocks of New York, which are so accurate that they take note of the difference of their longitudes, and never strike at the same instant, were one by one announcing that it was next year. One by one, stumbling up into the street from brightly-lighted basements, came forth various groups of light-hearted, heavy-bodied gentlemen. One by one they separated and disappeared. One by one the neighboring policemen, whose repose their songs and laughter had disturbed for a time, returned to their interrupted slumbers. And one by one the hours of darkness wore away.

Gradually and stealthily a faint tinge of light crept over the slumbering city. One after another early market-carts and wagons came rattling down the avenues. One by one the voices of early-rising chanticleers arose in the clear, cold air, revealing a proportion of poultry resident in the metropolis, which otherwise would have been quite incredible. One by one, chilly-looking lads took down the shutters of early-opening stores. One by one, early-rising servant-maids swept off the sidewalks intrusted to their charge. One by one the omnibuses recommenced their tiresome travels. One by one the carriers of the morning papers hurried round upon their early errands. One by one the avocations of the day were recommenced. One by one the noises of the day took courage and spoke up. One by one the white snow-flakes that had fallen during the night, grew black, going into mourning that they had fallen upon pavements in the city, instead of upon fields among the hills. And one by one the happy people who had made the most of the holidays, awoke to a sense of relief that it was all over, and entertained a gratitude that Christmas comes but once a year.

"Yah-ah-aw-h'm!"

The speaker, if such he may be called, who only yawns, turned over and disclosed his face to the view of the bronze young lady who stood upon the mantle-piece holding the gas-burner. The bronze young lady exhibited no sense of propriety—of impropriety rather—under these circumstances, but looked as straightforward as ever. Whether she recognized Mr. Jason Chesslebury or not, it was clear that Jason did not recognize her; for opening his eyes wider, the natural action of the muscles of the eyelid being assisted by much rubbing

and kneading, he sat up in bed entirely regardless of the bronze presence, and took a long breath. He pressed his hands against his temples, his elbows standing out on each side.

"Well," said he, "I'm a pretty fellow."

Apparently deeply struck with this thought, he meditated upon it in silence and with half-closed eyes.

Just then the noisy street below sent up a shout of cheers mingled with the rush and rumble of carts and omnibuses. Hearing this, Jason opened his eyes wide, and yawned louder even than before. Something strange in the surroundings of his position seemed to quicken his waking senses, for he looked about him to see where he was.

From a printed placard framed and hung on the door opposite to him, and headed "RULES OF THIS HOUSE," he conjectured that he was in a hotel. This conjecture was confirmed, not only by the comfortless elegance of the room, but also by dim and vague reminiscences of having been in a crowd last night, and of being blissfully oblivious of the way to Washington Square. Through the same reminiscences, as they grew by effort into recollections of evening merriment and jollity, and through a returning sense of expectation—somewhat forlorn and not at all as yet realized—of a happy New Year, he became inclined to believe that it was the first of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-three. By his watch he found that it was ten minutes of ten. By that grand golden time-piece, the sun, which Nature had some hours previous taken from under her pillow of eastern clouds and hung up where all the world might see it, he knew that the ten indicated by his watch was ten A.M. From all these circum-

stances he formed the opinion that it was high time for him to get up.

The young gentleman having arrived at this conclusion, straightened himself up in bed, burrowed with both hands in his disheveled hair, drew a long breath, attempted unsuccessfully another yawn, put his palms to his temples, contended for a few moments with provoking suggestions of unachievable hiccoughs, and then returned to his first thought, and repeated it.

"Well, I'm a pretty fellow."

It may be doubtful whether that unprejudiced observer, the bronze young lady, agreed with him in this opinion. His appearance presented that kind of prettiness, which one who confesses to a fondness for a clear head, bright eyes, fresh breath, and elastic muscle will not envy. What there could be in sleep—balmy sleep—to leave a gentleman in the condition in which it left Mr. Chesslebury this morning, passes conjecture. He looked as if instead of reposing in the arms of Morpheus he had been hugged until almost smothered. He appeared as if balmy sleep lighting on his "lids unsullied by a tear," had crawled thence all over his countenance, making wrinkles and frowns, the foot-prints of discomfort wherever she went; and had afterward spent an hour or two in the balmy amusement of tying knots in his hair.

"Well," said Jason, getting up gradually, a joint at a time as it were, and taking a rest against the mantle, with one hand against his forehead, while he spoke, it is to be presumed to the bronze young lady; "if you ever catch me with those fellows another night you'll know it. I did n't know I was such a fool. Stupid!"

The bronze young lady looked still stern and steadfast, and expressed no sympathy with Jason's feelings. How should she? Though she had not had a wink of sleep all night, she had no headache, and her eyes were at least no darker than usual.

The reflections of a young man of one and twenty who moralizes upon his evening amusements under the influence of a morning headache, are not, perhaps, the most trustworthy symptoms of a thorough reform. Still Jason believed himself very much in earnest in denouncing, in his thoughts, the bachelor party of which he had been a shining member the evening previous; and he honestly resolved never again to join in such an unsatisfactory, jolly, heartless, ridiculous, glorious, wretched, rollicking, miserable affair, as that of last night.

"I declare," said he, "I believe I've had enough of 'em. I shan't go to supper with 'em next time. 'Twas a good supper, though. That's a first rate place, too; I wonder what the name was. I didn't notice, it was so late going there after the play. But 'twas too bad to carry on so at the theater. They ought n't to have drank any thing there. 'Twas miserable sherry I had there, too. Not fit to drink. The Champagne at supper, though, was pretty fair. But I'm afraid I took a glass too much. But how Phil. Fawley poured it down! I never knew such a comical fellow. But he's a hard case."

It was strange, but this was almost exactly Mr. Philip Fawley's opinion of Mr. Chesslebury, as expressed by him this same morning to the mutual friend, who had formed one of this same bachelor party.

"And Fawley is a married man too, I believe. I wonder how he got home after supper. Agreeable for Mrs. Fawley! If I were married, before I would make such a goney of myself—I wonder if Salanda thinks—well, she believes it's all wicked. She don't know it, and would n't believe it if she were told. But the fact is, it's all this company. We young fellows ought to be careful how we get together so. As long as we keep in mixed society it's all right enough. I don't believe there's any harm in having a good time, only it ought n't to be carried too far. But these times, like last night, to come out after a game supper, and be so outrageously mellow as those fellows were—actually not in a condition to take themselves home—it is—well, I would have gone home straight enough, only I was too tired. My knees were tired, somehow, I suppose with walking so much yesterday. Ah-h. My head aches worse and worse. I wonder if it would n't do me good to smoke. Not before breakfast, though. I rather think I shall have to have a small glass of brandy. It'll clear off this headache, and settle my appetite."

Having completed his toilet superficially, he dismissed Salanda and his scruples from his mind, and went down stairs. He paid his lodging, and then stepped into the bar, prescribing for his headache on good sound homeopathic principles—*similia similibus curantur*—but taking a dose, which although not large, was, in strictness of speech, certainly not infinitesimal. From the bar he sallied out upon Broadway.

"The secret of it is," he philosophized with himself, as he walked up that thoroughfare, "that I ought to keep out of that kind of society. The fellows are well enough in their way. But when we get together so, we don't behave as well

as we know how. After this, I must keep out of these buck parties, and go more into mixed society. There's no danger there."

Having settled this distinction in his own mind, with much satisfaction and honest comfort in the prospect of his future course, Jason went into Taylor's to breakfast. Breakfast over, he hesitated for some time between an omnibus and a cigar. Having finally chosen the former, and taken a passage in an unboiled-lobster-colored vehicle, labelled "Broadway and Fifth Avenue," he was soon set down near the family mansion. Arrived there, he proceeded by easy stages and with much elaboration, to prepare himself for entering beneath the protection of that newly discovered safeguard of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society.

Having with some difficulty satisfied his mother that there were good reasons for his last night's absence, and being obliged to leave his sister very much dissatisfied, he bent his steps to the work of making New Year's calls.

New Year's calls are the pet social institutions of New York. By custom immemorial, every gentleman on the first day of the year, calls upon all the ladies of his acquaintance; especially those whom he does not want to call upon again until the long year shall roll away. By custom immemorial, every gentleman that is a gentleman, calls upon all the ladies whom he knows enough to call upon, and some whom he does not; and if the number of such be not enough to weary him, he locks his arm into that of any gentleman of his acquaintance whom he happens to meet in the street, and is straightway introduced, and put on the most friendly terms with all the lady friends of his comrade. By custom immemorial,

every lady that is a lady, devotes her hours, her parlors, her newest dresses, and whatever sum she can raise for investment in refreshments, to the reception of the invariable callers. By immemorial custom, the sidewalks are full of black hats, best coats, spruce pantaloons, patent-leather shoes; and silk and satin is nowhere to be seen; not even in the shut-up-for-the-day windows of the dry-goods stores.

In compliance with this immemorial custom, Jason bent his steps to the work of making New Year's calls.

As he went down the steps of the family mansion, he drew from his pocket a handsome gold hunting-watch—so called, he was accustomed to insinuate when criticising its besetting tendency to run slow, because it was always chasing time and never caught it. It was one o'clock.

"Now," said he, "first for Mrs. Gulley's. What mother wants me to call there for, I don't see. However, she's a good old soul if she is a stiff-backed one. Next Mrs. Walcotts. The Brownings is right round the corner from there, and then Stuccuppe's; that is only a block or two, I can walk that. And then—or no, though—I guess I'll grub at Mrs. Stuccuppe's. She sets a first-rate table New Year's-day. I'll be there about five, I guess."

With a long list in his waistcoat pocket, of places to call at, and feeling very stiff and fine as to his clothes, but very lax and miserable as to his brains and legs, Jason hastened forward with what alacrity he could command, to reach the protection of that safeguard of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society.

Mixed Society received him cordially. And the first right hand of fellowship which that guardian of the virtuous morals

of young men extended to him, consisted of the two first fingers of Mrs. Gulley.

Mrs. Gulley was a very elderly lady. She was more than that, she was an ancient institution. She was ancient, not so much in years, for in that respect she had not so very much the advantage, or the disadvantage, if it be so considered, of Mrs. Stuccuppe; but in this, that it was her pride to be old, while it was Mrs. Stuccuppe's vanity to be young. She was an institution, for she intentionally presented to the vision of the young people around her, a perpetual embodiment of the graces, virtues, manners and costumes of their ancestry. On these accounts she wore an enormous white turban with dangling tassels, a dress of intense blackness, set off by a semi-modernized ruff of white lace about the neck. And she called Jason "Master," which title gave him great dissatisfaction, and was the secret cause of his distaste for her.

"How do you do, Master Chesslebury?" said the ancestral institution, receiving her visitor in great state, after approved models of the last century, and advancing upon him with a little courtesy, and a very considerable sweep, as he entered the parlor door.

And as Jason made no active resistance, she shook two fingers with him.

"And how do you do?—how well you are looking too; and so handsome; and grown so too; you can not possibly perceive how you have grown. Why, I recollect you when you were quite an infant—quite an infant," repeated the old lady, as if it were an incredible thing and every way extraordinary that Jason should have been an infant, and a fact not to be believed except upon the unhesitating testimony of an unimpeachable eye-witness.

"Yes, you certainly have grown wonderfully," continued the venerable narrator of these startling experiences. "Why I recollect, Lucretia—my daughter Lucretia, Master Chesslebury."

At this parenthetic introduction, Master Chesslebury, who has taken an old-fashioned mahogany chair, rises very grim, bows the least possible bow, and sits down again. My daughter Lucretia makes a little effort to rise, but abandons it upon the instant, and lets the effort pass as a recognition. It is wisely done, for she is prepared for the hospitalities of the day, in such a state of starch, that to sit down again would seem a difficult task, and one not to be lightly incurred.

"Why, I recollect," continued the elder lady, "perfectly well, how his poor dear papa brought him round here to call when he was about five years old; and he died so suddenly, too, and so quite unexpectedly—quite cut down, as I may say, in the flower of his youth—at least he always seemed young, you know, to an old lady like me. And then they did not really know what the matter was until after he died, did they?—though that is very often the way with the doctors; they know just how to cure you after you've died; or, as we used to say when I was young, I recollect, they always let the horse out after they shut the stable door;—and so let me see; what was I saying? oh! yes, I recollect, I was saying how much you have grown, Master Chesslebury, and so tall, too; and you look very much like your papa, only it seems to me you have got your mother's eyes—don't they ever tell you you resemble your papa?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Yes, except the eyes. But—dear me, though, won't you take some refreshments?"

"No, I—"

"Oh, certainly, you will take some refreshments. Lucretia, my dear—"

Lucretia, my dear, rose from her seat and sailed along the floor to the refreshment-table in the back parlor. At least she seemed to sail. There was no appearance of walking.

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Gulley, rising and conveying Master Chesslebury in the wake of the bark Lucretia, "you must not refuse to take some refreshments; a little something, some cake at least. It's an old-fashioned cake, but it used to be thought very nice I remember when I was young. And you'll take a glass of wine with my daughter Lucretia. Lucretia, child, pour Master Chesslebury a glass of wine."

My daughter Lucretia, a child it may be observed, whose age could not, by the most liberal allowance, be computed to fall within twenty-three years, poured out a glass of a rich red-looking wine, and handed it to Jason across the table.

Jason, indicating by a bow to mother and daughter, which they acknowledged by ancestral courtesies, that it was his chief purpose to evince his high respect for them, and his sincere desire that the health of each might be improved, strengthened, and perpetuated, drank the contents of the glass.

And this was his first lesson in moral reform, taught by that guardian of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society.

Then with a number of remembrances for mother, and polite inquiries after little sister Frederica, and a host of cautions and good advices for himself, such as had been collected by wise and saving men and women of past centuries, and

treasured up at interest in that Institution for the Savings of Departed Ancestors, Mrs. Bartholomew Gulley, Jason was allowed to slip out of the parlor into the hall. Hence he was handsomely bowed into the street at the front door, by a gray-headed, white neck-clothed, solemn-visaged, black-coated, respectably knee-buckled, old serving man; a serving man evidently selected by Mrs. Gulley as her first choice from the storehouse of the seventeenth century.

And thus Jason spent the remainder of the afternoon, under the tuition of that guardian of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society.

That prudent, yet considerate and liberal instructress, indulged him without apprehension of danger in that social converse and enjoyment which he had found he could not safely seek in the convivialities of young men. Under her protection, he felt himself safe. He quite recovered from his headache, and became lively and even brilliant in conversation. He was very careful too to take wine but very seldom. Although in the course of his calls wine was often offered to him, and pressed upon him even, yet under the influence of his newly-chosen preceptress, he declined it, except in cases where there was some special reason rendering it almost peremptory in that particular instance to accept it.

Thus, after leaving Mrs. Gulley's, he took wine with Miss Botherbody, because she urged him to, and would not hear of his saying no, and he really could not avoid it without being positively rude, which of course was not to be thought of on New Year's-day. And he took wine with Miss Juberry, because she was a splendid-looking girl, and he was proud to. He took wine with Miss Noddles, because he did

not like her, and was glad of something to interrupt her conversation; and he took wine with Miss De Peyster, because he liked her, and wanted to prolong his call. He took wine at Mrs. Hoozsters, because there he met Mrs. MacMerry, who was spending the day to receive calls, and Mrs. MacMerry asked him to break a bottle of Champagne for her, which of course he could not refuse to do. And finally he took wine at Mrs. Wrysen's, because her coffee was cold, and there was nothing else to take out the taste of her detestable French kisses.

One or two dry calls after the French kisses brought Jason to Mrs. Stuccuppe's.

Mrs. Stuccuppe's parlors were perhaps the most elegant parlors on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Stuccuppe had about a year previously made a large accession to his fortune through a partial failure of the wheat-crop, and the consequent distress and starvation of all who could not buy breadstuffs of the Stuccuppe speculators at the Stuccuppe prices; and a part of his newly-acquired wealth was invested in a family mansion built to order, at a great expense. But although the edifice was showy and expensive in itself, the primal object in its construction being to overshadow all surrounding mansions, the great pride and glory of the Stuccuppe's was in its furniture and appointments.

The mansion was a large square mansion, with a capacious round hall in the middle, rising from a marble floor on the lower story, up through battlements of bannisters, to a dome and a lantern of parti-colored glass in the roof. There were niches in the walls, inhabited by rich marbles. One in particular, a statue of Diana—or according to Mr. Sagory St.

Julien a statue of Di'nah—stood at the head of the first flight of stairs, giving one at the first glance a notion of a young lady awakened in the night by a cry of fire, and rushing down stairs in very inadequate apparel.

Opening out of this hall in various directions were parlors, drawing-rooms, a library, and many distracting conveniences and luxuries.

In the parlors, into which Jason was promptly ushered by the attentive Sagory St. Julien, mirrors were the principal feature. They hung between the windows, they stood upon the mantle-shelves, they clung to the walls. Not little mirrors these, by which to give one's hair the finishing touch, but huge sheets of glass covering whole sections of wall, and multiplying people in a manner quite delightful to gregarious humanity; so that a select party in the Stuccuppe parlors looked like a mass meeting; and a solitary caller, when she took her seat upon the sofa to await the answer to her inquiry whether Mrs. Stuccuppe were in, took on the aspect of a family who had come in to spend the afternoon.

These mirrored parlors were now well filled with gentlemen, taking lessons from that guardian of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society.

Jason, as he entered, became conscious of a crowd, a rustling of dresses, a loud murmur of conversation, much laughter and merriment, and some clinking of plates and glasses. He observed that he bowed his way through the crowd, and he was quite aware of becoming part and parcel of the confusion of the scene. After making several comprehensive bows to express the compliments of the season to Mixed Society in general, and having more specifically paid his respects to Mrs.

Stuccuppe, who stood in state between the windows to receive the company, then, going in regular order around the room, the first person he addressed was Miss Arabella Stuccuppe. She was at the moment conversing with a gentleman; a young gentleman with a large mustache and a pair of legs like bean-poles, clothed with pantaloons patterned to represent the climbing vine. Jason wished her a happy new year. So he said. Miss Arabella turned from the middle of a humorous story then being related by the climbing-vine pantaloons gentleman.

"A happy new year to you, Mr. Chesslebury," said she. "I am glad to see you out too, this year. Do you know mother and I got into quite a quarrel about you this morning? I said you would make calls this year, and she said you would not; and really we had quite a terrible dispute about it you know for so little a matter. For ma is so obstinate when she once says any thing, and I was very positive you would come round to see us, at least."

This with much smiling and nodding of the head, and folding and unfolding of the fan.

"No! but really though," said the climbing-vine pantaloons gentleman, coming to Jason's rescue, "you are altogether too hard on us, when you deprive us, you know, of the—a—society—a—of the deaw ladies. How could we live you know—a—without them?"

Jason was then introduced to the climbing-vine pantaloons gentleman. Of course neither gentleman understood from Miss Stuccuppe's introduction, which was after the most approved style of indistinctness, what the other gentleman's name was. They were, however, mutually charmed to make

each other's acquaintance, and so stated. This sentiment being expressed, conversation was at a stand for a moment. Then Jason ventured an original remark.

"It is a beautiful day."

"Yes?" said Miss Stuccuppe, inquiringly. "I really have not noticed. You gentlemen appropriate it altogether to yourselves so. It is too bad of you. Quite wicked."

"Yes," said the climbing-vine pantaloons gentleman, with that elegant languor of tone, known in less refined circles as a drawl, "really a beautiful day. Indeed—a—the most beautiful day we've had this year—a—ha! ha! This year you know, eh? We have n't had any other day this year you know. Ha! Ha!"

Then Jason passed on to make room for a new comer, and the climbing-vine pantaloons gentleman went in the other direction, to repeat his joke, always received with enthusiastic applause. As they passed each other, Jason had a consciousness of being very careful not to brush against him, and a sense of being necessitated to walk with some care, and he had a faint idea that something was the matter with his legs, and concluded his boots were too small for him.

Then having talked with some ladies who would not answer, and having been talked to by some ladies who would not wait to hear an answer, and having fallen into the hands of the youngest Miss Stuccuppe, who had traveled, and knew more about endogenous vegetation than he thought he was in a condition to understand, and having at last somehow or other escaped from her,—he had an idea that the climbing-vine pantaloons gentleman took her off his hands,—he seemed finally to find his way through the crowd, picking his steps

carefully toward the table. Here he mingled among a number of gentlemen who were regaling themselves, and talking rather loud between mouthfuls. And here, secure in the protection of that guardian of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society, Jason proceeded without fear to apply himself to the business of making a good meal.

Here he thought he found some fellows he had seen before, who did not seem to know him, and some fellows who looked at him as if they knew him, whom he had never seen before. He took care to recognize them all, and was very careful not to stumble against any of them, nor tread on any one's toes. He came very near interfering with the equilibrium of sundry dishes, in passage from the table, but by great care, and by fully preconcerting all his movements, he preserved the strictest decorum.

It was late in the afternoon, and things went about as it happened at the table. Jason thought he was making a very good meal. It seemed to him that he succeeded in doing so without spilling any thing of any consequence either. In fact, nothing; except, on the table, an oyster, which he had a vague impression came up with a spoon; and on his vest, a wine-glass of port, which he believed came off with his handkerchief; and on the carpet, a piece of Charlotte Russe, which he sent under the table, very neatly, as he fancied, by a simple and ingenious movement of the foot.

Having satisfied his present appetite with some pounds of cure, he guarded against a future one by several ounces of sweet preventions. Then with a consciousness of remarking (to whom it might concern, as it were), that he had done very well, he thought he took another glass of port, to replace the

one that had gone down outside, and then, if he were not mistaken, he turned to go away.

If his senses did not deceive him, Jason L. Chesslebury was having a capital time.

"Good afternoon, Miss Stuccuppe."

He thought he heard Jason L. Chesslebury say this, and it seemed to him that that gentleman bowed rather handsomely to the eldest daughter of the house.

"Good afternoon," said she.

He was quite certain Jason L. Chesslebury heard her.

"But stop," she cried, and he was conscious of her overtaking Mr. Chesslebury, and tapping his shoulder with her fan. "You have n't taken any refreshments."

"Why, really; I—I—quite the contrary, I assure you."

He had the impression that Mr. Chesslebury made some such answer as this.

"But will you not take a glass of wine?"

He had an idea that Jason L. Chesslebury said, "I thank you;" but whether assenting or declining, he did not clearly understand.

"Oh, yes!" cried the young lady.

Then he observed that with most bewitching boldness she took Mr. Jason L. Chesslebury's arm, and they walked away from the door.

"Mr. Chesslebury you will pardon me I know for being so neglectful, but you see just how it is. There is such a crowd of these people, and you know every one must be attended to. But some of them are so stupid. They are 'slow' as you gentlemen say. Do you know I think you gentlemen have a great many capital words for such things, Mr. Chesslebury?"

He was quite sure Miss Stuccuppe said all this to Jason L. Chesslebury, and he wondered whether that gentleman understood it. He also thought that the lady raised her glass and that Mr. Chesslebury did too. And he rather wondered at him for drinking any more wine.

"There's poor old Dr. Hummer," continued Miss Stuccuppe, animatedly; "do look at him now. Did you ever see any thing so stupid?"

There he stood. Poor old Dr. Hummer was a rich middle aged man. A physician by profession, but a very harmless man, for he never practiced. He had spent the best years of his life in bachelorhood, but now it was commonly reported that he was seeking an investment for the rest of his days in the bonds and mortgages of wedlock. He was a very sensible person, considering how he had been brought up; still he had admission into the Stuccuppe circle by virtue of the considerations above-named. He was not usually inclined to avail himself of the pleasures of this society; but now impelled perhaps by curiosity, perhaps by more important motives, he had set himself upon a round of calls. At this moment he stood in the middle of the room balanced in uncertainty. He looked as if he were growing old as he stood.

"He counts, let me see, I am sure I don't know how many," cried Miss Stuccuppe. "How many do you think we had at three o'clock Mr. Chesslebury? I counted the names at three."

He imagined that Mr. Chesslebury intended to say, "I am sure I don't know," but he did not understand him to say it very distinctly.

"Why, my dear Dr. Hummer," cried the young lady, as

that gentleman approached Miss Stuccuppe as affording the most favorable opening for him to enter into conversation. "Why! where have you kept yourself? You're a great stranger."

It then appeared to Jason, that Miss Stuccuppe left Mr. Jason L. Chesslebury, to speak to Dr. Hummer, and that Mr. Jason L. Chesslebury turned to go out, but did not seem to know the way, for the door, which he pulled at in vain, in the endeavor to open, would not move, and the people in that part of the room turned and seemed, as he thought, very much surprised that it would not; until he thought he heard somebody say that that was the wrong door. Somebody making himself very officious in attempting to set Mr. Chesslebury right, he perceived that that gentleman was annoyed, and heard him remonstrate at being interfered with.

At last he noticed that Jason L. Chesslebury was upon the front door-step; and also observed that the street ran the wrong way.

Upon the side-walk, he perceived that Mr. Chesslebury next was, and that he there met two gentlemen, arm in arm. He noticed very particularly that Mr. Chesslebury was extremely careful to turn out widely for them, and that he went right between them.

Then pretty soon he thought he heard Jason L. Chesslebury at home, telling his sister that he was all right. He remonstrated with him for saying so, but to no effect. Then his bed-room came down stairs, and he helped to put Jason to bed, and they both went to sleep together.

It was in his own familiar room at home, and beneath a

Sabbath atmosphere and light, that Jason awoke upon the next morning. And as he slowly struggled into consciousness, and the recollection of the experiences of New Year's-day came at length distinctly to him, he felt bitterly the need of some higher protection from the temptations of life, than he had enjoyed while under the guidance of that renowned guardian of the virtuous morals of young men—Mixed Society.

XXVIII.

MAY, 1854.



SALANDA took some interest in politics.

Of course she did not understand the subject; of course, being a woman, she was quite incapable

of that. Of course her gentle, sensitive, noble nature was altogether too refined and delicate to take any part in the low, and as times go now, one might almost say, the vulgar sphere of statesmanship. But notwithstanding these undeniable facts, Salanda did take an interest in politics.

It is not probable that she would ever have turned her attention to such matters, if it had not been that certain misguided and senseless persons, urged on by a desire for an unenviable distinction, and by an unscrupulous love of power, and followed blindly by a crowd of partizan tools, made, perforce, a political platform out of planks which had always

theretofore been considered as merely domestic, or perhaps moral, or at the very furthest, religious timber; and which were, moreover, far too weak to be of service in the construction of a political edifice. For there were at that time politicians who were so devoid of political principles as to adopt moral ones; and those too, of the most fanatical kind.

Thus it happened that a few members of the Legislature—absolutely a mere handful,—taking a most unconscionable advantage of their power as a minority, to tyrannize over the helpless majority, brought forward a bill which contained, in effect, but a repetition of the odious provisions of the Maine law. A bill which was, in the judgment of all reasonable and conservative men, an outrage upon the rights of the community. A bill which violated the constitution which these very men had sworn to support. A bill which proposed to legalize the invasion of the houses and homes of citizens throughout the State. A bill whose direct effect it was to cut off a vast branch of commerce and manufactures, upon the leaves of which hundreds of most worthy and respectable caterpillars were feeding and growing fat. A bill which contemplated the commission of plunder, and the destruction of property under the guise of law. A bill which, throughout the commonwealth, would turn loafers and vagabonds out of their only employment. A bill which denied and trampled upon the natural right of every man to engage in the business of his choice. A bill so repulsive to the universal moral sense of the community, that even if it became a law, it was not possible that it should ever be enforced.

And therefore, one would suppose, it could never do any of these dreadful things after all.

It was for such objects as these that the tyrannical minority labored most obstinately. It was for the passage of such a law as this that they worked unceasingly.

All sensible, sober-minded, and unprejudiced men in Cone Cut Corners, including of course, the ex-deacon and Gregory Donoe, were opposed from the start, to any such iniquity. The discussion arose very gradually in Cone Cut. But like sharp-sighted, forecasting men that they were, the conservatives of that village saw the contest approaching, and their opposition to the measure advocated by the tyrannical minority, was, from the first, consistent, zealous, and unremitting.

After one or two preliminary failures incurred by the tyrannical minority, the time approached at which it was expected the struggle would be decided. As the crisis advanced, both sides fortified themselves for the contest. The town was filled with excitement. No wonder that the question at issue enlisted the attention of Salanda.

The discussion of the proposed law, in Cone Cut Corners commenced in Gregory Donoe's store, the disputants taking sides upon the negative unanimously. Thence it spread into the other stores of the village, the post-office, the academy recess, the workshops, and even into the town meeting. For the instigators of the evil were determined to make the question a political question. Not all the remonstrances of the good and wise men of Cone Cut could prevent this. It was urged again and again that temperance was not a proper subject of political excitement or of legislation;—that it was a duty of moral obligation merely;—that it ought to be recommended by moral considerations and suasions solely, and enforced only by religious sanctions, and not to be commanded by statutes

or compelled by penalties. That it was the province of Christianity, and not of Law to make men temperate.

But notwithstanding the self-evident force and soundness of these views, the fanatics insisted upon degrading temperance to the level of politics. And as it gradually became apparent that temperance could and would be made a political question, and that too with very considerable advantage, the conservatives, with that candid submission which distinguishes an honorable opponent, and that versatility of talent which is so essential to the character of an able statesman, turned to, and rivaled the fanatics themselves, in making political capital out of temperance.

But even this success did not satisfy the radical disorganizers. They would not consent to leave the moral and religious bearings of temperance out of sight in the discussion. They would persist in still treating the subject as a religious one. They even insisted upon introducing this question of mere party politics into the church. The conservatives, who were not willing that temperance should be dragged into the pulpit, where Paul put it, between righteousness and the judgment to come, but rather concurred with Felix that it ought to be deferred to a more convenient season, remonstrated; but party politics would go in.

Elder Graynes insisted on agitating the theme, and at evening lectures, and even once or twice in public service on the Sabbath, earnestly urged his church to the performance of their duty as Christian men, in reference to this important subject. Ex-deacon Ficksom warned the good pastor, both in public and in private, against the evils of expecting the church to take any active position upon questions of social reform,

and he conclusively showed that religion was never intended to interfere with the business of men, nor with their relations in society. But to the ex-deacon's warning Elder Graynes was quite deaf.

Mr. Donoe cried out also. Mr. Donoe was not strictly a religious man, but he was a very respectable man, and a very correct man; and although not a professor, he was a prominent member of the society in his way, and in a certain sense a valuable one; for he held a good pew, which he paid for, but seldom occupied to the exclusion of other people. And Mr. Donoe said that he could not with profit listen to any thing but doctrinal preaching; and that if politics—meaning thereby temperance—were to be lugged into the pulpit, he must withdraw from the society.

But Elder Graynes was obstinate; and as might have been predicted, the results which were foretold by the conservatives as the natural consequences of his course, actually came to pass. It is true that a numerical majority of his parish approved his course and supported him in it; and more than that, evinced a purpose to walk in the path which he pointed out for them. But the ex-deacon withdrew from the church, and the storekeeper abandoned his pew and discontinued his subscription; and some others of the flock, who were equally aggrieved, felt greatly scandalized. Their religion, which had always been of the most delicate and refined nature, and exercised itself much more in sorrowing for the sins of other people than in penitence for their own, shrunk like a moral sensitive-plant, from rude collision with such worldly topics as the cause of temperance, and from such perversion of religious truth as was attempted by Elder Graynes. And as

they found devotion declining, they silently, and one by one, dropped off.

These were not many, but considering what class of people they were, it was a great loss to the spiritual strength of the congregation.

But notwithstanding all that opposition could do, the infatuation gained ground, not only in Cone Cut Corners, but throughout the State, and the tyrannical minority finally succeeded in bringing about in the Legislature the enactment of the bill for which they had labored.

The field was, however, not all their own yet. For the governor, who was a temperate-minded man, one of the "judicious friends of temperance," whose friendship, it is to be feared, was not sufficiently valued, deprecated such legislation. He had not as yet even assented that temperance should be made a party question; much less was he prepared to approve so stringent a measure. He accordingly returned the bill to the Legislature with his constitutional objections, appealed to unprejudiced and moderate men throughout the State for support in this unpopular position, and had his name put up for a reelection.

As, however, the progress of the next canvass showed that there were not so many judicious friends of temperance in the State as was supposed, the cause was run away with by the injudicious, the governor was dropped out, and the tyrannical minority largely reinforced, were returned to renew their unconstitutional schemes in the Legislature.

It could hardly be expected that the simple love of the public good could prompt the ex-deacon and the storekeeper, and the party with which they were connected, to more stren-

uous efforts than those already made. Nevertheless, they did not yet give up the contest. They had an honest zeal for the great interests, moral and material, of the community, and for those fundamental principles of personal liberty which were about to be violated. They felt, moreover, a calm and dispassionate attachment to the cause of temperance, which they said such ultra and violent measures would overwhelm, and bury in a re-action of popular contempt. Acting under the influence of these elevated and noble principles, they resisted the progress of fanaticism to the last.

The injudicious, reckless, and misguided friends of temperance, had held several meetings in the town during the progress of the discussion. These gatherings were largely attended by well-meaning, but ill-judging men, who had not the foresight to enable them to anticipate the baneful influence which the measures proposed must undoubtedly have upon the industry and commerce of the State, and the welfare of its citizens. And as, at these meetings misdirected eloquence had exerted itself to arouse the feelings of the people; and as religion, betrayed into fanaticism, had lent its countenance to their objects; and as politicians, leaving their own proper sphere, had come in and given the stimulus of their meddling, they had been very successful. By means of them, and the excitement which they created and fostered, the public at large were, as ex-deacon Ficksom said, led entirely by their noses. Laying aside common sense, and respect for the rights of their opponents, they had caught up the cry of prohibition.

Therefore, at the present stage of the contest, the storekeeper thought it was time that a mass-meeting of the

conservative party should be held, for the purpose of rallying opposition to the new schemes of the reformers, before it was too late. For hitherto the judicious friends had held no public gathering in the town. This was partly, perhaps, by reason of their innate confidence in the ultimate triumph of their cause, and partly by reason of their being just the sort of people they were, plain men, men of few words, not much given to ranting in public, and fonder of quiet discussions in the social circles of stores and bar-rooms, than of harangues and set orations in public assemblies.

Nevertheless, it was high time, Mr. Gregory Donoe said, that the community should come forward and let it be understood that fanatics were not the only people in the world, if they were making such a row.

In this view the ex-deacon concurred; and after many consultations and deliberations between themselves, and with the judicious friends of temperance at large, a plan was matured for a mass-meeting of the community in general, and the promulgation of a universal protest against prohibition, moral-politics, political-religion, and unconstitutional legislation.

This demonstration was announced by a powerfully-written and economically-printed hand-bill, which called upon the community to come forth, and up-rise in their might.

This handbill was the masterpiece of its composer, and was executed by the Cone Cut printer in the highest style of art. It commenced with the cry, uttered in trumpet tones—that is to say, in double-sized capitals—"CITIZENS TO THE RESCUE." It then proceeded in clarion notes—viz., in clear fine type, to warn such citizens as it might concern, that their liberties were in danger, and that a mass-meeting of all persons

interested, "without distinction of party,"—here the clarion broke out into the trumpet again, for a moment—would be held at a specified time and place, to devise measures of self-protection. It then proceeded to state, by way of at once arousing and satisfying the anticipations of the awakened citizens, that their esteemed fellow-townsmen, Ezekiel Ficksom and Esquire Blote, (who was one of the staunchest of the judicious friends of temperance, and was moreover a valued customer of Gregory Donoe,) would be among the speakers, and it further stimulated curiosity by the somewhat vague insinuation that distinguished speakers from abroad had been invited, and were expected to be present. The grounds for the latter announcement were, that Esquire Blote, as a self-appointed committee of one, had privately ridden abroad to call upon the said distinguished speakers, and had, with much skill and diplomacy, and indirection of language, put to them the question, whether they would, without charge or expense to the citizens, attend the proposed rescue, and lend the weight of their influence and distinguished presence—so said the committee of one—to the movement. The distinguished speakers having severally, and each for himself, replied that they would not—the committee of one had returned and reported progress. But there was not room, of course, for all this explanation in the hand-bill, which now, with its last breath, gave one convulsive shriek—in intoxicated capitals, italicised—"LIBERTY," and at this crisis of typography, expired, sky-rocket like, in a flash of six distinct exclamation points.

This handbill was distributed throughout the town by a sincerely judicious though impoverished friend of temper-

ance, who, for a small consideration, payable chiefly in the product of one of our most important branches of manufacture, at Gregory Donoe's counter, left a copy with a few words of explanation at the door of every family supposed to be yet open to conviction upon the subject of being rescued; and who further took the trouble, voluntarily, and from the love he bore the cause, to exhibit it with hortatory remarks, to each passer-by whom he met in the street while on his way.

In all these proceedings—except the handbill—Salandra took a deep interest. It was undoubtedly to be regretted as one of the innate defects of her character, or as a result of her imperfect education in the duties of woman, that a question so much affecting public affairs should occupy her thoughts, and that she should endeavor to inform herself fully of its merits, and half wish sometimes that she had a right to do or say something, she scarcely knew what, upon a theme which affected her interests, and came home to her personal welfare, as did this.

But then it is to be recollected in excuse for this unfeminine thought, that Salanda had never had those advantages of refined culture enjoyed by more favored young ladies who are early taught the proper limits of their intellectual powers, and are instructed from the outset of life to devote their gentle abilities to more appropriate purposes. And if Salanda did so far go out of her sphere as to form an opinion, and a decided one too, (we will by no means disguise the truth in her favor), upon a political subject, and if she did so far neglect her duties to her father and his home, as to read what she could of the history of prohibition, and if she did long, oh! unwomanly desire, to lend her aid to protect her father even from

his constitutional liberties, let us plead for her, the ignorance in which she had been brought up, and the entire absence in her case, of those fortunate social conditions which interpret to the fashionable ladies of the metropolis their true sphere.

We can not deny, and we will not disguise the fact that Salanda did form an opinion upon the subject then prominent in the public thoughts. More than this. Being, as a woman of course would be, (nothing better could have been expected of her,) quite carried away by her feelings, and her own personal knowledge of the practical bearings of prohibition upon the narrow circle in which she dwelt, she took no broad, comprehensive views of the abstract considerations upon which the question ought to have been settled, but summarily disposed of it by a mere instinctive sense of what she wished might come to pass.

Thus she was not able to weigh aright the importance of preserving and promoting the prosperity of the industrial interests of the State; she only wished that in some way her father might be made more industrious.

She did not consider the inalienable rights of commerce under the Constitution; she only thought that Gregory Donoe ought not to be allowed to sell liquor to her father.

She did not think of the impropriety of such legislation on the part of a State as should cut down the revenues of the Federal Government; she only dreaded that her father might come upon the town.

She did not reflect upon the injustice of taking and destroying without compensation the private property of the citizen; she only wished that the little remaining property of her father might be preserved to him.

She forgot the indubitable right of every man to sell whatever he might choose; she only hoped that some day it might no longer be in her father's power to buy what tempted him beyond his power of resistance.

She did not bear in mind the principle that every man's house is his castle; she only longed to have it possible that she should make her father's house his home.

She did not understand the intrinsic absurdity of sumptuary laws; she only prayed that something might stand between her father and his appetite.

In short it was not possible for her to examine the subject, as a judicious friend of temperance should, in the abstract, and taking into consideration its broad and general bearings, because she knew all about it in its particulars. Thus prejudiced, her opinion was entitled to but little weight, since it could not be the cool, calm, dispassionate, sober, prudent, considerate, conservative sentiment, which marks the truly judicious friend of the cause.

As for the Captain, her father, he did not define his position very clearly, at least not in words. In his capacity as fixture and ornament in Gregory's store, he heard the current of discussion upon the subject, and was always ready to drink success to the conservatives at the expense of any of them who might be disposed to invite him so to do, but further than this he did not pledge himself. Yet he took great interest in the contest, and watched its progress with silent attention.

The evening before the day appointed for the assembling of that mass-meeting to which the community were to come forth, and by which the invaders of liberty were to be frowned down, at length arrived.

By the sitting-room window of her father's house, Salanda sat, looking mournfully out upon the lengthening shadows, the fading light and the setting sun. That couch of western cloud on which the weary Light-bearer flung himself to rest, betokened some sprinkling on the morrow of an element which the judicious friends of temperance would not care for.

Salanda had faithfully finished the duties of the day. Her slender arms had anticipated her father's unsteady ones, in bringing in the wood, and in performing other services too laborious in truth for her powers. Tea, long since ready, now stood cold and untouched upon the table. And still Salanda sat at the window, looking out into the gathering darkness, and taking sad pleasure there, congenial to her feelings. And still she sat, awaiting her father's long delayed return from the village.

She was almost disheartened. From wishing with a wish which was repeated almost every night, that he would come, and trying to devise some new attraction that might keep him at home, to find some avenue as yet untried, through which she might reach his heart, and win him to an alteration in his course—from half fearing that she should never learn how to be a daughter to him, and fill aright a place as yet so new to her, yet without a single regret that she had undertaken such a weary task—from thus sadly thinking upon her father as he was now, her thoughts ran back to the night when she had claimed him as a parent; when he had acknowledged her as a daughter. In retrospect she again contested with Aunt Provy, who insisted that she should not leave her to dwell with him. She recalled how, without faltering or regret she

had triumphed over Aunt Provy's resistance and Calick's remonstrances, and had made her father's home, though poor now, and meager, her own.

In all her sadness she thought with tearful pleasure on the change. And though the future was bright there, and dark here, she was still glad that she had come to him because he was in trouble and alone. Wiping her eyes she cheered herself with the hope that some happy change was still in store for him. Yet happy or wretched, so long as he would own her for a daughter, so long the labor of her life should be to fill a daughter's place to him.

And thence her thoughts recurring to that memorable evening, she recalled its earlier scenes; the walk upon the valley road before the sun had quite gone down; and Jason's words to her, and her's to him. It was more than a year ago. She wondered where Jason was, now. The tears came again to her eyes. Had she been in any wise too hasty, or too persistent? Why had she repulsed the one when he was in danger, and clung to the other when he was overwhelmed? It was the question of an instant, and as instantly answered. She cherished no sorrow for the past, and accepted the doubtful future as a chosen though a sad and solitary path.

She heard a step in the yard. It was not her father's, she was sure of that. Hastening to the door, she met Calick.

"Have you seen—?"

"No," said Calick.

There was a silence.

"I came up," said Calick, "to bring you a letter."

"A letter?"

"Yes."

Calick took off his cap, and produced the letter from the lining.

"I hope he's doin' well," he added.

Salanda looked at the superscription.

"Oh," said she, "from Jason."

Calick turned to go away.

"Don't go, Calick. Won't you come in?" interposed Salanda.

"No, thank you," said he; "it's late."

"I can't think why father don't come home," said Salanda, looking down the road.

It was a filial fiction, for she knew why. So did Calick.

"I'm afeared it's lonesome for you," said he. "I've thought of it often. I'd like to stop, but perhaps I'd better be a goin' down. I may meet him."

"Thank you," said Salanda.

"I'll try and find him," said Calick.

"Oh, please do!" said Salanda, earnestly. "You're very kind. Just like yourself."

"I've been a thinkin'," said Calick, speaking again after some hesitation, "that you need somebody or somebody else on the place again here sometimes, to do chores and such. Things needs a little fixin' here and there."

"Indeed," said Salanda, "I wish we could have things in better order. I do all I can, but that does n't go a great way."

"The spring work, too; it's time it was done now, anyways. I've got through the most of our 'n down home."

"Yes," said Salanda, mournfully.

"And I did n't know," continued Calick, interrogatively,

"but you bein' lonesome, and all, it might be some use to you, for me to come up and stop a while; that is if *he* would n't say anythin' again' it?"

"Thank you," responded Salanda; "thank you very much, very much indeed. I wish it would do."

"He would n't like?" asked Calick.

"He's very strange about some things," said Salanda, gently. "I do not speak of you to him; he is— I don't mind it at all myself, but he is very strange sometimes, and he would n't like it. I don't mind what he says myself," she continued, "believe me, Calick, I don't think any different for it, but it would n't do. It would n't do for you to be here. It would only make him feel the worse."

Calick was silent.

"I'm sorry," said he, at last, "I came up to say this. Aunt Provy was a goin' to bring the letter, but I told her I wanted to come myself. I'm sorry, for you must be lonesome, and I'd be glad to be of use."

"I'm very sorry," said Salanda; "I hope it will be different one of these days. I'm very grateful to you. I hope he will come to thank you yet for all your kindness."

"Good-night," said Calick, and he turned away.

As he disappeared, Salanda felt as if distance was gradually intervening between her and all her friends. She sat down again in the dark sitting-room, and had no other hope to comfort her, but that her father returning home, might bring no more than usual of disgrace.

In these thoughts she at first forgot Jason's letter. Recollecting it, she went to the fireplace, put on some fresh wood, and stirred the fire till it blazed high, and filled the room with

a cheerful, although fitful light. Then seating herself in the corner of the great settle nearest the blaze, she opened the letter, and leaning forward so as to bring the fire-light upon the sheet, she read it.

Jason wrote from New York. The letter was not in his usual merry vein. He said that his sister Frederica, whose name he coupled with much brotherly praise, as indeed he always did, was very sick; very sick indeed. He was writing in her chamber—her chamber, which he thought she would never leave again. He wrote, because when he was sad or in trouble, he wanted to talk with Salanda, and the next best thing to talking with her was to write to her, and to receive one of her letters. This he said, and much more to the same and further effect; all of which interested Salanda much more than it can be presumed to interest the reader. And he said in addition to this, that the promise which Salanda wished him to make a year ago, he had now made to his dying sister. It had made her happier, she said; and he wished to make the same promise now to Salanda also, hoping, that if she still felt any interest in his welfare, she would find some pleasure, even at this late day, in accepting it.

Salanda had not fairly finished the perusal of the letter when the sound of stumbling in the entry caused her hastily to fold it, and conceal it in some mysterious receptacle of her dress. She had just done this as the Captain entered, in the full enjoyment of his constitutional liberties.

"Citi-zens-s t'-therr escue," said he, as he came in, "t-therr escue, ther escue. There," he continued, waving the open handbill toward his daughter, "there, S'landermys darl'g, there's ze notice. 'Z going t' be a great dem-er, dem— great

demerstrashun; that's it, a great demerstrashun t'morrow. Z' Deacon's going t'speak."

"Father," said Salanda, bringing up a chair and placing it in his favorite corner, "is it pleasant out to-night?"

"'Zt pleasant? Ye-hes. 'Ts very pleas-n't. 'Ts beautiful. 'Ts going to rain. I know 'ts going to rain. I'm a kind of a b-b'rometer-br-br—I'm a kind of a br-ometer. I feel ther quicks'lver when—er the weather changes. I beenafalling to-day. I know 'ts goingto rain. 'Ts beautiful. 'N when—er citizens-scome-t'therr-escue-h—I been a falling all day, an' when it rains, citizens 'll getwet. Salanda!"

"What, father?"

"'R you crying, Salanda? Doan cry. Let ther clouds cry; don't you cry, it's their-h-business. 'S what they're made for. 'Tain't whatyouermade for."

The Captain, after a long and rambling search upon the mantle-piece, succeeded in finding his pipe there—it was exactly in its place, indeed it always was—and having found it, he clumsily filled it, and after one or two experiments lighted it.

"Salanda!" he continued.

"What, father?"

"What'youthinking about? Say, Salanda. What'ryou-thinking a-h-bout?"

"Nothing, father. It's tea-time."

"You thinkinga-h-bout nothing? 'Ats a grea-tsubject. Nothing 'sjuss what I've been thinking 'bout. An' I'm going to do it. 'Sjuss what I'm going to do. Nothing. 'R you thinkingaboutnothing? I don't believe't, Salanda. Young lady's old's you are—'n 's'ansome—they doan sit 'n think

aboutn-n-othing. 'St they didn't when wh-whenIwasayoung m-h-an."

"I was thinking, father," said Salanda, finding that he pursued the inquiry, "that I wish we could get somebody to do the farm-work."

"Farm work?" said he. "Where isee farm-work? 'Is is n't a farm. 'Sa country seat. Farm's a place where they work. This 'sa country seat, this 'z is. Country seat's a place where they doan work, 'causetheydonorowt'work. They, they do—juss wha' they'reamin'to. This place's n't a farm. I don't work. I use' to work when I lived 'n New York. I use' to work, 'n I use' to drink. I use' to drink pretty 'ard. But I don't work now. I go down to Donoe's, that's all I do, 'n to-morrow I mean to go t' ther' rescue. I've a good min' to speak t' 'ther' rescue. Z' Deacon's going to speak. I wonder what-h-the Deacon's going to say. Z' Deacon's a firs' rate fellow, only he drinks. 'Ts too bad th' Deacon drinks. A deacon 'at drinks 'll lie; 'n a deacon 'at lies, I've readitsome-h-whers,—some newspaper says so,—'at a deacon 't 'll lie, 'll steal; 'll steal. An' a deacon 't 'll steal,—Salanda, what 'll a deacon do ool steal? What wont-ceedo? I know what he 'll do, he 'll sw—he 'll swing; no he won't swing yet, he 'll swingle. 'At's it, he 'll sw-wingle. 'An a deacon 'at 'll swingle 'll go to—Citizenstotheh-escue! Donoe's going t' therr escue. I mean-h-to go t' therr escue. I've juss' as gooaright'oogo's-h-Donoe. Donoe said I was a d-dog. I don't see what he w-wanted t-to call me a d-dog for. I ain't a dog. I doan drinklikea d-dog. A dog doan drink like me. I guess Donoe meant t' insult me. Or the dog. He meant the d-dog. But I mean to go t' therr escue. I c'n go

without d'ssine'shun of party. I'm a citizen, 'n my liberties 's good a right, jus' as good a right,—my liberties jus' as much right 's Donoe's.

"S'landa?"

"What, father?" said Salanda, coming forward from the other side of the room, glad of an opportunity to gain her father's attention.

"S'landa, see there. There 's zer notice. 'Ts the deacon's own notice. See there."

And the Captain fastened up the handbill by pinning it with his jack-knife against the woodwork over the fireplace.

"See there—S'landa. Why, you've been cry-h-ing, child. You must n't cry. 'Ts bad times, but it 's going t' be all right. Citizens 'r comingt'-therr 'escue; 'n when citizens comes to therr 'escue, 't 'll be all-l-right."

Saying this, the Captain leaned forward and took up a brand from the dying fire, and held it unsteadily to the lower corner of the handbill. It browned, curled up, smoked, took a spark, caught in a blaze, flamed up high,—and went out; leaving the Captain's jack-knife sticking through a cinder.

"There, sir," said the Captain, speaking apparently to the jack-knife. "Thas 's the way I fix 'em. My liberties 's juss as good a right to be per-perotected, juss as good a right 's Donoe 's."

The next day there was great commotion in that stratum of Cone Cut society which comprised the judicious friends of temperance. The occasion was memorable in the town as the last and expiring united effort of resistance which dying liberties could make against overwhelming oppression. The

hour of the meeting was two o'clock in the afternoon, and the place was a grove-shaded field just behind the academy. But the greater part of the proceedings were privately rehearsed during the forenoon in the back-room of Gregory Donoe's store. So much of the action of the meeting as could then be foreseen, was there carefully and faithfully preconcerted by Messrs. Ficksom and Donoe, under the counsel of Esquire Blote, and with the assistance of S. T. Taddle.

S. T. Taddle is our fellow-townsmen, and a very amiable citizen. To this day he lives in Cone Cut, where he still keeps his store for the sale of hats and shoes. In his business, extremes meet, and Mr. Taddle can clothe either extremity of the human form, from his numerous and well-selected stock. The legitimate custom not being very active, he keeps also in the same room a shop for the manufacture, and more particularly for the renovation, of boots and shoes.

Mr. Taddle is a man of an intellectual turn of mind, and, as his friends remark, one of the most public-spirited men in the place. He takes a prominent part in town meetings; and is accustomed to join actively in any movement whatever that affords scope for the erudition of "Jefferson's Manual," two copies of which he always carries about his person; one in his waistcoat pocket, bound in cloth, and another—an imperfect copy—in his head, bound, as one might say, in calf.

The judicious friends of temperance, looking about them to annex such respectability as they might, had cast their eyes on S. T. Taddle, among others. They felt no particular personal interest in the man, as a man—he was a very respectable sort of a man—but they looked up to him as being the very best person in all the village to lend the imposing sanc-

tion of dignity and artistic regularity to their organization, and their action. Mr. Taddle, on the other hand, felt little or no interest in the cause, one way or the other; but he viewed the judicious friends of temperance as a body; to organize them, to preside over their councils, and to direct their action, would be, he felt, a task worthy of himself and Jefferson. It was with these mutual views that they had solicited, and he had accorded, his important parliamentary services. So that whenever S. T. Taddle spoke, the judicious friends—every man of them—listened; and whenever the judicious friends would listen, Mr. Taddle—and Jefferson—spoke.

The first assistance which Mr. Taddle rendered to the cause, consisted in requiring the movers of the meeting to erect a little platform or stage, like a scaffold, whereon the more prominent of the judicious friends should stand. This, although it was not, as he explained to them, laid down in the Manual, was nevertheless, he urged, an indispensable requisite to a regular, formal and valid meeting.

On the forenoon of the day appointed, Mr. Taddle went down to the ground chosen for the meeting, and there having visited the scaffold, and tested its strength, and in his solitude, having approved its convenience by reciting from it with gestures, an appropriate, but impromptu acknowledgment of some honor—what, did not very clearly appear—returned with a smiling face to the store, and shortly became closeted with his co-laborers—a potential president with a chrysalis committee. The resolutions that were then prepared, combined so masterly an exposition of the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, Magna Charta, and the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments,

that when read in the afternoon, they astonished and delighted the judicious friends, and sent dismay, confusion, and silence upon all fanatics.

In due time, the community coming forth, gathered themselves in a crowd of men and boys around the scaffold, where they found the committee, and also Mr. Taddle, who was, for the fifth time, experimentally ascertaining the number of all possible arrangements of a table, a pitcher, a tumbler, and the Jefferson's Manual. The promise of rain which the night had made was unfulfilled by the day. The weather was warm; but Nature, feeling perhaps an interest in the cause, and unwilling that the judicious friends should stand in the sun, had spread her parasol of clouds, and held it patiently for them all the afternoon.

When the necessary and proper preliminaries had been completed, during which Mr. Taddle and Jefferson seemed to have it all their own way with Mr. Donoe and the ex-deacon, the resolutions were read to the assembled citizens who had come to the rescue.

"Gentlemen," cried the president, starting up after their perusal had been accomplished, and commencing his observation with a gesture he had read of in "The Young American Speaker," "you have heard the resolutions. What is your pleasure with them."

The president sat down again. There was a pause. Gentlemen really did not seem to know what was their pleasure.

"Gentlemen," cried president Taddle again, starting up with a gesture he had learned from the "Northern Hemisphere Orator," "is there—"

Just at this juncture Mr. Ficksom interrupted him by a

pull upon his coat-tail, and after a moment's conference with him, that gentleman arose, and president Taddle cried out again with a new gesture—exclusively original this—

"Allow me to introduce to you our respected and influential fellow-citizen, Ezekiel Ficksom."

Thus presented, that gentleman came forward in some perspiration and much modesty, bowed to the crowd in token that he was happy to form their acquaintance, and said,

"Ahem!"

At this commencement there was a sensation in the audience, and one small boy who had attained a precarious elevation in a neighboring sapling, cried out, in a high key, irreverently, "Hooray!"

In no wise over-elated by this encouraging and cheering reception, the speaker continued.

"Fellow-citizen and fellow-liberti—er—fellow—er—friends of liberty."

Here the weight of the small boy broke a branch in the top of the sapling, and he came down into the crowd in a manner that had the effect very materially to divert them for a few moments from the eloquence which awaited their attention.

"Fellow-citizens and fellow friends of liberty," said Mr. Ficksom, taking a fresh start when the excitement had subsided, and looking around upon the faces before him as he spoke. "I am called upon very unexpectedly to say something to you about this law. As I rise, a sense of responsibility—a painful sense of responsibility—of a great moral responsibility of civil and political and religious influence, permeates and perambulates through the recesses of my heart."

Face expressive of perambulating responsibility.

"Now at the very beginning, I want to say that I for one go for temperance. I wish well—I believe we all wish very well to the cause. We are all friends of true, honest temperance. I have in my heart an active interest in it, and I have a deep and all-pervading and overpowering sympathy for its objects—a sympathy which is irrepressible and can find no vent."

Face expressive of irrepressible sympathy finding no vent.

"Intemperance is then, sir, a great moral evil. To stop intemperance and crime would be very good objects, indeed. But the proper cure for moral evils is by moral means. Providence has provided proper means for every proper object, and the proper remedy for a moral evil is moral suasion. And, in fact, this is one of my principal objections to this prohibitory law, as it is called, that it attempts by legislation to prevent moral sins—a thing which has never been successfully done in the whole history of mankind."

"Hear! hear!" cried the Captain, sitting up upon the knoll.

"Citizens," continued the speaker, "your applause assures me that we are agreed upon this fundamental point. And thus encouraged I go further, and I state boldly that in my opinion such legislation is morally certain to defeat its own ends. It will inevitably create an irresistible and inevitable reaction that will overwhelm the cause like an avalanche from the Rocky Mountains."

Face expressive of reaction like an avalanche.

"Whatever the temporary feelings of individuals, or of communities may prompt, no sensible man can believe that such an enactment as this can keep its place permanently on the Statute-book of any American State. No zeal for tem-

perance or any other good cause will warrant so gross an invasion of personal rights as it provides. Where is the man so lost to every sense of the sacredness of liberty and the gloriousness of moral suasion, as dare say, it is right? Where is he?"

"Hear! hear!" cried Captain Mayferrie.

The crowd laughed. President Taddle called out "Silence."

"Yes, silence there," responded the Captain.

"Sir," continued the speaker, "moral means are the only way to produce any effect on the wickedness of the human heart. The rude, harsh provisions of law were never made to reform men. They are not the right means to restrain the appetites and passions of men, and all the depravity of the human heart."

Face expressive of all the depravity of the human heart.

"I can't witness without perturbation of spirit the blow which this intemperate legislation strikes at all our liberties. Nobody has any right to go about to search the houses of citizens, and seize their property. If one set of men may have it another may. If they may have this power against one species of property, they may against another. When you see your neighbors reduced from affluence to poverty by a single touch of this mysterious power, you will ask, Where does the power come from? what are its limits? Or has it no limits, except the will of the Legislature? It will be found then, that we have such a thing as a Constitution, and that all are bound to respect its provisions."

Face expressive of respect for provisions.

"I have," continued he, warming with his subject, "no interest as an humble and insignificant individual in this ques-

tion, which like a whirlwind is heaving up the bosom of the community in convulsive and agitating throes as the volcanoes of the torrid regions cast up fire and dirt. I am here not as an individual to defend my personal rights. I am here," he cried, raising his tone for greater emphasis, "I am here because the sacred principles of universal liberty are in danger. I wish to raise my feeble voice in—"

"Louder!" suggested the Captain, in a stentorian voice.

"—My feeble voice," vociferated the speaker, "in defense of liberty. Liquor is not in itself injurious to any person or thing, like gunpowder or other dangerous things. It is its improper use or rather its abuse—its consequential moral operations—"

Face expressive of consequential moral operations.

"—rather than any direct physical effect against which the law is intended to provide. Now liquor is property. And no judicious friend of temperance can claim that it is not. It is property, isn't it? And while it is our property, it belongs to us; don't it? I pause for a reply."

"I guess it does," cried the Captain. "We paid for it; did n't we Deacon?"

"Mr. President," said Mr. Ficksom, "some person in the crowd interrupts me. I appeal to this meeting, to the dignity of our fellow-citizens, and to the honor of the cause, to know if such interruptions are to be permitted to break in upon the calm, harmonious beauty of our deliberations."

Face expressive of calm, harmonious beauty.

"Mr. President," said the Captain rising and straightening himself up, and speaking in his good nature as nearly as he could in the very intonations used by Mr. Ficksom. "Mr.

President, I appeal to this meeting n' to the dign'ty of our fellow citizens, and to the honor of the cause, to know how it is if the Judicious Friends of Temperance don't want us to answer 'em, what do they ask questions for?"

"Order!" cried President Taddle, tapping Jefferson upon the table, "Order! Gentlemen, must not interrupt the speaker. Order! Mr. Ficksom will please proceed."

"But, Mr. President, will the gentleman please repeat the question? I think I can answer that question if I only understand it."

At this the crowd began to thin out around the scaffold and to turn toward the Captain, and gather round him.

"Order!" insisted the President at the top of his voice.

"I believe I have the floor," said the regular speaker, whose knowledge of parliamentary learning comprised this phrase and no more.

"Well," answered Mr. Mayferrie from his knoll, "please keep it. There's another floor over here. I don't want to take the gentleman's floor. The grass is good enough for me."

The crowd gathered before the Captain encouragingly.

"You're no gentleman," cried Mr. Ficksom, angrily.

Face expressive of no gentleman.

"Fellow-citizens," said the Captain, "those fellows are the—they say they are—the friends of the Constitution and the cause of Temperance. They're the Judicious Friends. I ain't a Friend. I ain't judicious, either. Gregory Donoe's judicious,—he sells liquor. I buy liquor,—I ain't judicious. Perhaps that's the difference. They've got the judicious precepts. I'm one of your injudicious examples."

"Fellow-citizens!" cried the President from the scaffold, which was now left quite alone. "There is important business before the meeting, and 'Squire Blote will address you."

"Put him down!" vociferated Mr. Donoe to his friends around Mr. Mayferrie.

"Oh, I'm down now," replied Mr. Mayferrie, addressing himself to the crowd, but speaking for Gregory's ear. "You've been a putting me down ever since I've dealt with you. Oh! I'm down now."

"Fellow citizens, I have heard what he's said and it's all one of his humbugs, or one of his jokes."

"You've been drinking!" screamed Mr. Ficksom.

"Yes! and it is one of my constitutional liberties," returned the Captain. "I've been drinking to-day. I'm thirsty now. I expect to drink some more by-and-by. I ain't one of your judicious men. I always drink when I'm thirsty."

"But I tell you this is all talk—what the Deacon says. He says nobody's any right to search other people's houses and seize their property. He says it is n't constitutional. I don't know whether it is or not, but I know when he did n't think so, and that was last Tuesday night when he and Squire Blote there, went up to Widow Cragin's and attached all her property. Say, Deacon! did that invade her sacred liberties any? You did it for a debt, and before you had any trial. You did n't think search and seizure was unconstitutional then, I guess."

"But, gentlemen, whatever they say is all talk, and it's not much use for us to answer 'em unless we're longer-winded than they are; which we ain't. It's not much use because we're bound to have a trial of that law, and then we can see

for ourselves. For my part, I don't expect it will hurt any of us except the dealers, and it won't injure them much, any way. They've been having it all their own way with us ever since we can remember;—they're a hard-working set, and it can't harm 'em much to have a little leisure. It'll do to try by way of experiment; and I rather think we'll find we can do without 'em just as well as with. I don't know as I shall ever stop drinking until they stop selling. I always drink when I'm thirsty; and I'm thirsty pretty much all the time now-a-days. When they stop I guess we shall, and not before. I expect we've got to have the law, and we may as well go in for a trial of it. It won't interfere half as much with Donoe there as with me, for he's got other business to carry on just the same. But for an old soaker like me, when that's stopped, I have n't much of any thing left to do. Our rights are just as good as theirs, if we only knew it.

"Now I move we adjourn, for I'm thirsty; but first, let's have three cheers for the cause."

The cheers and laughter of the dispersing crowd came very conveniently just at this juncture, because they served to drown the parliamentary remonstrances of Mr. Taddle (who never yet had deserted his official post), the unparliamentary vituperations of Mr. Ficksom, and the extremely excited language of Mr. Donoe.

"Boys," said Mr. Mayferrie, stopping and turning back. "You're citizens, and have come to the rescue. You'd better stay to the rescue. You're needed. I'm going up for a drink."

Between these two recommendations the greater part of the judicious Friends of Temperance then and there assembled,

found no difficulty in deciding. Some portion of the assembled citizens, indeed, remained clustered around the platform, to hear the address of Esquire Blote, and to act upon the important business for the transaction of which they had been called together. And thus engaged, they remained assembled for a considerable time, Esquire Blote's address proving to be somewhat longer than might have been expected from the assurances given by him at its commencement.

But the greater portion of the meeting retired, obedient to the suggestion of the Captain, and a short time afterward saw them more socially reorganized, but with neither president nor Jefferson's Manual, in Gregory's store. There Captain Mayferrie slaked his thirst by often-repeated exercise of his constitutional liberties, and regaled the company with their favorite song, in the theme and burden of which he repeatedly asserted;—

"A brick from the sky fell on my hat;
It sticks in it yet;
It sticks in it yet."

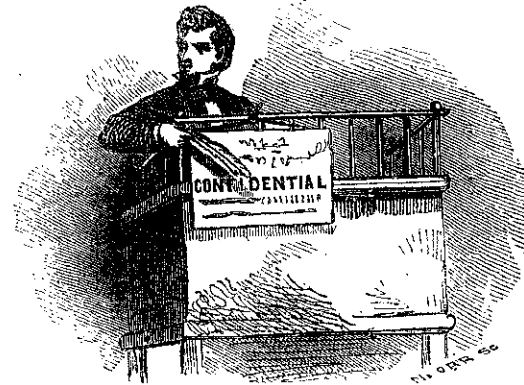
This lyric was received by all present with far greater favor even than that which greeted the eloquent addresses of the afternoon. It was sung with spirit, it was encored with enthusiasm, and when time after time it was repeated, the chorus was swelled with a power which would doubtless have rejoiced the heart of every judicious friend of temperance. Most unfortunate it is, indeed, that the words and the melody have not been preserved.

With this poetic embodiment of his idea of the inspiration of true freedom, the Captain commenced and finished the

evening, and was ultimately carried home by Calick, who came in search of him at a late hour. Upon a hand-cart the Captain was transported homeward, and was there presented to his daughter in the full possession and enjoyment of his Constitutional Liberties.

XXIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1854.



MR. SOLOMON
POPPENHAUSEN
was the success-
or to Mrs. Run-
dle in the oc-
cupancy of the
Grand-street
store.

Mr. Edgecutt, left by Mrs. Rundle in charge of her interest in the lease of premises lately occupied by her, of which lease three years or so were as yet unexpired, proceeded to inform a rather indifferent public, by the medium of a semi-weekly advertisement in the newspapers, and a handbill posted upon the store-shutters, that this store was to let, rent sixteen dollars a month, possession given immediately, apply to B. Franklin Edgecutt, No. 28 Nassau-street.

An indifferent public paid but little attention to the matter. But Mr. Solomon Poppenhausen, being obliged to leave the

stand which he had occupied for many years, for the reason that the buildings thereabout were soon to be torn down to make way for new and splendid edifices intended to be erected by the March of Improvement, noticing the hand-bill, did apply to B. Franklin Edgecutt, No. 28 Nassau-street. And as he was a very respectable-looking man, and as he gave the best of references, namely by consenting to pay his rent in advance, Mr. Edgecutt authorized him to take possession immediately, which he accordingly did.

Mr. Solomon Poppenhausen was a jeweler. A jeweler by profession rather than by trade. A jeweler in virtue of his sign rather than by reason that he transacted the business of a jeweler to any great extent. After he had moved into his new establishment, and had made the best possible arrangement of his wares, he took an apprentice to give dignity to the concern, subscribed to two of the daily papers, and occupied his leisure moments with keeping himself informed respecting the present course and current history of the world. This quiet mode of life was occasionally varied by the recreation which he found in burnishing up his watches and silver-ware, and in giving the time to chance customers.

Mr. Poppenhausen's clocks were of the oldest fashion; clocks that took time easy and were never in a hurry. There were quite a number of them; and the first lesson in the art of watch-making which Thomas the apprentice received was, how to wind up clocks. For many weeks the only employment of the apprentice was to keep these time-pieces in motion; and the shop being very silent in other respects, the clocks kept up continually a most animated conversation in monosyllables.

At the end of the shop was the old Regulator, a dusty, old time-piece, with a most troublesome convenience of a variable almanac for all time, upon its dial;—and with loud footsteps it took long strides into futurity. On the counter stood the little model musical mantle-clock, which kept up with the Regulator as a little child walks with his father, by dint of taking many short steps to the long ones of the other. And there were twenty, and more than twenty others.

All along the shelves behind the counter, within glass doors, and in the window, stood the silver-ware. Famous silver-ware in Grand-street it became; for multitudes of self-denying persons, whose appetites for plate seemed confined to their eyes, stopped at the window as they passed, and pointed out their fancies to each other, and choosing what they would have, went away quite contented, and doubtless fully as happy in looking at it from without, as could Mr. Solomon Poppenhausen have been in looking at it from within as it lay there undisturbed. And many a thinly-dressed lady, coming in with a careful air of casual inquisitiveness, wanted to look at spoons, and would like to ascertain the price of silver castors, and having observed with approval that the spoons were very heavy, and the castors very rich, and having inquired doubtfully if they were warranted as the first quality of silver, and scanned them narrowly in search of blemishes, and weighed them critically in hand, went away again saying that she thought she should come in and purchase; yet doubtless had, if she only knew it, quite as much pleasure in not being able to buy, as Mr. Solomon Poppenhausen had in not being able to sell.

But it was rare old plate he had. Solid old silver-ware.

There was no sham about that. The spoons were not Britannia in disguise, nor the gold watches German silver under false colors;—you might know that when you saw how fearlessly he rubbed and polished them twice a week. His wares were as honest and genuine as himself; and though his store was but a little one, it contained a greater quantity of real silver than some more brilliant establishments in Broadway.

Mr. Poppenhausen was as old-fashioned as his clocks, and as regular, too, in his daily course of life. When the old Regulator struck twelve, Mr. Poppenhausen laid down his paper, took up his hat, and went down street to dinner. Just as it was catching its breath, (as old clocks do,) preparatory to striking one, he came in again, laid down his hat, and took up his paper. In the mean time, Thomas took care of the customers, having been directed thereto by his master, according to a prescribed formula daily repeated.

The customers were not many, and Thomas in this branch of his duty had not very much to do.

Mr. Hococks, now out of place by reason of indiscretions which unfitted him for business, and wandering about the town ready to turn his hand to almost any honest means of livelihood, happened to pass by Mr. Poppenhausen's store. Whether his attention was won by the euphonious name blazoned on a swinging sign over the door, or caught by the ticking which pervaded the shop and echoed out into the street, or attracted by the Regulator, the expression of whose honest face was so congenial to his own, or whether he merely intended to spend a few minutes in recalling old associations, and refreshing his memory in respect to the personal appearance of gold and silver—whether any of these causes, or all

combined, were his controlling motive in stopping at the window for some time, or whether he acted without a motive, as some philosophers say man habitually does, is of no importance in this connection, compared with the fact that he did stop at the window, and that for some time.

It was a warm September afternoon. Mr. Hococks had been in the sun a great part of the day. His face, and particularly his nose, was heated and red. The cooling quality of window-glass is well known. Mr. Hococks applied his olfactory to the window-pane to such an extent, that while very much at his leisure, he inspected the contents of the store and mentally appraised the various articles, that prominent feature was so flattened and whitened against the glass, that the identity of his visage was, for the moment, quite destroyed, and it would have been quite impossible that Mr. Poppenhausen should ever have recognized him under other circumstances as the same man. Mr. Poppenhausen who had been almost asleep over a leader in the newspaper—he always read the leaders the last—was aroused to a sense of uneasiness at this apparition; for to say nothing of being made the subject of such general inspection by two round rolling eyes, he felt a vague certainty that the elasticity of human fiber must, in the end, overcome the brittleness of glass, and he was dreading every moment to see the nose come through. When Mr. Poppenhausen, spurred on by this fear, arose and moved toward the window, the apparition desisted from pressing the point further, and suddenly turning around, disappeared.

Mr. Poppenhausen advancing to the door-step, watched the retreating figure of Mr. Hococks, until it disappeared around

the corner of Center-street. He then went back to his seat and went to sleep again.

"Hococks," said that gentleman to himself, as he pursued a devious course down Center-street, "Hococks, my friend, those things is yours. If you only knew it, those things is yours. All you've got to do is to get 'em. But 'to get 'em you want some help. And I know the fellow as 'll help you. 'Cause those things is yours, Hococks. All you've got to do is to get 'em. That's all."

"Well, Thomas," said Mr. Poppenhausen, a few days later, laying down his newspaper and taking up his hat, as the clock struck twelve, "I 'm going to dinner, Thomas."

"Yes, sir."

"And I shall be back in about an hour, Thomas."

"Very well, sir."

"And if any one calls to see me, I am at Duckling's, Thomas."

"I will tell them, sir."

This formula having been repeated correctly, Mr. Poppenhausen covered his shiny bald head with a shiny black beaver, and went out. As he passed down the street he noticed a carriage standing by the sidewalk, within the distance of a block or so from his store. But carriages were by no means rare in Grand-street, and he paid no attention to it. If he had but known it, the occupants of the carriage noticed him. And long before Mr. Solomon Poppenhausen reached Duckling's, the carriage drove up to the door of his store.

What a pity that the customers it brought did not know that Mr. Poppenhausen always went to dinner at this hour.

Two gentlemen, occupants of the carriage, without waiting for the driver to dismount, opened the carriage door themselves, sprang out upon the pavement, and entered the store together. One of the gentlemen was a sprucely-dressed young man of twenty-five, or thereabouts, but dressed so as to look younger. The other was older, more shabby and less prepossessing in his personal appearance.

"Good morning," said the first gentleman, nodding familiarly to Thomas, "Poppenhausen in?"

"No, sir! Mr. Poppenhausen, sir, is out, sir. He is gone to dinner, sir."

"There you are, you see," said the gentleman, addressing his companion. "What are you going to do about it? The train leaves at half-past one."

"What's the odds?" growled the other. "You can sell us some goods, can't you, my lad?"

Thomas, highly pleased with his new responsibility, said that he certainly could, and proceeded with more dexterity than could have been expected from one of his limited experience as a salesman, to lay out for the inspection of his customers the handsomest and the most costly articles the store contained. Very particular his customers were too, in examining every thing to make sure that it was solid silver. For the plated ware they seemed to entertain a great contempt.

At length having made the boy lay out for him a large stock of the best plate and jewelry in the establishment, the younger of the two gentlemen, who appeared to be the real customer, and to have an adviser rather than a partner in his companion, was suddenly reminded that he must be quick, or he should lose the train.

"I'm from Shawtucks," he explained, "Shawtucks, Ohio, and I must start for home this afternoon. I'm in the business myself, have been a long time; and I must say I never saw any plate any where equal to yours. If your prices don't cut too deep, I shall patronize you altogether. When will your boss be back?"

"At one, sir."

"That won't do. I should lose the train to wait for him. Where does he dine?"

"At Duckling's," replied Thomas.

"Whereabouts is that?" inquired the customer.

"It's pretty near the Park," said Thomas.

"All right," said the gentlemen. "You can run right down with me now. If we hurry we'll catch him before he goes. Or at least we shall meet him on the way back."

Thomas demurred to this proposal, on the ground that he could not leave the store, but his demurrer was overruled by the representation that it would not do to lose so valuable a customer, and by the further offer on the part of the valuable customer's friend to remain in the store till Mr. Poppenhausen should return. Thomas at length, after some hesitation, consented to the plan, and departed with the valuable customer to find Mr. Poppenhausen, while the valuable customer's friend assumed an honest appearance by hiding his face behind a newspaper.

As the valuable customer and his companion Thomas, passed down the Bowery, the valuable customer seized the opportunity afforded him by a few moment's intercourse with a youthful mind, to do what good lay in his power by lending his sanction to impressive sentiments of morality and honesty.

"Young man," said he, in a tone of great moral sublimity, mingled with much humane condescension, "you are entering upon a business in which wealth lies scattered around you in the utmost profusion. Honesty is the most valuable virtue to a business man like yourself. Somebody says that 'Honesty is the best policy.' It is the only policy. Real, deep, cute honesty, my young friend, is the only kind of policy. And whatever you do, I warn you, my friend," he continued in a voice thick with emotion, or more probably with a quid of tobacco, "never to be found out in any thing on the sly. If you once get caught at any thing crooked, you're a goner. You can't straighten yourself out afterwards. So, my boy, whatever you do, never you be found out in any thing on the sly."

"Ah, here's the telegraph office, is it?" said the valuable customer, interrupting himself, and reading from a sign. "Hold on a minute. I've a message to send. You wait here, so if your boss comes along, we may n't miss him."

So saying, he hurried up the steps, leaving his youthful companion at the door, engaged in calculating how rich such a very honest man must be by this time.

Thomas waited below, carefully watching both sides of the street for Mr. Poppenhausen. Getting tired at last of this occupation, and the valuable customer not returning, Thomas went up into the telegraph office to seek for him. He was not there.

Thence, now thoroughly frightened, he hurried back to the store. As he turned up into Grand-street at one corner, Mr. Poppenhausen came round the other. The valuable customer's carriage was gone, and the proprietor and his apprentice

entered the store together, to find it rifled; the most valuable of all the genuine articles taken away, and the rest scattered over the floor and counters in every direction.

It was not without great difficulty that Thomas succeeded in explaining the circumstances of the case to Mr. Poppenhausen. That gentleman was not what you would call a quick man in his powers of comprehension, whatever he may have been in his temper; and the account which Thomas gave of the transaction was by no means clear or coherent. At length, however, when Mr. Poppenhausen fully understood that the best part of his stock had been carried off, and had not been paid for, nor was likely to be, he sat down among the ruins of his establishment, and groaned aloud. He seemed not to have any thought or expectation of doing any thing to recover the stolen property, or the faintest idea that any thing could be done for that purpose.

"And that's the way it was, sir," said Thomas, ending for the fourth time his narrative, "and I am sure he looked very much like a gentleman, and I thought it was all right, and he said he would stay and keep the store, and I'm sure I could n't tell."

Mr. Poppenhausen groaned, but returned no other answer.

"But I might go after Mr. Edgecutt," continued Thomas, "and maybe he could tell us what to do."

Another groan from Mr. Poppenhausen.

"And I'll go right down now, sir," continued Thomas, "and bring him up. Shall I, sir?"

Construing a renewed groan from Mr. Poppenhausen into an affirmative, Thomas started off, at a quick pace, for Mr. Edgecutt's office.

Mr. Edgecutt fortunately was in. It was not without some difficulty that he succeeded in eliciting from Thomas all the circumstances of the case, without undue coloring, for under the impression that he might be held to account for the robbery, it was natural for him to view the incidents of the morning in a light not at all calculated to afford the best clew to a discovery of the offenders.

Mr. Edgecutt knew that it would go a great way toward securing the coöperation of Thomas in his plans if in discussing them he could lead him to suggest some advantage, and give him credit for the idea. Therefore he was very glad to have the apprentice suggest that they should send some one in search of the carriage in which the valuable customer and his friend had come. Giving him all due praise for the suggestion, Mr. Edgecutt dispatched Thomas himself on this errand, agreeing to meet him at Mr. Poppenhausen's in three quarters of an hour.

Meantime, Mr. Edgecutt, thinking that the best way to catch a rogue was to follow him as far as he could be traced, while his track was yet fresh, bent his steps to the telegraph office; intending after making a call there, to seek an interview with the chief of police.

It was a branch office, recently opened, and as yet by no means extremely busy. There was a short counter at one side of the room, near one end of which stood a little square desk, occupied by a small clerk with a large stiff collar and very upright hair. In the middle of the counter a brass wire several inches high stood upright, the lower end fastened into the counter, and the upper end pointed. A pile of slips of blank paper about the size of bank-bills were stuck upon this

wire, so that any one wishing to send a communication could write it upon the uppermost of these papers, and then pull it off and hand it to the clerk, to be manufactured into electricity and sent off by the operator. A pencil tied by a long string to a brass nail in the counter lay close by, to write with.

"Not much doing to-day, is there?" said Mr. Edgecutt, carelessly taking up the pencil attached to the desk.

"No," said the clerk, "only one message this two hours."

As he said this, Mr. Edgecutt's eye fell upon the pile of slips of paper before him. Regarding it more closely than before, he observed indentations in the upper slip, as if the last person who had written a dispatch had borne upon the pencil with a heavy hand, and left the traces of his writing impressed upon the paper beneath the one he had used.

"What was that?" asked Mr. Edgecutt, carelessly.

The clerk made no audible reply. But he shook his head as far as he could between two very stiff angles of collar, and pointed with the tip of his pen to a line in the card of printed rules which hung upon the front of his desk. It read as follows:

"All communications will be regarded as strictly CONFIDENTIAL."

Mr. Edgecutt took the opportunity of the clerk's attention being diverted, to slip the upper three or four papers off the file.

"Nothing worth knowing, I guess," said he, turning away.

"Only a death, I believe," said the clerk.

Then he suddenly leaned over his desk, as far as his dangerous collar would allow, and diving his great pen into a

little glass sea of ink before him, made a vigorous show of being very busy with his writing, as much as to say, "I should be very happy to talk to you, sir, and tell you all about it, but the arduous nature of my occupation, sir, prevents me from spending any more time with you, sir."

Mr. Edgecutt, with difficulty concealing his satisfaction, bid the clerk good afternoon, to which salutation he received no response, and hurried out, his precious paper safe in his hands. As soon as he got fairly into the street, he stopped against a tree-box, and unrolled the paper to decipher it, if possible. It was with some difficulty that he made it out, but at length he succeeded. It read as follows:

"To P. TUCKER, Esq.,

"GURGEN'S HOTEL,

"ALBANY.

"Solomon died at half-past twelve this afternoon, quietly and peacefully. Hococks and I will come on with the remains. Meet us at the boat to-morrow morning.

"R. STRETCH."

This being deciphered, Mr. Edgecutt indulged himself in a hearty slap on the knee, rolled up his slip of paper again, and hastened to Mr. Poppenhausen's store. Here he found the proprietor putting away the remnants of his stock, and counting it over and over again in every possible combination of numbers, to make it as large as he could. Here, too, he found Thomas just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to find the carriage of the valuable customer and his friend.

"Well, Mr. Edgecutt," said Mr. Poppenhausen, turning

round upon him a face of the utmost mournfulness, "this is a pretty kettle of fish, is n't it. They have n't left me a piece of real silver, hardly. Look at it. Just look at it." The poor man pointed to his empty shelves with a face of sorrow so comical, that even sympathy could hardly maintain as solemn a countenance as the nature of the case seemed to require. Still breathing hard, for he had run a good part of the way to the store, Mr. Edgecutt handed Mr. Poppenhausen the paper.

Mr. Poppenhausen looked from it to Mr. Edgecutt, and from Mr. Edgecutt to it, with a countenance as blank as the paper itself.

"Well," said Mr. Edgecutt, at length recovering his breath, "I think we've caught the scamps."

"Eh? What? Caught them. Hurrah!" cried Mr. Poppenhausen, in the greatest state of excitement, slapping his hat upon his head. "Come along. Where are they? Hurrah!"

"Hold on! Hold on!" said Mr. Edgecutt. "Not quite so fast. They are not any where yet. Sit down."

So saying, Mr. Edgecutt cleared a place for himself upon the counter. Mr. Poppenhausen sat down—or rather sat up—on a high stool near by.

"They are not caught yet," said Mr. Edgecutt, "but we can catch them, if we are cautious. But we've a precious set of rascals to deal with."

To this proposition Mr. Poppenhausen assented, by nodding very violently.

"The man that was here, the one that carried off the silver, is a man by the name of Hococks. The other one who went with John is a fellow named Stretch, whom I knew something

about before. As soon as he and John had gone, Hococks cleared out the silver into his carriage and went too,—"

A groan from Mr. Poppenhausen testified to the accuracy of Mr. Edgecutt's conjecture.

"—straight to the boat—the Albany boat. Stretch met him there."

Mr. Poppenhausen placed his elbows on his knees, and holding his head carefully in his hands, stared upon Mr. Edgecutt out of gradually widening eyes.

"The two have gone to Albany in the afternoon boat," continued Mr. Edgecutt, "with the silver."

Another groan from Mr. Poppenhausen.

"In Albany they are to be met by another scamp—Tucker they call him. I think we must have some one there along with Mr. Tucker. Eh? We must telegraph."

As the possibility of thus recovering the lost treasure gradually broke over Mr. Poppenhausen's mind, the expression of his face changed from one of deep dissatisfaction to one of intense delight. He seized one of Mr. Edgecutt's hands in both of his own, and actually danced up and down in his efforts to shake it sufficiently to indicate the satisfaction he felt.

Mr. Edgecutt then proceeded to explain to Mr. Poppenhausen the meaning of the little slip of blank paper which he still held in his hand, and how he came to know so much about the valuable customer and his friend. And he advised that a telegraphic message should forthwith be sent to the police authorities in Albany, requesting them to send an officer in company with Mr. Tucker to the boat in the morning, with a view to provide a proper escort for the remains. This advice, with the additional suggestion that the message be sent by

the other telegraph line, in order to keep the affair as quiet as possible, brought on another paroxysm of grateful admiration on the part of Mr. Poppenhausen.

Mr. Edgecutt sent the dispatch accordingly, and the next Tuesday morning he had the pleasure of receiving a note from the police authorities at the Tombs, informing him that the remains had been returned, and that the pall-bearers, who took so prominent a part at the funeral, were safely housed. In accordance with the request of this note, he went up to the Tombs, carrying Mr. Poppenhausen and Thomas with him, for the purpose of identifying the prisoners. As they came into the Police Court, the Justice was just finishing his morning's work, and disposing of the last half dozen unfortunates who had been brought there the night before. Mr. Edgecutt and his companions stood waiting for Messrs. Hococks and Stretch to be brought forward.

As Mr. Edgecutt, a little apart from the others, was talking to a policeman, some one slapped him on the shoulder, and—spoke.

"Halloo! how are you, old fellow? I'm glad to see you?"

It was Mr. Stretch.

"How do you do? You're just the man I wanted to see," continued he, proffering his hand to Mr. Edgecutt.

Mr. Edgecutt put his hands in his pockets and bowed, coldly.

"You're just the man I wanted to see," continued Mr. Stretch, in no wise abashed by his reception, "to get me out of a little scrape I have got into here. Those policemen! hang me if they know a gentleman when they see him. You know I was going up to Albany—to the Assembly there—I don't know as you knew I was elected to the Assembly?"

"No," said Mr. Edgecutt. Mr. Edgecutt certainly did not know it. It is doubtful whether any body else did.

"Yes! oh, yes. I run in last fall. By a first rate majority too, I tell you. Had over a thousand. Don't say any thing about it here, you know," said he, nudging Mr. Edgecutt with his elbow, "the Judge is of the other politics, and hates me for that reason. He don't know me, you know—except—er—by reputation. But positively I had to change my name on that account—entirely on that account—and call myself Robinson. Just think of it, Robinson! That's a pretty position for a man of my standing, is n't it?"

"Very," said Mr. Edgecutt.

"Why, it's horrible, you know, horrible. But as I was saying, I no sooner got on the wharf than I was arrested as a thief, on I don't know what false charge, and brought down here. You know we've got such a rotten police system. Oh, its wretched, wretched; I'm going to move an inquiry into it, the first thing I do when I get back to the Legislature. It's a disgrace to our State; a positive disgrace, you know."

"I would," said Mr. Edgecutt.

"Oh, I certainly shall," said Mr. Stretch. "You may depend on my taking hold of it the first thing. But I told the man it was a mistake. I put it to him this way. I said to him, 'Now my friend, I put it to you, as a reasonable being, is it likely, is it possible, that I, a member of the Assembly, a man whom his country delights to honor, you know, should be guilty of an offense against the laws.' And he positively laughed at me; the impudent fellow."

"Yes?" said Mr. Edgecutt, inquiringly.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Stretch, "laughed in my face. Why

I told him—and I told them here too, you know—I could refer 'em to a dozen men; name 'em on the spot. 'Why,' says I, 'there's my friend Edgecutt, for instance. You know Edgecutt. You must know Edgecutt. You can't help knowing him. Why he's the most promising member of our profession. He'd go bail for me to any amount.' Why you know, what's the profession good for, if it wasn't for these little professional courtesies—eh?"

"And you could get eleven others to go bail?" said Mr. Edgecutt, inquiringly.

"Oh, surely," said Mr. Stretch, "no difficulty about that, you know. I'm in a little of a snarl now. But I shall get it all straightened out very soon. And if there's any thing I can do for you in the Assembly you know, why just say the word. Any little bill you know, eh? or any thing of that sort, why just say so. Hang me, but I always took a liking to you, you know. Any little service of that sort, why—"

"Thank you," said Mr. Edgecutt. "I think I shall not have to trouble you."

"Oh, bless me! don't speak of the trouble. What's the good of being in the Assembly, you know, except to have a chance to help one's friends now and then—eh?"

"And as to going bail," continued Mr. Edgecutt.

"Well!"

"You had better send for the other eleven. I am here on different business," and he turned away from Mr. Stretch, and resumed his conversation with the policeman.

Whether Mr. Edgecutt was so far forgetful of professional proprieties as to inform the unsuspecting justice of the real name of Mr. Stretch, or whether the justice had known him

before by sight as well as by reputation, certain it is that by some mysterious means he recognized him, and called him by name; and notwithstanding Mr. Stretch was a member of the Assembly, notwithstanding the inherent improbability of his having committed a breach of the laws, notwithstanding that he offered the names of eleven gentlemen of the highest degree of respectability, including the governor of the State, and three members of the Legislature, who would pledge themselves to his good moral character and upright behavior, the magistrate allowed party feelings and political enmities so far to override justice, that he totally disregarded Mr. Stretch's remonstrances and assurances that it was all a mistake, and proceeded to hold him to bail. No bail being forthcoming, in consequence probably of the fact that the eleven friends of Mr. Stretch all resided at too great a distance to allow of their being immediately advised of the emergency in his affairs, Mr. Stretch was, in company with Mr. Hococks, politely conducted to apartments in the interior of the building, where he had the opportunity of becoming a client to a professional brother moving in that peculiar circle of which he himself had previously been a member.

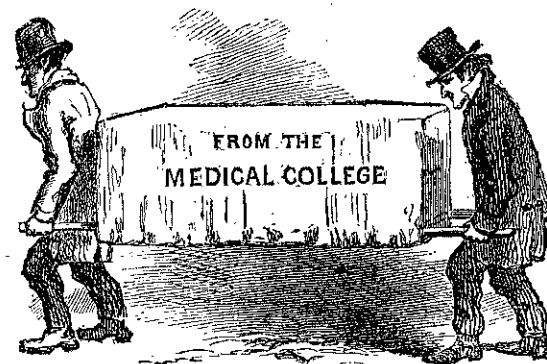
Had the magistrate succeeded in his nefarious and unjust designs, the history of Mr. Stretch would have been of no further interest. But Mr. Stretch having been brought to trial a few months later on an indictment for robbing the store of Mr. Solomon Poppenhowsen, and it appearing by the production in court of the sign itself, and other incontrovertible evidence that the store which he had robbed was the store of Mr. Solomon Poppenhausen, Mr. Stretch was, by direction of the learned judge, acquitted.

Thereafter, having become thus experimentally acquainted with the danger to which innocence is exposed in consequence of the rottenness of the police system, he philanthropically resolved to return to the exercise of his profession, and to devote himself to the defense of those individuals who are made the victims of a pretense of law at the Halls of Justice, better known in New York as the Egyptian Tombs. And to this day he may be found in that edifice, or in his unpretending office near by, ready to devote himself, for a small consideration, to the assistance of any gentleman in difficulties, who may require his aid.

Mr. Hococks was not so fortunate. The innocence of Mr. Stretch having been declared, and his honor and name having been so singularly vindicated, it was to have been expected that the District Attorney would at once have declared his conviction that Mr. Hococks had been held upon a false accusation, and would have promptly entered a *nolle prosequi*. Instead, however, of pursuing this manly and upright course, that officer continued further his persecutions of Mr. Hococks, who was shortly afterward tried before the same learned judge, and convicted upon an indictment which, by a purely technical accuracy, it having been copied by another clerk, contained Mr. Poppenhausen's name correctly. The unfortunate man was subsequently sent, at the expense of the State, to an institution more generally than favorably known in the community, which is located some miles up the Hudson River. There, in a neat and tasty uniform he still labors, in his humble way, for his country's good.

XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1854.



It was now full two years since Paul had first commenced his medical studies in New York. But

during that time he had gone over a greater length of road than most students travel in their whole course of study. Such a task was not to be accomplished by lagging. Paul knew this, and he had not lagged.

He had not been long at the medical school before his industry and fondness for study was noticed and appreciated by his instructors. He was particularly fond of anatomy, and entered into it with a zeal that would have quite horrified his sister Susie, had she known that he was engaged in such an unnatural, horrible business.

In deference to this zeal Paul was allowed, by special permission, to prosecute his favorite researches by night. Three

times a week he was accustomed to remain in the room devoted to anatomical study, allowing the scrupulous janitor to lock him in as he always persisted in doing; and there, to a late hour of the night he pursued his work. This he enjoyed. The stillness, the security from interruption, the very loneliness, were luxuries to him; and he had seen altogether too much of Death now, to be afraid of him at night.

One night about nine o'clock, Paul Rundle, stepping cheerily down the steps of the edifice known indifferently among different classes of persons as Mr. Mirrium's house, or Professor Tappum's Institution, or the office of the Copper Man, or Mrs. Mirrium's store, or Rundle's rooms, passed up through the Bowery, and having taken a modest little meal consisting of two stews of oysters and the beginning of a cigar at a refreshment saloon upon his way, reached at length the Medical School, and entered the room of mystery and death—the dissecting room.

It was a long unbroken hall.

At one end of it was a small grate in which a little fire burned; not enough to warm the room, the uses of which required a cool atmosphere. Against the wall on one side of the grate, stood an old-fashioned sofa; on the other was built a long wash-stand, holding six or eight tin basins, each under its own faucet. At the opposite end of the hall, a great case of shelves, with glass doors, lined the wall, filled with curiosities of medical science, anatomical preparations, accumulated by the labors of that room.

As Paul walked up the room, from the grate to the cabinet, the wall, on his left was broken by many windows, on the right was ornamented with pictures such as were appropriate

to the place. Here was portrayed, in all its parts, the human frame; from the skeleton, or man in outline, to the frame strung with muscles, nerves, blood-vessels—the shaded portrait. And the professors of past years had here hung drawings of rare deformities which their skill had divorced from hideous marriage with the human system.

Was this all? Not quite. Along the floor, at equal intervals, were arranged two rows of narrow, solid, oak-plank tables. Upon these were pursued the gloomy studies of the place. This hall, so cheerless and repulsive in itself, was daily thronged with light-hearted, active students, full of zeal, hope and love, for the studies which seem so fearful to the multitude without. Here on these oaken tables lay their lessons—their text-books, each volume destroyed in its first perusal.

"How many student generations," thought Paul, "have toiled and still toil here, seeking to find in Death himself the secret of his cause and cure. Yet is that secret undiscovered still. Extensive knowledge, brilliant talents, unremitting zeal, have taken up the task in youth, and laid it down in age. Yet the great problem, Death, remains unsolved."

Such thoughts as these passed through Paul's mind as he made his preparations for the labors of the night. He wrapped around him a black cambrie gown, one of a melancholy row hanging upon the wall, worn by dissecting-students as a protection to more valuable clothing, opened his case of instruments and laid them on the table appropriated to him, turned over the leaves of his treatise till he found the description of a certain triangular, wing-shaped muscle—known among gentlemen who are too learned to call things by intelligible names, as the *pterygoideus externus*—which draws the

lower jaw bone up when occasion calls, and which was that night the allotted subject of his study; lighted the gas-burner above his table, arranged the head of his subject conveniently, and was prepared.

Still he hesitated. He was reluctant to begin his work until he should be alone. For all this time Hugh, the janitor of the school, a brisk little Irishman, was bustling about the room, preparing to close it for the night. He was an accommodating fellow, as Irishmen generally are; but extremely precise and methodical, as Irishmen generally are not. Dr. Codberry, the demonstrator of anatomy, as the instructor in that branch of medical science is usually called, was standing by the grate warming a square foot or so of his back, and drawing on with careful consideration for tender seams, a pair of black kid gloves. He was talking with Rowley, one of Paul's fellow-students.

What Rowley's first name was, we have never been able to learn. Paul did not know, nor is it material. And it is probable that Rowley has to this day as little idea who "Rundle" was. For Christian names are not recognized in medical schools.

Paul waited for these to go before he should commence his task in earnest.

As Hugh was giving the last touches to his work, and Dr. Codberry had just got on his glove successfully, without hurting the feelings of the tender seams, a stealthy knock was given at a low door in the other end of the room. Hugh dropped the broom with which he had been drawing together in little heaps the dust and litter of the day, and hastened to the door. He unlocked it, opened it slightly, and looked out.

Apparently satisfied that all was right, he opened it wider, and a shaggy, black-haired head peered into the room to reconnoiter. On this head rode a little jockey-cap, using the wearer's ears by way of stirrups, and with a black strap falling down upon his mouth by way of bridle. There was a moment's conversation between Hugh and the new comer. Then the door was thrown wide open, and two rough men entered, bearing a burden, concealed in a coarse sack. The janitor fastened the door behind them.

They were the resurrection-men, with a new subject for the dissecting-room.

They passed up the hall to an unoccupied table at the further end, where they laid their burden down upon one of the tables, and drew off the sack.

"There 's a beauty for you," said shaggy-head. "Fresh as a spring chicken, too."

"She is a beauty," assented Dr. Codberry, putting his hand to the cheek of the corpse.

"Typhus fever, clearly," suggested Rowley, instructively.

"Fever I should say, certainly," said Dr. Codberry. "I don't know about the typhus."

Paul, who had approached the table, discerned in the insufficient light, a lovely girl, her face pale, and her lips nearly colorless. Still they scarcely wore the pallid look of death. Her black hair had been confined smoothly within a cap, but now, disturbed by rough hands, strayed out over her face. Her form, attenuated by disease and disguised by the shroud, showed signs of youth and beauty yet. The slumber-like appearance of her repose, her yet lingering healthful look, the genuine beauty of her face, charmed him.

One does not often see combined the beauty of sculpture and that of life.

In the uncertain light Paul could not distinguish accurately the features of the form before him. But he had a vague recollection that he had somewhere seen some such face as that. How, where, when, he could not tell. And he quickly dismissed the idea as absurd.

The resurrection-man untied the cap and took it off the unresisting head. Laying it upon the table he commenced to unfasten the shroud.

"Can't stop for that, honey," interposed the janitor. "It's to-morrow morning ye must come for that."

"Shroud 's mine," growled shaggy-head.

"Can't help it," said Hugh. "If ye want your things ye must be afther 'em to-morrow, or else stay here with 'em the night."

So saying he walked off to the door, followed by Dr. Codberry and Rowley. The resurrectionist reluctantly dropped his work, and tramped out with his companion. A moment more, and the door closed, the key turned in the lock, and Hugh's retreating footsteps left Paul in silence to pursue his work.

Diligently and with close attention he labored for some hours. The Sisyphus in the neighboring church-clock rolled his burden up the hill of time to twelve, fell back to one, and labored up again to two and three. At length somewhat weary, Paul rose from the table, replenished the fire, and wheeled the sofa round toward it. Throwing himself at full length upon it, he yielded for a few moments to rest and thought.

Here as he lay with eyelids just a-jar, half dreaming, half awake—the beautiful face so near him, forgotten as he worked, rose again to view. Where could it be that he had seen a face like that before. Somewhere certainly. Memory ran quickly through her mental picture-gallery, but found no portrait of this face. Then it was but a fancied resemblance, after all, thought Paul. So memory gave up the inquiry without success.

Then imagination began. Who was she? What her former life and home? These Paul pictured to himself as he lay, half waking, half asleep.

She was plainly one (so thought he to himself) who had passed her life in ease and wealth. He fancied her some daughter of loving parents; some cherished sister. Just as her bloom of life was freshest, disease had seized upon her frame and wasted her strength. Against its power there was no striving. No skill could support her faintness, restore her powers, or recall the fluttering, departing spirit. Imagination thus replied to the questions of curiosity, though to little purpose.

But when had he seen that face before? Ever? No! It was nonsense. It was out of the question. Or if he had ever seen her before, she was nobody that he knew. That was certain. He did not know any rich people. And that she was rich was plain enough. He never saw a finer shroud. Except Mr. —.

A long-drawn sigh aroused him. He was on his feet and wide awake in a moment. In that hall, at that lonely hour of night, death was familiar, but the thought of life, terrifying. A glance around the room. An instantaneous collection

of scattered senses. That head was lying upon its cheek. That face was turned toward the light.

Frederica Chesslebury!

An instant! and he had somewhat darkened the gas-light, and was by his patient's side.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Hush!" whispered Paul. "You must not talk."

He lifted the light form easily in his arms, and laid her down upon the sofa. Her eyes closed again, but she breathed lightly still.

So then, that strange charm was the light of life, still lingering in the frame. Oh, Life! more fearful than Death itself:—Life dead:—Death alive.

Yet, how could she, thus delivered up by death, be preserved to life? Awaking to such scenes, opening timid eyes to such sights, how fatal must be her excitement, her alarm; what hope was there for calmness, sleep, recovery? There was a plan which might prevent a knowledge of the truth till time should bring returning strength. As Paul, in order to save weak sight a sudden alarm, had dimmed the light, so he would darken truth, to ward off from a feeble spirit, a fearful shock.

He left his patient's side cautiously, took from the table where she had been lying, the cap which had been thrown down there, tied it as well as he could upon his own head, and crowded his hair back beneath it as much as possible. He returned, and began to spread over her a blanket which he kept to use as his own covering in morning naps. She unclosed her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked feebly.

"In the hospital," whispered Paul.

"Hospital?"

"Yes," said Paul, "you have been very sick. There was only one doctor that could cure you, and he never goes away from the hospital. Your mother stays here all day, and I take care of you at night. You've been very sick, and we did n't think you'd ever get well."

She closed her eyes again, and seemed to fall into a little doze; trusting to the story, as it seemed, more through weakness to disbelieve it, than because it would bear any analysis. Paul took the opportunity to walk back to the cabinet at the distant end of the room, one shelf of which he knew was appropriated to certain medicines, chiefly such as were likely to be useful in the accidental wounds which students of anatomy frequently receive. He knew that he should find some brandy there, and hoped there might be wine. Groping over the shelf, and bringing some half dozen vials to light, he found both, as well as a crooked teaspoon, which he thought would be serviceable in lieu of a straight one. Returning to the sofa, he knelt down before his patient, and administered a few teaspoonfuls of wine.

"What are those?" she asked, faintly, indicating by a movement of the eyes that she meant the anatomical tables and their occupants.

"Those," said Paul, turning the sofa more directly in front of the fire, so as to bring them behind her, "those are beds, with the sick people in them."

The darkened gas-light conspired with him to deceive her careless, feeble glance. Paul saw she was satisfied, and his hope to keep the secret from her, rose. He continued to

kneel before her, giving her from time to time a little wine. It was all he could do.

"Who are you?" she gently inquired, after fifteen or twenty minutes had thus passed.

"I'm one of the sisters," was the whispered reply.

"Not my sister," said she, looking at her attendant more intently.

"No, my dear, a Sister of Charity," said Paul, drawing his black gown around his throat so as to give him the most matronly air possible, "I nurse here."

If the dull ear fully caught his meaning, the weary heart felt no distrust, and she questioned him no further.

At length, from dozing and waking alternately, Frederica fell into a sound and quiet sleep. Paul sat by her, holding her wrist and watching her pulse. It seemed slowly to strengthen. Oh, if that sleep could only last till daylight, the waking might be to life.

At last, about five o'clock, Paul heard the janitor whistling his way up stairs; it was his first morning duty to release the imprisoned student. Paul stood at the door to silence him as soon as possible. The janitor unlocked and opened it.

"Hush," said Paul, "hush—the young lady they brought in last night is alive."

Hugh stared.

"Is it alive she is?" he exclaimed, gazing at the sofa. "Oh the thaif of the wor-ld, to sell a live corpse to a dissictin' room!"

"Hush!" said Paul, "she's asleep."

Hugh screwed up his mouth very tight and opened his eyes very wide, and stood very still, waiting for instructions.

These were soon given. They were, to go up to Dr. Codberry's house, to bring him down to the college, and to be quick about it, so as to get him there, if possible, before the young lady woke up.

This was readily accomplished. In half an hour Dr. Codberry was there. And not long afterward, the young lady, her sleep now strengthened by an opiate, was gently carried home in a comfortable litter; one which was kept at hand to convey patients from the clinique upon emergency, and which was labeled in great red letters, "FROM THE MEDICAL COLLEGE," to the end that those who passed it upon the sidewalks might avoid jostling it.

Jason, rising earlier than was customary with most of the inmates of the Chesslebury mansion, heard the door-bell ring with a nervous jerk, and wondering who was there so early in the morning, looked out of the window and saw Paul Rundle standing on the door-step, and two men coming up the street bearing the litter gently between them. Wondering again what brought Paul, and scarcely as yet noticing the litter, Jason, forgetful of the proprieties of life, hastened down stairs, himself, to let him in.

The story of his sister's safety was soon told. Mother was awakened. Servants were aroused. Frederica's room, which remained exactly as she had left it, was thrown open, and she was carried in. Before Paul left the house, he had the satisfaction of seeing her in full consciousness, weak still, but secure from danger.

As Paul hastened to recitation, or as he termed it, to "quiz," after breakfast, which, at Jason's earnest solicitation, he consented to take at the Chesslebury mansion, he occupied

himself with thinking of the scenes of the night previous. And he took himself to task for the deception he had practiced.

"Rundle," said he to himself, "you're a young man of good moral principle, I think. I declare I didn't know you could lie so in an emergency. I wonder what mother would think of it. Let me see—how many fibs did I tell her?"

"Why, first I told her she was in the hospital. Whopper number one.

"Then I said that her mother came to take care of her all day. Whopper number two.

"Then I said the tables were beds with sick people in them. Number three.

"Then I told her that I was a Sister of Charity. That was unmitigated. A Sister of Charity with a goatee! Number four was worse than all the rest.

"And then—I wonder if I said any thing that was true, except that she had been very sick. That was all right, I guess. I don't believe though it could be any thing very wrong. She couldn't have lived, poor girl, if I had told her the truth;—I don't think."

Paul related the whole matter with great particularity to Dr. Codberry. The doctor did not seem however to be at all inclined to disapprove his conduct. He spoke of discretion, ingenuity, skill, presence of mind, but said nothing whatever about falsehood. Indeed he praised Paul more for his ingenuity, as he called it, than for any thing else; and his commendations were, in this respect, supported by those of the other professors. And through Dr. Codberry, the story grow-

ing public, Paul went by the name of "Sister Rundle" for the entire remainder of his medical course.

Meanwhile Paul visited daily the Chesslebury mansion. Who was Miss Frederica's regular physician we do not know. If it was he who made the most frequent, and the longest visits, it was Paul Rundle. And we believe, and Miss Frederica thought so too, that his visits did her the most good.

They undoubtedly cost the least.

One pleasant sunny morning, after Frederica had grown now much stronger and better, and really seemed hardly to need professional visits once a day, Paul prescribed a short ride for her. He thought it would do her good, he said. And Freddie, like a good and obedient patient as she was, made no complaints at this prescription, unpleasant though it must have been.

Jason very much regretted that business engagements downtown made it impossible for him to go out to-day, but if Paul could only spare an hour or two from his studies—and as he said it the slightest possible smile lurked in each corner of his mouth.

"Paul would be very happy," he said.

And if it be possible to judge at all from the expression of Paul's countenance when the ride—which was not a very short one—was over, Paul was very happy.

Whether the ride was beneficial to Frederica or not, is a question upon which it is not so easy to express an opinion. Her cheeks appeared improved in color on her return, it is true; and this would indicate that the ride had had a favorable effect, although it might have been only the temporary re-

sult of going out into the open air. But, upon the other hand, it was noticed that, in stepping into the house from the chaise, she leaned more heavily upon Paul's arm than she did when she came out; this may have been from increased weakness, or only from a slight fatigue. True, she went to ride with Paul several times afterward, but she may have done so, either because the first experiment was successful, or because she did not experience from it all the good effects which were anticipated.

This is one of those nice historical questions which can never be accurately determined.

For further particulars we must refer to the New York papers of the year 1855. Probably one might search the newspapers of our country in vain for another instance in which a young lady's death was announced in one year, and her marriage published the next.

XXXI.

TO JUNE 1, 1855.



TIME flies fast. One traveler only can overtake it;—that is the historian's pen.

We have now arrived at the very Present; and it becomes our only remaining duty to look about us from our home in Cone Cut Corners, and to jot down the positions and prospects of those with whom this history has chiefly had to do.

Mournful indeed are the scenes which, in the performance of this task, we have to contemplate. For the consequences of the enactment in Connecticut of that despotic and unconstitutional statute known as the Prohibitory Law, were so disastrous, and its effects upon the welfare and interests of the friends whose history we have narrated, were so serious, that

we have not the heart to dwell upon them. Yet the duty of the historian is a sacred duty; that has been admitted by all writers of history. He must tell the whole truth, however painful.

Far happier for us would it be, if we could leave Captain Mayferrie in the full possession of his constitutional liberties, and of the hand-cart whereon he was drawn home from the evening assemblage of the citizens. Far happier if in our last glimpse of Gregory Donoe, we could see him in the full enjoyment and unrestricted exercise of his lawful business, unforbidden to pour out now and then, for the red-nosed man, a cheering glass of some beverage, such as is wholesome when taken in moderation. Far happier, if bidding the ex-deacon a cordial farewell, we could leave him still laboring effectively in the field of moral suasion. But these things can not be. The blighting influence of a fanatical and oppressive legislation forbids.

That influence was first felt in Cone Cut Corners, in its effects upon the business carried on by Gregory Donoe.

Not long after the measures advocated by the tyrannical minority had attained a temporary success and an impermanent position in the statute-book, the row of casks, the old familiar casks, which for years had ornamented one side of Gregory's store, disappeared. Innocent customers, in the simplicity of their hearts, wondered at the storekeeper's prompt submission to the law, and gave him all due praise therefor. But rumor said that the back-room of his store, that very room which Captain Mayferrie visited in December, 1835, seeking for vinegar and molasses, now contained casks of stronger fluids; and fanatical suspicion, attentive to this sug-

gestion of rumor, kept a sharp eye on the dealings of the merchant.

For some time the evening soirées which in the by-gone days of freedom, had been held around Gregory Donoe's stove, were more quietly conducted than of old. And for some months the fanatics gave him no trouble. Indeed he gave the fanatics no trouble. For although his store was looked upon with suspicion, and although scarcely any of the ladies of Cone Cut were willing to purchase there if they could obtain what they wanted at Colonel Willick's, and many of them indeed refused to purchase there at all, and although the red-nosed man and his companions continued to frequent the store, and to sun themselves in the doorway as before, and although the atmosphere of the establishment continued to be usually more suggestive than fragrant, yet notwithstanding all this, the place was ordinarily more quiet, the laughter less loud, the hilarity less high-toned, the profanity less profound, than heretofore. Thus for a time the current of Mr. Donoe's affairs ran smoothly.

Smoothly, that is to say, in external appearance. It was from the very outset perceptible to the storekeeper himself, though not to the eye of a stranger, that his interests were seriously prejudiced by the success which fanaticism had achieved.

For example, in consequence of the check and restraint now imposed upon that branch of his business from which his chief profits had been derived, he was compelled to follow the example of his brother landlords of the cities, and announce a rise in his hotel charges. And thereafter temperance-men stopping at his house—for it was the only public house in the

village—were compelled to pay a full price for their accommodations, and were further deprived of the company of the jolliest set of good fellows in town.

And beside this, Gregory Donoe was no longer enabled by the profits derived from his "lawful business," to undersell Colonel Willick in those more substantial articles of traffic which both merchants kept for sale, in common. Thus that competition which has been said to be the life of trade—and which is not unfrequently seen to be the death of traders—was unseasonably checked in Cone Cut Corners, and business stagnated, and times were hard—with Gregory Donoe.

These things were not so perceptible, however, to general observation, as to the merchant himself. But, at length, in an evil hour, emboldened by his freedom from interruption in business for several months, and confiding in his natural and constitutional rights, that entertainer of man and beast, one evening entertained the red-nosed gentleman until he made a beast of him, and then thrust him out of doors for creating disorder in the store. The consequence of this was, that a party of the fanatics, incited by Calick Pease, pounced upon the red-nosed gentleman as he lay quietly reposing by the side of the road, in the full enjoyment of his constitutional liberties, and bore him away to jail. There he was compelled, by duress of imprisonment, to disclose the name of his entertainer, which he did, it must be confessed, without much show of reluctance. This information having been obtained, and some trifling forms of law having been gone through, such as making affidavits, obtaining legal process, and the like, the party of fanatics, accompanied by an executive tyrant, known as the sheriff, proceeded the next morning to the store

of Gregory Donoe with the open and avowed purpose of destroying his lawful property.

Captain Mayferrie coming down the hill into the village, meets this company of disorganizers on their way. He bids Calick good morning, and shakes hands with him, at which Calick is much surprised; and he asks the party where they are going. Or, as his own expression is:—

"What's the fun?"

The party, regarding the Captain as probably a friend and supporter of their intended victim, try to evade his question. But the Captain is not a man to be easily evaded; so at length with some hesitation, they disclose to him their plans.

"Good!" says he, "count me in for that."

So they all proceed together. The Captain walks by the side of Calick, the sheriff and the red-nosed man go arm in arm, several other fanatics follow, and a little crowd of boys bring up the rear. In this order they reach Gregory Donoe's store. They here find the merchant standing in his own doorway, taking the benefit of the morning sun.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he says, as they file up before his door, "what can I do for you to-day?"

Captain Mayferrie appoints himself spokesman, inducts himself into office, and proceeds to the performance of his duties.

"We want to get," he says, "some first-rate old Cognac. Some genuine, you know. And a good quantity. I should n't wonder if we would take all you've got. But you must let us have it cheap, you know,—seeing it's us," the Captain adds.

"Have n't got no Conyack," replies Gregory Donoe, gruffly. He stretches out his legs, and puts his arms akimbo against

the door-posts, and so stands, to guard the sacredness of his threshold to the last.

"Well," says the Captain, cheerfully, "that's bad, but we'll try to bear it. Some first quality New England would do just about as well—indeed, quite as well."

"Have n't got no New England," replies Gregory, no more amiably than before.

"Why, my dear fellow," remonstrates the Captain, jocularly, "you don't know your own store as well as I do."

And the party draw closer forward to enter the door.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is," the merchant commences, with much decision, "this is n't any use. I know what you want, and you can't have it. I've a right to sell what I please, and I'm a going to sell what I please, and what's more, I'd like to see the man that'll try to stop me. I know who's at the bottom of this thing. Where's Willick? I don't wonder he's ashamed to show his head. No you don't, Captain."

This last sentence is uttered in reply to an endeavor, on the part of the Captain, to enter the store. He answers it by striking down Mr. Donoe's arm, and pushing in. The merchant strives to thrust the intruder back. The Captain lifts him off his feet, and sets him down upon the counter.

"You be quiet," he says.

The executive tyrant, the red-nosed man, and a few others of the party, follow the Captain into the store. Calick remains at the door to keep out the crowd.

"This 'ere's a pretty piece of lawlessness for respectable men, like you, to be mixed up in, is n't it?" inquires Gregory, sitting very still where the Captain has placed him. "Do

you suppose I'm a going to submit to it? To come into the store of a peaceable citizen like me, and offer me personal violence, and put me in bodily fear? Do you think I'm going to sit still, like a fool, and bear it?" continues the merchant, still sitting on the counter, and looking, it must be confessed, not unlike one. "I tell you what, if you think so, you don't know who you've got to deal with, if you do, I'll be ——"

And the storekeeper completes his sentence with a prophecy, which, although not unlikely to be fulfilled, we will not record, even for the sake of accrediting so upright and honest a man as Gregory Donoe, with far-sighted sagacity.

"You'd better keep quiet," says the Captain, in an advisory manner.

"I tell you, I won't keep quiet," returns Gregory Donoe, sharply, "I won't sit quietly by, and submit to such a thing. What do you mean by breaking into a man's store in this style, eh? I wonder you ain't ashamed of yourselves; you are, I know you are."

And so strongly does the merchant feel the disgrace which attaches to the conduct of his fellow-townsmen, that he sits quietly where the Captain has placed him, and hangs his own honest head in very shame.

In the meantime, the red-nosed man, who takes great interest in the proceedings, and is in a high state of excitement, has explained to the executive tyrant, that the "lawful property" of Gregory Donoe is chiefly kept in the back-room of the store, and has pointed out to him the entrance. They try the door. It is locked.

"We shall have to knock it in," says the Captain, taking up, suggestively, an ax;—one of Gregory's own axes.

"Not quite so fast," says the sheriff, "let me speak to Mr. Donoe first."

So he comes back to where the merchant sits flushed and heated upon his counter. When he speaks to him he speaks very slowly and distinctly.

"Now, Mr. Donoe, you can do just which you like. You can either submit quietly and give up what liquor you've got on your premises, or you can refuse, and then we shall have to take it. If you give it up, you save us trouble, and get yourself out of a scrape. If we have to take it, we shall take you along with it. That's all."

"You can't do it," says Gregory, doggedly. "If I've got any liquor it's mine, and you can't touch it. It's private property; and you can't take it for public use without compensation."

"That's just it," says Captain Mayferrie, putting aside this constitutional argument, plagiarised from Esquire Blote, "we ain't a going to take your liquor for public use, we're going to take it to prevent its public use."

"You can't do it," the merchant reiterates. "It's property. You can't destroy property."

"Now I think," says the Captain, good-humoredly, "that property's about the only thing you can destroy."

"Who cares what you think?" retorts the merchant, addressing himself sharply to the Captain, "a man that darsen't live under his own name, and lets his daughter grow up on other folks' charity. Who cares what such a fellow as you thinks?"

The Captain winces at this thrust, and turns away, followed by the kindly eyes of Caliek.

"Well, well," says the executive tyrant, "we understand each other. You won't give up the liquor, and you say you have n't got any. Very good. First, then, I've got a warrant to arrest you, and search your store. And you're my prisoner, to begin with."

And the sheriff, exhibiting a legal-looking document, half printed, half written, to the eyes of the bewildered merchant, clasps with his left hand Gregory's right arm, midway between the elbow and the shoulder, and so holds him.

"Second, I want the key to that door."

"There's nothing in there."

"That's nothing to the purpose, I want the key."

"You can't have the key."

"Knock it open, Captain."

The Captain swings the ax round in the air to give it momentum, and brings it once and again heavily against the door by the lock. The Captain is a stout man, and two blows bring the door open.

The merchant pushes his hat back from his forehead, and with a red bandana handkerchief wipes his brow. It is not a warm day, but the perspiration stands there in large drops.

"For God's sake don't, gentlemen. I'll do any thing you want. I'll send that liquor right off, this week—to-day—this morning. I never 'll sell another drop in town. On my word and honor, gentlemen, I never will."

They pay no attention to his expostulations, but roll the casks out to the front door, one by one. The work is done very quietly, the crowd being still kept in the street by

Calick. It is curious to notice with what interest Jerry watches this invasion of the commercial interests of Cone Cut Corners.

"You're a precious, prying, sneaking, spying set," says Gregory, breaking out again. "You shall rue this; every mother's son of you. Things is come to a pretty pass when a man is a going to be robbed of his property in this style. We'll see—that's all."

Gregory Donoe, in his most polite and amiable conversation, was never particularly shy of an occasional oath. Now he invokes upon the heads of all present, both individually and collectively, more curses than we are willing to record.

The casks being at length all rolled out, the sheriff, still holding Gregory familiarly by the arm, conducts him down the street, having previously made arrangements for the temporary care of the liquor, until the judgment of the law respecting its final disposal shall be known. Without particularly describing the legal proceedings taken for the purpose of arriving at that judgment, it is sufficient to say that they result in the imposition of a fine upon Gregory, which he sullenly pays to protect the Constitution from being further violated by his personal incarceration, and also in a decree for the destruction of the liquor found in his possession. And accordingly one morning in early spring, the casks are rolled out upon the village common, and there are roughly beaten in pieces, their contents flowing out upon the green grass.

And to this day the spot—a round spot it is, about a rod across—is noticeable in the Cone Cut Common. It looks like a sort of churchyard; every drop there buried has its

tombstone, a blade of rusty, dead and withered grass. Elsewhere the common is bright and green, and smiles and rustles in the sun of opening June; but there the round spot lies, dead and discolored, as if to show what devastation unrestrained fanaticism works—or meaning, it may be, to teach that other lesson, that nature loathes and scorns perversions of her gifts to man. There the round red spot lies; and the worms will not burrow in it, and the caterpillars scorn to crawl across it, and the grasshoppers that happen to alight upon it, leap to one side with a warning chirp to all their kind, exhorting them to come not near it, and of all the voices of nature, and of all the creatures of God's making, two only ever lamented over it. These were Esquire Blote and Gregory Donoe, who leaned against the fence one night to gaze upon it; and the one said that the law was unconstitutional, and a gross invasion of the natural rights of man, meaning man's right to pour a blight over the whole life and prospects of his fellow-man; and the other cursed it for an infernal humbug.

Esquire Blote is still a dweller in Cone Cut Corners; but Gregory Donoe is no longer numbered among its citizens. Of course no man, however useful in the community, can be expected to maintain his position in spite of the wanton destruction of his lawful and constitutional property. The storekeeper having found himself entirely unable to protect his obnoxious goods from a legalized plunder, and being a man of that firmness of moral character, which can not submit even for convenience's sake to iniquity and oppression, was finally forced to sell out his place, and remove to a more liberal and enlightened State, to wit, New Jersey; where,

within convenient distance of the city of New York, he has bought him a large distillery, which he conducts in connection with an extensive dairy. The present age ignores fastidious prejudice, and it is found that cows who have become antiquated, and have even outgrown the requisite qualifications for city beef, are readily recruited, and have the freshness of their youth renewed, by a judicious course of fluid diet in the precincts of a distillery. Gregory Donoe, aware of this principle, and in the charity of his heart wishing well to all creatures, has accordingly founded an asylum, or one might say hospital, for aged, respectable and indigent bovine females, and he has caused to be painted upon the carriages of that institution, its title in full: "G. Donoe's Pure Orange County Milk Dairy." These carriages may be seen in the city every morning.

This is but another note of the universal voice of warning against fanatical and unconstitutional principles. For should the State of New Jersey ever pass a law which should interfere with these dear rights of their adopted son, and others engaged in the same honorable calling, hundreds of hungry infants would be cut off from their daily supply of the Pure Orange County Milk of G. Donoe, and the aged, respectable, and indigent inmates of his establishment will be thrown out of their last asylum, and brought to their end without even the temporary respite which the nourishing diet of charity now bestows.

As for Mr. Ficksom, the ex-deacon, he was not the man to desert his post in defending great moral principles, under the influence of mere worldly considerations. He regretted that

the town must lose the presence, influence and name of so respectable a citizen as Mr. Gregory Donoe, but that individual considering it necessary that he should remove, the ex-deacon bought out his store and his stock of such goods as remained yet unthreatened by sumptuary legislation, together with his hotel and the goodwill of the same; and thereupon, to the end that he might be enabled the more effectually to render judicious service to the cause of temperance, exerted himself diligently in electioneering for the office of town agent under the new law.

Having succeeded in securing this appointment, not so much indeed on account of any sincere esteem in which he was held in Cone Cut Corners, as by reason that there was no other trader in the town who possessed that degree of public spirit that rendered him willing to take the agency, Mr. Ficksom posted notices of the fact throughout the village, announcing to his fellow-townsmen that the undersigned had become the successor of Mr. Gregory Donoe, and that the business lately carried on by that gentleman would be continued at his old stand, its scope being enlarged by the addition of a well-assorted stock of drugs and medicines, including the articles which, as town agent, he the undersigned alone was authorized to dispense. This proclamation having been judiciously circulated, the ex-deacon resolved to visit New York, to purchase additions to his stock in trade, with especial reference to supplying the deficiency occasioned by the destruction of his predecessor's lawful property. Taking his departure from Cone Cut in pursuance of this resolution, he arrived in the city in due course of time.

As the ex-deacon was passing down Broadway, soon after

his arrival, in search of the several stores where he had been advised to make his purchases, his attention was caught by a large placard upon the windows of a respectable and even venerable store, wherefrom it appeared that the firm of Bagglehall, Floric & Co., were selling out their large and well-selected stock of wines and liquors, at a great sacrifice, "TO CLOSE THE CONCERN."

"Aha," said the ex-deacon, "'at a sacrifice.' I like that. I'll go in. Prices'll be low here."

He accordingly entered the store. A salesman, the successor of the unfortunate Mr. Hecocks, came forward with great courtesy to meet him.

"Good morning," said Mr. Ficksom, returning the polite bow of the salesman, and wondering if they had ever met before, since the man seemed to know him so well.

The salesman affably returned the salutation.

"Well. I see you're a selling off."

"Yes," said the successor of the lamented Hecocks, smiling sadly. "We're selling off. At a tremendous sacrifice. To close the concern."

And the salesman raised his hand toward the solemn placards which were hung upon every available point and pinnacle within the store, announcing the fatal rite.

"To be sure," said the ex-deacon, and his face expressed a concise tract upon the evil effects of sumptuary laws. "You've got the prohibitory law here too, I understand."

"Oh, it is n't that," said the clerk, smiling again more sadly still, "at least not entirely. It's in consequence of the death of our partner, Mr. Floric."

"Lost your partner, eh? That's bad," said the ex-deacon,

subduing his features, to give, as it were, visible utterance to a funeral sermon upon the late lamented Mr. Floric, in which were summed up more of the virtues of the deceased than was to have been expected, considering that Mr. Ficksom never had the advantage of his personal acquaintance.

"Yes," said the clerk, "it's very unfortunate for the business, very indeed."

The ex-deacon repeated the funeral sermon by special request, as it were.

"Hm-m-m," he sighed, gazing slowly around the store, and visibly affected at the tokens of the intended sacrifice, "how are your prices?"

"Oh, we've marked every thing right down," said the clerk, "down to nothing at all, almost."

"Well," inquired the ex-deacon, "how much do you ask for good brandy?"

"That," said the salesman, pointing to a demijohn standing on the floor near by, "is a little we've just put up for a customer—for private use. It's the very best. Just that quality, exactly that grade, you'd have to pay eight dollars for at the druggist's. It's worth it. We put it to him at four fifty. We'd let you have it at—how much should you want?"

"Well, I should want considerable of a quantity," said Mr. Ficksom.

"Well, we'd let you have it by the quantity, say by the cask,—well, we'd put it to you at four dollars; and that's ever so much below cost."

As the original outlay incurred by the firm of Bagglehall, Floric & Co., in the purchase of the brandy in question, did not exceed a dollar a gallon, it is to be supposed that the

salesman, in estimating its cost, included in addition to the price paid for the liquor, a fair compensation per gallon for his own time and labor expended in rendering to it services somewhat similar to those once performed by Mr. Hococks to the old South Side Madeira. And it is also probable that he included, as dealers frequently do in estimating the cost of their wares for the purpose of computing a price at which they will sell them as an especial favor to a particular customer, an assessment of the whole sum expended in the payment of freight, interest, rent, storage, insurance, fuel, salaries, personal expenses, and other items of cost incurred in placing their goods in the market.

The ex-deacon was, however, too inexperienced in commercial business to be yet familiar with this new principle of computation.

"Surely," said he to himself, and he indited a composition on the Advantages of Friendship, and appeared to present it to an imaginary preceptor for correction; "this man knows me, and he seems to be a friend of mine, too."

And the ex-deacon, confiding in the friendship of the successor of Mr. Hococks, purchased a cask of brandy, and a considerable stock of other liquors also; and with this assortment of what the judicious friends of temperance class among the best gifts of Providence to man, he returned to Cone Cut Corners.

In Cone Cut he has now re-opened Mr. Donoe's store, where he puts up medical prescriptions for a great many persons in that region, whose family medicine-chest still consists of a stone jug, or a brown bottle; and also supplies the essentials in carrying into effect a great number of mechanical purposes,

suggested by the inventive genius of the Cone Cutters, many of which are highly ingenious and novel.

It should be in justice remarked, that while the prohibitory law has, in some way or other, occasioned a large increase in sickness throughout the State, it has certainly also done much to strengthen and develop that mechanical genius for which the people of Connecticut have always been so celebrated.

In respect to these effects of that noted statute, the ex-deacon and his family are sufferers rather than beneficiaries. Whether it arises from their removal from their old home to a strange residence, or whether the drug department renders the atmosphere of the house unhealthy, we can not undertake to say; but the fact is unquestionable, that Mr. Ficksom complains a great deal of sickness in his family, and that his own health is very poor. Upon further reflection, however, we think it probable that the unwholesome savor of medicinal articles is the cause of this; for it has been noticed that many of the strangers who, in passing through the town, seek entertainment beneath his hospitable roof for the night, experience symptoms of illness, and require medical treatment before morning.

In fact, so serious in this respect have been the results of Mr. Ficksom's appointment, that although he has held the office of town agent but a short time, there are already many in Cone Cut Corners who are heard to express the opinion that he ought to be as soon as possible relieved from his onerous duties; and it is now rumored in the village that, as soon as opportunity offers, a new agent will be appointed.

Let us hope for such a consummation. Then may the

family recover its wonted health, and the venerable person of so judicious a friend of temperance be preserved from falling a sacrifice to the cause.

Jerry Bender, as the red-nosed man is known upon the baptismal records of his native place, wherever that may be—if indeed his name was conferred in baptism, which is not certain—found the departure of Gregory Donoe an important era in his life.

In the good old days of individual liberty, Jerry had been a gentleman of leisure. No gentleman, indeed, ever had more leisure, more of nothing to do, (and this, it would appear, is one of the distinguishing marks of the fine gentleman,) than did Jerry under the old system. A fine gentleman is, in fact, a man who has some money, and nothing to do. Jerry, even in the palmiest days of old times, never had so much money as a first class gentleman, but he had just as much leisure. But now, from the condition of a gentleman, he fell to that of a laborer.

It is not at all probable, indeed, that the mere passage of any statute, however imperative in its terms, could have caused the change in Jerry's course of life, which his judicious friends have been so much grieved to notice. Nor is it to be believed that the temporary enthusiasm with which he entered into the injudicious projects of the fanatics, betokened any permanent change of purpose at that time, or would have resulted in any enduring alteration of character, had it not been for the timidity of Mr. Donoe's successor. The ex-deacon, understanding that it was no other than Jerry who had been the means of bringing the fanatics upon his prede-

cessor, thought it would be his safest policy, in the conduct of the agency, to refuse all applications which Jerry might make for liquor, no matter what their plausibility or urgency. He feared, not unnaturally, that he in turn, in some moment of weakness or indiscretion upon the part of Jerry, might be made a victim of fanaticism.

Accordingly, Jerry's oft-repeated requests and demands for liquor, were uniformly refused by the worthy agent. Jerry implored it for startling emergencies in medical treatment, and commanded that it be furnished him, for most unquestionable mechanical purposes, but in vain. The ex-deacon was firm.

Becoming convinced of this, Jerry, with a firmness of purpose which can not but be admired, even in a gentleman, set himself at work to earn some money. He did this at first with a view to the accumulation of a fund wherewith to purchase, for his private use, some of the best gifts of Providence to man, in the original packages of importation; the right to buy which was, he understood, constitutionally reserved to him. But before his earnings had reached a sum sufficient for that purpose, he quite relapsed into his old habits of industry, devoted his savings to the purchase of bread, clothes, and other like trifles for himself and family, and is likely, so far as the experience of the winter indicates, to occupy contentedly, for the remainder of his life, the humble position of a laborer.

But how came Captain Mayferrie to take so ready and active a part in the invasion of Mr. Donoe's store?

The truth, if it must be told, was this. During the two

years which had now passed away since Salanda took up her residence with her then newly-discovered father, she had employed every means in her power to induce him voluntarily to surrender the exercise of his constitutional liberties, and to forego the use of those very gifts of Providence which he most dearly loved. To this end she had employed entreaties, arguments, tears, smiles, kindness, solicitations—all those means which in their crude state constitute moral suasion, but in their highest, most perfect, and most efficient exercise, are known as Woman's influence. Her efforts, however, had been of little avail to change the Captain's course, so long as the manly firmness of his character had to contend only with a daughter's wishes. He would, it is true, occasionally yield for a few hours, or even a day or two, to the urgency of her entreaties, and would promise a compliance with her requests; but no sooner was he relieved from the immediate embarrassment of her presence, and permitted again to share the enlivening companionship of Gregory Donoe's customers, than the native force of his character revived, he threw off the restraints which womanish weakness had imposed, and the Captain was himself again.

No sooner, however, was Salanda's influence at home reënfined by legislation without—no sooner were the casks and attendant fixtures in Gregory Donoe's store removed out of sight—no sooner was a check imposed upon the festivities of the store, and that establishment itself stigmatized with the suspicion of illegal traffic and consequent disgrace—than the Captain yielded to the duplicated influences now brought to bear upon him, and surrendered his constitutional liberties with scarcely a murmur. This change in his character and

habits having been thoroughly accomplished about the time when the invasion of the store of his old friend occurred, it is perhaps not surprising that he weakly fell in with the plans and purposes of the fanatics, and to the extent which has been already described, lent his assistance to carry them into effect.

It is really a little curious that although all the truly judicious and conservative members of the community know that the Captain is wronged and oppressed by this sumptuary legislation, the victim himself has an impression that he is very happy under it. He thinks—misguided man!—that it has secured to him his true liberty. Such are the delusions of fanaticism, that he really believes that he is happier and more truly free now, than he ever was before. More than this, he has been heard to say that if the judicious friends of temperance should succeed in their efforts to procure a repeal of the law (which they are not likely to do) that he could not be tempted to remain in the State; not even to regain his old constitutional liberties.

Salanda quite agrees with him. This, however, only shows in a still more striking light, how little women can understand of politics.

Salanda is as happy as a young lady, who is not quite yet a married lady, can be. She is at home upon the old place now, and the old place is now a home to her. She rejoices in her noble father now.

The broad fields and meadows around the house, which Mr. Mayferrie had lately regarded as composing a country seat, have yielded to the blighting influences cast upon the industrial interests of the State, and have again relapsed into a farm. They began to resume that character in the fall, before

they went to sleep for the winter, and now all the voices of spring are waking up the farm again.

Calick is again in favor, too, and assists the Captain as of old in indefatigable labors. The Captain himself is once more, in an elderly way, the gentlemanly man, and his evident regard and affection daily apologizes to Calick for former troubles, and sufficiently thank him for those honest remonstrances and reproofs, so kindly meant, so harshly repulsed, causing so long a separation.

With Calick's assistance the fields are assuming their old industry. The wheat is just tinging with green the brown earth, in places where brambles and weeds once lorded it, and delicate grasses and promises of heavy-crowned clover-heads are beginning to take up their abode where rank flags and cat-o'-nine-tails marked a marsh before.

Captain Mayferrie on a bright morning bethinks himself of a new orchard, and with much care and patient toil, plants those stems which he knows can never be to him any thing more than slight shade to a gray head, but the fruit of which, he hopes that others may enjoy in future years. Now too, in little intervals of more pressing cares, he plans a building-spot, and of an evening, when the labors of the day are ended he goes out to view it, and his trembling hand puts acorns to slumber in the ground along the outline of an imaginary avenue to the site, on which, if his cherished fancy shall be fulfilled, his daughter may one day have a summer home.

And Salanda is as happy as a young lady who is not quite yet a married lady can be. She is at home upon the old place now, and the old place is now a home to her. And she rejoices in her cousin Jason now.

Aunt Provy has heard one afternoon lately, by some method of electric communication, that Jason has arrived in the stage; and she thinks that May is rather early for him to come into the country, unless he comes on business.

But then, perhaps Jason has come on business.

Whether he has or not, he clambers down from the driver's box when the stage has reached the postoffice, and greeting somewhat quietly the few inevitable acquaintances who meet him, as if he does not care to make his arrival known, walks up the village-street, and draws near Aunt Pease's house. It is not ten minutes since on the stage-box he passed the boundary of the township, and came within the legal limits of Cone Cut Corners; but Aunt Provy has already some mysterious notice of his coming, and does not choose to let him pass her door without a greeting.

She calls to him from the window of her little parlor.

"How do they all do," asks Jason, "up at ——?"

"They are very well," replies Aunt Provy; "at least he's well, but she is n't."

"Is she sick? why, what's the matter?"

"Yes," answers Aunt Provy, "she's getting old, and the rheumatism troubles her."

"Oh! Mrs. Graynes!"

"Yes," says Aunt Provy, "I supposed you was going there."

"No, I meant up at the Captain's."

"Oh! the Capp'n's? He's very well. He's doing very well now."

"And——?"

"Calick?" interposes Aunt Provy. "Yes, he's well. He's up there now."

"And Salanda?" asks Jason.

"Oh, Salanda," replies Aunt Provy, as if Salanda's health was a matter of the least possible importance. "She's well enough, I expect. She always is."

It is not in the power of the electric telegraph longer to detain Jason. He bids Aunt Provy good evening, and hastens on. From her window she watches him walking briskly up the hill. And if ever upon the whole surface of this sub-lunary globe an electric telegraph has been seen to wink, it is, when Jason passing the little white gate of the parsonage, with scarce a glance, pushes on toward Captain Mayferrie's.

But then perhaps Jason has come on business.

Whether he has or not, evening finds him still at the Captain's. Tea being over, Mr. Mayferrie has, upon invitation of Calick, gone out to consult on some new arrangements devised by his thoughtful friend for the better accommodation of the horse. Aunt Provy, who has never quite surrendered her motherly care for Salanda, has come up to insist upon taking charge of certain baking operations, which it would seem the arrival of Jason rendered necessary. Salanda and Jason are in the sitting room, where they can hear Aunt Provy bustling about the kitchen, beating eggs, and opening and shutting the little oven door from time to time.

Ah! Jason, if you have come on business, now is your time.

Why Jason should leave the rocking-chair, near the fireplace, and go away back to the window, and sit down by Salanda in the window-seat, just where there is least room for him, we can not understand; but so he does. Why that mischievous curl will fall down inviting him to play with it, we

can not imagine. He accepts the invitation, however, and winds it back and forth upon his finger.

Ah! Jason, if you have come on business, now is your time.

"Salanda," says he, in a very low tone.

He stops for her to say "What?"

It is certainly very unreasonable for him to expect her to make this oral response, because, although very much occupied with her work, she is paying close attention to what he says; closer indeed than any young lady ever did before. It is certainly quite unnecessary for him to suspend the conversation until she shall say "What?" but he persists in doing so. After a little pause, she says it; then he recommences.

"I—I—oh—you have never seen my sister Frederica, have you?"

What an insignificant question! Of course she never has. He knows it.

But it is of little use for us who are strangers, to linger around Captain Mayferrie's. Nobody will receive much attention here, apparently, unless he has come on business. We have not, and we should be quite neglected.

If Jason came on business, it seems probable that he succeeds in it, whatever it is; for in a day or two he takes his departure, wearing every appearance of a young man engaged in a very extensive and prosperous business indeed.

And now it appears that there is an endless amount of sewing to be done. Whether it is getting ready for summer that occupies Salanda all the spring—for it takes some young ladies the whole of one season to prepare for the next,—or whether raiment is being manufactured for some charitable mission, or whether Salanda herself has decided to go into

business—certain it is, that an immense deal of sewing is going on in the house. And in the hurry and bustle of it all, back comes Jason again bringing a young lady whom Salanda has never seen before—a young lady rather pale and thin she is, but her smile is more than bright enough to make up for that, and Salanda runs to the garden-gate when she sees them coming, and cries out delighted—

“Ah! Freddie.”

And Freddie, if Freddie it is, smiles her bright smile, and embraces Salanda, and says, “Welcome sister,” and then looks from Salanda to Jason, and smiles again with that same bright sisterly smile, and the dimples of affection break out as before, except that they shine now on Salanda and Jason both. And the two girls walk up the path, dividing Jason between them, and leaning upon his arms, and bending forward to talk to each other, and looking up to hear him speak; and Jason looks into their faces as they look up to his, and he wishes the path was a full mile long; and Salanda has no bonnet on, and without the least hesitation or sense of propriety, and no signal of warning to her, Jason bows his head, and—well, really—and with Aunt Provy there at the window, right before him too—and without the slightest provocation—how can he?

And Salanda is as happy as a young lady who is not quite yet a married lady, can be. She is at home upon the old place now, and the old place is now a home to her and all she loves. She rejoices in a sister Freddie now.

Freddie is come to stay two days, but, by the time she leaves, it appears that the tables in the arithmetics are wrong, and that two days make a week.

During this week, the young ladies take each other into many mutual confidences. It is well, perhaps, at least for Freddie, that they do so; otherwise she might have been covered with confusion instead of delight, when in the afternoon of the sixth day, the morrow having been definitely and finally appointed for her departure, Mr. Paul Rundle, M.D., is perceived looking inquiringly up at the house from the road, as if endeavoring to identify it. Mr. Rundle, of course, is not allowed to remain in uncertainty long, and when he comes in with his guide Freddie, he congratulates Jason, he does not say upon what—upon his success in business, we suppose—in a way that shows he judges other people by himself.

Then it is explained, also, that Mr. Paul Rundle, M.D., is present by invitation of Jason, authorized by Salanda, but concealed from Freddie. And Jason is called to account by his sister for the artifice, and although he receives a little rebuke for—well, Miss Freddie does not seem to know for what exactly—he feels, doubtless, amply repaid in the relief he experiences from the duty of entertaining two ladies at once.

Then, too, come full accounts from Paul of the welfare of all at home—of father's continued prosperity and good habits, of mother's restored health and happiness, and Susie's good looks improved by country life and freedom from toil and care. And it appears, too, that Mr. Edgecutt has been to Maine on business—to settle up accounts with Mrs. Rundle, probably, though Paul is not very explicit on this point—and whether the lawyer at the same time opened a new account with the young lady, must remain a matter of conjecture.

Now is projected also, a joint excursion by Jason and Salanda, accompanied by Paul and Freddie, to Niagara and the

Lakes, and a day in the latter part of May is named for its commencement.

Time flies fast in the hurry and bustle of the continued sewing, the appointed day rapidly approaches, and at length arrives. But before Salanda leaves town, in fact on the very morning of her departure, at a most inconvenient hour, immediately after breakfast, there is a little party at the Captain's, consisting of a dozen or so of Salanda's particular friends, including Elder Graynes; and every body stands up, although there are a plenty of chairs, and Elder Graynes makes himself more prominent than clergymen are usually expected to do at a party, and indeed quite takes the lead in the conversation, and Mr. Paul Rundle, M.D., who happens to be standing near Jason, becomes confused in his mind, mistaking the occasion for a donation party, and makes the Elder a little donation; and there is a little cake passed around, if it is directly after breakfast, and there is a good deal of shaking of hands, and so forth; but if any body cries—for people do sometimes cry at parties given so early in the morning—it is not Jason.

The month of May leaving this world for whatever journey lies before departing months, smiles upon the old place with her last glance, and upon Mr. Mayferrie at home alone.

He lives alone on the old place now, but he is happy in his daughter's happiness, in the expectation of her frequent visits, in the confidence in her undiminished affection and continued filial care and kindness, and in the knowledge that his family includes no longer a daughter only, but a beloved son.

He lives alone on the old place now, but he is happy in the society of old friends, for Calick is still his daily assistant upon

the farm; and Aunt Provy, too, does not hesitate to return sometimes in person the calls which the Captain often makes upon her. And they *do* say—but no, we will not elevate the gossip of Cone Cut Corners to the dignity of a page in history.

He lives alone upon the old place now, but he is happy in himself. He is upon the bright side of fifty, that is, the elder side. He came over the brow of life last fall; and it is this side which is the bright side to him. His hair is gray, his form perhaps a little bent, his step not quite strong, his hand sometimes trembles. But in renewed strength of mind and moral purpose, he feels a flush and glow almost like that of youth. The freedom in which he rejoices now, is the freedom from temptation, from sin, from shame, and from remorse.

He lives alone upon the old place now, as some would estimate loneliness, but there is a Presence in his home which brings more happiness to his heart, and more society to his fireside, than all the companionships of his days of mistaken liberty. When, or how this Presence came, he scarcely knows, whether in answer to Salanda's prayers, or whether it would have been his, even unasked, flowing from the abundant mercy of God, he scarcely knows, but it is in his heart, he knows, and it is there forever. And Salanda knows it too, and rejoices in it, and trusts in it for her father's safety, more than in all else, for she knows that while that Presence reigns in his heart, neither laws, nor repeal of laws, nor suasions, nor persuasions, nor temptations, nor overthrow of temptations, nor loneliness, nor companionship, nor life, nor death, shall be able to shake his firm purpose, or separate him from the safety of God's people.

One shade only rests upon his happiness. It is the shade that rests upon his name. For his story is well known now, and there are not wanting efforts to restore to him the name of his youth, nor does he fail to hear himself accosted with hesitation and stammering as Mr. May——Chesslebury. He has no wish however, to regain the surname now so long disused, but he leaves friends at Cone Cut to choose for themselves between the two. With most of them as with us, he retains his long familiar name. It was his mother's name, it is his middle name, and he is not displeased to hear it still.

But as at evening he leans against the churchyard-gate, and sees the white gravestone with the simple inscription, "Mother," glistening through the foliage in the light of the setting sun, amid a hundred comrades, bearing each the name of some departed one, and as he feels afresh that the time must soon come when a place will be there made for him also, the sharp thought pricks him that he leaves no certain name to be engraved above his head. And he wonders what they would do about it, and whether they would cut upon his tombstone, "Mayferrie," or "Chesslebury," or whether they would leave it blank in their uncertainty.

And the yellow sunlight gushes out upon the white gravestone with the simple inscription, and shows him a new light and a sudden answer there. And he turns away, and says:—

"I can trust that to Salanda. She will tell them what to write——

"FATHER."