

THE LAWRENCES:

A

TWENTY-YEARS' HISTORY.

BY

CHARLOTTE TURNBULL.

Stemmata quid faciunt?



SOLD BY

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

NEW YORK.

THE LAWRENCES.

Part 1.

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THE LAWRENCES.

Part 1.

CHAPTER I.

A TRAVELLING SHOW.

RLAGS were waving and streamers flying over a large canvas tent, the outside of which was hung with life-size colored figures of wild animals, and of horses and riders, and circus-tumblers. From within came forth the brassy notes and heavy drum-beating of a band of music, mingled at times with a brute roar or cry, and the shouts and laughter of a crowd of people. All these things are familiar enough to the eyes and ears of most Americans. In the present case it was the combined attraction of a menagerie and circus that delighted no small part of the people of the pleasant village of Brookfield, and for many miles around, in the northern part of Berkshire county.

The "show" was not in the village, but at some little distance from it,—say a mile and a half,—in a broad level field, past which ran the old time-travelled stage-road from Albany to Boston. On the other side of this highway, upon a gentle slope, stood a heavy frame building, still known as the *Red House*, though for several years past it had been painted a

chalky white. It was built about a century before the time we are writing of, if we may believe the large iron figures, 1744, fixed to the front of the square stone chimney that rose from the centre of the roof. This house, in other days, had been a famous wayside inn; but was now become little better than a drovers' tavern.

Just at this time, the usual quiet of the Red House and its precincts was enlivened by the annual county cattle-show, which had brought together a more substantial and dignified company than at other times had occasion to assemble there,—including the elder respectabilities and great-oneyers of the neighborhood; and which also led the enterprising proprietors of the aforementioned canvas tent to happen along and improve the opportunity when they were sure to find a crowd disposed to spend their "quarters" in treating themselves and the younger fry with a sight of their collected wonders. So, therefore, out of both the younger and older persons of this mixed crowd, we are to indicate a few characters of both high and low degree, whose after-history the writer of these pages has undertaken to present.

But let us not stay among the county respectabilities,—heavy old fellows who are congregating in and about the Red House, discussing Devonshires, Shorthorns, Alderneys, under-draining, deep ploughing, Berkshire pigs, Morgan stock, Draft horses, milkers, top-dressing, plaster, bone-dust, and guano; with here and there a knot of two or three talking politics in a confidential undertone; I say, let us leave these respectables, and, by paying our quarters, gain admission inside of that canvas enclosure, where we are more likely to find young people—of all ages! and both sexes, whose simple instincts lead them to enjoy all that the flying hours afford. But of the two or three hundred here assembled, I ask the privilege of introducing but two or three.

The circus part of the entertainment has just concluded; the ring-master has cracked his whip nervously near the

closely integumented posteriors of the wincing clown, while venting his oft-repeated satirical jokes; Miss Rosa, in her pink fleshings, has discreetly if not gracefully poked out first one leg and then the other, while being carried around on the back of a jaded piebald quadruped, that duly hopped all the bars; the chattering monkeys have taken their unwilling pony ride; the spangled acrobats have tumbled and gyrated; the learned donkey has kicked off all his adventurous riders save only the last adhesive nigger; our old friend Sancho Panza has had his regular blanket exercise;—all this has passed, and the spectators have descended from their rough seats and are dispersed in groups before the several cages, the tenants of which are now receiving their second daily allowance of feeding, caressing, cowhiding, or cudgelling. After the din and confusion of that part of the entertainment is got through with, the more juvenile portion of the spectators pleased themselves and the monkeys by throwing them candy, nuts, and bits of gingerbread. Then came a ride of a dozen or two children in a gayly decorated box on the elephant's back, with at the same time a couple of younglings carried by the keeper in his arms while seated on the animal's trunk.

Finally, when this youthful party had dismounted, the keeper calls out, with more grace of manner than language: "Is there any of you young folks dar'st to ride this 'ere quadruped all alone on his trunk?" At this a chorus of little voices shouted: "Till, Tilly, Tildy, Maytildy," at the same time pushing forward a bright-eyed girl, much older and taller than themselves, who, on her part, did not seem to need much pushing. Though poorly dressed she had a tidy look, notwithstanding her flat straw hat was dangling by the strings half way down her back.

"So, Miss," said the keeper, "you think you ken stick on, all by yerself? Well, to look at yer, I guess you ken. Make the young lady a bow, Sampson," hitting the monster's forelegs a gentle cut with his switch.

The elephant knelt down, but before he had half completed his slow movements the young girl sprang to her seat on his proboscis; then winding one arm around its upturned end, with her other hand she clenched the folds of the animals wrinkled hide, at the same time keeping her short and scanty skirts between her closely twisted ankles. Thus placed, she was lifted aloft and borne slowly around the ring, as the band doled forth its almost exhausted harmony;—her face beaming with triumph and delight, as she looked down upon a cortège of her child-friends, who were following after, clapping their hands, screaming and skipping with excess of joy at seeing their favorite carried in this wise through the air; while even the jaded old pachyderm, as he flapped his large leathery ears, seemed to catch a little of the spirit of the performance.

But in the mean time the crowd in the great canvas enclosure had become pretty well thinned out, so that I could tell you the names of nearly every one remaining. There was the straight spare form of Jake Peabody in his soiled shirt-sleeves (for he was hostler of the tavern stable near by), and now looking leisurely about with the composed air of one who had seen too much to be surprised at anything like this present show. Just then a well-dressed young man entered the tent, and seeing Jake as he passed near him, saluted him with a familiar "Hallo, Jake;" who replied with a pleased expression and a tone of respect—"How d'ye do, Phil?" Phil glanced at the girl and elephant for a moment, then leisurely making the circuit of the cages to look at the now dozing animals, he soon after left the tent.

But for the want of some better way of filling up a few minutes' respite from that day's arduous stable duties, Jake yet remained looking about in an idle way, when a heavy hand slapped him on the back. It was Jo Parsons, a sandy-haired, short-necked, deep-chested, very common-looking fellow, and with eyes and legs a little unsteady from drink.

"By G—d! Jake, ain't that ar' bully? look at that gal! by G—d, she's one of 'em. She's my gal; d—d if she ain't. I'm going home with her, and d—n my soul if I don't kiss her."

"I bet you won't," replied Jake.

"I won't, will I? Why won't I, by G—d? I know Til, I do."

"You'd better fust try kissing one o' them ar' big cats asleep over thar, and see how you like that," replied Jake, looking towards the panther's cage.

This ended the colloquy, and Jo reeled on after the elephant, then finishing his last round. The spangled circus performers, with soiled overcoats and trousers drawn on over their buff fleshings, were already at work at the guys and poles of the big tent, and in a few seconds it was down flat, almost before the last boy had time to crawl out from under its heavy folds.

It was near sunset of a glorious autumn day. The line of rocky hills threw their shadows across the narrow plains where our scene is placed; and over which a thin haze had now settled. Looking down the valley you could see the great wooden spire, and many of the larger houses of Brookfield not entirely hidden by the massive foliage of elms and maples. In the opposite direction, and perhaps two miles up the valley, were yet more plainly to be seen the bare stone walls of some newly erected iron works, from whose chimneys darted short tongues of flame, made redder by the approaching twilight. But the sound of the heavy hammers that had been plainly heard through the evening air suddenly ceased; and now could be faintly heard the noise of a rushing stream that skirted the narrow plain, separating it from the line of craggy hills.

Sol inclinat, jumenta vocant, eundum est.

So the company about the Red House were fast leaving

for their homes. The wide road, in both directions, is filled with all sorts of vehicles conveying all sorts of people, from the solemn parish deacon or elder plodding homewards at his customary five-mile gait, to the well-known hard cases, noisy and drunken fellows, who drove with all the speed that whipping and yelling could frighten out of their unfortunate quadrupeds.

Among all this small multitude of high and low degree, who were now taking the dust, there was but one individual on horseback; and he not a young but a middle aged man. His horse, a large animal of good points, but badly groomed and not well broken, was with difficulty kept down to an even slow gait, so that his rider could continue his conversation with a young man seated in a fashionably made wagon. This young man was probably about thirty, very handsomely dressed, so that manifestly neither the clothes he wore nor the wagon in which he rode could be the work of provincial artists, but both must have come from that paradise of tailors and wainwrights—the metropolis; while the fine “Morgan” horse, over which his owner held a gently tight rein, seemed perfectly aware that he was worth all he had cost—a sum that would buy a dozen of his humbler kind, and whose dust he was now obliged to snuff as they crazily passed him on the road; conscious that, with his own long-reaching step, if his owner would let him “go,” he could shoot the gravel into their very eyes.

Let us listen now, to hear if we can, the conversation between this young gentleman in the stylish wagon and his elderly companion on horseback.

“Colonel,” said the young man, “I hope that, next year we may have a military turn out; though lately people seem to care more for these cattle shows and fire-company parades than for military musters and reviews.”

“Cattle fairs or shows, Augustus, are well enough in the way of business,” replied the Colonel, “though there’s no

need to make such a fuss and ado about them. But these firemen’s parades, where men show their manhood by squirting water through a big nozzle, as they call it, they make me feel ashamed of my kind. It shows, ‘Gustus, what this damned mercenary age is coming to; when people had rather look at a hundred fine stout young fellows dragging a big pump on wheels, than see them hauling a couple of bright brass field-pieces, and showing they know how to load and fire ‘em, as their fathers did before them.

“Well, Colonel, in spite of all these firemen and their machines, I hope next year we’ll have a grand military review, and to see you once more in that splendid old Continental uniform that everybody admires. And I don’t mind telling you that I hope at the same time to come out in my new major’s coat and epaulets bought more than two years ago, and I haven’t yet had a chance to show ‘em off.”

Here, after a pause, the Colonel abruptly changed the subject by saying: “I wondered at not once seeing your uncle Philip on the fair-grounds this year. He used to take great interest in such things.”

“No,” replied Augustus, “uncle Philip has full enough on his hands just now to look after his Iron Works. They’ve been spending a pile of money up there, and it’s to be hoped they may get it back again.”

“What is young Phil going about, now he’s through college?” again inquired the Colonel.

“I’m sure I can’t say—probably the same business he’s now doing.”

“What’s that?” again demanded the Colonel.

“Nothing at all,” was Augustus’ rather curt reply to the Colonel’s chance inquiries; then impressively adding: “Colonel Phipps, I’ll speak my mind of Phil Lawrence, if he is my cousin: ‘He’ll never turn out anything; and that’s saying no more than I have told him to his face.’”

Which unfavorable prediction the Colonel benevolently

qualified by observing, that "young men, like young colts, ought not to be judged of too soon." To this reply he hardly had time to add "good-night" when their roads separated; the horseman keeping straight on through the main street of the village toward his home, which was a mile or more farther westward, while Mr. Augustus Lawrence's wagon rattled off in another direction, the driver mentally exclaiming to himself:

"Young colt! Yes, Phil is a colt; but I know his points and the stock he comes of as well now as I ever will."

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD VILLAGE DANCING-HALL.

THOUGH it is now quite dark, I beg the reader will allow me to take him back again to the Red House for a while, if only to look inside; and where we shall see that the bustle of a busy day has not wholly subsided. The light is streaming from the large second story windows of the L part of this ancient hostelry. There are no shutters, curtains, or window-shades jealously to prevent an outside view of the interior of the spacious old dancing-hall. Standing on the ground below, by the light of many candles stuck in wooden brackets and chandeliers, we can see perfectly well the rude fresco panelling and quaint figures wrought on the plastered walls and arched ceiling by some rustic artist of a former generation, but whose æsthetic aspirations had long since ceased to palpitate.

This great hall had yet a place in the memories of hundreds of both the old and middle-aged for miles around, in the county of Berkshire. In many winters, long ago betid, its broad floor had rocked under their young feet. Often the chimneys of its two deep fire places, piled high with blazing logs, had sent forth their sparks, to vanish in the dark or fall back on the snow-covered roof. Then violins scraped with a heavy bow, and a kettle-drum beat with fantastic skill, made wondrous moving music. The glare from the windows lighted up the snow-sheeted fields for many an acre around, and hastened the speed of the coming guests. The cracking whip and jingling bells tell of their near approach, until their horses, panting and foaming, are pulled up before the porch of the Red House with a suddenness that loosens the sleigh-load of conglomerate young men and women warmly massed together as in a concrete of furred robes and heavy wrappings.

But all these are things of the past, and why speak of them now? for they are nothing to our present purpose. The hearths of those two broad fireplaces have not been warmed for years and years; their jams and backs are whitewashed, while a huge cast-iron stove with an ugly crooked pipe stands as a modern substitute for the genial blaze and glowing brands of the olden time.

Following in the wake of the cattle fair, menagerie and circus, there was this evening to be a kind of dramatic singing entertainment in this large hall of the Red House. The floor is covered with every variety of seats, from chairs of the old farmhouse, Mayflower pattern, to benches extemporized of boards rough from the saw-mill. At the farther end of the hall is a narrow stage with the flimsiest sort of a curtain and side decorations, the whole of which could be crammed away in two good-sized carpet-bags. The singers and performers were none of those who had delighted metropolitan houses; but, such as they were, they made the most of whatever

powers had been allotted them wherewith to get a living. Therefore we need not criticise them ; especially as the present audience that now crowded the room were more than satisfied—they were transported by such grace and harmony as are offered to rustic eyes and ears not oftener than once a year.

Even from the little information the reader yet has of that idle young man just out of college, Phil Lawrence, it hardly need be told that he was among the number of those who stayed behind, to see and hear the singing and dancing, even though it may have been his privilege to enjoy much better entertainment of that kind elsewhere.

By the seasonable hour of ten o'clock the entertainment is over, and the windows dark. But Phil, who is of a somewhat social temperament, has lingered awhile talking with other young men—farmers' sons whom he had always known, though probably none of them had equal advantages or expectations. But before the end of another hour he had his horse brought round, and, mounting, said "good-night" and took the road for home.

It was not late ; the ride from the Red House to the village of Brookfield is a short one ; the moon shone clear and full ; Phil and his horse, a handsome mare, were fond of each other's company ; so he rode slowly, as people usually ride or walk when they have not much to do or think about. Suddenly the mare broke her gait, almost stopped, pricked up her ears, and looked off over a piece of broad meadow that lay somewhat lower than the road. Phil heard the sound of voices, but there were so many people about on that night that he did not stop to listen, and merely said "Go on, Nelly ;" and the mare started ahead. They soon after came to the brow of a little hill, where the road makes a slight turn to the left, to cross a hollow. The animal suddenly stopped short, threw up her head, and stood with straight neck and staring eyeballs, looking in the same direction as before.

Phil now heard a cry. He held a tight rein and looked over across the meadow, where, though the moon was bright, a thin haze rested upon the low grounds that made objects indistinct. Another cry ! and he thought he saw some movement in the direction where he knew there was a foot-path across the meadow much used as a short-cut from the main highway to the upper part of the village.

He gave his horse a touch and trotted rapidly down the hill, near the bottom of which he knew the path came out upon the road. His view, as he descended the hill, was partly shut off by a stunted growth of oaks and cedars, such as very often border our old American highways ; yet he could now see two figures through the haze or ground mist, flying along the pathway—like one person pursuing another. He touched his horse again, to gain the well-known spot near the bottom of the hill, where people using the path climbed the fence. He was not thirty yards off, when, through the openings of the undergrowth, he saw a female figure pursued by a man coming almost directly towards him. He slid off his horse, and rushed on down the hill through the bushes ; and came near enough to the path's end, just in time to see a young girl put her foot on one of the lower rails and clear the top of the fence like a doe. But her skirts caught on a splinter of the rail, and were drawn up above her waist so as to expose her slender form in the broad moonlight ; while her pursuer, coming up at the instant behind her on the other side of the fence, threw his arm around her neck and was holding her fairly garroted.

Phil rushed forwards and struck the scoundrel, who had not seen him, a heavy blow with the butt of his riding-whip square across the cheek and forehead. He let go his hold of the girl, and staggering back a step or two, after a moment's bewildered stare, exclaimed :

"By G-d, I'll pay you for that ! I know you, Phil Lawrence ;" and then he quickly slunk off in the shadow of the

bushes. At the same moment the girl, with a frantic effort, tore her skirts clear of the fence, and sank down upon the grass, her face buried in her hands, her dark hair falling forward over her knees, her young frame heaving with convulsive sobs.

The young man, looking down upon the poor, distressed thing, said in a kind tone: "Are you hurt?" The girl made no answer.

He repeated his question with a yet gentler accent: "Speak, tell me, child, if you're hurt." Still no answer, but the girl's quivering form seemed to contract and settle down more closely upon the ground, as though she would fain hide herself from sight and hearing. Phil stooped and touched her shoulder as if to raise her up, saying—

"Don't take on so, child. I'll carry you home if you are hurt and can't get up."

To this she answered faintly "No;" at the same instant seizing Phil about the ankles, she turned her face upwards with a terrified stare, exclaiming, "Is he gone?"

"Oh, yes," was Phil's reply in a laughing manner, "he's gone; you won't see anything more of him to-night, I promise you. But where do you live? I'll take you home, and as we go along you can tell me all about it if you wish. So come; there is nothing to be afraid of now. I'm glad he didn't hurt you. Now stand up, that's a good child." And almost by his own strength he lifted her to her feet; but as she stood with her back turned and her face averted, Phil saw that she trembled, and seemed as if she would sink down again.

"You are weak," he said; "but I'll put you on my horse and walk alongside of you and hold you on."

So saying, he gave a little whistle, and called out, "Nelly, Nelly," at which the docile creature came forward from the screen of bushes where she had been browsing the leaves, and stood before them.

"Come now," said Phil, "let me help you to get up; I'll

take you home directly," and made a movement as though he would lift her into the saddle; but the girl shrank away from him. "You needn't be afraid to ride; Nelly won't run away with you, and I won't let you fall off."

"I'm not afraid to ride," said the girl.

"Well, then, we can get home sooner if you get up behind. You can hold on to me as tight as you please; I won't ride fast."

"No, sir," replied the girl, now for the first time looking around, as if to be assured her enemy had taken himself off. "No, sir, I can walk well enough and very fast, if you will let me alongside of you while you ride. I go the same way as you do till we get to the street, and then I won't be a bit afraid to go alone the rest o' the way."

So Phil mounted and started his horse into a walk, while the girl easily kept close to his stirrup; but she would not take hold of the strap to aid herself, though urged to do so, saying that she was "used to walking." They proceeded on a little way in silence, during which the girl fast regained her confidence and composure. Her step became more elastic, almost joyous, and she looked up to her protector with a grateful smile.

Now, for the first time, Phil fairly saw her face, and asked, "Aren't you the girl I saw this afternoon at the menagerie riding on the elephant?"

"Yes, sir."

Just then the village clock struck eleven. "It's a late hour for you to be out," Phil remarked.

The girl replied, in an apologetic tone, "I stayed to hear the singers. They don't come but once a year. Mother said I might stay. I paid my own money."

"Do you know that fellow who had hold of you?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir, I guess I *do* know him—he is Jo Parsons," she replied, turning away her face, "and everybody says he's the

ugliest fellow there is up at the Forges. I used to see him when I went up to the shops to sell apples, nuts, and berries ; but I don't go inside the shops now myself. I stay out and send in my little brother and sister."

"Where did you first see this Jo Parsons?"

"I was going home by the meadow path and just got to the rocks and was going to cross the log over the brook when I heard some one say 'Matilda.' I wa'n't the least bit afraid, and stopped to look back, for I thought it was some of the neebors ; and the first thing I knew Jo Parsons put his arm around me and tried to kiss me. But I guess I scratched his eyes pretty well, for he let go o' me, and then I run back to the road fast as ever I could."

"What is your name, and where do you live?" Phil then inquired.

"I'm John Moore's daughter. I guess you know father well enough—he works out. He worked for your father all last harvest. And you've been to our house ; you come with old Doctor Wheeler, almost a year ago, when brother Steve cut his foot playing with the axe, so bad they thought he'd bleed to death."

"I remember the time," replied Phil, and then added : "It's over a mile yet to your home, and I will go on part o' the way with you ; for you are too big a girl to be out all alone by yourself."

"No, you needn't, sir. I'm just as thankful to you as though you did ; but I hear neighbor Collins' two-horse wagon a-coming. He goes right by our house ; he'll let me ride, I guess, though his two big girls don't like me."

Phil could just hear the sound of wheels yet a long distance off, so he suggested she might be mistaken. "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "I can tell most all the teams when they go by our house in the night, just about as well as if I see them."

"Well, then," replied Phil, who preferred not being seen

alone on the road at that time of night even with so young a girl whom chance had placed under his protection ; "well, then, I will stop here while you run on ahead a little way, and when the wagon comes up you can ask them to let you ride. Then I will overtake the wagon and see if they have taken you in."

The girl went forwards as she was directed ; and in a few minutes the wagon, crowded with a rather noisy set, overtook and passed him at a rapid speed. Shortly after, he started his mare into a fast trot, and on passing the wagon, he saw his young protégée riding backwards with her feet dangling over the tail-board.

On his way to his own home he had leisure to recall to mind the visit the girl had spoken of his having made at her father's house ; for he then had been specially impressed with some things he saw there. It happened during a college vacation, he was sauntering along the street, when old Doctor Wheeler came by in his sulky and said : "Here, Phil, squeeze in here with me ; I want your help. There's a boy, up the road, has just cut himself badly :—I may have to do more cutting to stop the bleeding." They soon reached the place.

It had once been a neat cottage with a good farm belonging to it ; but the land had been sold off piece by piece, until little more was left than what the house stood on ; which was now dilapidated and hardly showed a vestige of paint. The out-houses had become little better than sheds ; the small garden was fenced about with a half fallen wall supplemented with boards and timbers taken from the ruinous buildings. The railing about the front yard had entirely disappeared. But here, Nature, our common mother, ever bountiful and beautiful, even in our errors and follies, had planted two or three large ash-trees, whose waving leafy boughs took something from the dismal air of that home, to which the inside more than corresponded with the out. Homes like this are so

common all over our country as hardly to deserve a mention. Hundreds of just such places are to be seen by the roadside; and it need not be told, that in every one there dwells an invisible demon with the family. He stands on their hearth, sits at their table, and lies in the bed with them!

It was to such a home that Phil went with old Doctor Wheeler, to assist him in a little surgery. The operation itself occupied but a few minutes, after which the dressings were completed quite leisurely, allowing time to observe the family and their ways. While there was no appearance of squalor, there was an equal absence of all the accessories of comfort. The mother was known to be a hard-working woman, but, crazed with her burdens and her cares, she had become a scold. Her face looked as though it had not known a smile for years. The tang of her tongue would almost startle you, making you wonder if she could once have been a young girl, with a voice gentle and low. The father, tired with his day's labor, and his perceptions blunted with drink, sat by the stove and smoked his pipe, glad in his thoughts, probably, that the doctor had come to boss the whole concern, even for one brief hour.

The man's drinking had perhaps made the woman a scold, and the woman's scolding made the man drink the more. Both parents were alike the terror of their children. All natural affection in this poor family between husband and wife, and even parent and child, seemed as perfectly and forever dead, as we are told it often is in the homes of people of the highest fashion.

There was a peculiar method of parental discipline in this poor family. If either parent had occasion to tell a child to perform some office, the order was apt to be preceded or accompanied by a cuff, a poke, or a push; as, "Til, get a pail o' water," and the girl got a push; "Jim, light a candle," and the little boy got a slap that staggered him.

The recollection of these things was mingled confusedly

in Phil's mind with the last hour's events, when he dropped off,—not from his mare Nelly, for she was now snug in her stable, but off in a sound slumber, in his own bed.

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CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

IT was the next Sunday night after the Cattle Fair and other events narrated in the preceding chapters. The hour was getting late, as the doors of houses along the main street of Brookfield, that had stood hospitably open during the evening, for neighbors to enter and depart without ceremony, were all closed. No unbanned figures, in dresses silvered by the moon's light, were now to be seen, as an hour or two before, sauntering along the gravelled sidewalks, under the arching elms. All was stillness and rest, save the crickets' chirp and the distant bay-ing of the one ever-wakeful village dog.

Phil Lawrence had returned home and was sitting in his room, reading; while his father and mother had been some time retired to their own; when he was startled by the cry of fire! fire! almost under his window. He looked out and saw a bright blaze creeping up one corner of his father's barn. Rushing out, he seized a stable bucket, and filling it from the overflowing watering-trough, he dashed the climbing flames. But uselessly, of course; the fire was inside as well as out; and he thought of his mare Nelly, and of the other horses

and cattle, and hurried to unloose and turn them out ; but fortunately their stalls were all empty and the stable doors wide open.

Other people were there almost as soon as he, and who also tried to keep down the flames ; but to no purpose. In five minutes the town bell was ringing ; in five minutes more the fire-engine was on the spot ; but for some reason it was found impossible to screw on the pipe to their machine. Soon half the townspeople, all the men and boys and some of the women, were gathered in a circle around the burning building, of which the blazing cinders, whirling high in air, descended on fields, gardens, and orchards for a long distance off.

In less than twenty minutes the building was down flat with the ground ; and every man within a circuit of two miles who had heard the alarm of the fire-bell, or saw the glare of the flames, had mounted his work-horse, or pitched on the old wagon harness, and hastened to the scene. For, in these rural precincts, only two or three fires happen on an average in each generation. And he is an unlucky wight who didn't see it, wasn't there, or can't tell some personal experience connected with the fire ;—how he happened to first see the light,—what he was doing when he “fust heer'd the old bell go,”—where he thought the fire was,—whose wife, daughter, or mother first woke him up,—and how long before he reached the spot,—and what he did when he got there, etc., etc., in which each speaker tries to tell something of more importance than his neighbor.

In all these excited groups of talkers and lookers-on there was one who appeared quite undisturbed ; and he the owner and loser,—Mr. Lawrence, senior. In company with two or three neighbors, leading people of the place, he soon left the crowd and returned to his house. For property owners naturally sympathize with others in their losses from such providential causes. This barn was by far the largest in

Brookfield, and, as usual at this time of the year, crammed to the ridge-pole with the summer's harvest.

These sympathizing friends fell to discussing the probable origin of the fire. One thought it might be the act of some workman employed at the Forges ; as there had lately been a talk of reducing wages, and discharging hands. But it was well known that Mr. Lawrence, as the largest owner and chief director of those works, had successfully opposed that project. Another suggested it might be some laborer's pipe ; another, that spontaneous combustion was the cause of the fire, and to which latter opinion Mr. Lawrence was himself inclined.

Finally nearly everybody went home, and only Phil was left with two or three men who volunteered to stay and watch the heap of smoking ruins, and keep down the flames. Of this number was Jake Peabody, and whom Phil seemed the most to depend on.

Jake said to Phil : “The minute I see the fire and knew 'twas your barn, I thought o' Nelly ; but I tho't likely she was safe, and all the other hosses and critters tew ; 'cause I know'd the old man allers had 'em out to grass, Sabba' day.”

“But Nelly *was* in the stable,” Phil replied, “and she broke loose. Do you see that piece of halter sticking to her manger ?” and he pointed with the toe of his boot to a charred plank with a chain hanging to it.

“That's so,” responded Jake, as he admiringly eyed the relic. “You know, I allers said Nelly was the knowingest colt I ever handled.”

“Well, good night, Jake,” said Phil, “I'm off to bed,” and he disappeared from the scene.

On his reappearance, soon after sunrise, Jake had a report to make about Nelly. “She's been awful skeered ;—she's way up there by the orchard wall, as far off as she kin git ; at fust she'd hardly let me cum up to her. She steps a little lame ; but 'tain't nothing much,—just a scratch over

her nigh hind heel; p'raps she got it when she jumped the gate."

Phil started for the orchard, but before he was half across it Nelly came trotting towards him with a whimper of joy at sight of her mastsr. After a little patting and caressing he looked at her hurt, and found, as Jake had said, that it was nothing serious, though a good deal of dried and clotted blood was sticking to the hair.

A few hours after, Phil went again to the orchard; but this time carrying a jug of water and a large sponge, and his pockets stuffed out with other things. Nelly came at his call; and he first gave her two or three sweet cakes, such as she had oftentimes before taken from his hand. She then stood quiet, while he proceeded to sponge the blood from her wounded leg. He had not been long occupied in this way before he suddenly stopped, giving utterance to an exclamation of surprise and anger; at which the mare, who had fallen half asleep under her master's soothing manipulations, lifted her drooping head.

"Lie down, Nelly; lie down," said Phil. At this the creature turned her head with a stare; but when the order was repeated with a slight slap of the hand on her flank, she obeyed by stretching herself out on the firm green turf. Kneeling down on the grass, he pursued intently his operations on the wounded leg, until interrupted by a sudden leap upon his back, and a dog's nose and tongue upon his cheek.

"Get out, you confounded whelp!" accompanied with a smart cuff, rewarded Teaser's affectionate greeting of his master. But Teaser was a tough little black-and-tan terrier, and could bear such correction well enough; and which sometimes, by his wilfully mischievous pranks, he seemed rather to court as a demonstration of regard. So he was not in the least cast down by his unwelcome reception, but leaped and curvetted about in a pleased fashion; and then went up

to Nelly and put his nose close to hers. The two pets exchanged mute and mutual expressions of attachment, for they had long been close friends. This not inexplicable dumb-show being over, Teaser quietly seated himself as near as possible to his master, and with his short tail curled closely under his rump, appeared to watch the progress of the veterinary operation with considerable interest, if not intelligence.

What had caused Phil's angry ejaculation, was the discovery that the wound was not an accidental one, but a clean cut made with a sharp knife, by some scoundrel who had attempted to "hock" or hamstring the poor, unoffending dumb creature. The short hairs had been cut squarely off, and the skin over the great tendon was obliquely separated by a downward blow, but which fortunately had failed to divide more than a few fibres of that wonderfully tough cord; and in which were sticking several small fragments of the thin edge of a knife-blade. These Phil carefully picked out, and tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrapped up the shining scales of metal and put them safely away. It only remained to put on a bandage, and then his dumb patient was allowed to depart in peace; while his own mind was filled with angry and vengeful thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXPEDITION IN DISGUISE.

THE next day, early in the afternoon, Phil was seen in his shooting rig. He had on a slouch hat, a double gun in his hand, with shot-pouch, powder-flask, and game-bag slung over his shoulders. This was no unusual thing at that season of the year, though any one who had often seen him thus equipped would perhaps have noticed that, on this occasion, he did not wear the same velveteen shooting-jacket, corduroy trousers, and top-boots he usually wore on going out with his gun. Phil had, in fact, gone privately to certain rooms far to the back part of the house, which were occupied by several of the hired men and boys who worked on his father's place, and there he found some clothes, which, with a coarse, heavy pair of boots, he thought would better answer his present purpose. Putting on these borrowed habiliments, and his shooting gear over them, he hurried off without giving any one a chance of making a close inspection.

While our young man in this guise has gone off in one direction, I wish to take the reader with me in another—on a visit to The Forges. The place has been already mentioned as a new manufacturing village, distant some three or four miles up the valley from old Brookfield. And the two places, as also the Red House, half way between, were all in sight of each other.

This aggregation of new stone walls and brick chimneys, about which clustered a proportionate number of dwellings, all looking as precisely alike as if pressed like bricks in the same mould, or baked like ginger-cakes in the same pans,

covered the site of an old iron foundry and forge that had their existence long back in Colonial times, before the Revolutionary War. The furnaces were originally set up in consequence of their being near by a small bed of ore which yielded iron of a very pure quality; and the work had been continued with varying profit and loss through two or three generations—the chief ownership having remained, during all that time down to the present, in the Lawrence family.

Of late years, with the advent of steam-power and railroads, a furor for manufacturing enterprises had sprung up and extended to this remote and quiet valley. Mr. Lawrence (Phil's father) was among the number of those earliest infected with this industrial mania, and for the last few years he had been so engrossed with its excitements as almost to forget that the law was his real profession. He had, in the mean time, found it not difficult to persuade some of his more substantial neighbors and friends in that section of country to unite in a joint-stock enterprise, to which also several merchants and manufacturers in the nearest cities contributed a share of capital along with their business energy and experience. The present result was that this new thriving village, which the corporators had named *Laurel*, now covered the ground on which before stood half a dozen black and shapeless structures, mere sheds in comparison, which for near a century had been called "The Forges."

Yet this common name fails to express the real character of the multifarious work that was now carried on there. There were indeed furnaces for heating and melting, and heavy hammers for forging the largest masses of iron that had ever yet been wrought in this country. But there were also shops for machinery, and another department, in which not only bronze cannon, but even statues and other artistic and ornamental work were the first attempted in America, though not without the aid of skilled workmen brought over from Europe. In short, this establishment had already be-

come somewhat famous, and was often visited by curious and intelligent strangers.

Mr. Lawrence's ardor, which had conceived and pushed forward these works, had communicated itself to several of his associates; for to very many minds, especially those of a sanguine temperament, the processes of manufacturing have an interest, a charm, not wholly due to hopes of gain or profit. There is a real and rational delight in creating out of chaotic matter, massive but nicely adjusted machines of almost resistless power, as also in framing those smaller pieces of mechanism, that fascinate the beholder by the precision and seemingly automatic intelligence of their movements. When man does this he but imitates the Great Mechanic, by applying to his own needs and uses the same laws and forces which He ordained from the beginning to govern alike the smallest grain of our own earth and the remotest fixed star.

It may well be inferred that Mr. Lawrence was a busy man; and it chafed and disappointed him that his son Phil, now just come to manhood, seemed to know or care very little about all that his father's energy was bringing to pass. Like many young men, he continued to occupy himself chiefly with such things as serve to amuse and interest young minds that have yet felt none of the cares of life. So it happened, that when Phil started off with his fowling-piece, and, striding over the hills, had disappeared in the neighboring woods, just at that very hour there were assembled with his father in the office or counting-room of the Iron Works a party of directors and shareholders, several of whom had come from a distance to witness the first trial of a ponderous machine just imported from England at great cost.

The party thus collected in the office were waiting for an inside door to open, with an invitation to walk forth into the workshops,—when the outside door was rudely pushed open, and in stumbled a rustic-looking youth, who, though a little dashed at finding himself unexpectedly in such august com-

pany, blurted out: "You don't wan' to hire eny more help neow, d'er ye?"

"No, not to-day," said Mr. Standish, the chief clerk, from his desk, without turning his head to look at the speaker.

But Mr. Lawrence supplemented this brief reply with,—
"No, young man; we've more hands now than we have work for; but what can you do? What have you worked at?"

The youth replied, "I never worked at nothing like this 'ere; but I ken learn."

"Where do you come from?" was Mr. Lawrence's next question.

"I was raised here-a-beouts."

"Well, then," replied Mr. Lawrence, who little dreamed he was speaking to his own son Phil, "Go home, and go to school for this winter, and we may give you a chance here in the spring."

Just at that moment the door opened leading to the workshops, and the assembled company, with Phil following unobserved in their wake, squeezed through its narrow posts out into the broad and dimly lighted space beyond. Within low, thick walls that supported a blackened roof, covering an immense space of ground, half paved with broad flag-stones, is presented, in the smoke-laden atmosphere, a scene of almost terrific activity, attended by heavy, clanging sounds, with a confused mingling of rattling, buzzing, and hissing noises. The gloom of this vast interior is partly lighted by the glow of pent-up flames from furnace-mouths, and, at frequent intervals, by red-hot bars of iron gliding over the stone floor, or by great masses of metal, that, heated to a blinding whiteness, sent forth luminous vapors with showers of falling sparks.

But this is not what our black-coated and white wristbanded party of visitors had come to see. They were conducted to a remote and comparatively quiet corner of the building, where fifteen or twenty workmen appeared to be waiting for

something to do. There stood a simple iron frame, not very high nor very massive, but in which was an immense square block of solid iron, fully as large as a baby's cradle, and which a gigantic, sandy-haired Scotchman was patting lovingly on its sides. Several of the visitors began to pat it too; the Scotchman gave a little jerk at a wire, when up flew this heavy mass of metal and danced in the air like a child's parlor balloon! At this, the spectators started back. Then down came the weight upon the anvil beneath with a crash that jarred the ground like an earthquake. The lookers-on retreated a little farther. Then, by the Scotchman's alternately pulling and slacking the wire held in his hand, up and down went the hammer with the same force a dozen times in half as many seconds, till those around felt the very soles of their feet tingle with the thunder-like percussion. One end of a red-hot bar of iron was then laid upon the anvil, when a single blow flattened it out like a fire-shovel. Up went the hammer again, and was kept dancing in the air, while the Scotchman, still holding on to the wire with one hand, deliberately laid his bared arm upon the anvil; a cry of horror came from the whole circle, on seeing the huge weight descend like lightning directly upon the naked limb; but, being checked at the right moment, it was made to rest upon it lightly as a pillow. The bystanders protested against any more sensations of that kind. A cannon-shot was then placed upon the anvil, and with one blow crushed like a filbert. The Scotchman then took the clay pipe from his mouth, and, laying that on the anvil, caused the great weight to descend upon it with a force just sufficient to make the burning wad of tobacco roll out of the bowl, which he then scraped back again, and, replacing the pipe in his mouth, went on smoking.

At a given signal the cover was now drawn from one of the furnace-mouths; the hitherto idle group of workmen came forward, and by the aid of a crane or derrick, a long, shapeless mass of glowing iron, thicker than a man's body, was

drawn forth from its fiery bed, and slowly but easily swung round and placed upon the anvil. It was so softened by the heat that it bent with its own weight, like a stick of warm sealing-wax. On this the hammer was made to descend with all its force in a rapid succession of blows; while the disciplined workmen, obeying the signals of their foreman, were easily able, by aid of the derrick, to slide the heated mass backwards and forwards, or to roll it over and over on the anvil. During this process, which lasted for some little time, a variety of dies were quickly attached and removed, one after the other, as occasion required; so that by the time the iron had cooled down to a crimson red, every one saw that it had the shape of a cannon. Whereat one of the gentlemen present remarked, that they "had better not waste their time and money in making cannon, as we would never have any more wars." He was therefore probably better pleased when, soon after, another large mass of heated metal was drawn from another furnace, and in no long time, by the same combined power and skill, made to take the rough shape of a ponderous steam-engine crank.

The party of black coats, having now seen all they had come specially to see, retired, apparently well satisfied, to the office. But our young man Phil, who had not yet seen what he came to see,—while wonder at what he did see had almost made him forget his present disguise, and his purpose in assuming it,—did not follow his father's company out, but he stayed behind to look about the works. His disguised appearance had been made still more complete than when, some two hours before, he left home in his shooting rig. For he had stopped at a farm-house where he was well known, and asked to leave his gun and other gear there for a while. Then, retiring across the fields to some convenient out-of-the-way spot, he proceeded by the aid of a small hand-glass to make himself look as unlike himself as possible. He pocketed his cravat, turned in his shirt-collar out of sight,

moistened and soiled his shirt-front,—he had on no vest,—muddied and splashed his boots, begrimed his hands with a little yellow clay, dusted his slouched hat, and pulling his hair down over his forehead, he gave that also a dry, unkempt appearance. He then set out, with his toes turned in and a stoop in his shoulders, to walk to the Forges, which were not far off; where the first person who saw and spoke to him was his own father, and who did not know him.

Meanwhile, in his assumed disguise of a green country youth “looking for a job o’ work,” Phil continued loitering about the shops, amid these noisy, fiery scenes, in which men and even boys were seen performing their tasks with all the composure of demons deadened to the sense of scorching heat, or the shock of infernal noises. He sometimes asked a question, and more than once was told to get out of the way, as some glowing mass came swinging round on the chains of the derrick, or shooting over the rail-track.

A shudder crept over him when he saw one workman take hold of the black end of a short red-hot bar of iron, while, as he hammered and shaped it upon the anvil, the smoke jetted forth from his clenched fingers. When the smith had replaced the bar of iron in the fire, Phil, in an assumed rustic way, asked to look at his hand, and saw that much of the palm and the inside skin of the fingers were hard and horny as a horse’s hoof, while the joints retained their natural flexibility.

Trying to talk in his assumed rustic character, Phil said to the man: “By golly, neebor, didn’t that ’ere iron burn ye?”

“No,” was the brief reply.

“Wal, then,” persisted Phil, “I guess you can’t feel much ef anything with them ’ere hands o’ yourn?”

“Yes, I can.”

“Wal, yeas, I s’pose yer ken feel a brick, or a bar o’ iron?”

To this the smith replied with some emphasis: “I can

feel my little girl’s hand, too, when she runs out o’ the house to meet me, coming home at night.”

Strange compensation of nature, thought Phil to himself. “Have an apple?” said he, taking a splendid-looking fall pippin from his pocket, which the smith accepted with a nod of thanks, and at the first bite took out about a third of its rich salmon-colored pulp.

At that moment one of the smith’s assistants, or strikers, as they are termed in shop-language,—a red-shirted fellow who had been attending to the fire and blowing the bellows,—swaggered up to Phil with “I say, greeney, han’t you got another one o’ them?” Phil started a little as he turned to look at the speaker, a short, thick-set young man, and the very person he had come there to find; one whom he had never seen but once, and but for ten seconds by moonlight. But he saw also that the fellow had four distinct parallel scratches down his left cheek.

Still preserving his assumed rustic manner and language, Phil replied to his request, “I ain’t got but just tew more on ’em. Lend us yer knife, and I’ll divide ’em atween ye.”

At this Jo Parsons pulled out a clumsy-looking knife, with which Phil halved his apples, and keeping one piece for himself, he distributed the other three with Jo and his two work-fellows. Phil then shut up Jo’s knife and slipped it into his own pocket, but not before he had given a hurried glance at the blade.

“I say, greeney, none o’ that now,” exclaimed Jo, adding a familiar poke in Phil’s ribs which almost took away his breath; “give me back my knife, I say.”

Phil, with an affected stare, fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a small handsome four-bladed tortoise-shell knife which he proffered in response to this demand. Jo looked at it with contempt, and said with some irritation, “No tricks here, stranger, I want mine.”

To which Phil,—“Come, won’t you swap just f’r luck?”

"No," was the angry reply, accompanied with an impatient and yet rougher poke in his ribs than the first one. Whereupon Phil was fain to reproduce and restore to its owner the big buck-handled instrument he had so artfully pocketed.

At that moment, the blacksmith gave a little whistle, as he drew the glowing iron from the fire and laid it quickly on the anvil; the same instant Jo and the two other strikers each caught up their heavy sledge-hammers and sprang to their places; where, while the smith held and turned the heated bar on the anvil, they stood in a circle and dealt a succession of ringing blows. Phil looked admiringly on those three muscular forms, all in powerful action, as with bared chest and shoulders, and a steady eye, they swung their heavy long-handled sledges in swift circles through the air, each following the other with pendulum-like regularity and precision. At length they ceased; the iron had cooled and was thrust back into the forge, and they stood panting as they wiped with tattered handkerchiefs the rolling sweat from their necks and faces.

Phil said to himself as he walked away, "What splendid fellows! 'tis pity some of them are such infernal scoundrels." He was perhaps yet too young to have learned the truth,—that there is the same proportion of "infernal scoundrels" and exceptional characters of all sorts, both male and female, in every class and condition of society. By making a little haste Phil was able to reach home in time to doff his disguise and take his seat at the cheerfully lighted teatable with his father and mother.

CHAPTER V.

A VISIT TO THE RED HOUSE.

IT was a pleasant Saturday afternoon, several days after Phil's disguised visit to the Forges, when at a slow pace he rode up to the Red House. The doors stood idly open, and not a man, woman, or child was to be seen about the place, nor a sound to be heard, save sometimes the ploughman's voice in the distant fields. Phil had just passed the great granite watering-trough that stood almost in the highway directly in front of the house, and was walking his horse up the slope towards the porch, when his friend Jake Peabody, who was sitting half asleep in the open barn-door, hearing a horse's step, started up and hurried forth to meet him.

Jake Peabody has been spoken of as Phil Lawrence's friend; and yet I can't say why, nor explain how such relations happened to exist between two persons of a different age, and whose associations, habits, occupations, and position were as unlike as possible. Yet certain it is there was a sort of friendship existing between them, though Jake was probably some eight or ten years the elder, and probably neither one was under any special obligations to the other.

"How d'ye do, Phil?" said Jake; "y'r mar's got 'beout well agin, hain't she? she don't step the least bit lame."

"Yes, Nelly's well enough; she wasn't much hurt," replied Phil, dismounting, while Nelly herself rubbed her nose hard against Jake's shoulder. Phil, after a few moments' silence, inquired, "Jake, don't the workmen from the *Forges* come here a good deal on Saturday afternoons?"

"There's some on 'em dew; mostly them that drinks; for they can't git nothing up to the Forges; there's no licker 'llowed to be sold up there. There's a lot o' them fellers 'beout here now; some on 'em out 'hind the barn a pitching quates and sich. Two's over thar in the orchard, an' three or four's jist gone deown in the hollow to the old man's water-millon patch."

"How's that?" asked Phil.

"Wal, the old man don't seem to keer much; I guess he kind o' lets 'em help 'emselves; I kind o' b'lieve he planted that millon bed off deown thar for 'em to steal from, so they'd let his garden stuff alone."

"Do you know one of the workmen named Jo Parsons?" Phil asked.

"Jo Parsons? Varmount Jo, or Wrastling Jo, some calls him; he's 'beout here neow somewhar;" replied Jake quickly; "I ken find him fur y'r ef you want him; I see him only jist a leetle while ago a loafing 'round here in front o' the house."

"No," said Phil with some emphasis, and after considering a few seconds; "I'll tell you, Jake, precisely what I do wish you to do for me. Which way is the wind?"

To this Jake said, after looking up and around, first at the clouds and then at the trees; "there ain't much uv eny anyway; what ther' is, I guess, is a leetle south o' west."

"Well then," resumed Phil, in a different tone; "this is what I wish you to do. First, take off her saddle and bridle and put Nelly in the stable. I'm going into the house to wait a while. The moment you see that fellow Jo come out here, I wish you to lead the mare to the watering-trough, and pass pretty near Jo with her; but mind and keep him to the windward of her; you understand?"

To all this Jake nodded, and without asking a question, or making any reply, led the horse to the stable, and Phil went into the house. He did not go into the bar-room,

or into the large public parlor on the opposite side of the entry way; but by passing through two or three rooms he reached a small and less public sitting-room in a wing of the main building, but set a little back, the windows of which commanded a view of the open space in front of the house. There he placed himself, where he could look through the green blinds and see whatever passed.

As it was on a Saturday afternoon, there was a good deal of travel along the road, but hardly any one came about the house, though voices were sometimes heard, which Phil knew came from the bar-room. All else was perfect quiet, save the buzzing of flies around the room, and the hum of the bees in the garden.

Phil patiently looked out through the blind for a long while, as it seemed to him; watching the few who came and went, and listening to each approaching footstep over the dry gravel. The fellow Jo at last came in sight, sauntering idly about, with a lazy gait and both hands in his pockets. Almost at the same instant Jake made his appearance, leading the mare towards the watering-trough, and passed close in front of Jo. The mare almost stopped, gave a snuff, and jerked the halter out of Jake's hand, but which he instantly caught hold of again. Then Jo said something. The mare recoiled with a start.

"Whoa, Nelly," said Jake; "what's got in yer; what the old Nick ails ye?" Jo then approached her, holding out his hand and speaking in a coaxing tone. At this the animal drew back furiously, and with terror in her eyes, retreated jerking and pulling violently at the halter, dragging Jake after her.

"Go away from that horse, you damned scoundrel," Phil called out in a loud clear voice from the window where he sat. "Jake, lead her back to the stable." Jo turned, and perceiving at once where the voice came from, walked towards the window where he plainly saw Phil through the half-open blinds. Phil kept his seat, while Jo came slowly up, and

standing with his face close to the window, stared at him for a few moments without saying a word. His small and closely cropped head, flat pale face, with little pig eyes, set on a short, thick, flabby neck, were within half a yard of Phil, who steadily returned his stare.

At length Jo spoke in a rather measured tone: "Who's that you called a damned scoundrel?"

"You, you miserable whelp," was the quick reply. At this Jo's dull gray eyes sparkled; but preserving the same moderate manner, he said, "Perhaps you don't know who you're speaking to."

"I know enough of you; more than you think," was Phil's answer.

Then Jo said, "You think yourself safe in there, shut up in that room; but if I had you out here I'd give you a damned good licking in about five minutes."

"That's just what I mean to give you, if I possibly can," said Phil, upsetting his chair in his haste, and quickly making the circuit through the rooms to reach the front door.

Jo had walked away from the window, to near the middle of the open space before the house, when Phil came out and rushed towards him, exclaiming, "You are the very man I came here to find."

"What do you want o' me; is't about that girl, Til Moore?" said Jo fiercely.

"You set fire to people's barns, and tried to hamstring my mare, you rascal."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Jo in a milder tone; for his natural courage was perhaps a little dashed by this sudden accusation.

"Look out now, I'm going to hit you," said Phil, as he drew back a pace or two, and waited for Jo to make ready.

Jo did not even take his hands from his pockets, but replied, "I ain't no fist-fighter. I wrarsle, rough and tumble, when I fight;" and he turned and walked slowly away.

But Phil followed, and seized him by the collar behind; exclaiming, "You don't get off that way." At this the fellow swung himself quickly about, and dealt Phil a heavy kick, which struck him in a tender spot on the side of the knee. Phil knocked him down.

These high and angry words, that had broken in upon the stillness of the afternoon, served to call the attention of the few people there were about the place. A servant or chambermaid, who happened to be looking out of an upper window, began to scream. This brought the mistress and her daughter, who joined in a trio of frantic female voices. Two or three laborers hurried from the nearest fields, two or three men ran out from the bar-room, and still others came from the barn and stables; so that there were several spectators of the affair almost from its commencement.

Jo picked himself up, seemingly not the least bit hurt by his tumble, and advanced manfully towards his foe, who, in a good position on somewhat higher ground, awaited his approach. Jo put up his hands in awkward imitation of Phil's style; but just before coming within reach, he suddenly ducked his head, and making a dive, seized Phil by the leg, threw him and fell heavily on top of him. But the two combatants hardly touched the ground, before Phil turned his man and came uppermost. For the reader will comprehend that Jo's superior strength was counterbalanced by Phil's agility and quick eye.

By this time a ring of bystanders had formed, and one or two persons stepped forward to stop the fight. But in this ring it happened that England, Scotland, and Ireland were all represented; and all these nationalities agreed that it was "a fair rough and tumble," and "shouldn't be spiled." Our Scotch friend (of the steam-hammer), with his long, brawny arms outstretched, was especially useful on this occasion, in preserving order, and making people stand back, to keep the ring clear.

So the thing went on, and their struggles made the gravel fly. They whirled over and over, and writhed and turned almost too quickly for the eye to follow their movements. Sometimes, while close locked together, they would appear nearly upright on their feet, and then down again; but, fortunately for Phil, he managed by his superior agility always to fall uppermost. Their desperate efforts marked the ground with deep furrows; and the lookers-on, now augmented to a dense circle, swayed to and fro, correspondent to the movements of the combatants, giving them room and avoiding the chance blows and kicks.

At one point of the battle, a little, wizened, gray-bearded man pushed through into the ring, and, laying his hand on the combatants, cried out in a voice somewhat tremulous, "In the name of the commonwealth of Massachusetts I command the peace!" But happening at the moment to catch a random knock on his shins, he limped off amid the jeers of the crowd, especially of the foreign element. At times of comparative rest, it could be seen that with one arm Jo held Phil hugged tightly around the waist, while endeavoring with the other hand to get at his hair, eyes, or other vulnerable parts, kicking and trying to strike with his knees, while Phil had his man by the throat. But the movements of Phil's antagonist were too slow, and his joints too stiff to do much harm. Finally Jo seemed to give up all such attempts, and clasped Phil in a bear-like hug with both arms, while he in return seized his enemy's throat with both hands, for he had hitherto made no impression with one hand, nor could he now with two; for Jo kept his chin drawn closely in, and the double grip of Phil's fingers only clinched the moist, grimy folds of the thick skin which guarded Jo's short bulldog neck.

It was now getting to be "devilish slow," as one of the imported amateurs of the contest remarked. Suddenly Phil's sight grew dim and his head dizzy, with a sensation of some-

thing like the jaws of a big vice pressing on his ribs. He felt that he was being crushed in Jo's powerful hug. The few short blows he had been able to get in on Jo's face had no effect, only to make the blood flow; otherwise they were a disadvantage, by serving still more to infuriate his muscular foe. Venturing for a moment to take his left hand from Jo's throat, he managed to get in a kind of roundabout blow, called by his college professor "the Deaf Burke lick," low down on Jo's short ribs on the right side. At this, Jo's hug relaxed for a moment. Phil shook himself clear, and both combatants started to their feet, but with such force and suddenness that they stood four or five paces apart.

Their clothes were soiled and torn, Jo's face was dabbled with blood, but Phil's, to all appearance, was without a scratch. They eyed one another for half a minute or less, during which Jo was evidently gathering himself for another onset. As he came rushing forward, Phil, who now understood his adversary's little game, stepped quickly aside and gave him a full blow under his left ear, which sent him down. This was repeated a second time; for Jo was too slow. But he picked himself up, and came on a third time; but wild and exposed at all points. His body leaned forward on his tottering legs, his eyes wandered, his chin was thrown up, and his arms widely extended. Phil had plenty of time to prepare to receive him, so that at the right instant he drew back, and from his remarkably long reach he dealt him—oh, it was a cruel blow, dead and square upon his distended throat, right upon the apple. Yet he hardly brought him down; for Jo seemed rather to slide down all into a heap, as it were. On getting up again, with a little assistance, he broke wildly through the ring, and started on a run up the road toward The Forges, followed by the greater part of the crowd; and the memorable "Red-House fight" was ended.

The speed in which Jo, in a crazed state, ran off homewards made it difficult for his friends and followers to keep

up with him. Many did not attempt it, but walked on at their usual pace. The centre of this group was the tall, burly Scotchman; who had lighted his pipe and strode on in silence, sending forth the smoke in heavy puffs; for doubtless his metaphysical mind had received a new and profound impression, and he wondered, perhaps, at this proof he had just witnessed of our advanced civilization. His companions, however, were talkative enough, and seemed to feel that they had just had a great treat, and all the more enjoyable from having come so unexpectedly.

"I wud na missed the seeing o' that mill, for a matter o' ten bob."

"Nor me ather for ten shiners," said his nearest companion.

"Bedad, I niver b'laved sooch a noice powlishin', the loiks o' that, cud be got onywhere out of ould Ireland."

"Mein Gott, how a great deal they did tore one's clothes!" said a Dutchman.

"C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," said a Frenchman to himself, with the national shrug.

"Jo 'ud a licked un, if he'd nor a bit o' science; Yanks bean't got no science," said one Englishman.

"Science!" ejaculated another; "did ye mind the last touch the swell guv Jo? Jem Ward 'imself niver put in a 'ansomer."

But let us leave this party and return for a little while to the Red House. Phil directed his horse to be saddled and brought up, while he made some adjustment of his dress, and refreshed himself by a partial ablution with cool well-water. On putting his foot into the stirrup, and springing to mount, he turned deathly pale, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Jake, ever attentive and watchful, while holding his horse caught him in his arms.

"That fellow hurt my knee confoundedly with his heavy boot. I'll not go home quite yet," said Phil, and allowed himself to be helped into the house, when he lay down upon

the parlor sofa in considerable pain. He directed his trousers to be ripped up so that he could see the place where he was hurt. The part looked puffy and red; but the skin was hardly broken. The women of the house were kind, and anxious to do something for the sufferer; for such he was and could not conceal it. Each one ran to fetch something to relieve him; the landlady brought her camphor-bottle, and her daughter brought her Cologne-water, and Jake a bottle of horse liniment from the stable, saying that it was "jist as good for humans as for dumb critters."

But Phil, though he could hardly speak from pain, gratefully declined all their kind offices;—desiring they would bring some pounded ice and a couple of napkins. The ice was folded in the cloths and wrapped about the knee like a poultice; he was easier at once. But ere long he began to show signs of pain, which soon increased in severity. The landlady paced the room to and fro, with severe but not unkindly glances at the suffering young man; while the two girls, her daughter and the chambermaid, flitted hysterically about as though they would fain do something. For Phil lay at full length upon that long old-fashioned hair-seated sofa, refusing to have a pillow or cushion under his head, but with one hand grasping convulsively the mahogany back-rail, and the other clinched around a leg of the chair in which Jake was sitting. He lay straight as an arrow, his eyes closed, not a wrinkle on his brow, nor a mark or shade upon his face save the youthful mustache upon his short upper-lip. But his chest heaved with long, irregular inspirations; and he overheard whisperings about sending for Doctor Wheeler.

"No, Jake, don't let 'em," said Phil without opening his eyes. "It's only the ice that pains me now. I'll take it off soon." In a few minutes after he raised himself up and unwound the cloths. The puffy swelling had gone down, the redness disappeared, and the skin was white as tallow.

"That 'll do," said Phil, and desired Jake to bring up a

wagon and drive home with him. This stood ready at the door, for Jake had anticipated the order; and in a few minutes, after thanks and kind words to the landlady, they were on the road towards the village. But before going far, at Phil's direction, they turned off from the highway to a cross-road, by which they could get into a farm lane that led to the rear of his home.

There was not much said during this short ride. Phil inquired of Jake if he had "ever seen Jo Parsons with a large buck-handled pocket-knife."

"Yes," was the quick reply; "I see him a-slicing water-millions with it, only this very arternoon, and he was bragging how he made the blade himself, and wouldn't take no money for it."

"I want that knife," said Phil.

"I guess I kin git it for you," was the reply; "I'll go up to the Forges, where Jo lives, early to-morrow morning, afore he's out o' bed, jist to kind'r ask how he feels; and if I see the knife I'll hook it for you."

It was now twilight; but long before this time—indeed, very soon after the battle—news of the affair had reached the village of Brookfield, and was being talked over at the Post Office, and the two or three stores. What were the comments on the occasion need not be repeated; only I regret to say that the tone of many of the speakers was not favorable to their young fellow-townsmen; but all expressed sympathy and respect for the parents of so wild a son.

In no very long time a rumor of what had happened, extending from house to house, reached the Lawrence's,—which stood somewhat apart from the rest,—and where it first crept in through the kitchen. Cooks and housemaids are a very usual, but rather an unreliable (good Americanism) medium of intelligence. Katy, the tidy rosy-cheeked Irish chambermaid, hurried to Mrs. Lawrence's room, and entered with "Please, ma'am, Mister Philip has just had a shindy up at the Red

House, with one o' thim Forge boys, and baten him intirely, with niver a scratch to hisself." At this abrupt communication Mrs. Lawrence raised her eyes inquiringly from her sewing; for she had really comprehended little from Katy's excited statement, only that something had happened to her son, and that he was unharmed. All that she could learn from the girl by further questioning added nothing to her information. Either that young person's national admiration for village heroes generally, or for this one specially, had prevented her from comprehending more than the single fact that Mister Philip was the victor.

Very soon a near neighbor, a woman considerably older than Mrs. Lawrence, came in, but with an air and manner very different from one who comes to make a pleasant visit. Taking a seat and introducing her subject with something like a sigh, she remarked, that "parents often have great trials in their children, but for her own part she had observed that too much indulgence in early years was apt to be the cause of after-trouble." To this original bit of wisdom Mrs. Lawrence said little more in reply than sufficed to inform her visitor that she knew as yet almost nothing of what had happened to her son. In answer to which the woman remarked, "Dreadful things are always happening at such places as the Red House; that for her part she would not pretend to judge who was in the wrong,—only the courts could decide that." At this Mrs. Lawrence manifested signs of distress, which doubtless excited some sympathy on the part of her visitor; who then proceeded, as kindly as she knew how, to inform the mother that her son had provoked one of the workmen from the Forges, and had narrowly escaped being killed; but that a broken leg was the most serious of his injuries.

Just then Mr. Lawrence drove into the yard, and it was evident from his deliberate movements that he had heard nothing of the affair. His wife at once spoke to him from

the window, begging him to go directly to the Red House and learn what had happened to Phil; and without a word he drove off at a rapid speed. The mother then retired to her chamber to await in silent patience the measure of affliction that might be in store for her. In the mean while, if Phil had not taken the cross-road home, his father would have met him on the way. The father's chief anxiety was of course relieved by the very full account he received on reaching the Red House.

Mrs. Lawrence had passed a long and painful half-hour shut up in her room, when there came a little knock at her door and Katy's voice was heard outside: "Please, ma'am, Mister Philip has just went up the back stairway to his room. He says he's 'all right,' and asked would we send him up a cup of tea." The mother unbolted her door and rushed past the girl, who followed, adding, "He frightened us, he came so sudden-like into the kitchen, when we was all setting, saying nothing, most ready for crying."

It was nearly dark, and Phil was feeling about for a match to light his candle, when his mother rushed in, exclaiming: "Phil, Phil, dear Phil, O my dear boy! you are safe? you are not hurt? Tell me what has happened. Oh! I've had such a dreadful fright!"

With these exclamations, the mother, as she could only dimly see her boy's form in the twilight of the chamber, pressed his face to her own, moving her hands rapidly over his body and limbs, and ended with hanging on his neck. Phil, as he stooped and kissed her, felt her tears warm upon his cheek, the same that in his boyhood's days he had felt many times before.

"No, mother," he replied; "I'm not hurt—hardly at all; but I'm dreadfully tired and sleepy, and want to go right to bed."

"And so you shall, my dear boy; but do tell your mother just a word: I'm sure my Phil has done nothing wrong."

"No," was his answer, with some emphasis, as with one arm he still clasped his mother, while with the other hand he lighted the candle, by which she could now see the composed smile upon his face. "No, your boy—your Phil—has done nothing very wrong." Here the tea-tray was brought in. "I saw a man up at the Red House who I knew had done what would send him to prison for half his life-time, and I told him so. He gave me a kick with his great, thick, heavy boot, and I paid him off with a good pounding; and which is much better for him than going to prison for ten or twenty years."

"Your father has come; I hear his step," said Mrs. Lawrence, who by this time was quite light-hearted. "I'll let my dear boy go to bed now. Good-night."

"Good-night, mother. I shall be sound asleep in ten minutes."

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CHAPTER VI.

A COLD SUNDAY DINNER.

THE next day being Sunday, the Lawrence family were seated at an early dinner.

"Phil, have you had your sleep out?" said Mr. Lawrence, casting a sharp, but not severe look at his son.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, in a languid tone; for he had just descended from his bed-room with the gait and manner that indicates either over-work or over-indulgence.

Mr. Lawrence proceeded to carve the cold beef that stood for the Sunday repast. But there must have been something

in his tone and look that troubled the mother more than it did the son ; for she bowed her head lower than usual behind the coffee-urn, while filling a cup with its steaming fragrance. An odd combination of comestibles,—cold roast beef with hot coffee ! the reader will think :—I hope he may never meet with worse fare. But on Sundays, in the villages and country towns, there is only a short hour's intermission between the morning and afternoon service, to suit the convenience of a large part of the congregation, who must return to their distant homes.

There was a lady seated at the table, in a black bonnet with a long crape veil thrown back over her shoulder, and to whom Mrs. Lawrence as she handed the first cup said : "Jerusha, you didn't bring little Philippa with you, this morning."

"No, sister," replied the lady ; "Philippa persuaded me to bring her last Sunday ; but I find she is yet quite too young to come to church, and I've decided not to bring her again this season."

This lady was Mrs. Lawrence's sister, Mrs. Wharton, but now a widow, and whom most people from long habit called "Aunt Jerusha." She generally took her Sunday dinner with the Lawrences, as her own home was two or three miles distant in a quaint old hill-side farm-house. It happened on this Sunday that the dinner talk was duller than usual, as though something had happened to trouble the family circle.

After an interval of silence Mr. Lawrence inquired of Mrs. Wharton, "Do you see much of your new neighbors, the New York family ?"

"Yes, brother, a good deal. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce are both pleasant people. They often come over to make inquiries ; for though they have so many servants, they complain that they find it very inconvenient keeping house in the country."

"They won't stay there long, I imagine," remarked Mr. Lawrence.

"Yes, they say they are delighted with New Place. Mr. Bruce is asthmatic ; he thinks the air agrees with him wonderfully, and declares he has not slept so well nor enjoyed so good an appetite for years, and the whole family mean to pass the winter there. Indeed, they surprised me by saying that they intended to buy the place."

"Those rich New Yorkers think they can buy anything they happen to fancy," interposed Mrs. Lawrence with some emphasis ; "but New Place is not for sale, nor will it be so long as I live."

"My wife is quite right," rejoined Mr. Lawrence ; "and I hope that you too, Jerusha, will hold on to your land, and never sell an acre. The poorest swamp and pasture-land on your farm will some day be more valuable than the best mowing ; now mark my words, Jerusha, and never sell an acre of your farm."

The sound of church bells interrupted this secular conversation, and the ladies hurried off to the afternoon service ; but Mr. Lawrence retired to a little private room, or library, as it was sometimes called, that adjoined the dining-room ; while Phil, on leaving the table, threw himself on a lounge with a book in his hand. A droning stillness had settled upon the house, when the door of the little office or library opened, and the single word "Philip" was heard in a clear, sharp accent. The young man obeyed the summons, for it was not the first time that he had heard the same call given in much the same tone ; and he knew that a paternal reckoning was at hand.

On entering the little room Phil was told to shut the door, and pointed to a chair. A silence of some moments followed ; during which Mr. Lawrence sat with his face averted, and seemed to be looking vacantly out of the window. Then suddenly turning full upon his son with a severe look, he broke forth : "And is this the result of all our care and pains,—a son of mine brawling and fighting at a tavern, like a drunken Irishman !"

The young man was silent, and his father continued his reproof, but in a tone possibly a little softened. "This is to be the end of all our hopes, your mother's and mine; our son returns home from college, a bully, a fighter! That's your way of beginning a life of usefulness and respectability!" were the father's bitter reproaches, as he turned away his face from looking on his son.

Another pause ensued, for Phil was unprepared to meet so stern a rebuke for conduct that had in no wise troubled his conscience. The silence continued with no word spoken by either the father or son for several moments; when Mr. Lawrence, suddenly overcome by his parental emotions, exclaimed, "Why, Phil, they might have killed you, the man and his fellows whom you so provoked and insulted; they might have killed you! It's a wonder, a great mercy, you were not maimed for life!" And he covered his face with his hands, from under which the tears flowed, while his chest heaved with deep inarticulate sounds, such as are heard only when a strong man weeps.

When children or women weep, it is a thing common and natural; but when a man of middle age is wrung to tears, the unused melting mood is beheld as something almost terrible. Phil rose from his seat and stood beside his father. "Father," said he, "the man I met at the Red House, Jo Parsons, set fire to our barn, and he tried to maim one of the horses."

Mr. Lawrence at this unexpected announcement partly resumed his composure, and asked, "How can you know that; what possible proof have you?"

"Here is the man's, knife taken from his pocket" (Jake Peabody had got possession of it as he promised he would); "and, father, you see these notches in the blade; here are the pieces that fit those notches, and which I found in the cut on Nelly's hind leg," Phil added, as he unfolded a piece of paper to which two or three little scales of steel were care-

fully gummed, and showing how the fragments fitted into each notch in the knife-blade. Then Phil further related his experiment of taking his mare Nelly up to the Red House, and of her terror and fright, on being brought near the man he suspected of having tried to hamstring her.

After carefully examining the broken knife-blade his father said, "This may be good proof of the man's guilt, but it would have little weight in a court of justice; a lawyer would turn such evidence to ridicule. I could have taken the proper course if you had told me your suspicions, instead of undertaking, like a foolish boy, to punish the man in your own way, by which you have injured yourself much more than you have him; besides, I know of no cause for malice this Jo Parsons, or any of the workmen at the Forges can have towards me."

As to the question of Jo Parsons' motives that presented itself to Mr. Lawrence's legal mind, his son, for some reason, omitted to mention his previous encounter on the night when he rescued the girl Matilda from the ruffian's hug. Finally the interview that began so sternly ended very pleasantly by Mr. Lawrence telling his son, in a kind tone, that he wished to have some further talk with him in the evening, on another subject.

The evening conference was opened by his father saying, "Phil, you have now been out of college nearly three months; it's quite time for you to think of preparing for some useful business."

As Phil seemed to have no answer ready, his father, in a tone that betrayed some vexation at his son's apparent indifference, resumed, "Surely you don't expect to continue in this idle way, fishing, shooting, and riding about the country. I hoped, long before this, that you would decide on a profession; but I see no signs of your disposition to engage in anything. The days and weeks you are now wasting may make a difference of months or even years, at some future time in your life."

As the young man still made no reply, his father pursued the theme : "Engineering is a profession that, in my opinion, now offers the best field for a young man. Railroads and manufactories are extending over the country. The Iron Mills at Laurel would be a good place for you to get a practical knowledge of machinery."

To this last suggestion Phil replied without hesitation, "I've no talent for mathematics or calculation."

"Well, then, if you prefer to study law, you can begin in my office ; there are plenty of books, with some business."

"I hate law, and I couldn't stay cooped up in the same room with Augustus Lawrence."

"I don't like to hear you speak in that way of your cousin Augustus. I wish you had his habits of order with half his industry. But make your own choice of a profession. I insist upon your setting yourself about something at once."

To these last words, uttered in a tone of parental decision, Phil was ready with an answer : "I have made my choice months ago : I would like to study medicine."

"The very worst profession you could have hit upon !" exclaimed Mr. Lawrence, "though perhaps the most deserving of respect," he added, as turning toward the table and taking up a sheet of paper, he proceeded to write a letter, while continuing to express his surprise and disappointment at his son's choice. "A physician's life," he said, "is one of increasing hard work to the end. He can seldom employ assistants, but has to do everything himself. He is at all hours the servant of everybody who chooses to call upon him, and must be content with any pay he can get, or no pay at all ; he is seldom praised for the good he does, but often blamed unjustly ; he rarely lives to old age, and generally dies poor."

Mr. Lawrence finished his observations and his letter at about the same moment, which, having sealed and directed, he told his son to take to the post-office that evening, saying, "I have written to my friend, the distinguished Doctor Heywood,

of Boston, asking him to receive you as a student in his office. His answer may be expected in a few days. In the meantime make your preparations to set out directly we hear from him.'

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CHAPTER VII.

POOR PEOPLE.

THE few days of leisure that yet remained to Phil at home he spent in his usual idle fashion, roaming over the hills with his gun, or taking farewell rides on Nelly's back. During one of these rides he happened to pass John Moore's house, and cast an eye towards that cheerless home, but which needs not to be again described. One solitary sign of an attempt at taste or adornment was visible, —only a white-fringed muslin curtain at the little window under the peak of the roof. Soon after he observed at some distance off, a tall girl crossing the fields followed by three or four poorly-clad children. A second look showed him that the leader of that juvenile troop was no other than John Moore's daughter.

From the direction that Matilda and her companions were taking across the rough pasture, Phil had only to walk his horse along the road and he would soon encounter her. Meanwhile, as she did not see him, he had leisure to observe her movements ; and he could not but admire a half wild grace and vigor in her step and action, as she sprang from rock to rock and scrambled over the stony ground ; and her

strength too, when reaching back she easily lifted the smallest of her followers over the wall by the way-side, much as she would take up a kitten.

He was but a few paces from her, when she suddenly turned and recognized him. Throwing back her thick dark hair from off her face, she made a rustic courtesy, such as country children were formerly taught to make to the passer-by; and then, with no embarrassment in her manner, save a slight flush on her forehead, she gazed with a pleased look up into the face of the young man, who, not many days before, had not only rescued her from a frightful danger, but also, as she vainly thought, had afterwards fought a terrific battle to avenge her wrongs.

"Where are you going, Matilda, this frosty morning without your bonnet?" Phil inquired.

"Just up to the woods, to see if last night's frost opened the chestnut burrs," was the girl's reply.

"Are all these your brothers and sisters?" was Phil's second question.

"The two littlest is our'n,—the rest is neebors' children." The two smallest might well be John Moore's children, for, as Phil saw, they were stockingless and shoeless.

"It's getting too cold for such little folks to be going about barefooted," he said, looking down at the print of their tiny toes on the frosted grass. "Go to the store and get some shoes, and say I sent you for them," were Phil's parting words as he reined his horse aside and rode off.

Matilda stood watching the young horseman until he disappeared at a turn in the road; thinking to herself, "Well, he must be one of them folks they call gentlemen. He never spoke a word about that ugly Jo Parsons, nor bragged of the awful licking he give him." Such a conclusion, in the mind of this little ignorant country girl, was not founded solely on the fact that Phil Lawrence wore nice clothes, and had apparently nothing to do but to ride about the country; but,

that no one seem to know, or to have heard the least word of Jo Parson's assault upon her as she was going home alone at night; and how he was beaten off, and she was rescued by "squ'ar" Lawrence's son. She had expected that, on the very next day, the story would be known all over the village and which made her keep close at home, fearing that every one she met would question her about it. She dreaded her father's return from work at night, or her mother's going out, or a neighbor's stopping at the door, momentarily expecting that something would be said of an accident that had sorely wounded her innate modesty. But she was spared this mortification, of which the mere thought made her cheeks burn and tingle; for day after day passed by, and not one word did she hear on the subject. She knew Jo Parsons would hold his tongue about it; and if Phil Lawrence had omitted to speak of it, she supposed it must be because he was one of those folks called gentlemen. Then soon after came the fight at the Red House, which this poor simple maid thought was all on her behalf, to punish the villain who had lain in wait for her among the rocks by the brookside, and chased her across the meadows right into the arms of her brave deliverer. He thenceforth became the ever present object of her day dreams, and not seldom of the air-painted visions in the darkness of her little bed-room.

It was now Phil's last day of idleness at home; for an answer had been received from Doctor Heywood, consenting to receive the son of his old friend as a pupil in his office. That afternoon his mother claimed his services to drive her over to visit her sister Jerusha (Mrs. Wharton), and at the same time she would call on the New York family, the Bruces, her sister's near neighbors.

While his mother was making her call at the Bruces, Phil proposed to take his little cousin Philippa out for a half hour's drive. To so young a child the world is like a museum, for the commonest things are novelties. And Philippa, as she sat

with one arm closely twined about her big cousin's, prattled constantly, while pointing to each passing object that met her attention.

"No s'oes, no 'tockin'; no s'oes, no 'tocking," the child repeated with all the force of her little lungs, as, with her little arm extended and her finger just peeping out from her long worsted over sleeve, she pointed over into an adjoining field. Phil looked in the direction his cousin indicated, and saw a couple of shoeless children under a large chestnut tree, gathering the nuts which a big girl, seen far out on one of the horizontal branches, was vigorously beating from the frost-opened burrs.

On getting back to aunt Jerusha's house, where Phil found his mother waiting for him, little Philippa was more talkative and vociferous than usual from the excitement of her ride. But neither her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence, nor even her mother could quite make out what the child was trying to say. Then Phil explained.

"Oh, she's only talking about John Moore's children; she saw some of them barefooted out under a tree gathering nuts."

"Sister," said Mrs. Wharton, "that Moore family are getting to be very, very poor; yet I remember hearing our grandfather say they were once among the first people in Brookfield."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lawrence, "John Moore's great-grandfather was an Irish gentleman, and an officer in General Montgomery's army, left behind here in Brookfield, sick, on the march to Quebec. He recovered and married a farmer's daughter, bought land, and settled down here, after the war."

"That is his tablet in the graveyard, I've often noticed it," remarked Mrs. Wharton, "with a handsomely carved coat-of-arms and crest. But now all their land is gone, only the house and garden spot left, and that, they say, is mortgaged to old Mr. Eeley."

"We must have the Moores in mind," said Mrs. Lawrence,

as she rose and adjusted her wrappings for a drive home. "Winter is at hand; I'll call soon to see if they need anything to make them comfortable."

The next day Phil Lawrence had a ride of two hundred miles by rail, and that night he slept in Boston, where most certainly he never dreamed nor even thought of poor little Matilda Moore, though he did of his mare, Nelly.

Mr. Lawrence always drove once, and sometimes twice daily, to visit the Forges or iron-works at the new and thriving village of Laurel. But not until after Phil had been gone several days, and become duly entered as a medical student in Doctor Heywood's office, did his father inquire of the head clerk in the office at Laurel, "Mr. Standish, have you a workman on the rolls named Parsons?"

"Yes, sir; we have two; one an old man, a common laborer, the other a young man, a blacksmith," was Mr. Standish's reply.

"Is he a good workman; has he a family?" were Mr. Lawrence's next questions.

"He is a single man, and a good workman; but he is unsteady and loses a good deal of time; I've spoken to him about it more than once."

"I wish you to send for Parsons; I would like to speak with him."

While a younger clerk was gone after Jo, Mr. Lawrence stepped up to Mr. Standish's desk, and taking from his pocket the large, rough-looking, buck-handled knife, before spoken of, he laid it in plain sight, and then seated himself at his own office table, quite apart on one side of the room.

After a few minutes Jo came in with a blustering manner, and rushed up to Mr. Standish's desk, exclaiming, "Well, boss, what's wanted now?" But without waiting for a reply, he again exclaimed, as the knife caught his eye, "Hallo, there's my old whittler, by G—d, I thought I'd lost it!"

Mr. Lawrence, whom Jo had not observed, now advanced,

and taking the knife from Jo's hand, affected to examine it curiously, saying, "Is this your knife; are you sure it's your knife?"

"By G—d, boss, I guess I ought to know ef it's my knife; I forged and tempered that ar big blade myself."

"You tempered it very badly then, for here are several large notches broken out of it. But, Parsons, I understand you are not a steady man; we can hardly find work at present for the best men. Mr. Standish, make out Parsons' time account, pay, and discharge him;" saying which Mr. Lawrence resumed his seat at his own table.

At hearing this unexpected order, Jo's little gray eyes sparkled with rage, but which he suppressed as he walked respectfully up to Mr. Lawrence with "Please give me back my knife, sir."

"No," was the answer, "I shall keep possession of this knife for the present."

Thereupon Jo's anger burst forth with, "By G—d, old man, I suppose you discharge me 'cause I give your young pup such a G—d damned licking, so as he had to be carried home in a wagon. By G—d, the next time I catch him he won't git off so easy. I'll give him his gravy."

"My son did very wrong to provoke a quarrel with you, and I have severely reproved him for it," said Mr. Lawrence; "but, from what I have heard of the affair, I don't think you licked him, as you term it, badly if at all. However, all I have to say to you at present is, that there is good proof that you set fire to my barn, and tried to maim one of my horses. Mr. Standish, I wish you to notice these little fragments taken from the horse's leg, and see how they fit the notches in Parsons' knife;" then turning again to Parsons, he added as he drew forth his pocket-book, and handing him a bank-note, "here is twenty dollars; I am told you are a good workman, take this, go, and try to become an honest man. But if you are seen about this place within the next

five years, I'll have you arrested and sent to the State prison."

These last words had the effect to considerably moderate Jo's swaggering manner, and taking the proffered bounty he quietly made his exit.

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CHAPTER VIII.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

FROM what has been said of Mr. Lawrence the reader will comprehend that he was the manager and chief proprietor of the Laurel Iron Works, and that the interests of that growing concern engrossed the most of his time. But it should not be forgotten that he was by profession a lawyer, and that he had inherited the business from his father before him, along with a little two-roomed office that fronted on Brookfield square or green; and which stood not far from another little building of about the same size, though built of rough granite,—the Brookfield Bank; and where, too, the Lawrences had enjoyed a kind of hereditary control. Evidently with his manufacturing, his law, and his bank business, Phil Lawrence's father must have had his hands full.

Either from his own neglect, or partly perhaps from the effect of railways to centralize business in the large towns, Mr. Lawrence's law practice had dwindled from what it once was to little more than a routine county business. This he did not in the least regret, for practice was now irksome

to him; while on the other hand he had become enthusiastic in the development of his manufacturing schemes. Sitting down in his back office examining land titles, or writing out the heads of a contract, or listening to some litigious client, was dull work for him, compared with the pleasure of looking at the glowing fires in his furnaces, or watching the operation of some ponderous machine, and beholding the growing piles of iron bars, of a quality unequalled for toughness and purity.

In his ardor and sanguine devotions to industrial projects Mr. Lawrence had become known as the liberal patron, indeed, he was the very Mæcenæ of mechanical inventors. Hence there were three or four abstracted-looking individuals generally to be seen about the Laurel work-shops. They were inventors of new machines, who, having been impressed with some mechanical device, their brains were in a state of far-gone gestation, and longing to be delivered. Poor they generally were: some came with crude models fashioned with a pocket-knife at the winter's fireside; others brought unintelligible drawings; and still others brought completed machines, but which, somehow, would not quite go.

To all these would Mr. Lawrence lend a patient ear, and generally ended by assigning them some corner in the now pretty extensive work-rooms, where they could perfect their plans; at the same time Mr. Standish made a memorandum of funds to be advanced in consideration of an assignment of a share or interest in the patent right. Thus it would seem that the father was more progressive than the son; for Phil had gone away from home to study the almost exploded mysteries of an old-time profession, while his father, with a head already somewhat silvered, is neglecting his profession for the pleasure of beholding a kind of human intelligence imparted to shapeless, inert matter, and the forces of nature made subject to the human will.

While neglecting his law business, Mr. Lawrence congratulated

himself that in his nephew Augustus he had found a most excellent assistant, ambitious, intelligent, industrious; for which his uncle had made him a partner in the office. This young partner's merits being of a kind that insure success and respectability in life, several paragraphs must be devoted to showing forth and illustrating them for the benefit of other young men.

Augustus had been a remarkably bright and handsome boy, the son of a remote and impoverished branch of the Lawrence stock, living in another part of the county. Mr. Lawrence took him first into his family to be educated, afterwards into his law office, and for convenience spoke of him as his nephew, by whom in return he was of course called uncle Philip. Indeed, Brookfield people had begun to look upon Augustus as his uncle's probable heir, when our lively, kicking, fat-limbed Phil suddenly made his appearance, after having been preceded by two or three puny, short-lived brothers and sisters.

Augustus, as the elder by some twelve or fourteen years, might have felt some disappointment at his cousin Phil's sudden advent and lusty growth. But this made no difference with the uncle in whose family the nephew had his home, and though not sent to college, he was afforded excellent advantages for education at the Brookfield Academy. These and all subsequent opportunities were so well improved by the ambitious young man, that before the time our history begins, Augustus had his name duly enrolled on the list of attorneys and counsellors at law in the Berkshire courts. And now that Mr. Lawrence had become so much engrossed with his Iron Works and machine-shops, he had reasons for being doubly satisfied with his efficient young partner, who attended to business in the office with remarkable promptitude and exactness.

Augustus' industrious and active temperament made him almost as busy a man as his uncle, though in a different way.

Being largely endowed with the faculty of order and method, he found leisure, besides attending to the business of the law office, for numerous outside avocations, to which, in many ways, he gratuitously gave his time and talents for the public good.

His success, though it made him independent, only stimulated his ambition for higher things; as, like very many aspiring country lawyers, he aimed not so much at high attainments in legal lore, as the more attractive distinctions of a political career. He could, with his personal popularity, easily have been elected to represent the town of Brookfield in the General Court, had not the party, in opposition to that to which the Lawrences traditionally belonged, been for years greatly in the ascendant.

Meanwhile Augustus Lawrence had left his uncle's house and set up a small, well-appointed domestic establishment of his own; not indeed by marrying; for that holy state was a consummation he wisely kept in reserve, till his rising fortunes had reached a yet higher level. He had taken for his domicil the best rooms in the house of an old widow lady, who, not having much other property than a good house, regarded Augustus' coming to her as an act of special providence for her comfort and support. She was never weary of sounding his praises, his liberality, and kindly consideration, and in describing his methodical and regular habits.

The barrier that so long had stood in his path to political success he resolved to leap over. So one day he boldly left the minority party and jumped over the fence right into the crowd on the other side. If he had any fears of his uncle Philip's indignation at his thus cutting loose from old political ties, he must have been considerably relieved to hear his patron say that he thought it made little difference now to which political party a man belonged, as both were equally corrupt.

The *Brookfield Argus*, a weekly paper to which Augustus

had been a frequent contributor, surprised its patrons one morning by appearing in new type and on larger and finer paper: and it now became fiercely partisan; from having formerly been a feeble milk-and-water affair "devoted to Agriculture, Commerce, Science, Literature, Morals and Religion, and the Fine Arts," edited by the printer; and who, with the assistance of his family, set the type, struck off and distributed the weekly issue, received no small part of their remuneration in cord-wood, potatoes, apple-sauce, butter, eggs and chickens, or whatever else the farmers could best spare. But the *Brookfield Argus* became quite a different thing when people knew that Augustus Lawrence had put money into the concern; and its patrons also found that now they were not bothered with being dunned, but continued to receive their paper regularly,—pay or no pay. This contributed not a little to increase the popularity of the "young squar," as Augustus sometimes had the pleasure of hearing himself called.

He well knew the value of appearances as a help to getting on in the world; and we must therefore devote a little space to describing his personality. Being a man of fine figure and handsome features, we may excuse the care and attention he evidently bestowed upon his dress; his clothes must have come from the metropolis, as his make-up was manifestly beyond the artistic powers of Brookfield tailors, hatters, or cordwainers.

But yet more characteristic of the young man was the style of his bachelor apartments, consisting of a large front and back parlor; the latter, as could be seen through the half-open door, being used for a bed-room. On taking a seat in one of the heavy old-fashioned arm-chairs, we are impressed with the almost lady-like neatness and order of the rooms; though the simplicity and solidity of the furniture, together with certain minor objects that meet the eye, belong rather to an office or library than to a private parlor.

On the large oak centre-table there are a few books, thick quartos and octavos of the dictionary and encyclopedic species; also freshly-cut numbers of the *North American* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, with Augustus Lawrence's name on the cover. There were generally copies of the illustrated London papers, in which the nobility and gentry figure so constantly, that Augustus may have been assisted by the engravings in getting himself up to look, as he did, so much like a young Englishman of rank. Another very nice table, or secretary rather, with dark morocco cover and pigeon-hole recesses, stood by the window. Here could be observed bundles of papers, all properly tied and filed, besides some looser documents in envelopes of formidable size, franked by members of Congress or chiefs of Department at Washington, but all directed in a large round hand to "Augustus Lawrence, Esq., Brookfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts." Sometimes, by chance, a newspaper lay upon the table in plain sight, containing a printed letter from an eminent political candidate in reply to interrogatories from "Augustus Lawrence and others."

Opposite the fire-place stood a large book-case well filled with handsomely bound volumes, but guarded from too frequent handling by glass doors carefully locked, the whole surmounted by a plaster bust of Washington. No mirror or pictures, or even an engraving was to be seen on the walls, save a highly finished life-size portrait in water-colors of the tenant of the rooms, that did no more than justice to his handsome features; and which, if he had a single spark of vanity in his composition, must have been a pleasant though silent companion in his lonely bachelor hours.

But all these are common and ordinary things, such as may be seen everywhere, and therefore would hardly be noted by a visitor in Augustus Lawrence's rooms, especially, when one other much more striking object presented itself, as something unique, original, and artistic! It would be hard to find

a name for it; so let us call it a military, or rather, a *militia* trophy! for such it appeared to the eye of the beholder.

On a carved bracket or shelf fastened to the wall was an enormous glass shade or dome, similar to those placed over old-fashioned French mantel clocks, but much larger. Under this transparent cover was to be seen one of those fierce-looking, lofty bear-skin military caps or shakos, with a pair of glistening epaulets, gilded spurs, and gauntlet gloves. Suspended from a peg on the wall above these there hung a long cavalry sword, with its patent-leather belt, burnished hooks, chains and clasps, along with a gay-looking sabretache, and a pair of cavalry pistols. All these things, if not curious in themselves, were well arranged to strike with awe and admiration the eyes of people who had never practically smelt gunpowder. If it had occurred to Augustus to have a frame or stand underneath, on which to display his military saddle with its holsters, gold-fringed schabraque or saddle-cloth, double-bitted bridle and polished high-top boots dangling from the stirrups, then truly only a man would have been wanting for the clothes to give the world assurance of a true militia hero of the 19th century.

Before ending our inspection of Augustus' lodgings, let us steal a look through the open door into his sleeping-room. There we remark, not a broad, stately, marital four-poster, but a low, narrow bachelor's cot, beside which is a dressing-gown neatly folded over a chair, with a pair of embroidered slippers in exact position on the floor near by; while, on the little dressing-table, with a looking-glass just large enough to shave by, there are lying two gilt-edged volumes, of which we may guess the titles without going to inspect them. But there was also a very large mahogany wardrobe that contrasted somewhat with the plainness of the rest of the furniture.


The tenant of these apartments enjoyed the profound esteem of his landlady. In her matronly eyes he was perfection; and she would have been loath to part with him by

any accident, even that of matrimony, to which all bachelors are hourly liable. That is a danger especially attendant on all rising young men like Augustus Lawrence, but from which he was guarded by unknown protectors. For if at times he appeared specially interested in any one of the many young ladies of Berkshire, his good, kind old landlady instantly took the alarm, and had some brief remark to make on each of the fair aspirants to the honor of becoming Mrs. Augustus Lawrence. He was reminded that one young lady had a couple of dissipated, good-for-nothing brothers; that another was of a consumptive constitution; a third, though handsome, had been a stupid thing at school, and couldn't learn anything; a fourth, though elegant in her dress and manners, was a slattern at home; a fifth was of good family and lovely disposition, but she had no end of poor relations; while the father of another was a speculator and afflicted with chronic bankruptcy;—and so on to the end of the list. Therefore, for many years to come, Mr. Augustus was doomed to remain content with his bachelor apartments, while occupying himself with ambitious schemes foreign to the joys and cares of domestic bliss.



CHAPTER IX.

WINTER.

INTER comes on apace; the trees stand leafless, a dull November sky rests upon the landscape, the ploughman's team has left the field, cattle are no longer seen grazing upon the hill-side, frosts have hardened the earth; and anon December's blasts, laden with the

diving snow, sweep through the valleys. Upon the late pleasant street and by-ways of Brookfield an almost arctic stillness has settled, broken only from hour to hour by the jingling of a farmer's sleigh-bells or the voices of school children on the Common.

But regularly on those wintry mornings Matilda Moore, in her worsted hood and plaid shawl, might have been seen hurrying along the road towards the district school-house, dragging her little brother and sisters through the pathless snow-drifts. But other cares and pains than those of poverty now held a place in the girl's mind and heart. She certainly had never read a line of poetry or romance, yet in her thoughts there was a hero secretly enshrined. For she, poor simple-minded thing, still cherished the sweet delusion, that to avenge her wrongs Phil had fought that terrible battle with Jo Parsons. Indeed, with the artful indirectness of her sex, she had managed, by questioning Jake Peabody and other witnesses, to learn all the incidents of that terrible encounter, and she knew each fearful blow her supposed champion had given or taken in her behalf. Even Mrs. Lawrence's timely gifts to her mother of a couple of warm flannel petticoats, a pair of good winter shoes, and a nicely quilted hood, were in the girl's imagination somehow credited to Phil's generosity.

This delusion was her Fate. For what is *fate* but the sum total of the accidents that sway the course of our lives? And what are those accidents but the result of irresistible forces that have been forever whirling like the stars in space, crashing or building up alike the humblest and the proudest. Even our wills, our tempers, and our talents, by which we vainly suppose we determine our own destiny, are but the product of this eternal bubbling and seething that is ever going on in this cloud-born world and all that it inhabits.

Not very far from where Matilda lived, less than a mile, probably, and on the same range of hills, was Mrs. Wharton's home (or Aunt Jerusha, as she was more generally

spoken of); a low-browed, heavily timbered old farmhouse, built in early colonial times, and which had been the home of the family for several generations. Very near to this old farmhouse, with only a garden spot between, stood a more modern but rather smaller house, and with which it formerly made one estate, now tenanted by the Bruce family, from New York. In fact, both Mrs. Wharton and her sister were born at the "New Place," as it was generally called. Mrs. Lawrence's marriage left her sister, Jerusha, in possession of their homestead; and where she lapsed, in the course of years, into a quiet state of cheerful-hearted, benevolent old-maidhood, predestined and fore-ordained, as seemed likely, to a life of single-blessedness.

The two sisters alike cherished a strong attachment for the home of their early days. Every rood of ground, each rock and tree, every vine and shrub was dear to them as associated with a happy girlhood. Bright and cheerful even in winter, in summer it was a charming spot. The two houses stood upon the hillside with the rocks above them; while below, far as the eye could reach, lay a broad stretch of meadow dotted with birches, willows, and waving elms, which, with the sparkling Housatonic winding among them, made a picture, set in an oval frame of blue hills, that travellers along the road often stopped to admire.

It happened but a few years before the time our history begins that the good people of Brookfield were surprised to hear that Aunt Jerusha, as everybody called her, was getting ready to be married. After all, there was nothing very surprising in it, when they recollected that Thomas Wharton was known to have been very fond of her years ago, when they were both young people. Wharton had become a prosperous captain in the merchant service, and an owner in the vessels he commanded. On returning to Brookfield he again paid court to his old love, and married her. In hardly less than two years his wife was left a widow with one daughter, the

father having been shipwrecked on the west coast of South America during a voyage he intended should be his last.

Mrs. Wharton's marriage had made a division necessary of the estate that belonged jointly to the two sisters, and each received that portion of the property they preferred to have; Mrs. Lawrence taking as her share the new house with but a few acres of land; while to Mrs. Wharton was apportioned the old house with by far the largest part of the farm. To this farm her husband, the Captain, had made large additions; for he had a propensity for buying land, like most sailors, even though they know not how to plough terra firma so profitably as the barren and "wind-obeying deep."

Mrs. Wharton was now in the second year of her widowhood, and living alone with her little Philippa in her old farmhouse, with no other family than the kitchen-maids and a couple of farm laborers.

One morning in mid-winter, as the mother and daughter were coming down to breakfast, Philippa's attention was attracted by a little snow-wreath that had blown in during the night through a crack under the old hall door. The child let go her mother's hand and ran to look at what, to her, was a novel object. The mother had already seated herself at the breakfast-table, and placed Philippa's mug of warm milk and water for her, and was pouring her own cup of tea, when the child came running in, and with some unheeded prattle, she laid a moist piece of paper, covered with snow-flakes, beside her mother's plate; then, while having her dripping hands wiped and her bib tied on, she climbed into her high chair at the table.

While Mrs. Wharton sipped her tea, she glanced at the limp piece of paper lying before her. It was a printed form filled in with writing in a round clerkly hand, duly signed and attested. In due time the breakfast is finished; during which the aforesaid paper, as it was directed to Mrs. Wharton, had received a good deal of her attention; though, had there

been other persons present, they would not have perceived by her manner that she was at all disturbed or even greatly interested by anything that she had just read.

"Jenny," said she to a tidy half-grown lass, who performed the double duties of Philippa's attendant and a waitress at table, "Jenny, tell Peter, as soon as he has had his breakfast, to put the horse to the sleigh and get ready to go to town with me." The girl looked a little surprised at hearing this order, and gave a glance out at the window, where the road was seen yet pathless with last night's snow-storm, of which some few flakes were still falling.

While Mrs. Wharton and her young man Peter are slowly making their way to Brookfield street, we shall have time to explain what caused her to take this stormy morning's drive. The paper in question proved nothing less than a sheriff's attachment on her whole property, as the widow, heir, and legal representative of the late Captain Wharton; though it is probable that she, good careful woman, was never in her life indebted to anybody to the amount of a hundred dollars. Many women would have gone straight to bed with a headache, or into a fit of hysterics, as the first thing to be done in a case like the present, where it was proposed by due process of law to strip her of her property and her child of her inheritance. But Aunt Jerusha was not made of hystericky material, as would seem from her composed manner, in first finishing her breakfast, and then ploughing through the snow-drifts to get to Brookfield Centre.

There had been an insurance suit in the New York courts about the loss of Captain Wharton's vessel; and it was clearly proved that he had taken his ship out of the due course of her voyage. For, after arriving at Valparaiso, where he was well and favorably known, he had been induced by the offer of a large commission to take on board a considerable amount of silver bullion, to be transported to another port not far distant, but not named in his vessel's charter. It was on

this extra trip that he and his ship were both lost, wrecked in the calm, smooth waters of the Pacific, by what has since become known to newspaper readers as a tidal or earthquake wave.

If Captain Wharton had had better fortune and brought his vessel safe home, his partners would have congratulated themselves on having a shipmaster who knew how to make good voyages and return with unexpected profits. But as the case turned out, the insurance people would not pay; and claims were also made by the shippers of the cargo. Therefore Captain Wharton's individual property, with that of the other owners, his partners, became liable for the loss. Hence the attachment laid upon his farm in Brookfield.

On reaching Brookfield Centre, Mrs. Wharton went first to the post-office, where she found a couple of letters with enclosures relating to the affair. These she read, and then proceeded to her brother-in-law, Mr. Lawrence's office, not far off. There she was greeted by Augustus, who exclaimed with unaffected surprise, "Why, aunt! what has brought you to town on such a stormy morning?" and in his kindest manner he proceeded to brush the snow from off her cloak and furs. But Mrs. Wharton simply replied to Augustus's attentions by asking, "Is brother Philip in?" and then made her way to the adjoining room, where she found Mr. Lawrence.

"Brother," said she, "here are some papers for you to look at; though I suppose I know what it all means." Then moving a chair to the fire, she sat down and composedly rested her feet on the brass fender.

Mr. Lawrence saw at a glance the import of the papers; but which, while he pretended to be examining, he was in truth considering how he could best communicate to his sister-in-law the meaning of their very unpleasant contents. Finally, with a little huskiness in his voice, he said, "Sister Jerusha, this case can easily be deferred for a year or two, possibly for three years."

"I don't want any deferring, or staving off, as you lawyers call it," replied Mrs. Wharton, with some little sharpness in her tone; "I know well enough that my husband's property is liable for his debts, and the sooner the thing is settled the better. All I came to ask is, can any of my own property be taken?"

"Not a dollar, not a penny," was Mr. Lawrence's emphatic answer. "But you must remember that your daughter, Philippa, has an interest in her father's estate."

"Philippa is young yet, and I shall take good care of what I have left of my own, so that she will be provided for if she lives to grow up. My mind, brother, is perfectly at ease on the matter, and I shan't lose an hour's sleep about it: so now I'll go over to your house for a little while and see if I can help sister about her Dorcas party for to-morrow."



CHAPTER X.

A DORCAS MEETING.

THE meeting of the Dorcas society at Mrs. Lawrence's would not need be mentioned but that several persons were present who have a part in this history. Dorcas parties, as every one knows, are social church gatherings, for which no invitations are sent out, but all of every degree are alike welcome; and where also it is a rule that but very plain entertainment shall be provided. But as the Lawrences were regarded as the first people in Brookfield, and their house being the most spacious, the

company was always large; for they expected to have a good time. Indeed, Mr. Lawrence interfered somewhat on such occasions, declaring that when people came to his house they must be hospitably treated.

The business part of the present Dorcas meeting was pretty nearly over; that is to say, the ladies had been sewing and talking quite industriously through the short winter afternoon, and as it was now getting dusky, they were folding or rolling up their little bundles of work while candles were being brought in. But conversation did not slacken; and it is a curious phenomenon,—the din made by a room full of women. If the art of photographing sound as well as light and shade is ever discovered, the record of female garrulity on such occasions as a Dorcas meeting would present something wonderful if not important and valuable.

But of all the talkers at these Dorcas gatherings, the one who was surest of a group of eager listeners, though her words were neither many nor loud, and she herself of humble station, was the widow Bates, the respected relict of a defunct shoemaker, and who was now become the village nurse and midwife. What she had to say, or what were the questions asked and answered, is more than the writer can report; but the subjects were doubtless those on which her fair constituency were ever anxious to be informed.

There came now a partial lull in the mingled voices, but from no very startling cause,—only the arrival of a certain lady, who had just gone up to the dressing-room, and would soon descend, to honor the company with her stately presence. This lady was no other than Miss Virginia Phipps, the maiden sister and co-heir of Col. Alexander Phipps (already briefly mentioned); and who, with her bachelor brother, inhabited a large ancestral but dilapidated old wooden mansion quite to the far end of the town. Miss Virginia Phipps seldom came to the Dorcas meetings; but her manners were so peculiar, being a mixture of hauteur

and affectation with real politeness, that her advent in any company in Brookfield was regarded by plainer, common-sense people with a kind of quizzical awe. She was great, and yet ridiculous!

In due time her tall figure is seen descending the staircase; whereat the sound of feminine cackle became still for the moment, and the company shrank back, from curiosity more than respect,—as we may infer, from the twinkling eyes, curling lips, and repressed smiles,—so that a vacant space is left in the middle of the room.

Mrs. Lawrence met her guest at the parlor door, with "I'm very glad to see you, Miss Phipps. I hoped you would bring your brother with you."

"The Colonel will do himself the honor, and will be here very soon," was Miss Virginia's reply; and to which she graciously added, "believe me, madam, he would never lose an opportunity of coming to Mrs. Lawrence's." With these and other like speeches, which seemed to have been conned from novels and play-books of a century ago, Miss Phipps made a stately courtesy, accompanied with a condescending glance of recognition towards those ladies nearest her, and then she dignifiedly settled herself in a chair,—a straight-backed uncomfortable piece of antiquity, purposely left vacant for her; and where, as from a throne, she addressed a few words of queenly condescension in turn to most of the company, but always ignoring poor Widow Bates' presence, who, though a power in the community, was little regarded by the Phipps family, in whose mansion there had never been, nor was ever likely to be, any call for the widow's timely ministrations.

Miss Virginia's presence was always looked forward to as a bit of fun to be enjoyed by the rest of the company. Indeed, the winter previous, this whole performance had been gone through with in precisely the same manner; but at that time Phil Lawrence happened to be at home from

college; and he terrified his mother by quizzing her old spinster guest; telling Miss Virginia, among other things, that "she looked so much like his ideal of Queen Elizabeth, that he wished he could say pleasant things to her like Sidney, or Essex, or Sir Christopher Halton." The vain old creature never saw that the impudent fellow was making game of her, but congratulated his mother that her son had grown to be "such a polished young gentleman." And he kept up the farce to the last moment, by repeating the stale impromptu of throwing down—not his cloak, but an old horse blanket, over the slush or melting snow, for the old virgin to walk across, in getting to her sleigh.

On these occasions Miss Virginia's dress displayed little variation, as she disdained to follow the changing fashions, and consisted of a stiff black silk, cracked and rusty, but with ample collar and sleeves of finest lace, and a head-dress of the same material, built up in a style that made her gaunt figure look still taller; while her sallow skin was set off by what she supposed to be a set of pearls and emeralds, and valued as precious heir-looms in her family, but which really were not worth their setting, having been bought, a generation or two ago, of some rascally jeweller, such as infest sparsely settled countries, and make their harvest from an unsophisticated people.

But the company have left the parlors and are now seated around Mrs. Lawrence's long tea-tables, with the addition of four gentlemen, Colonel Alexander Phipps with the Rev. Mr. Bullock at one end, and Mr. Lawrence with Mr. Calvin Hopkins at the other end. Mr. Hopkins, now a man of middle age, was educated a clergyman; but finding he had more aptitude for the ancient classics than for theology, became a teacher of youth, and now for many years had been the head master of the Brookfield Academy. This institution is of the class formerly called grammar-schools, such as were founded in almost every county, far back in the old colonial times,

and were then well endowed with many a square mile of wild lands, at that time almost the only wealth their patrons had to spare. And now the whole American nation, in its present colossal grandeur, is reaping the benefit of the seed thus early sown in those obscure centres of learning,—centres of education those might at least be called which happened to have such a head-master as the good and learned Mr. Calvin Hopkins. To his pupils his knowledge seemed something marvellous; for he could hear their recitations in Virgil or Horace almost without a book, while leisurely pacing the school-room, and sometimes looking out at the window; and when a lad was wrong in his Latin or Greek parsing he would tell him to turn to his grammar, and in what paragraph to find the rule or the exception; or if the pupil missed the particular force of a word Mr. Hopkins could direct him in what part of the closely printed columns of the dictionary, "*init.*," "*med.*," or "*ad fin.*," the required meaning or example might be found.

But institutions like the Brookfield Academy were not maintained exclusively for the benefit of youth whose parents are able to send them to college. Many of the poorer class of farmers and mechanics managed to give their boys a winter's schooling at the "Cademy." Hence it happened that not only boys like Phil Lawrence there learned enough Latin and Greek to take them to college, but even Jake Peabody, now the hostler at the Red House, is recollected as having been sent to the Brookfield Academy for a couple of terms, to gain the more practical English branches.

But Jake never profited much from any kind of schooling. His thoughts wandered away to the streams and pools where his sharp eye had seen a big trout or pickerel; or in the deep thickets where his gins were set for rabbits and partridges. He could tame the bobolink and the wood-pigeon; he often brought a squirrel or young puppy in his pocket, to give or sell it to his school-mates. He was their leader in all the

mysteries of wood-craft; he could climb, swim, and dive as no other boy could. He knew the little sunny openings where the first berries ripened, the low warm nooks by the streams where the wild grapes were largest and sweetest, and where stood the trees that soonest yielded the chestnut or shell-bark.

Jake had a quick ear, but that did not much help him to improve his mind, though it did help him to some diversion during the long weary hours of his confinement in the school-room. To him it seemed the drollest thing, that people ever did or could speak any other language than the sort of English he was used to. Hence, after listening while the other boys recited their Greek or Latin lessons, soon as the school was dismissed, on rushing out, usually the first to clear the door-way, he would amuse his companions by turning a somersault from the top step to the ground, and coming up on his feet, utter some phrase or sentence he had just heard, without the least idea if it came from Cicero or the Greek Testament. But since those days poor Jake had sadly changed for the worse, and now was only thought of as the drunken hostler at the Red House.

But we have quite forgotten the guests at Mrs. Lawrence's tea-table. "What do you hear from Boston about your son Philip?" inquired Mr. Hopkins of Mr. Lawrence.

"Phil is doing very well,—better than I expected," was the father's quick response. "Doctor Heywood sends me very good accounts of him, and says he is applying himself closely to his studies."

"Philip will do well, I think," rejoined Mr. Hopkins; and then added with some emphasis, "Of one thing you may be sure;—your son will never be found in anything mean or dishonorable; he has the truest instincts of any boy I ever knew."

This last remark fell upon the ear of one of the girls waiting on the table, who at that moment had just brought Mr.

Hopkins his fourth cup of tea. She happened to be no other than our poor little friend Matilda Moore. The girl's presence on the occasion had already been the subject of comment by two or three of the lady tea-drinkers, who wondered at seeing her so neatly dressed, and looking so tall; and they criticised what appeared to be her first attempts at putting up her back hair. Her probable age was also discussed; but Widow Bates, when appealed to, decided that question.

Matilda's character was the next theme. "I would as soon keep a little wild Injun in my house," exclaimed one of the speakers. Mrs. Lawrence then explained that the girl was there "for the day only, as she needed more help to wait on the table, and found her very capable."

"She's smart enough,—and honest too, for aught I know," remarked one lady; "but she's a giddy thing. I tried her a week in my family; my children were crazy after her; she set 'em wild with her out-door pranks."

"I tried her too; she's a mischievous little monkey," remarked a third speaker; and related how her new gold watch had suffered from Matilda's curiosity, and that her oldest daughter's drawing lessons were found one day scrawled over with strange pencil-marks. Still a fourth lady, who had made trial of Matilda's services, testified to the girl's irrepressible nature.

"Why," said she, "don't you think that one day, when all our folks was out of the house for a little while, my daughter Clarisay, as she was coming home, she heerd a noise a making on her new rosewood pianner; she didn't know what on 'arth to make on 't. So she walked in kinder softly, and looking inter the parlor door, there, sure enuf, she saw Miss Matilder perched up straight on our new green plush music stool, a clawing away on them beautiful iv'ry keys, and then, with her head thrown back like a real young lady musicianer, she tried to yell a little. Clarisay was awful mad, but she couldn't help busting rite out a larfin'. Matilda shot out o'

the room like two cats, and I guess she never stopped till she got home to her mother's, for she han't been seen about our house since."

The long Dorcas tea-drinking is over at last, and some of the guests are preparing to take their leave; but the less sedate part of the company return to the parlors, and where their number is soon increased by the arrival of younger people, country lads and lassies, whom Mr. Lawrence, contrary to all the rules of the Dorcas, would inveigle by general invitation to his house on such occasions with the promise of a dance. A gray-headed old negro, posted in one corner of the broad hall-way, is already thumbing and tuning his fiddle-strings, while one of Mr. Hopkins' two daughters (who teach music, drawing, and French in the small female department of the Academy, but I fear of hardly so good a quality as their father's Latin and Greek), takes her seat at the piano to play the accompaniment.

Cotillons, reels, and contra-dances follow in rapid succession. Anon, moved by the stirring strains that penetrate to the regions of the kitchen, Matilda and Jake Peabody are footing it there, along with a dozen or two of other self-invited guests and hangers-on, such as congregate on like occasions, to get a share of the merriment and good cheer. Mrs. Lawrence has consented to dance once with Col. Alexander Phipps, while the honor of his stately sister, Miss Virginia's hand is secured by the handsome Augustus Lawrence. His uncle Philip dances several times during the evening, and is now "hunting the squirrel" (as the figure is named), with a light-footed farmer's wife for partner, of probably two hundred and fifty pounds weight. But after a time the rooms grow warm and the dancers look flushed, the candles have burned to half their length, the fallen hickory brands lie in their fleecy ashes on the hearth-stone, Miss Hopkins' wrists begin to ache with her prolonged monotonous drumming, and the old black fiddler is still scraping away, though apparently

sound asleep. The hour must be getting late for Brookfield; the horses outside are heard to neigh and shake their bells impatiently for their drivers. Finally the "Virginia Reel" is called for by the yet unfagged dancers; after which hoods and cloaks are hurriedly sought for, and soon the host and hostess are shortly left alone in quiet possession of their house.

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CHAPTER XI.

SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.

IT is late in the afternoon of a February day; Jake Peabody has just woke up from his customary hour's nap on a bench in the bar-room of the Red House, and where his head has been reposing within half a yard of the hot cast-iron stove. He picks up his old cap, covered with the dust and hay-seed of the barn,—but instead of walking up to the bar to take his customary dram, and then sauntering forth into the cool air and going towards the stable, he made his way to another part of the house, where he knew he would find the landlord and his wife seated at their early supper. For an idea had struck Jake,—or perhaps an inspiration or a vision had come to him during his deep, half-fuddled slumbers by the hot bar-room stove. He now had something special to say to the "old man" his employer, or rather to his wife, who was regarded as the gray mare or better horse of the twain.

"Well, Jake, what is it now?" inquired the landlady, as she was filling a cup of tea.

"That pa'r o' black ponies in the stable," he hesitatingly began.

"Well, anything the matter on 'em?" interrupted the landlord.

"Why, I'll tell you jist what it is," exclaimed Jake, "them blacks han't earned a dollar in the last two weeks. They're jist eating their own darned heads off."

"Well, hosses must eat something, I guess, as well as humans," carelessly rejoined the landlord, as he put a piece of cold roast pork into his mouth, about twice the size of one of Delmonico's French chops.

"Yes," tartly remarked the landlady, sending a sharp look at her husband across the tea-saucer, from which she was blowing the fragrant vapor before taking the first sip, "yes," she said, "but humans won't work allers for what they eat; hosses will, ef we give 'em a chance."

"That's jist it, marm," said Jake quickly, on finding that he was sure of a favorable listener to the petition he had come to make, and he proceeded: "Now, there's that ar old double waggin the segar-peddler left here mor'n a year ago; the chickens hez bin a roostin' on it, and the mice a-gnawing it ever since. But I kin fix it up decent, 'nd ef you'll let me hev the pa'r o' blacks, I kin rig up a nice team to go ter the railroad junchin arter parsingers, ter bring 'em down ter the Forges and ter Brookfield street, and hev time to do all my own work jist the same as ever."

"You can't do no sich thing," was the landlbrd's decided answer.

"Take 'em, Jake," said the landlady, "take the hosses and go ahead." And the petitioner, conscious that he had his final answer, withdrew from the audience as well satisfied as ever was courtier on leaving the presence of his august sovereign.

The dilapidated peddler's wagon looked like a hopeless case; but Jake knew that it was made of good materials, and he

went at it with a will. He unscrewed, unshackled, unbraced, unbolted and unbuckled every possible part, till he had nearly resolved the vehicle into its original elements. Long after dark he continued industriously working away by the light of a couple of lanterns, when, as often happened, two of his old cronies dropped in for a quiet game of three-handed "high-low-jack" or "all fours," "old sledge," "seven up," or "nigger whist," as it is variously called.

"I can't play no keerds to-night," said Jake. So the men, after rummaging for the pack among the contents of an old chest, sat down to amuse themselves without him; while he continued his task with unwonted energy—washing, scouring, scraping, hammering, rubbing, oiling, polishing, beating, brushing, dusting, and mending the body, the springs, the wheels, the pole, the seats, the cushions, the linings, the curtains, unmindful of the presence of his two visitors, who on their part paid just a little attention to him—one of them remarking, as the dust made him sneeze, "Jake's giving that old waggin fits."

Finally, on finishing their card-playing, when he replied to an invitation to go with them into the house to take a drink, saying, "No, I don't want no licker inter me, to-night," they were not a little surprised at his refusal, and inquired "ef he'd spee'renced religin' all uv a sudden?"

So Jake kept on with his work, and it was past midnight before he left it to go to bed. The next morning the half tumbler of whiskey that the bar-keeper always set out for him before locking up was found standing untouched. In due time he is on his way to the railroad station, and his turnout looks quite respectable on the road; the old wagon clean and decent, his little black horses carefully groomed, and their harness freshly blacked for the occasion. The poor fellow must have had some pride; for though it was a winter's day, he would not don his old soiled and worn-out overcoat, but drove away in thread-bare black frock well brushed, with a

stove-pipe hat to match. His face was cleanly shaved, his beard newly trimmed for the occasion; and his general make-up so much improved that an old acquaintance he met on the road with a load of wood hardly recognized him.

"Why darn my eyes, is that ar' yeu, Jake Peabody? I'd never a known yer, but for that tarnation black b'ard o' your'n," exclaimed the man, halting his team in the middle of the road.

"I'd know your dombed hide in a tan-yard," was Jake's response.

"Wal, what 'er ye arter up here in these parts, all dressed in yer Sunday best; ye ain't on no courting scrape, be ye?" was the man's next question.

"I'm jist about my own biz'ness, and that's none o' your'n," was the curt reply to the man's inquisitiveness. "So jist you gee your cattle a little, and let me git by ye, will ye? I'm in a tarnation hurry," and Jake is allowed to pursue his journey with but one other interruption.

"Why, Jacob! ken that be yeu!" exclaimed an old lady he met coming down-hill in a one-horse shay; and she added, "Well, reelly, yeu deu look so solemen like, as ef yeu was goin' to a funeral. Ther's nobody bin sick upon this road as I've heered on but Nancy Peck; she can't be dead yet; for the doctor said she'd last till March, and Feb'wary ain't half gone yet." Jake satisfied the old lady's curiosity with a civil answer, and hurried on his course.

Perhaps, as the old lady remarked, he did look solemn, from a sense of the importance of his new enterprise. But assuredly he would have felt solemn indeed, if he could have peered a few years or even months into the future, and seen the ultimate issue of his present undertaking. Appalled by the prospect, he would perhaps have turned back to the Red House, put up his horses, and lapsed again into his old tippling ways.

The distant whistle of the locomotive was heard just as Jake pulled up his team at the railroad station; and directly

the train arrived, he began to pace up and down the platform, calling out: "Parsingers for Laurel; parsingers for Brookfield."

"Hallo, Jake," shouted a flashily dressed man from an open car-window, "what the devil are you doing there with my old wagon?" Jake, recognizing a former customer of the Red House, hurriedly replied, "Ef yeu want your wagon, you know where to find it, eny time."

"I do'nt want the d—d old trap, you may have it, Jake; I give it to you."

"'Tain't no use, you're jist sayin' that to me here," said Jake, hardly pausing in his call for 'parsingers.'"

"Yes, Jake, I make you a present of it; you're a good fellow, Jake; took good care of my sick horse; the wagon's yours," vociferated the man with his head out of the car-window, as the train moved off after "stopping five minutes for refreshments."

Half an hour afterwards Jake was seen driving past the Red House on the road to Brookfield with two passengers from the railway station, a lady and a little boy; and whom the landlady's daughter, spying from a chamber window, said she, "guessed was a new scholar come to the 'Cademy; and that was his mother a-bringing on him," in which conjecture she was quite correct. Jake sat up very straight, conscious of a new responsibility, and handled his horses so as to get their best speed out of them; for the day was fine, the road-track worn very smooth in the frozen ground. Moreover, the lady not only let her driver know that she liked to ride fast, but admired his horses; and when she inquired their probable value he cautiously named a very high price.

On returning to the Red House he had the satisfaction of paying over to the landlady several fire-new half-dollars as the earnings of his first trip. And as he continued from that day, with fair success, to ply regularly at the railway station, he soon found that he was getting to be a person of some

consequence; so that now, for the first time in his life, he once or twice heard himself called, Mr. Peabody! Jake had never yet owned much else than the clothes on his back; but he was soon unexpectedly made to feel the dignity of being a property holder. For a letter was received at the Red House, vesting in him the sole title and ownership of the peddler's old wagon; so that he at once began to think it might be prudent for him to make a will, only he could not decide to whom he would devise his estate.

Still another lift in the scale of respectability was at hand for poor Jake. The landlord of the Red House received a letter dated from some place on the North River, opposite West Point, written by a Mrs. Arden, saying that she liked the pair of small black horses that, on a certain day, took her and her little boy from the railway station to the Academy in Brookfield, and inquiring if the horses could be bought for a price she named. As the price offered was fully double what they had been rated at, and the place where the lady lived a short day's trip by rail, the landlord, or rather the landlady, decided that Jake should start off by the next train with the horses in his charge.

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CHAPTER XII.

JAKE'S VISIT TO WEST POINT.

THE next day, in the afternoon, on board the ferry-boat crossing from Garrison's Landing to West Point, an open carriage might have been seen to which Jake Peabody's pair of blacks were harnessed, and Jake himself holding the reins, with the honor of having Mrs. Arden

seated beside him on the box, while her husband sat alone by himself on the back seat. But Jake had undergone a temporary transformation. For Mrs. Arden, observing that he seemed thinly clad, presented him with a cast-off and slightly moth-eaten Canadian fur suit of her husband's, consisting of a bear-skin overcoat, a high otter-skin cap, with gloves to match. So that on this occasion Jake looked not only respectable, but even *distingué*, with his own handsome, jet-black beard, his thin olive-tinted face cleanly shaven, and keen black eyes peering out from under the rim of his visorless cap; while fortunately a brilliant colored blanket, or sort of afghan, wrapped about his legs, concealed his coarse pepper-and-salt pantaloons and rough cowhide boots.

On landing at the West Point side the party took the river road for a drive. The air was pleasantly bracing, and the lady took the reins into her own hands. The horses, with a little encouragement from Jake, were made to show their best paces during a two-mile drive; at the end of which Mr. Arden admitted that his wife had made a fortunate purchase.

"But," said he, "let us change seats; I wish to have some talk with Mr. Peabody." Mr. Arden then got upon the box, and taking the reins, turned off into the back road that led towards the Military Academy Grounds. A short conversation with Jake resulted in his being commissioned by Mr. Arden to buy and train a pair of carriage horses for him; for Jake said he "know'd a pa'r o' bay colts, real Morgins, that would make a slap-up team."

The sound of heavy cannonading now began to be heard, which shook the earth and echoed through the valley like the heavens' own thunder; at which Mr. Arden remarked that they had best turn off from the road they were on, as it led directly to the spot where the cadets were at their artillery practice, and the firing would frighten the horses. But Jake's rustic curiosity was on the stretch, for till now he

had never been twenty miles away from Brookfield; and, as he afterwards said, "he wanted to see the biggest noise he ever heered in his life;" and he assured Mr. Arden that he could "talk to the hosses, and make 'em stand still as cows at a milking."

And so it proved; for though the blacks did dance a little at first, Jake's familiar voice quieted them at once, so that the flash and roar of the cannon only made them prick up their ears and toss their heads. Meanwhile he looked on with the keenest interest, while a squad of cadets—little boys, as they seemed to him—nimble handled a gun that weighed at least a dozen tons; and which they loaded with a big bag full of powder, that at each discharge sent a shot as large as a peck-measure, which Jake's eye could follow as it skipped for miles away over the broad smooth waters of the Hudson.

Mr. Arden now proposed a visit to the Riding-School; but to that his wife objected, saying that she could not endure to witness such severe exercise; and she was therefore left to pay a call at one of the officers' houses, while her husband with Jake drove to the large building where many of the cadets were taking their lessons in horsemanship. Just as they entered one brave little fellow caught a fall in leaping his horse, and was picked up by his comrades and carried out in a blanket. The same horse, a fine animal, was brought again to the stand, another cadet mounted, and who was also thrown; for the vicious beast, just as he came to the leaping-bar, would bolt so suddenly that it seemed possible for no rider to keep the saddle. Two or three others tried, and were as regularly unhorsed; but without being much hurt, as they were on their guard and saved themselves in falling. One of the attendants, with a corporal's stripes on the sleeve of his jacket, was now ordered to mount. Soon a shout went up from the cadets when he too was seen lying prostrate on the tan-bark. But it proved, after all, that he had not lost

his seat ; for the girth had broken, and the prostrate corporal still held the saddle firmly gripped between his legs.

While this was going on Jake had been moving away from his place near Mr. Arden towards a tall grizzly cavalry sergeant who seemed to have charge of the exercises.

"Captin'," said Jake in a hesitating tone to the sergeant, "ef you wan'ter git that anamail to go over that ar' pole, I guess I ken do it fur ye." The tall sergeant threw back his head, and peeping through his eyelids gave a puzzled look at the speaker, whom he supposed to be a friend or guest of Mr. Arden's ; but touched his cap respectfully, and giving a sign for the horse to be brought again to the stand, he intimated by a gesture that he was at Jake's service. He had been re-saddled, and this time not only with double but triple girths. Jake put his fingers under them, and probably thought they were too tight, for he loosened the buckles, and then, with a few soothing words, jumped into his seat ; when the horse, seeming to recognize the fact that he had found a human friend, docilely carried his rider round the ring, and high over the leaping-bar in splendid style. Again he came round and made another leap, and still a third time Jake went over the bar at its highest peg.

Shouts of applause greeted Jake's performance, from the cadets and spectators, who wondered who this stranger could be, and whom they supposed, of course, must be a friend of Mr. Arden's. For it must be borne in mind, that all this while Jake had on the old fur coat and cap presented to him by Mrs. Arden. Some thought he might be one of the Russian Colonels then travelling in America by order of the Emperor, to inspect our military works. But one young gentleman among the cadets settled the question by declaring, "he had often seen the gentleman in Washington, and that he was an attaché of one of the foreign legations."

A distant drum-beat was now heard, at which sound the

cadets were dismissed, and all quickly left the place. Mr. Arden, after first calling for his wife, drove, with Jake seated beside him on the box, to the parade-ground, as it was near the hour for evening parade, and which is always witnessed with interest, not by strangers only, but by those who have seen the ceremony hundreds of times. To Jake's untutored eye the spectacle seemed something almost supernatural.

First on the broad but vacant esplanade came a squad of boy drummers, who beat the spirit-stirring evening call with the precision of mechanism. Then a tall officer, the Post Adjutant, was seen advancing with martial step along the solitary plain, followed by a couple of the tiniest little soldiers, each bearing a small flag or guidon. These little fellows took their stations on opposite sides of the square, some three hundred yards apart, and where, holding their little flags, they stood straight and motionless as a couple of candlesticks. At the same time the renowned military band of the Academy, consisting of some forty players, appear in their places on the extreme right ; and anon they begin to discourse such moving music, that the surrounding hills and crags,—Nature's vast cathedral—is flooded with the swelling harmony. As the music continues the scene is fast filling up. First come the color guard, escorting the bearer of the American flag, who looks quite a hero, and is almost large enough to be a man ;—and they take a position just midway between the two little guidon-holders. Directly several companies of cadets are seen marching in column from different points, and coming on the ground, they take their station in line to the right and left of the color-bearer. Then the music-laden air is suddenly hushed, the Adjutant draws his sword, salutes the Commandant, and calls out,—“The parade is formed.” Certain military ceremonies are now gone through with and orders read ; which ended, the Adjutant gives the word, “Beat off.” At this command the whole forty musicians, led by the tall drum-major,—some

eight feet in height, inclusive of his bear-skin cap,—march slowly along in front of the line, playing a solemn air; when suddenly wheeling about, and with many pompous flourishes of his long gilded staff, he leads the band back to the step of a lively tune. The music ceases; the drum-corps sound a last loud call; the crack of a brass field-piece startles the spectators; the waving stars and stripes quickly descend from the peak of the flag-staff; the pageant is dissolved—the daily West Point dress parade is over!

As the Ardens were well known to the officers of the Military Academy, several of them, as soon as the parade was dismissed, came around their carriage. Some complimented Mrs. Arden on the beauty of her new horses, while others addressed themselves to Mr. Arden, and wondered he did not introduce them to his distinguished guest, seated beside him on the box, and of whom they had heard some report from the Riding School. Indeed, some of the military gentlemen might have felt a little miffed, when the visitors finally drove off without so much as mentioning the stranger's name. This omission, as they remarked among themselves, could not have been owing to his not being able to converse with them,—as all Russian officers, as well as foreign attachés, speak French, and many of them English.

CHAPTER XIII.

JAKE PEABODY'S RETURN HOME.

THE next day Jake Peabody returned to Brookfield, and on making his appearance at the Red House, clad in the fur suit Mrs. Arden had given him, he startled his friends not a little. But they were pleased too, when he produced the considerable sum of money received for the horses; and which, for security, he had pinned to the inside of his shirt. The landlady declared that Jake was a smart, honest boy, and the generous impulse of the moment prompted her to make him a present of one of the Ardens' clean bank-notes.

He resumed his former avocations, and with a dim consciousness of his growing importance. On many an evening he interested his bar-room listeners with describing the wonderful things he had seen,—especially what he called “the little boys training at West P'int,” which he declared was “the pootiest sight he ever see in all his life;—he could hardly stan' it;—it a'most made him blubber right out afore all the people;—to see them mites o' fellers all in a row, in the'r pepper an' salt clothes, and big brass buttons,—an' the'r little coat-tails just a sproutin';—they looked 'jist like them pewter soldiers they hev at the store to sell ter 'children.”

But Jake soon had private business of his own on hand; and after considerable difficulty he succeeded in composing the first letter that he ever wrote; and the answer to it, that came a few days afterwards, was the first letter he ever received in his life. He did not open it immediately, but kept it safe in his pocket until he had leisure to retire to an out-of-

the-way place, on the top of a hay-loft in one corner of the barn. There, after turning it over and thoroughly studying the outside by the light that came through a crack in the boards, he ventured to break the seal and make himself acquainted with the contents. As he expected, the letter proved to be from Mr. Arden; and he set himself to spell out its three or four lines, along with the bank check that was enclosed.

That loose slip of paper he comprehended to be kind of an "*order*" on some bank in New York City for four hundred dollars,—that being just the sum he had mentioned in his letter to Mr. Arden, that "would buy the bay colts and make a fust-rate span."

This put Jake in another quandary: for how was he to get the cash? He studied on this question for two or three days; first throwing out hints that he "might hav' to go deown to York afore long." But that seemed a rather hazardous expedition; as from what he had heard of that place, and read in the newspapers, the chance was, if he came back alive, he might come without his money. He would not consult "his boss," the landlord, for he was of no account, nor his wife, for "she was a leetle too smart;" and "it was his biznis and not theirs, anyhow." Then he thought of going to the Brookfield Bank, which, so far as he knew, was the greatest moneyed institution in the world; but then "them pesky banks failed and broke sometimes, and went all to smash, as he had hearn tell." Again he thought of consulting a lawyer, and Augustus Lawrence was known as "the smartest young lawyer in them parts." But lawyers were an "onsartin kind o' cattle;" and Augustus he had never fancied, "for he seemed to hev a finger-like in everybody's pie."

So one day, seeing Mr. Lawrence driving towards the Red House, which he passed two or three times a day on his way to the iron-works at Laurel, Jake went down the road to meet him.

"'Scuse my stopping you, Squar'," said Jake; "but I'm in a fix—sort o' bothered and don't know what to do."

"Well, Jake, what can I do for you?"

"I 'spose you heer'd, Squar', all about my trip to West Pinte a little while ago?" At which Mr. Lawrence gave a slight nod that might or might not imply that he had been kept duly informed of Jake's movements; who then took a letter from his pocket and proceeded to unfold his business. "Neow, Squar', I know you won't let on about it to enybody ef I tell you,—there's a man down thar at West Pinte, and he's a real gentleman, jist like you, Squar'; and he wants me to git a first-rate span o' colts for him; and I ken do it, tew, for I know jest where to go for 'em; and here's what he sent me, to somehow kind o' raise the money on to pay for 'em with." While Mr. Lawrence scanned the letter and check, Jake stood with one foot on the wheel-hub, silently whittling a splinter of wood, and waited patiently for an answer.

"This is all right," said Mr. Lawrence, returning the papers to Jake; "bring that slip of paper to the bank to-morrow, and I'll give you the money."

So Jake experienced another novel sensation the next day, when, for the first time in his life, he stood before that awful shrine of Plutus, the counter of a country bank, and received his money. Before the end of another day the two much-coveted quadrupeds were brought from separate farms twenty miles apart, found themselves side by side in the Red House stable, where their education, under Jake's tutorship, began immediately. For days and weeks his pupils were brushed and curried, rubbed and washed, shaved and trimmed, clipped and nicked, pared and scraped, drenched and dieted, scolded and petted, combed and braided, curbed and checked, cruppered and girted, bitted and bridled, gaited and paced, saddled and ridden, harnessed and driven, walked, trotted, and galloped, raced and timed, in single and in double harness,

to a heavy wagon and to a light wagon; and taught to stand the hissing locomotives, the rushing railway trains, or any other startling sights and noises. In short, Jake Peabody proved as good a disciplinarian in his way as the Rev. Calvin Hopkins, head master of the Brookfield Academy, was known to be in his.

By the time the spring days had come, with their warm sunshine to soften the ground, and the roads became settled so as to make good driving, Jake had brought his new pair into tip-top condition. Their polished flanks shone like the bronze-work of the sculptor;—and who shall say that Jake was not an artist in horse-flesh? He and his turn-out became famous, so that a drive with Jake's horses was talked of as one of the things to do; and those girls were fortunate whose beaux treated them to the delightful sensation of whirling for miles over the road at a three-minute speed.

But enough about Jake and his horses! Yet, having no other events to record for several weeks to come, the present chapter may be filled up with one or two traditions of the Red House.

Until about forty years ago, or perhaps rather more than twenty years before the time the preceding narrative commences, the Red House was owned by the McAllisters, a family of Scotch descent. The first colonist or emigrant of that name that came over had bought a thousand acres or more of land in Berkshire (attracted probably by a resemblance of the surrounding country to his native Caledonian hills), built a house to which the Red House succeeded, and was kept as a tavern by at least three generations of McAllisters, and might have so continued to this day, but for a most singular incident that will presently be narrated.

There are a few people yet living who well remember the last McAllister. They describe him as a large, deep-chested man, with dark-bronze features, short whiskers, heavy eyebrows, and dressed on important occasions, such as very

frequently occurred, in a coat of fine dark-blue cloth, with plain gilt buttons, a buff waistcoat, high white cravat, black trousers, and well-polished boots. His manner was grave without being harsh to all but his equals, and those equals were the best men of the county, some of whose names have since become historical; and with them he could talk and laugh, but always in a composed, dignified way. His wife—if we may judge by her portrait which at this moment hangs beside her husband's in a certain handsome house on Madison Avenue, and painted by Harding—probably in the early itinerant period of his remarkable artist career—was of matronly proportions, with a large blue eye, and fair to look upon; therefore well mated to such a husband.

In its palmiest days, which are still remembered by a few of the old inhabitants, the Red House, long before the day of railways, enjoyed all the consideration and dignity of an old county institution. Indeed, there was almost the same order, with an air of decorum, about the place as about the county Court-house. No boisterous noises or idle and profane language was to be heard, within or without, though sounds of jollity and merriment there sometimes might be. Hangers-on were never seen about its precincts. It was no resort for saucy and forward boys; nor was it a nursery where lazy young men grew prematurely gray, wrinkled, and bleary-eyed.

Yet the Red House then contained good, and good store of well-ripened old liquors, and bins of not bad wine in honest quarts, besides barrels of good Albany ale, and sound cider made from picked apples. And there were those who could compound these simples into iced-*rum*, or milk-punch, and spicy egg-nog; or into steaming flip, mulled-wine, ale, apple or cracker toddy, or hot punch. These bounties were not made or kept to be dispensed to such characters as frequent the countless bar-rooms of the present day, but were served only to the call of the traveller, or of town and county

magnates and property holders, who came there to talk of their affairs, or hear the news in advance of their weekly paper from Albany or Boston. For, by the stage-coach, rumors and reports were brought daily from all parts of the world.

This good cheer, with the almost painful neatness and sweet-smelling linen of the chambers, were duly appreciated by the Judges and bar of the Massachusetts Courts, who came to Brookfield twice yearly. There were other fraternities and bodies corporate, the members of which would not willingly fail of being present when a meeting was held at the Red House. Beside the board of select men of the town, and the county commissioners, there was the Berkshire "consociation" of ministers, the Berkshire Medical Society, the Trustees of the Brookfield Academy, who, each in their corporate capacity, ate an annual dinner at McAllister's. Moreover, the Freemasons' encampment on St. John's day, and likewise Fourth of July celebrations were held in a fine oak grove (a relict of the primeval forest) not far in the rear of the house.

Then again the "general trainings," as the October militia musters were called, often took place on the broad dry meadow in front of the Red House, and where, as the reader will please recollect, our first scene opened. In April there came Fast Day, and in May 'Lection Day, when there was ball-playing, quoits, running, leaping, lifting, wrestling, and other rustic games and sports on the same ground. Also, near the last of November, on Thanksgiving Day, rifle matches at turkey shooting and other trials of skill in marksmanship were there regularly attended. Finally, on every New-Year's day, the landlord of the Red House gave a free treat, to which all of every degree were alike welcome, from the independent and substantial farmer to the sporadic negro.

Yet it was perhaps by travellers that the comforts of the

Red House were most appreciatingly enjoyed. The stage-passengers who were to take breakfast or supper there, began, for miles before they reached the house, to relate their experiences of the McAllister style of hospitality. Those were happy moments, in the gray of the morning, or just after nightfall, when the tired horses seemed of their own volition to start into a brisk trot, the stage-driver took his long straight horn from its leathern sling, and gave forth a few strong but musical notes that echoed from the craggy hills. Soon after, the coach left the highway, and with increased speed, describing almost a semicircle up the slope, stopped suddenly before the porch of the house, where from the windows streamed the light of huge blazing fires within.

The cramped and chilled passengers followed one another either into the carpeted parlor or the large sanded bar-room. In the latter there was a blazing fire of logs cut "sled length," that is, eight feet; but in the parlor fireplace the wood was only half that length. Though the house was large and the kitchen remote, yet, as the ceilings were low, that was the cause probably why a mixed savor of coffee and beefsteak and broiled chicken, always about this time penetrated to the rooms in the front part. If it happened that the effect of this impression on the senses of those whose appetites were already sharpened by cold and fatigue, made them a little impatient and restless on first entering, the loud cheerful voice of the landlord might be heard, saying: "Supper will be ready in a few minutes;—there's no hurry, my friends;—time enough for everybody;—the stage will not start for an hour yet." These words had a tranquillizing effect on the hungry guests, so that they would deliberately lay aside their cloaks, greatcoats, furs, and heavy worsted gear, and make themselves comfortable in a large circle before the fire. Some would fall into a doze, while others made demands on the bar, to answer which, probably, the red-hot flip irons, that lay ready on the hearth, would be put

in requisition ;—until finally the door suddenly opened with the welcome words : “ Supper is ready,—please walk in to supper.”

On entering the supper-room the guests beheld a sight such as only dyspeptics cannot look upon with pleasure ; but there were few of that class in the times of which I am now writing. The whole bill of fare was set upon the table, and could be taken in by the eye at one view. At the head of the table there was a beefsteak, large enough, thick enough, and juicy enough to have come from off the silver gridiron of the most exclusive of London clubs. This was carved by the landlord in person, and offered first to the ladies on his right and left. But others had no need to wait ; for right before them were chops and cutlets, rashers of bacon, and sweet bread, broiled chickens, poached eggs, and, in their season, partridges and quails, venison, wild pigeons, and little piles of crisp brook trout ; with potatoes, some roasted whole in wood ashes, others fried in slices of transparent thinness and whiteness ; there were trays of sour and sweet pickles, mangoes, stuffed peppers, cranberry and apple sauce, with wheaten rolls hot and light, dishes of both cream and buttered toast of brown and white bread, relays of waffles and johnny cakes, currant jelly and quince jam or marmalade, and honey that dripped almost as clear as water from its white waxen comb.

All these things stood on the broad table within reach of the hungry traveller, while in plain sight on the old-fashioned mahogany side-board there were to be seen a rib of cold roast beef side by side with a boiled ham stuck over with cloves ; and on the long, high chimney-piece was a row of brown, flaky-crust ed pumpkin, apple, and mince pies, with the companion cheese. The dishes were rather plain compared with those of the present day ; and as the era of electro-plate was not yet come, the knives and forks were but plain steel with bone handles, but the spoons were silver,

and the table-cloth of real damask, the whole being well lighted by home-made but well-made candles in plated double sconces. Nor must we forget her whose skill and taste had so much to do in preparing all this,—the honored hostess ; landlady would be too common a title for her,—and who now sat in one corner of the room, where from behind the coffee urn and teapots she distributed her fragrant and refreshing cups ; nor omit to mention four or five of her sons and daughters, who quietly hurried to and fro in waiting on the table.

Should any of my younger readers doubt if such country taverns as the Red House, with such landlords as the McAllisters, ever had an existence, let them ask their grandfathers, or possibly their fathers, who may have travelled ten or twenty years before the first railroad was built, or even talked of. Indeed, it is possible that one or two such places yet remain, if we only knew where to look for them. And when found, would it not be wise to turn aside from “ life’s dull round ” and tarry there for the rest of our days ? Alas, no ! we are so constituted that to enjoy we must first endure and suffer ; we must get tired and hungry before we can sleep and eat. There’s no true enjoyment of life unless we rough it half the time.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRADITIONS OF THE RED HOUSE.

FIND myself obliged to begin a new chapter without having made good my promise to relate how the last of the McAllisters suddenly quitted the acres his fathers had wrested from stubborn nature, and been possessed and enjoyed by his family for about a century and a half. One would suppose that the McAllister who has been introduced to the reader might have lived contented with his lot. He was in the prime of life, rich in houses, lands, wife, and children. "*Sed nemo vivat contentus;*" so, by a law of our nature, the present McAllister was discontented, and had more than once been heard to say, that he would like to sell his property and remove to the West. For had not some three or four brothers older than himself been gone many years, and settling in Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, had they not become the owners of farms larger than the whole township of Brookfield, and could not their names be seen in the newspapers as governors, judges, and members of Congress? He already had a family of over half a dozen, and might live to make it a round dozen. What would his house and a few hundred acres be when divided among so many? while, too, as he had observed, both the people and the land of Berkshire were growing poorer every year. For the day of New England manufacturing had not yet come. So the people of the town of Brookfield suddenly heard that the owner of the Red House had sold his patrimonial home, and gone off with his whole family, almost without saying good-by to his best friends. Indeed, some who lived within a few miles of the

place knew nothing of the change until, on passing along the road, they saw that the stout, familiar old sign-post had been sawed off within a yard and a half of the ground, and degraded to the uses of a hitching-post; while in its stead a large board sign, in new gilt letters, extending along almost the whole front of the house, proclaimed it as "*The Eeley Temperance Hotel.*"

The wonder was soon explained. The Red House and its demesnes had become the property of a man named Eeley. He was noted in the country 'round as a miserly old bachelor of morose and unsocial temper, and who had grown rich by such methods as are usual with persons of his class. People wondered why he should fancy keeping a public house. Great was the disgust of the judges and lawyers of the Massachusetts bench and bar at the next court term in Brookfield, to find the wretched change that had taken place in their favorite hostelry. Great also was the indignation vented twice daily by the departing coach-loads of passengers, especially by those who had anticipated the pleasure of sitting down to McAllister's bountiful table; and even those who had never known that pleasure, declared on leaving the house that it was the meanest place they had ever entered.

With the travelling class of the public, the Eeley Hotel, from its musty chambers, scant and slovenly table, small fires, high prices, crabbed and sneak-faced landlord, and general lack of good cheer, soon acquired the reputation it deserved. Before the stage-coach reached the house, the poor fare that was to be expected began to be the subject of conversation; and especially was the landlord's trick commented on, of having the stage passengers scared away from the table before they had time to half finish their meal, by loud calls of—"the stage is ready!"—"the stage is ready!" And once or twice they had, by a preconcerted movement, indemnified themselves for this inhospitable meanness by sweeping off

everything eatable from the table, and taking it with them into the coach.

But one day a passenger declared that he meant to sit a good half hour at table and finish his breakfast. He was assured that he would be left, but he said he "guessed he wouldn't." So when, as usual, the premature call of "the stage is ready" was heard and repeated, and all the passengers had hurried out to regain their seats, he remained quietly at table and called for a second cup of coffee. One and another warned him, and the landlord came himself to assure him that he was in danger of being left, to all which he simply replied that "he hadn't yet finished his breakfast."

At length the solitary guest rose from the table and walked slowly with an awkward gait forth to the front door, and looking out, exclaimed: "Wh-wh-why, whar's the stage, she ain't gone, is she?" The landlord pointed in a direction where the coach was plainly to be seen slowly climbing a hill, half a mile off. At this the tardy passenger seemed a good deal troubled, and said:

"I can't be left; I must go on; landlord, you've got a one-hoss waggin, hain't ye? Cum, harness her up, deu, and be quick, will ye? I tell ye I must go on."

To these agitated expressions the reply was, that it would cost him just "three dollars extra" for a wagon to overtake the stage.

"Now look here, landlord, I hain't got no three dollars to give."

At that moment a green Irish waiter-girl, with tears just ready to burst forth, came to the landlord and told him "there be some o' the spuns a-missing, a dizen or moor iv 'em."

"Spunes!" said the traveller; "was they silver, raal silver? then ef you'll give in abeout the three dollars for a waggin to catch up the stage, I don't mind telling ye—"

"You rascal," ejaculated the landlord; "you thief, yo!"

took them spoons," and suiting the action to the word, he began hurriedly to feel the pockets of his guest.

"Oh, I don't mind yer s'arching me; ye may feel my pockets as much as ye like; I'll take off my bewts teu, ef that 'll satisfy ye. But I'll jist tell ye, there was a feller come here in that ar stage, and he went in and sot down ter breakfast. He's a sly cuss; I know'd him years ago; but I didn't speak ter him nor he ter me; I don't want ter know any more of him than I deu. Now, I thot I seed him a-putting away a spune or two; I've got eyes; and I ken kinder see what's goin' on areond a'most witheout lookin'."

Before these words were finished the landlord had summoned the hostler, who was soon mounted, and galloping away at top speed. In about half an hour the stage-coach was back again at the door of the Eeley Hotel, the landlord had stated his grievance, and the passengers were about to undergo a search, when our unsophisticated friend who had been left behind spoke up,—

"I say, landlord, I guess ye hain't looked in the coffee-pot yet, hev ye?" At this one of the girls started off and soon returned with the pot half full of spoons. So the coach set off again, and this time with its full complement of passengers, who laughed, jeered, and shouted "spoons," "spoons," until the coach was out of sight and hearing.

The present proprietor of the Eeley Hotel, being an old bachelor, had to arrange as best he could for the house-keeping of his establishment. Not very far off, in a little farm-house, there lived a widow quite by herself; and she had been engaged to manage the internal economy of the hotel, aided by green Irish servant-girls, or such other chance help as could be procured. This not very delicate business arrangement between an old bachelor and a widow made her very careful of appearances; so that she was to be seen at regular hours going to and from her own home. The frigid

and selfish nature of her patron, together with his mean, squalid exterior, ought also to have protected her from any suspicion of impropriety.

But one day the widow's fire-tongs were missing from her lonely hearth. It was a great mystery what had become of them, so that she could not help wondering and talking of her loss; when finally, after two or three days' searching, one of her neighbors suggested to her to look for them in her own bed. This scandal, along with other vexations, induced the landlord, after continuing in his new business for a year or two, to let the house to a tenant and return to his former more congenial pursuits. The long gilt sign was pulled down, and the Red House regained its old name, notwithstanding it had received a heavy coat of white paint.

From that time the house fell into the hands of several successive owners, or lessees. Under one of these it got rather a bad reputation as a gambling place, where some of the substantial and respectable men of the neighboring country too frequently met at night, and oftentimes did not leave before "the early village cock had thrice done salutation to the morn." At one of these meetings a scene took place in which one of our own *dramatis personæ* was an actor,—Colonel Alexander, the bachelor brother and coheir of Miss Virginia Phipps; and which, as the family are now extinct, with no near surviving kin, I may here relate without fear of offence.

Late one evening, in a snug little room, a party of some half a dozen were seated at the popular country game of "draw-poker." Reunions of this kind can hardly be termed social or festive, as they are composed of persons of widely different position, and who could be drawn together around the same table by no other tie than the pleasure or chance of winning a few dollars of each other's money. On the present occasion the company consisted in part of Colonel Phipps, with a man at his elbow, who, from his rough dress and a

strong cattle odor, might have been a drover; two others were, one a peddler, and the other a substantial farmer.

The play had been going on for some time and become interesting; for a considerable pool had accumulated in the centre of the little table, and all the players but two had one after another thrown up their hands, as not worth so large a risk as it would cost to "come in." The two who kept their cards were the Colonel and the farmer, one or the other of whom must therefore take the money. The farmer had put up his stake, and was waiting for the Colonel to make it good; but who unfortunately had been losing, so that his snuff-box and a pocket knife, as exponents of certain amounts, were already lying among the little pile of notes and coin. Having no more convenient pocket gear, the Colonel shoved in a card or slip of paper, remarking that it represented the sum in question. This the blunt farmer pushed back to him, saying "That is not money."

"You unwashed plebeian, you are not fit to play with gentlemen," exclaimed the Colonel, red with anger.

"Well then, Colonel, let it go: show your hand, let's see what you've got." Their cards were laid down, and the farmer's proved the best. So he quietly pocketed his winnings, except the Colonel's personal property, which he left on the table; and the cards were being shuffled for a new deal.

"Stop a bit," said the farmer, as he rose from his chair, and taking the two candles from the table, quietly placed them upon the high old-fashioned mantel-piece. "Now, Colonel," he continued, "I've heard before this, of your calling people names, but you can't talk that way to me, and one or the other of us has got to take a damned good thrashing on the spot."

"Ruffian," exclaimed the Colonel, "if you dare to lay a finger on me I'll annihilate you;" and his eyes glared searchingly about the room.

"Looking for your sword-cane, Colonel?" said the farmer,

as he stepped and brought the Colonel's cane from one corner of the room, and added, as he placed it in the owner's hand, "if you offer to draw that on me I'll crush your jaw the first blow. None but a fool or a coward would carry about such a thing as that."

Then came a pause in the scene; during which the foes steadily eyed one another, and were silently gazed upon by the bystanders, with no disposition to interfere. They both were men approaching middle age; the Colonel tall and gaunt, his hair, a little gray and brushed back from his forehead, was long enough to cover his coat-collar; while the farmer was a short, square-built, apple-headed man.

Again the farmer spoke. "You called me a plebeian. I come from as good English stock as you, if not better, and my family has been as long in the country too, and you know it. If I choose to use my own hands to keep my farm in order, that's my own pleasure and not your affair. You applied the term 'unwashed' to me. That question must be settled too. So, Colonel, strip, peel off, and let us see." The Colonel hesitated, and his fingers nervously clutched his cane. "There's no help for it," continued the farmer, "it must be done; come, off with your coat." The cane fell from the poor Colonel's hands, and tears rolled down his cheek. "Now, off with your boots.—That'll do, I've seen enough, and smelt enough," said the farmer, as he took up the Colonel's sword-cane and broke it over the back of a chair; then walked leisurely out of the room, leaving his humbled foe to put on his boots and re-adjust his dress at his convenience.

But I have not yet redeemed my promise to relate why the last of the McAllister dynasty so suddenly abdicated his family possessions and prerogatives. A long time passed before the real history was known; and then it came out that another and far more ancient and powerful dynasty had been concerned in the event.

It was on a dull, chilly morning, late in the autumn of, I think, 1820 or thereabouts, that a travel-stained horseman from the north arrived at the Red House, and had a private conference with its dignified host. After a few hours' halt, long enough to refresh himself and his bonny beast, the stranger resumed his journey southward. But, long before his departure, the note of preparation had been sounded; and the few customers who chanced to stop in passing could not but notice that very active, though silent provision was being made for some extraordinary entertainment. Those whose curiosity prompted them to inquire of the younger members of the family were told all that was known to them—that some foreign travellers were expected. But to the honored village doctor who stopped in his ride past the Red House to get his customary hot cracker-toddy, to him the landlord confided the fact, that he expected an English commodore, with a party of naval officers and numerous servants, to take supper and pass the night, on their way from Canada to join their ship that was then lying in New York harbor.

The hospitable preparations that ensued, and continued throughout the day, were not only on the most liberal scale, but were of a peculiar kind, and totally unlike anything ever before known at that famed wayside inn. Sheep, pigs, calves, and one stalled corn-fed ox were quickly slaughtered. But from their carcasses a few only of the best cuts were selected and laid out upon the broad, well-scoured kitchen dressers. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, and even geese lost their heads on that day. The chief winter vegetables, as potatoes, onions, parsnips, carrots, celery, after having been carefully selected, washed, rubbed, and dried, now stood heaped up in large wooden bowls; and there was also a basket of fragrant pippins. But the treasury of Mrs. McAllister's housewifery was not drawn upon for any of her pickles, sauces, preserves, jams, jellies, syrups, or honey; nor was there any baking of puddings, pies, and cakes, but only of plain bread and dinner-rolls. Of

butter, cream, and fresh eggs an ample store was set forth in plain sight. There was no jointing, boning, drawing, dressing, stuffing, seasoning, dredging, larding, breading, spitting, skewering, garnishing, or papering, in which the cook could display her skill. Not a pot, kettle, boiler, or baker was dragged forth from its repose; not a gridiron, frying-pan, sauce or stew-pan was taken down from its special hook; nor, in short, did any article in her kitchen armory seem likely to be needed. Nor did the McAllister daughters have to busy themselves in setting forth the crockery, glass, and table cutlery; nor had they to lay out the silver ware, table-cloths, and napkins, as always had been their duty on festive occasions. Yet the required preparations were completed, and order and stillness reigned throughout the precincts of the Red House long before the hour when the distinguished guests were expected to arrive.

The setting sun, above the horizon, darted its cold rays through an opening in the clouds over the bare November landscape, when three or four well-freighted wagons were seen coming down the road at a brisk speed, followed by a one-horse gig. They all turned up to the Red House; but instead of halting before the porch in front, they drove into the yard at the side. From these wagons some twelve or fifteen persons alighted and began to unload their movables. Then came the gig with two persons in it, one a well-dressed, portly, intellectual looking man, while his attendant was a mere youth. Everybody thought the expected party had arrived, until the host told his people to keep quiet, as the commodore would be there very soon. In the mean time the portly man got out of his gig, and dignifiedly entered the house by a side-door, where, as he probably anticipated, he found himself in the kitchen, surrounded by all the required materials, and which, as he made the circuit of the room, he inspected through his eyeglass.

Now sundry hampers, cases, and boxes were taken from the wagons, and brought into the kitchen, one of which

in particular, of mahogany, brass-cornered, from its numerous bottles and jars looked like an enormous medicine-chest. Bottles of claret, champagne, and other wines were drawn forth from their baskets and put in ice. Beautiful china, massive plate, and fine damask were unpacked from iron-bound oak chests. From other boxes were taken nested sets of planished copper, tin, and even silver culinary utensils; besides several little portable stoves or braziers of iron, which were arranged along the broad hearth and filled with coals from the kitchen fireplace. Three or four of the new-comers, who had donned clean white linen caps and aprons, like professional cooks, proceeded at once, with the greatest dexterity in their manipulations, to dress and prepare the materials for the fire; while the before-mentioned portly, grave, and intellectual-looking personage, who was evidently their *chef*, stood apart with an impassive countenance but watchful eye, directing the operations of his assistants by glances, nods, or a few low monosyllables; and sometimes, as they brought him dishes they had prepared, he would give them a dash or sprinkle from one of the bottles or jars, taken from the mahogany case, or from an opened bottle of champagne or claret.

While all this was going on in the kitchen, others (whom we may now designate as servants, for such they were) spread themselves over the house, and were busy in the dining-room, the large front parlor, and the larger chambers, where they were duly occupied in their several functions. A table for six persons was soon laid, not in the dining-room, but in the large front parlor. These strange people were almost everywhere, up-stairs and down; and everywhere very active and busy, though hardly a sound was heard as they glided about doing their work without bustle or confusion. The discipline and regularity of their movements showed they were only doing what they had done hundreds of times before.

Meantime the McAllister household, both family and hired

help, seemed to have vanished. They had probably disposed of themselves somewhere out of the way, as previously directed to do by the head of the house. Yet if some of the younger and more irrepressible members of the family had not secured convenient peeping-holes, I could not now give my readers so circumstantial a description of what then and there transpired. For instance, one McAllister stripling, who had posted himself at a window outside, where in the darkness he was hidden by a creeping vine, but could see in through a narrow opening beside the window-shade, described the table set in the parlor as looking like the picture in his Sunday-school book of Belshazzar's feast!

It was getting a little dark when the sound of many wheels was heard on the road. Soon, two four-horse carriages dashed up in front of the house with three gentlemen in each. Those in the latter carriage hastened out of it and took a station before the door of the first carriage, as did also two of those in the first carriage. These five gentlemen were some of them very handsome men, and all of them with a decidedly military step and manner. But the last gentleman, for whom the others stood and respectfully waited to alight, was in civilian costume with broad facings of the finest fur to his overcoat. As he came up the step, he courteously offered his hand to his host, saying: "McAllister, I am glad to find myself in your house."

These gentlemen went directly to their rooms, and in about an hour came down to the parlor, where the dinner was very private and lasted till late in the evening. It must have been a stately affair, judging from what was afterwards told about it by peeping Tom McAllister, who during the whole time kept his hiding-place outside the window. The gentlemen were all dressed in scarlet coats, except the Commodore, who wore a plain black suit. Behind his chair stood one of the gentlemen, and behind him another man in a gorgeous uniform. After the Commodore had been served

the first course, the five gentlemen all took their seats at the table with him, while behind each one's chair there remained one man standing, dressed in scarlet coat, aigulets, small-clothes, and silk stockings, and who continued to wait upon the guests.

The third hour at table is passing, and it was now quite still within, as though the diners were dawdling or dozing over their wine and dessert. For the attendants had been dismissed, and they by this time, as also the whole company of followers and servants, had had their own suppers, and were probably most of them fast asleep. During all this time Mr. McAllister had remained in almost solitary possession of the bar-room, only that sometimes his grown-up son Alick would come in-doors for a few moments and then saunter idly forth again.

Unexpectedly, one of the gentlemen came from the parlor into the bar-room to say that "his Excellency the Commodore would be glad of the pleasure of a glass of wine with his host." On receiving this invitation, Mr. McAllister followed the bearer of it into the parlor, where he was courteously received by the company; who, however, betrayed a little surprise when he seated himself at table in the vacant chair opposite the Commodore, who, on his part, welcomed him by saying that "he wished to thank his host for the comfort and good cheer he had found at his house."

To this McAllister replied, "You owe me no thanks for that, sir; for really your own people left me nothing to do."

"Pardon me," interrupted the Commodore, "I'm an old traveller, and know when I have found a good stopping-place. But you are Scotch, I believe, Mr. McAllister?"

"No, sir, I am an American," was the reply.

"But," persisted his questioner, "your family is from Scotland? I've a good deal of Scotch blood too, though born in England. So let us have a Scotch toast. I give you '*The Thistle*.'"

"And its '*motto*,'" added the host as an amendment, and bowed respectfully as he raised his glass.

"Well thought of," rejoined the Commodore. "*Nemo me lacessit impune*. It is the right motto for a gallant people."

One of the company then suggested, that the Thistle and its motto would make a good device for their host to have painted up over the door of his house, as his was a Scotch name. To this McAllister replied,

"The Thistle is a pretty flower enough, but I would rather not see too many of them about. I like it, though, better than a garter for an emblem or device."

At this remark the Commodore turned to the gentleman on his right, with "Eh, Ned; what do you say to that?"

"But, speaking of the garter," McAllister continued, "I give you a toast:—The Garter and Queen Philippa, may England have many more such Queens."

"By Jove," exclaimed the Commodore, "we must drink that standing," which they did, the Commodore afterwards saying in an undertone, almost to himself, "I must remember and tell that to Addie, when I get home." Then looking up at the walls of the room he remarked, "You have some handsome portraits here, good paintings too, as my friend, the Captain here, assures me, and he has a house full of fine pictures." (It happened that the paintings had been brought that day from the McAllisters' bed-room and hung up in the parlor, to make it more cheerful for this special occasion.)

"They are the work of a poor young fellow who happened along this way a year or two ago, and are said to be good likenesses," was the explanatory reply.

"Then," rejoined the Commodore, "your wife and daughter must be very handsome women. In fact we've been discussing among ourselves which of the two portraits is the handsomest."

At this stage of the conversation a pause happening to occur, Mr. McAllister rose to go; at which one of the party

remarked to him, that they expected to resume their journey the next day about noon, and the gentlemen soon after retired to their chambers. Two sleepy servants then came in to remove the plate and porcelain from the table, and McAllister was left to himself. He was soon joined by his wife and oldest daughter Mary, who, with pardonable female curiosity, had rushed from their retreat to hear all that could be told of the events of the evening. They had been conferring together for some little time quite leisurely in the parlor just vacated by their guests, when the Commodore's servant made his appearance, saying that his master wished to know "if they would have the kindness to send a Scotch warming-pan up to his room?"

At this Mrs. McAllister turned to her husband, saying, "There are only the two old brass warming-pans in the house. But," she added, "they may set the bed afire, if they don't know how to use them."

"Jenny," said the husband to his wife, "you'd better take the pans up and warm the beds yourself." So Mrs. McAllister, followed by her daughter to assist her, went to get a warming-pan, and fill it with bright coals, which she took up-stairs, while her husband stood ruminating before the embers of the parlor fire.

Suddenly his ear was startled by a cry, then the loud slamming of a chamber door, and down came—almost tumbled—his honored and cherished wife, down the narrow angular front stair-way, and rushing in she threw herself, half fainting, on her husband's broad chest, and clasped her arms convulsively about his neck. Hardly had she uttered two or three almost inaudible words in his ear, when in flew their terrified daughter Mary, and in a manner almost precisely similar, threw herself upon her mother.

Souls of Puritan saints! Beatified spirits! Ye who were long since ascended to the New Jerusalem! Ye whose raised spirits have become purer and subtler than the light!

whose souls are refined finer than the electric fluid that flows through the densest substance to the ends of the earth ! ye who stand upon the thinnest of fleecy clouds as upon a rock, and who walk in meads watered by rivers as invisible to mortal eye as are the waves of sound ! or, perhaps, enjoy a heat ineffable that would turn our purest gold to vapor, and breathe an atmosphere that, to the most delicate mortal thing that lives, would be a void ! crowned and immortal ones ! if ye yet can see or be moved by aught of this life's ills ; and one of your heavenly choir happened, at the instant, to look toward this earth of ours, she must have struck a false note on her harp when one of the Commodore's friends, a red-coated, befrilled, nubbly-faced old roué, leeringly thrust his fingers into young Mary McAllister's snowy bosom !

The daughter's two or three whispered words were caught by the father's quick ear. "Wife," said he calmly and gently, "go to your room. Mary, go with your mother."

Mr. McAllister, on being left alone, stood thoughtful for a few moments ; then he walked to the door that opened out into the entry, and shouted up the stair-way, in a deep heavy voice, "Commodore, Commodore, Commodore !" At the last of these thunder-tones one of the chamber doors opened, and a gentleman half undressed stepped forth to ask what was the matter.

"Captain," said McAllister sternly, "tell your master he must leave my house, with all his followers, within half an hour."

Another guest put his head out of another door, and asked if the house was on fire. "No," was the reply ; "but it soon will be if you are not out of it. By the living G-d, I'll burn it down over your heads."

The two gentlemen stood a moment as if considering the situation, and one suggested, "We are a strong party, and can prevent you from committing any such folly."

In the mean time young McAllister, who was lounging

about out of doors, had entered on hearing his father's loud voice.

"Alick," said the old man, "run with your brothers to the neighbors and tell them to hurry here, quick ; I want their help to clear these people out of my house. Stay, though," he quickly added as Alick made for the door ; "set fire to"—so much of the angry man's order was heard by all ; but the concluding words, "to the smoke-house ; it's full of bacon and will make a blaze that 'll bring the neighbors"—were heard by his son only, who rushed forth without question or reply.

Again the gentlemen sought to remonstrate with and pacify their enraged host ; to which his only reply was, "Make the most of your half-hour, or you 'll be hunted down like wild Indians." One of the gentlemen's valets was now heard descending the back stairs, and to hurry out of the house by a side door. In a few seconds after, a low bugle-note was sounded, which seemed to bring the sleepers to their feet as by magic. For in this party of travellers so perfect was the discipline, that one or two were always detailed to watch, while the others slept.

In much less than five minutes every man was busy with his duties. There was bustle and despatch with almost no noise : hardly a word or sound but only the swinging to and fro of lanterns. In less than ten minutes the horses were completely harnessed, and the wagons at the doors receiving their luggage ; before the end of another ten minutes everything was nicely packed, and the gentlemen were seated in their carriages ready for a start. This was delayed for a moment only while one of the Commodore's friends approached McAllister, who was standing apart on the porch of his house, and forced something into his hands ; which, as soon as he felt its size and weight, he dashed from him ; and, it happening to strike the stone steps, the fire-new guineas glistened in the light as they hopped and rolled in all directions, some

of which were instantly picked up by the bystanders waiting for the order to start. They had but few seconds to hunt for many of the precious little pieces, for just at that moment the pent-up flames of the smoke-house burst forth on the midnight darkness, and as the whole party dashed off every man and horse could be counted by its light half a mile away.

The departing guests were hardly out of sight before the neighbors began to arrive. Their curiosity was, for the time, satisfied on being told that a large party of travellers had been conducting themselves in an improper and riotous manner, so that the landlord had ordered them to leave.

In less than two months from this time the McAllisters had sold their inheritance, and were gone to join their brothers and cousins in the Far West. It is probable, however, that before his removal Mr. McAllister saw enough in the New York papers to make him aware of the quality of the guests he had so resolutely sent away from his house.

Nearly twelve years after that event, on the 8th of September, 1831, there was a grand and solemn pageant held in London, such as happens only three or four times in the course of a century. If on that day Mrs. McAllister had been in the world's metropolis, and admitted to a seat among the high-born dames that crowded the galleries of Westminster Hall, she might have seen the very man who once gently and graciously took a brass warming-pan filled with live coals out of her hands, and depositing it carefully on the chamber hearth, had then put his arm around her waist—she might have beheld that same man then and there crowned and proclaimed—*William, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, Ireland, and France, of that name the Fourth!*

CHAPTER XV.

WIDOW BATES AND JAKE PEABODY.

AFTER chronicling this last scene in which an English prince with gartered noblemen were the actors, it is a considerable effort for the writer to turn back from so lofty a theme to follow the fortunes of two of the humblest characters in a Berkshire village, Jake Peabody and the widow Bates. But this prince and his knights were long ago down, down among the dead men, while our friends of the little commonwealth of Brookfield yet remain upon the stage to enact their rôle in the drama of life.

Widow Bates was trudging homewards all alone one morning about day-break, after several hours of arduous professional duty, and promising herself the happiness of a little rest in her own bed. When near her own cottage, she saw lying on the ground at the other side of the street an object that was strange to her, though it was partly covered by one of those light fleecy spring snows that sometimes fall in the month of April, but vanish like the mist under a few hours' sunshine. Several years of peripatetic travel at all hours of the day or night through the same streets and lanes had made her familiar with every boulder, log, and stump, with every post and fence-rail; but the object she now saw was a strange one, and almost before her own windows.

The widow lacked timidity, as she did several other gentle qualities of her sex; so she walked straight up to this novel object, to satisfy herself of its nature. She stood a moment beside it, still wondering what it could be, but guessed it was something that had tumbled off somebody's loaded wagon. With the corner of her shawl she brushed off the snow, ex-

claiming the moment she did so, "Ef it ain't a man! and bottom-side up, too!"

"Well, what be you doing here? I'd like to know;" she added in a sharp tone as she gave the body a push with her foot, for it was in a kind of doubled-up, kneeling posture, with the head almost touching the ground. "Come, wake up; who be yer?" and she stooped down and took hold of his beard, which caused the snow to fall from the face. "Jake Peabody! drunk, too? Why, Jake, wake up! Folks said you'd gi'n up drinking," and she jerked at his whiskers, and shook his lifeless form without causing the least movement or sign of vitality. She pushed open one of his eyelids, and a dull, fixed stare replied to her own gaze. "Dead! drunk, and froze to death! Oh, what a world! that mothers should bear and nurse sons to come to such an awful end!" And moralizing thus she hastened across the street to the cottage next her own, and rapped on the window, exclaiming: "Get up, quick; here's Jake Peabody laying out in the road, dead."

While the neighbor, summoned by the widow's well-known voice, was hurrying on his clothes, she stepped over to her own home, and called up Sally, her lone servant, from her lodging in the narrow triangular space close under the cottage roof. The widow and her neighbor came forth almost at the same moment, and went to take up poor Jake from his cold and stony resting-place.

"Take him right into my house," said the widow, lifting up the lifeless man's trailing feet, while her neighbor raised him by the shoulders. "Sally's building a fire; that don't matter though, for he'll never be warm again! but we can lay him on the hearth-rug—and do for him there—all a body ken."

"It's all for this," she continued, "that mothers groan and watch, rock and shift 'em, and get 'em baptised (I remember the Sabbath as 'twas yesterday, his mother had him christened), dress and feed, darn and mend, buy 'em shoes, and

send to school—wash 'em and comb their heads, looking for things—larn 'em hymns and verses—have 'em vax'nated—teach 'em manners—tuck 'em up warm in bed—make 'em say their prayers—(his mother, I dare say, had a time on't getting him thro' teething and worms, measles, mumps, cuts and bumps, whooping-cough, scratches and rashes, chicken-pock and kine-pock, too, maybe). After all's done a poor mother can, just as soon as a boy's big enough to have a pair o' whiskers, he, like's not, takes to swearing and drink, and maybe, turns out like this here one!"

These were the widow's sad reflections, uttered somewhat interjectionally, under the weight of the burden she was helping to carry into her house; and where they laid it on the hearth-rug, before the fire Sally had kindled, and was herself already on a run for the doctor. Meanwhile the two neighbors busied themselves over their lifeless subject, trying to discover if there was any breath or feeling left in him. They loosened his clothing, and tried some of the usual methods for restoring suspended animation, by rolling the body from side to side, and working his arms like two pump-handles up and down over his head, so as to expand the chest; all which movements produced neither warmth nor respiration.

"He's cold, but he wan't froze: see how limp all his joints are," remarked the neighbor, adding, "it wan't cold enough last night to freeze anything."

To this observation the widow oracularly responded: "You don't know that; after a man's been drinking, he'll freeze to death quicker than a new-born babe."

Thereupon the neighbor, after putting his face close to Jake's, rejoined, "He haan't got a drop o' liquor into him, I bet; for I hate it so, I could smell it a rod off."

The widow now put her hand inside Jake's red-flannel waistcoat: "He's as cold as ever a dead man was," she said; and she ran her arm, not as did Mistress Quickly, "up and

up," but down and down, with a different result; for she exclaimed, "He's a leetle warm yet in some spots."

The doctor soon made his appearance; and after pressing with his fingers between the lower ribs of the left side, said, "He's not quite dead; there's just a fluttering of the heart—it may be about the last." He pulled apart his patient's eyelids and ran his fingers slowly through his hair, and remarked—"He's had a blow on the back of his head." So he ordered Jake to be taken up and laid on the mattress, after the widow's thick feather-bed had first been removed; then he forced two or three drops of something that he said was "pretty hot" far back in his throat; and waited a few minutes longer until the widow had, according to his directions, plastered the soles of his patient's feet, and the inside of his legs all the way up, with a strong mustard paste; after which the doctor said he must go home and get his breakfast.

The widow-nurse performed her functions with alacrity; for she thought, and with some reason too, that if this dead man should be brought to life, no small part of the credit would be due to herself. Her exertions were so far rewarded, that, when then the doctor returned, she met him outside the door with, "He breathes, he does, I'm a'most sure on't!"

"Yes; he breathes," said the doctor, after first feeling his patient's pulse, and laying his ear on his chest; then giving a steady look at the pupils of his eyes. "He breathes," he repeated, "but he'll die yet, I fear, unless I can get some blood from him." So saying, he took out a lancet, and as he gave it a thrust, added, "I haven't bled a human being in the last five years, but this is his only chance."

The jet of blood had not tinkled ten seconds in the basin the widow was holding, before Jake astonished the bystanders (among whom there were now several neighbors), not

only by opening his eyes but also his jaws; as he suddenly raised himself and sat bolt upright in bed as though he had been galvanized back into a brief existence, exclaiming: "Whoah, yer darn'd critter; what's the matter on ye? I bet it's one o' them ere pesky little stuns's got stuck in the frog o' yer huff. Whoah, now; lift up, who—" At this last half-finished ejaculation Jake fell backwards on the bed almost as suddenly as he had first started up out of his inanimate state; but not so lifeless, for vitality had returned; as his eyes with dilated pupils rolled about in a vacant stare, and his chest heaved and puffed like a blacksmith's bellows, while the doctor, with his fingers on his patient's pulse, said his heart was "pumping away like a fire-engine."

Among the bystanders was a messenger from the Red House. He had been sent to the village to learn what had become of Jake; for his horses must have come home by themselves some time during the night, as they were found at daylight in the morning quietly standing before the stable-door. Some of the neighbors said that they "heer'd a carriage coming down the hill some time after midnight, and know'd it must be Jake's team a-going hum from the big weddin'."

When Jake, after his sudden and brief return of vital power, sank back upon the bed, the doctor calmly remarked, "We'll have a case of brain-fever to treat here;" and he gave the bystanders to comprehend that the day for returning their fellow-mortal to the bosom of his mother earth was indefinitely postponed. It was necessary to decide at once what was to be done with the patient, who was then lying on the widow's only bed. But when the doctor suggested that he be taken home without delay before the fever set in, the bystanders, to whom Jake was popularly known, agreed that his garret at the Red House was no place for him to be sick and perhaps die in. Even the widow said he could not have proper care in such a place, and otherwise manifested

no impatience to get him out of her little house ; though it had but two rooms, a kitchen and bed-room, besides the little triangular region under the roof, tenanted by the widow's ancillary companion. It happened that Mr. Lawrence, who had heard of Jake's mishap, entered the room just as the question of his immediate removal was being mooted. He took the widow aside, and in the conference that ensued she was heard to say, "Yes, sir, I guess I can make a shake-down for myself on the kitchen floor. He can jest stay where he is, poor fellow, and it shan't be my fault ef he don't do well."

So the care and comfort of the patient being thus provided for, he was left alone with his doctor and nurse, who proceeded straightway with their functions, such as first shaving his head, then applying leeches to the swelling, succeeded by a nice large poultice of pounded ice to the injured part. The effect of these and other appropriate ministrations was that Jake fell off into a kind of restless sleep.

Through the first stage of his illness he was unconscious, with a mild form of delirium, in which he seemed to be thinking aloud, or talking to himself or his horses ; all, of course, quite incoherently, so that his attendants paid little attention to either his mutterings or his ejaculations. One day, however, they were surprised and almost terrified by a change in Jake's monotonous and feeble utterances ; for, as they affirmed, he began to talk in an "unknown tongue !"

The doctor was instantly sent for in some alarm ; and who, when he came, after listening a few moments, said : "Oh, that's nothing ; just some Latin words about dogs and horses and grass and fields he heard the boys recite when he was at school at the Academy. His brain secreted them, just as the other glands of the body secrete and sponge up things ; and now it's getting rid of them,—throwing them off. So much the better ; for it's always best to throw off anything in our systems that we don't want or can't assimilate."

But, unfortunately for the old doctor's glib materialistic theories of the mind's operations, Jake kept up a continued repetition of a certain set of words, which would appear to prove that, for some reason, they must have once made a special impression on his sensorium. "Yet," added the doctor, "this is an interesting phase in the patient's symptoms, and I must bring my reverend and learned friend, Mr. Hopkins, to witness the phenomenon, as there are but few such cases on record."

Accordingly, an hour or two afterwards the doctor returned, bringing the schoolmaster with him, and they found Jake still muttering in an "unknown tongue."

"He has got hold of a familiar couplet from Horace," said Mr. Hopkins, "but there's a word he can't recall, for you see he stops each time at the same place." And so indeed he did, continuing his repetitions without taking notice of the new-comers who stood at his bedside ; nor had he from the first ever shown the least recognition of anybody about him.

"He knows no Latin," remarked Mr. Hopkins ; "nor indeed could I get much English into him during the few winter months he was in my school." Then as Jake came again to his stopping-place, Mr. Hopkins pronounced the missing word—"aprici."

"*Gramine campi*," quickly shouted the delirious man with energy, as he started up in bed and stared at his friendly prompter. Then going back to the beginning of the distich, he repeated very correctly, as he kept his eyes fixed on his old master :—

*Imberbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque et aprici gramine campi.*

The being able to repeat these lines, of which he understood not one word, seemed to comfort and soothe the patient's delirium more than anything that had been done for

him. For he sank back in bed, and said them over and over many times, keeping his face always turned towards Mr. Hopkins; and he followed the schoolmaster with his eyes until he finally left the house in company with the doctor, who said to his companion, as they walked away together, "My learned friend, you have done what drugs could never do, you have cast the evil spirit out of my patient, or, in other words, you have helped the brain to throw off and expel something that was obstructing its operations, so that it could not connect or associate the present with the past—or, what is equivalent, it could not remember things. You have brought back, as I saw by the expression of his eye, the first glimmer of intelligence the man has had since the morning he was hurt, which is now some two weeks since. He'll straightway amend from this very hour."

"Ah, doctor," replied Mr. Hopkins, "the human soul is a mystery that will never be explored by our finite physical senses. As our mutual friend Shakspeare says, 'the eye sees not itself.'"

"No," rejoined the medical man; "but it can see other eyes exactly like itself. Why, then, cannot the mind's eye see the mind?"

"What is it that we call the mind's eye? Imagination, fancy, not reason," exclaimed the schoolmaster.

"Yet," persisted the doctor, "what but this mind's eye, or imagination, enables you to perceive anything of sentiment and feeling, or discourse on truths in morals or religion?"

Again the reverend schoolmaster:—"We do not need to see moral and religious forces as you see nerves and blood-vessels; but we do perceive the result of their operations with our physical senses as plainly as you can see the action of the vital forces, and demonstrate if their course is healthy and natural, or morbid and disordered."

The doctor would not give up his position, but threw out another defence by saying, "Whatever we imagine to be true

in physics, or think we see with our mind's eye, we straightway test by an infinite number of rigid experiments, and if our surmise is not proven we reject it."

"Right," quickly rejoined the schoolmaster; "and so do we verify our systems of morals and religion, which are both of them *à posteriori* sciences of the grandest scope; resting indeed, not on experiments repeated as we will, at any hour, but on experiments that have been performed for us through all the lapse of time, occupying, it may be, a day, a year, a generation; or extending back through centuries, and even thousands of years; and which reveal to our reason a moral law or a religious truth, as plainly and positively as your chemical experiments reveal any physical fact."

By this time the two friendly disputants had arrived at the gateway of the academy grounds, whereupon the M.D. remarked, "Well, my learned friend, *me piget*; this material fence of stone posts and wooden rails cuts off our intellectual fencing about external causes and effects."

"Ah, doctor," said his friend, "that's your old way, when you find yourself cornered you escape by a pleasant jest."

"Results! what do you call results?" soliloquized the champion of physics, as he walked away. "Results! your century and thousand-year experiments give variable and contradictory results, while our sciences afford positive and uniform results."

Whatever of fallacy there may have been in the doctor's speculations on subjects beyond the sphere of his professional knowledge, his predictions regarding his patient's recovery proved correct. For Jake, after wearying himself with endless repetitions of his two lines of Horace, fell off into a slumbering state which continued for several days. When aroused, he seemed each day to take more and more notice of persons and things. He also showed some relish for food; and the doctor, every time he felt his pulse, declared he was gaining strength. "He'll wake up some morning in his right

mind," said the doctor to his nurse, "and you must be careful not to excite him with talking."

And so it fell out; for Jake opened his eyes one morning after a long night of unbroken, natural sleep, and the first object that met his attention was his nurse, who stood at the foot of the bed.

"Ain't you widow Bates, ma'am?" he inquired in a deliberate tone, after staring at her for a few seconds. This question was replied to by another:

"You feel much better this morning, don't you, Mr. Peabody?"

"I feel well enough," was the answer, "but where be I? This ain't my bed I'm in at the Red House. Let me git up and dress myself, it's late."

"Why, Mr. Peabody, if you got out o' bed, you're so weak you couldn't begin to stand on your legs; you'd tumble right down flat on the floor, you would. You've bin so sick, and out o' your head, too, for quite a while; and Mr. Lawrence agreed with me to nurse and take care of you."

"Whar's Mr. Lawrence? I must go see him right away," exclaimed the sick man.

"You keep quiet," was his nurse's reply, "and I'll send for him to come here by'n by and see you. So be patient, Jacob, and don't fret; if you worry you'self now you'r so weak, you may be took worse again. The doctor says you'll be well now in a few days, if you mind and do jist as he tells you. So you lie quiet like a good soul, while I go and get your breakfast ready."

When about an hour later the doctor and Mr. Lawrence came in together, and the latter took Jake's hand with a kind and cheerful salutation, the sick man tried to raise himself in bed, but sank back again, saying: "Squa'ar, about them horses up at the Red House——"

"The horses are in fine condition," said Mr. Lawrence,

"and if you continue to gain strength, you'll soon be able to drive them again."

Jake, after a pause, said: "I dreamt o' them hosses only last night; and tho't they'd run'd away with me. One on 'em, I tho't, by his limping, had got a stun stuck in his huff. So I dreamt I jist twisted the reins 'reound the whip-stock, and got down off the box to git it out: and jist as I bent over and knocked it out, they started off, and the wheel struck me a powerful blow right on the top o' my head."

"Put up your hand," said the doctor, "and feel the top of your head." Jake did so, and was evidently puzzled at finding no hair there.

"What you think you dreamed last night," the doctor then explained, "really happened just three weeks ago; and you were picked up in the road for dead by our friend here, good Mrs. Bates."

As evidence of the sick man's rapid convalescence, it happened a few mornings after, that on first opening his eyes, he saw an object that considerably interested him, but which he could only contemplate in silence. This was no other than a female figure in slippers, corsets, and a shrunken flannel petticoat, standing with her back towards him, and vigorously combing her hair before the little looking-glass. Her hair was long, brown, and a plenty of it. And as she lifted first one side of it and then the other, and drew it forwards over her shoulder for hetcheling, those shoulders were to be seen in fine relief, sloping, fair, and plump, without pimple or blotch. After the combing was completed, as she twisted up her hair, and threw her arms back over her head to stick in one hair-pin after another, and finally her little horn comb, those arms were seen round and smooth; which action also lifted the chest so as to reveal a well-developed bust of alabaster whiteness. Moreover, the convalescent could not help observing the feet and ankles, where, too, all was tapering and smooth, under a pair of well-fitting stockings.

The figure, as a whole, was certainly not tall, slender, or graceful. Yet Jake had considerable skill in judging of an animal's "points," and all he there saw won his approbation. The hair-combing being completed, the female figure vanished through the door into the kitchen. Jake turned over on his side with a long breath, such as sentimental writers would perhaps call a sigh. The figure soon returned wearing a heavy, rusty old black bombazine dress, that she had slipped over her head, and which she proceeded to hook and fasten with the celerity that marked all her movements, and otherwise to complete her morning toilet by putting on a strip of white collar, and then an old woman's high, wide frilled cap, and finally adjusting upon her nose a heavy old-fashioned pair of spectacles.

After this transformation was finished, she turned square about to look at her patient, and seeing he was awake, kindly inquired, "How do you feel now, Mr. Peabody?"

Jake, who saw that the fairy apparition whose points he had been studying was no other than his old [P] nurse, Mrs. Bates, simply answered, "I guess I'm about well; I'd like to git up and dress myself."

"No, Jacob; you ain't strong enough to do that yet, or you might have a relapse," was the nurse's reply, "and then it would take all summer to get you well again."

The poor, weak man, who had learned obedience to his nurse and doctor, passively yielded to this injunction, and was thus fated for several successive mornings to witness the widow's toilet, and her process for transforming herself from a woman of an uncertain age to a by no means good-looking old woman.

This was an enigma for the sick man on which he had ample leisure to puzzle his then weak brain, but without getting a satisfactory solution. Youth is everything to a woman as it is to horses. How then could a woman gain anything by making herself look at least twenty years older than she

really was? Though Jake was shrewd for one of his class, the reader will more readily comprehend than he did the widow's motive.

She gained her living—and a good living, too—as the village nurse. Very early in her experience she had discovered that, especially in her vocation, length of years carried with them professional consideration and profit. She therefore as properly put on an old woman's cap and spectacles as other people adopt outward personal marks appropriate to their several callings; the clergyman his long black coat and sober hat; the sportsmen, their rakish velvet cutaways, loud waistcoats, and heavy gold pins and chains; the artist, his flowing locks and beard; the soldier, his short hair and moustache; and by which marks each one is content to be recognized.

In regard to the widow's finishing her dressing before the looking-glass in the room where Jake lay, that was a necessary occurrence. On that morning when he observed her, she was only doing just what she had been obliged to do every morning since she first gave up her own bed to her almost lifeless patient, and had since accommodated herself on the floor in the adjoining kitchen. And she must continue to do this until she could again get possession of her own sanctum. Most certainly she could not at first have known that she was observed by the convalescent; and whether on any subsequent morning she chanced to discover that Jake's eyes were following all her movements, is more than can now be even surmised. Certain it is that he, on his part, knew too little of the science of optics to be aware of the simplest of its mathematical laws,—that the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection; and consequently, if he could see the widow reflected in the glass before which she was dressing, she could also see him as he lay in bed, and perhaps notice the direction of his eyes.

The fine spring days now came on bright and warm; and

Jake was allowed to have his clothes on and sit by the open window, where nearly every passer-by stopped to inquire after his welfare and congratulate him on his wonderful recovery. For he had previously been popular, notwithstanding his known tipping propensities. This popularity, or general good-will, was owing to his remarkably "obliging disposition," for he seemed not to value his own pains if he could do any one a service. The Lawrences frequently sent chops and steaks, or generous slices of roast beef from their own table. The landlady of the Red House contributed sundry bottles of good ale to strengthen him. Even poor Matilda Moore brought him a pair of her own spring chickens, and, more than once, a half-dozen of fresh eggs. The horses were also several times driven down from the Red House, for Jake to see that they had been well cared for during his illness. They evidently knew his voice, for whenever he spoke to them from the open window, they tossed their heads, pawed the ground, and bent their necks far round to get a sight of him.

In short, this humble fellow, who thought nothing of himself, had, by his own good-nature, his improved habits, his late prosperous enterprise in the horse business, and above all by his marvellous recovery from an almost fatal accident, become the object of general interest to the community of Brookfield, and especially to widow Bates' neighbors and friends; so that all expressed regret, and the women especially, that he must soon go back to that hateful old Red House stable and bar-room, where the chances were ten to one that, sooner or later, he would lapse again into his old drinking ways.

The spring days still rolled on brighter and warmer. The robins had moulted and were singing in couples among the branches of the great elms; while the peach and apple trees were masses of blossoms. Not less marked is the change that takes place at this season of the year in the style of female dress, from heavy and dark materials to something

lighter and gayer. Widow Bates had been among the first to make this customary change, and now appeared in a brilliant calico. Her cap, too, was of a much smarter pattern than any she had before worn, and quite too small to hide her brown hair. Nor had she on her spectacles, as late one afternoon she sat by an open window in the early twilight, darning a stocking.

Jake, who by this time seemed wholly recovered, was lounging about in front of her cottage, when a female neighbor came along, and after eying the widow a moment, exclaimed, "Why, deu tell! if that ar's yeu, Lois? A body 'ud never a' thought o' its being yeu, if yeu warn't sitting at hum, in your own house." After which salutation the speaker entered the open door and sat down for a little neighborly gossip; beginning with, "How dreadful warm it's bin to-day; folks say they never know'd things so foward as they be this spring."

"I'm thankful to have one early spring," composedly replied the widow; "last summer was a famous bad one for farmers."

To which the neighbor replied, "Well, I guess this summer will be a good one for some folks here, as I've hear'n tell, that's going to take York people to board with 'em."

"Yes, I've heer'd say there's several families a-going to take city boarders," remarked the widow.

To which her neighbor rejoined: "Well, did you ever hear tell o' such awful prices as they're going to git? five and seven dollars a week! I deu declare, it's sinful! For my part I can't see, for the life o' me, what possesses them rich city folks to come up here and spend their time and money on these condemned old hills and rocks."

Just then Jake happened to pass before the open window, which suggested a new theme for the neighbor's inquisitive remarks. "Jake 'll have to go back again up to the Red House and go to work now pretty soon, I guess. Squire

Lawrence, rich as he is, won't want to pay for his keep and doctoring much longer, I guess."

"He ain't going back to the Red House at all," replied the widow; "he can do better than that. He's goin' to stay jist where he is; and he's going to set up a livery stable right here in town."

"What, and board here 'long with you; why you ain't got no room, Lois, to keep boarders!" exclaimed the neighbor, as she glanced around the interior of the widow's contracted dwelling.

Hereupon Jake's voice was heard outside in pretty clear tones: "I guess there won't be no trouble about room; Parson Bullock knows a way to fix all that in about five minutes."

If a double-headed fire-cracker had exploded under the neighbor's chair there could not have been a more sudden pause in the conversation. This was broken by the widow, who simperingly exclaimed—

"Why, Jacob, what made you go and tell it right off that way? You've jist let the cat right out o' the bag, you hev."

This confirmation seemed almost to paralyze the neighbor's tongue. She could only reply with the common phrase, "Wonders will never cease," as she took her leave and walked slowly out of the cottage. Before she had gone many steps, her pace quickened almost to a run from house to house, to spread the first tidings of the "new engagement."

Of course there was surprise, with the customary comments on such occasions; but the public verdict was not unfavorable. Their ages were made nearly to agree, by taking a few years from the widow's and adding a few to Jake's. He had nothing, while she had a house of her own. So the match was pronounced fit and proper. After this there was no ceremonious delay in calling in the Rev. Mr. Bullock, who quickly converted the widow Bates into Mrs. Jacob Peabody.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXCLUSIVENESS.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the events just narrated, other things were happening in the little town of Brookfield, and which, though not very remarkable, must be related, as they have an influence on the after-fortunes of persons already brought forward in the course of this history: as there sometimes may be seen upon a mountain range a brook turned aside by a boulder, which accidentally determined, long ages ago, into which of two oceans, thousands of miles apart, that brook should flow after it had become a mighty river.

Of these I will first speak of Colonel Alexander Phipps and his sister Miss Virginia, though for the present they have not much effect on the progress of my narrative. Indeed, they lived too much by themselves and apart from the rest of the world, while their intercourse with the community was of too formal a kind to admit of their being concerned, or by chance mixed up, in other people's affairs.

Their dwelling stood apart from others, at least a mile westward from the centre of the town. Many like it may be seen in the older States,—large, old-fashioned, and a good deal out of repair. The quaint carvings about the doors and windows were breaking and dropping off, while the whole building had been allowed to go for years without a new coat of paint. The condition of the once handsome fence and gate-way harmonized well with that of the house. The wooden globes that surmounted its tall posts had become cracked and seamed by many years of alternate frost and

heat; while the rails were kept from falling by unsightly mendings. The barns and out-houses far in the rear were to be seen still more dilapidated.

These appearances, though indicating decay both of family and estate, caused little thought or trouble to the solitary pair who had inherited the place; and who, though only brother and sister, had become inseparable and just as necessary each to the other, by force of circumstance, as were ever a husband and wife.

No signal misfortune nor any positive vice had contributed to bring about this state of unthrift in the affairs of the Phippses. The only vice that the Colonel indulged in, in a small way, was stopping sometimes at the Red House, and, as we have there presented him in a previous scene, sitting down to a game of cards with any like-minded gentry he happened to meet there; though among the party there often happened to be a drover or two, or even a peddler. That his losses were not heavy was because the play was light. Yet he did lose small sums pretty steadily; and this proved inconvenient to one whose ready cash was always in limited supply, though his acres were many.

Though Miss Virginia was aware of this her brother's unlucky failing, it was one for which she censured him but mildly; while for other things of less importance she could scold him roundly enough. Indeed, the Colonel in his bachelorhood enjoyed one privilege incident to the married state—that of being well scolded at times by a shrill female tongue—his maiden sister's; who, on her part, was more fortunate than are many spinsters in having a man to scold, and one, too, who on his part was just as much obliged to take it with no chance of escape, while she laid it on with as good a will as if she had been giving it to a lawful husband. But she could not find it in her heart to object to her brother's occasional though expensive recreation. For she knew that, time out of mind, gaming had been one of the special privi-

leges of the aristocratic classes—"the varnish of a complete gentleman," as unquestionably as that "reckoning becometh the spirit of a tapster."

The Colonel could not properly be said to be a reading man, though he read a good deal; but neither poetry, history, science, nor even novels. What could he read then? Why, he conned every word of a violently partisan newspaper, and had several old volumes of a Washington journal, in which were recorded the details of political squabbling in a bygone generation. He had also a few books on Theology and Genealogy, in both which subjects he took great interest. These served to fill up most of his leisure time, of which he had a good deal, as he was but little in the society of his neighbors and fellow-townsmen.

So the bachelor and spinster lived on, year after year, a placid kind of life, without being very happy, but rather the reverse. Indeed, they may be said to have been contented without being happy! For they lived upon an idea; that is, they lived in the past, regarding themselves as the surviving representatives of a superior class now nearly extinct in that section of country. They therefore could take little interest in things of the present, and still less in the probable future. Such people comfort themselves with a belief that the world won't last much longer, since so much that they prize is visibly passing away. But to this habitual indifference or negligence of the ordinary concerns of life there was, on the Colonel's part, one marked exception,—he took a lively interest in the county militia, in which his ambition and energy had won for him the rank of a Brevet Brigadier-General.

The Colonel and his sister, in the course of their stagnant kind of life, permitted themselves the enjoyment of one dignified sensation every year; which consisted in an annual visit of a month, in winter, to the capital. There the Colonel could converse with high political dignitaries; and where at

the same time Miss Virginia found a small circle of exclusive lady friends, rather stupid perhaps, but who welcomed her instinctively as one of their own order.

But these delightful winter visits cost the Phippses money, ready cash, and a good deal of it, and therefore entailed some pinching and shuffling at home throughout the rest of the year. Hence there was a chance for speculators and shrewd persons to drive sharp bargains. But of the several business transactions in which the Colonel got worsted, that one by which he sold off a considerable part of his standing timber he had the most reason to repent. In that hilly and mountainous country, wood-land and waste land were regarded as about the same thing. But since the era of Railroads this fact had been reversed; as the Colonel would have learned if he had condescended to a little more familiar converse with the people about him. Moreover, his wood-land was the only part of his estate that could not, like his grain land, mowing, or pastures, be injured by his habitual shiftless management; since without care or cultivation his trees, if let alone, would grow day and night, making him richer every hour, even while he slept, or, what was far less profitable, while he puzzled over his theological and genealogical books.

So it fell out, in one of his straitened or impecunious moods, that a contract was duly signed and sealed, with a few hundred dollars paid down by a couple of rough-looking strangers; the result of which was, that the long familiar trees began to disappear from their places on the mountain side, as if cut down by the scythe of some invisible Titanic mower. The waving glory of the hills, the nodding pines and oaks, chestnuts and maples, were whisked away as though they had been but garden weeds, and on the naked slopes were soon to be seen only countless stumps half hidden by withered bushes. After this consummation the proud owner had the satisfaction to discover that what he had sold for

hundreds he might have got thousands for. Indeed, if those same trees were standing now, they would be worth tens of thousands.

The Colonel once made an enterprising effort in the way of business, of a kind well suited to the dignity and station of a country gentleman; and which, indeed, is only practicable for persons of that class. He had imported from England a few choice cattle, intending to make an extensive stock farm of his fine old place, for which it was well adapted. The undertaking would have succeeded in careful hands. But, as it turned out, the delicately bred and well-tended animals, just from English stalls and pastures, could not thrive under the rough and negligent management they met with in their new home, in this severer American climate. So that this experiment turned out disastrously, and but one hardy old bull survived to remunerate his owner.

Miss Virginia was probably more successful in her administration of the in-door department of the Phipps establishment. At least she did not make things worse; unless by her pride, which may be said to have a good deal separated her from the warm sympathies of her neighbors. This protected her from the usual familiarity and intermeddling of country life; but from which there are benefits as well as annoyances. For the talk and even the prying questions of friendly neighbors may be of advantage if we do not keep ourselves too much aloof.

On one subject Miss Phipps' pride was of the most harmless kind. She was proud of her baptismal name; a name so suggestive of purity, grace, and dignity—Virginia! no more beautiful or harmonious word ever came from human lips. But the pleasure was not wholly unalloyed of bearing so sweet a name as Virginia, since the ears of its fortunate possessor were almost daily bored with a murdered pronunciation by vulgar tongues of its finely jointed syllables. Uneducated or common people, and especially children, who called

at her house on some chance errand, would inquire for, or address her as Miss Jenny, or Miss Jinny, or Waginey.

From the Colonel's bad management it may have happened that more than an equal part of the daily cares and troubles of life fell to the share of the sister partner in the concern. As, for instance, one morning a boy was seen coming down the main road from the town towards the house, and driving a cow; yet not exactly driving, but rather leading her by a stout rope around her horns. Nor, strictly speaking, could it be said that he was leading her, but rather by turns hauling her, and being hauled by her. For the animal was wayward and almost unmanageable by so young a keeper; as she would sometimes stop stock-still, then start into a run, after which she would walk quietly enough for a short distance, and then again she'd wheel suddenly round and take the back track; so that the boy, who all the while kept his hold of the rope, was once or twice seen rolling in the dirt.

Nevertheless the two still kept bending towards their purpose, and finally reached their destination in front of the Colonel's house; where the boy, after quickly making the animal fast by two or three turns of the rope around the fence, directed his steps through the yard towards the barn.

He was called to from an open window by Miss Virginia, who said, "Boy, you must wait till some one comes; there's no one about now;" adding somewhat testily to herself, as she closed the window, "the Colonel might have been home an hour ago, if he had any thoughts of attending to his own business."

The case would admit of no delay, for the restive creature set up a loud lowing, and her impatient call was instantly replied to by a yet louder bellow that came from the direction of the cattle-stalls. On being thus answered, the cow began to tug at her rope, and to butt and push furiously at the fence, which was not in a condition to stand any great strain.

Miss Virginia, who saw that the occasion demanded haste, quickly came forth into the yard, and telling the boy "to unhitch her, quick;" she went a few rods towards the fields and began to call out "Sam! ho, Sam! Sam! ho, Sam!" But no Sam was within hearing; and if there had been, he could not have come quickly enough to prevent the cracking and crashing that instantly ensued. For the boy tried in vain to loose the tether while the cow was tugging at it, so the rotten post gave way, and down came two lengths of fencing flat with the ground, and the creature, finding herself free, went off at a gallop towards the barn-yard, the boy hastily following.

But this was not the catastrophe. The bellowing from stalls now deepened almost to a roar, accompanied by a fearful percussion of hoofs and horns on boards and planks that made everything shake. So Miss Virginia, who happily was gifted with energy for emergencies, hurried after the boy and his cow.

"Boy," she said, "drive her 'round there," indicating the direction by a motion of her hand. So the boy and his cow disappeared round the corner of the barn. The lady cautiously approached the stall whence proceeded this sound of angry rattling and bellowing. The door was old and not of the strongest, and might burst open at any moment from the excited forces pent up within. For this stall-door was like many other things about the place. The latch or fastening had got out of order some ten years before, and could have been mended in ten minutes at any time since. But its repair having been neglected, the broken latch was vicariously replaced by a big stick propped against the door.

Therefore, in the untimely absence not only of her gallant brother, but of her man-servants and maid-servants, Miss Virginia was herself fain to approach cautiously and throw down the wooden prop. The moment she performed that feat, out jumped a splendid large red Ayrshire bull. He

pawed the ground a moment, snuffed the air, gave the earth one dig with his horn, then kicking up his heels, he also disappeared around the corner of the barn.

Fortunately the lady was not injured, though she might have been, and seriously, too, by her daring procedure; as the stall-door flew open with such violence that she barely got out of its way. But no harm was done save to her temper and her lofty antique cap, which fell to the ground. She picked it up, and after brushing off the barn-yard chaff, tried to readjust it on her poll; but the place not being well adapted for such a nice toilet process, she carried it dangling by the strings as she walked slowly back to the house, with no pleased expression of countenance, while the baldness of her respectable crown, covered only by scanty back hair of silver gray, and heavy artificial front curls, was unmasked to the garish eye of the all-kissing sun.

Great Nature! In ten minutes after the moving incidents just narrated, that same boy with his cow might have been seen quietly pursuing the even tenor of their way back to town. There was now no jerking or pulling, no sudden halts or runnings backward, but all was tranquil. The boy whistled as he walked along, carelessly holding one end of the slack and trailing tether. They were, however, stopped for a few moments by a gentleman on horseback—no other than the Colonel, pricking his way leisurely homewards—who thus accosted them: "Boy, whose cow's that?"

"Deacon Tinkham's ceow, sir; been deown to git sarved; by golly, the old red's good yit, he is," was the pleased reply.

"Did you bring the money?" was the next question.

"No, sir, I guess not; the deacon said you might charge it, and he'd 'llow it on yer store account."

"Charge it," repeated the Colonel contemptuously, as he rode on, with a frown of disappointment on his gaunt features. "Charge it!" he repeated again to himself. "That's a damned mean Yankee trick! Old Tinkham saw

me up in town, and so he's just done me out of twenty dollars by sending his cow when he knew I was away from home."

Muttering thus, the Colonel hastened on his way; for his visit to town that morning, to get his newspaper from the Post Office, had not put him in the best temper, as he there learned of heavy party losses and defeats, when certain victory had been promised; and he had stayed to talk over the political situation with his intelligent young friend Augustus Lawrence, with whom alone of all the people in Brookfield could he be said to be on any terms of intimacy.

In rather an abstracted mood he rode up in front of his house, when the prostrate condition of his ancient and stately fence suddenly met his view. The frown upon his face deepened to a scowl, as at the first glance he comprehended the cause of the damage, which it would cost a hundred dollars to make good.

He stalked into the house with a savage air. But it was his fortune to encounter a fury as grand as his own, that was then raging in the breast of his gentle sister, who met him with a storm of objurgation for his tardy return home, of which neither the language nor the sentiments would look well in print. Such a whipping as he then got from that female tongue brought a heavy cloud over the poor man's mind, which he knew of no readier way of trying to dispel than pouring out from one of the decanters on the side-board about a third of a tumbler of what has been termed the poor man's philosophy; but which, if it has the desired effect in cases like the Colonel's, may also be called—artificial sunshine!

CHAPTER XVII.

VILLAGE INSTITUTIONS.

BUT let us leave the Phippses to their chosen isolation, and return to the more social atmosphere of the village (or town) of Brookfield;—for I am always hesitating which of the two words to use. Hereafter let us call Brookfield a town; as the place is two hundred years old, and moderately flourishing—has two or three Churches, a Bank, an Academy, a Court-House, Jail, and weekly Newspaper,—besides a fire-engine, and a gun-house, with two brass field-pieces in it; and is, moreover, the home of the Lawrences.

Of all the people in this rather sequestered town, Augustus Lawrence was by far the busiest. Even his uncle, Mr. Lawrence, with the whole manufacturing village of Laurel on his hands, had not so many irons in the fire as the enterprising nephew. For, besides attending to most of the routine business in the little law-office, let us reckon on our fingers' ends the multifarious outside duties and occupations with which this young gentleman willingly burdened himself. Justice of the peace (one); bank director (two); president of savings bank (three); newspaper editor (four); politician (five); leader of Sunday-school (six); school committee-man (seven); one of the board of select men (eight); chairman of the Berkshire Society of Christian Gentlemen (nine); major of militia (ten); and, beau general (eleven). This last-named position, though not, strictly speaking, of the nature of a public function, yet, as it took up fully as much of his time and thoughts as half his other offices, cannot properly be omitted from the list.

As has been fully set forth in an early chapter of this history, the village maidens young and old, tough and tender, had discovered Mr. Augustus to be a marvellous proper man. This he was; and being thus assured of it, he resolved to maintain Nature's prodigal gifts at some cost. Therefore it happened that his coats, trousers, boots, and hats all came from New York.

It is perhaps as much the duty of a young man to cultivate his gifts as to improve his opportunities. That duty to himself Augustus had never neglected. While his mind was actively employed on important objects, his manners and personal appearance were also objects of special study. Of this last fact we have the testimony of an eye-witness, a half-grown girl in the service of his landlady. If she sometimes looked through the key-hole, or observed her Apollo from the yard through the back window, she only used the privilege belonging to females in her humble station.

It is chiefly by information derived from this ingenuous source that I am now able to relate so precisely the processes by which this young gentleman, though living in a remote country town, had brought himself pretty nearly up to the style and finish of the metropolis.

It is one of those questions we often hear loosely discussed,—whether men have as much vanity as women? Yet what but the most enormous vanity can account for one article of furniture that occupied considerable space in Mr. Augustus' large sleeping apartment? This was a massive mahogany wardrobe, having inside its doors a pair of large mirrors that reflected your whole person from the top of your hat to the tips of your boots. These doors, by being set at different angles, would let you see yourself square behind or in front; or full profile, three-quarter, half, or one-quarter profile. How many of the queens and belles of society enjoy the advantage of a more convenient apparatus for contemplating their own perfections?

I cannot omit some mention of the contents of this wardrobe ; for they were indicative of their owner's care of his precious self. There were coats of different fashions and occasions ; waistcoats of varied designs, from lively to severe, and trousers in variety, that for accuracy of cut and nicety of finish would have deserved an approving look from even Mr. L. W. Nor were these garments hung carelessly on their pegs, like a carter's frock ; but were to be seen distended on suitable frames, which instantly brought to mind the personality of their wearer.

As a miser may be supposed to employ his leisure hours in counting and gloating over his accumulated hoards, so would the owner of these habiliments sometimes seat himself in front of his collection ; and, after contemplating the various articles, proceed to try on this or that coat, then a waistcoat or two, or different pairs of trousers, pausing long enough to study the effect of each combination of shade and color. Then would he walk a few steps, cane in hand, bowing to himself reflected in the mirrors, as to imaginary friends and acquaintances. For this particular information I am indebted to what was covertly seen by the aforementioned observant house-maid ; and which, though meaningless to one of her unenlightened faculties, she yet could so imitate as to be easily comprehended by those of us whose understandings have been disciplined by a higher culture. That is to say, from the revelations of this curious but ignorant witness we can translate the purport of Augustus' pantomime before his two mirrors, in the solitude of his room. In short, he was only practising the different methods of *salutation*, as directed and explained in several of the best treatises on good manners. Those treatises, if generally followed, would soon make the Americans esteemed a very polite people ; at least they had that effect, individually, on my model gentleman. He may have been further aided by studying those woodcuts in the London illustrated papers, which had begun to be dissemi-

nated in this country. Whether this surmise is well founded or not, I will affirm that the manners and make-up of this one American gentleman approached very nearly the style of young English noblemen, as made familiar to us in those same woodcuts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUGUSTUS LAWRENCE.

IT is now summer, a time when everybody is busy. The seasons, however, make little difference with Augustus Lawrence, for he is always busy, even on a day like the present, which was one of those bright mornings in June when every living thing rejoices. From high in the blue ether the powerful god of day is pouring down his life-giving beams, while the boughs of the great elms are waving with a refreshing breeze. The measured knoll of Sunday bells expands in waves of sound far off over the surrounding hills. The congregation are fast assembling from their distant homes, and their horses are hitched under the shade-trees, where they will have nothing to do for the next two hours but stamp the gravel and whisk off the flies. The village choir may be heard industriously practising inside the church, of which the narrow vestibule as also the flaggings of the broad porch outside are filled with people occupied in friendly talk and greetings. There were knots of awkward-gaited farmers' sons and their stiffer-jointed sires, of smiling farmers' daughters in new summer calicoes and ribbons, along with

their more sober-suited mothers. There were the Lawrences and the Phippses; Mrs. Wharton (Aunt Jerusha), too, with her little Philippa, from their home off on the other side of the mountain; and her neighbors, the family of Bruces, consisting of the invalid husband, his elegant-looking wife, and their daughter Clementina, yet a child. Mrs. Jacob Peabody was there, too, but without her young husband. We don't remember seeing Doctor Wheeler, but his learned friend Mr. Calvin Hopkins was holding converse with the Rev. Mr. Bullock.

In short, everybody was at church on that bright morning, and everybody seemed happy—especially the young people, who could be heard talking of their approaching Sunday-school festival and pic-nic, though yet several weeks off. In one group of very young girls, each with a handful of Sunday-school books, Matilda Moore was a central figure, but a head taller than her companions. She was a vast favorite with children of all classes, owing, no doubt, to her liveliness and her untiring faculty for amusing them. But she was much less a favorite with many of the sedate parents of these children, who seemed to look upon her as rather a black sheep.

As the toll of the bell ceased, the groups of talkers separated and hastened to their places inside the church, where the usual exercises were proceeded with, the sermon being from the words—“*Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days*”—the preacher taking occasion to show that not only good and charitable actions are at some time, though it may be far off in the future, certain of their reward, but by quoting several other passages he assured his hearers that selfish and wicked acts would just as inevitably recoil upon their authors.

At the close of the service Mr. Bullock requested “the congregation to remain a few minutes after the benediction was pronounced,” as there was something important to be

communicated relating to their Sabbath-school. Accordingly the people sat down again; whereupon Mr. Augustus Lawrence (who it will be recollected was the superintendent or leader of the school) stood up in his pew, about the middle of the broad aisle. His fine person and manner, with his really neat and tasteful dressing, made a considerable contrast with most of those about him, who were generally plain farmers and country people. After glancing his eye over his auditory for a moment or two, not with his habitual smile, but with a solemnity befitting the place, he proceeded to say:—

“Never before has our Sabbath-school been so flourishing as at present. Parents, teachers, and pupils alike manifest an extraordinary interest in what we are doing to increase its efficiency. I trust the seed we are now sowing will produce fruit that shall hereafter, under Divine favor, gladden the hearts of all,—of parents, teachers, and children.

“You will call to mind, that early in the season a collection was taken up to improve our little Sabbath-school library.” [Augustus had paid about two-thirds of the whole amount from his own pocket.] “It is not for me to thank or commend you for your cheerful giving; your own consciences can best tell you if you have done well.”

“We have thus been enabled to provide many books of a kind far superior to those cheap publications, such as were once thought good enough for Sunday-school libraries. When these new books were received I confess I felt no small pleasure on looking them over, to find that they were so far superior to anything we previously had. I will frankly confess that, for my own part, I found some of these little books (though avowedly intended for only young persons and children), I confess I found many of them exceedingly interesting and profitable reading for myself.

“Very many of these new books are, according to the happy style of artistic book-making of the present day, profusely illustrated by engravings of no ordinary merit. The

mention of these engravings brings me to the painful part of my subject, and, I can truly say, to the most painful duty that, as I trust, ever will devolve upon me."

Here the speaker manifested considerable emotion, which seemed to impede his utterance, as he took from a heap of books that were lying on the cushion beside him, one after another, and displaying them held open to his hearers and spectators, he thus continued:—

"Here is one, and here is another, and another of our much prized new books, with its beautiful pictures defaced, and probably ruined forever. Though you will be shocked to witness this proof of irreverence and moral obliquity, yet it is fitting you should see for yourselves, that you may duly approve the severe course the Authorities of your Sabbath-school have felt themselves compelled to adopt in view of this utterly shameless outrage upon the most sacred and dearly cherished sentiments of your hearts."

The orator paused, and handed forth to those sitting nearest to him several of the injured books for their inspection; and who also passed them on to their neighbors. As a sample of the offensive marks, and which, on inspection, seemed to cause quite as much amusement as indignation, we may mention one picture of a big old man (old Balaam, probably), lammimg a little jackass; while before them stood the figure of an angel. By the aid of a lead pencil the angel had been provided with something like a bonnet with ribbons and flowers, while from her mouth proceeded a legend with the familiar words:—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,

D'ye think I'd lamm him? No, no, no!"

Another specimen was a woodcut of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. By the same lead pencil, Eve had been provided with a very liberal skirt and close-fitting waist, with low neck and short sleeves; while Adam had on a sailor jacket and trousers, with a pipe in his mouth! These two

examples were, probably as bad as any; certainly they were the most finished.

After waiting two or three minutes, the speaker resumed: "We had not the least difficulty in discovering the author of these most offensive pencil-marks, for they were not stealthily but openly made, as though she were vain of her sinful art. For, as I am still more pained to inform you, the culprit is a girl."

Here Augustus picked up his hat, and smoothing the glossy nap with his gloved hand, he continued: "We have decided (and our decision is approved of by your beloved pastor) that she be forthwith, and she is hereby expelled from the Sabbath-school. Her name is Matilda Moore!"

At the sudden mention of this name the eyes of many of the congregation were turned towards the remote corner of the house where the girl had her seat, but she was not to be seen. The instant her name was pronounced a little cry was heard, and she sank down out of sight.

After a short silence Mr. Bullock rose and said, "The congregation is now dismissed." The organ struck up a lively tune, the people hastened out of church as if impatient at this unusual detention, and separated on their several ways homeward. Mr. Augustus Lawrence was seen walking with his uncle, who appeared conversing with his nephew in a very excited manner, if one could judge by the gestures he was using. Some one, just behind, overheard him use the words "cruel"—"damned palaver about a few six-penny books."

In the mean time Matilda's proud little heart had quickly brought her to her feet again, and she was one of the first to gain the door. On getting out upon the church porch she stood on one of the outer flag-stones, while her eyes looked forth into the empty air, as if waiting and curious to know what would ensue. But the people moved off past her, not one person speaking to her, and her little friends, the children, only casting backward looks on her in her disgrace.

On finding herself the object of so much scorn, all the Celtic blood of her fathers asserted itself. She stood alone and motionless; her dry eyes fierce with anger, her forehead pale as alabaster, her smooth olive cheek darkened by the mounting passion. She did not hear the approaching footsteps; but she did hear a soft, low voice behind her say, "Matilda," "Matilda, child." Yet at this sound of her name she did not, and perhaps could not turn her head to look at the speaker; until she felt a silken sleeve and a soft gloved hand kindly reaching round to take hers. The spell was dissolved. She turned to her friend without knowing who it was that spoke to her, and saw Aunt Jerusha with her little Philippa standing by her.

"Matilda," said Mrs. Wharton, "I know you are a good girl; you are not a bad girl. I'm very sorry for what has happened; I know you didn't mean to do wrong. It was a trifling thing to make so much talk about, and punish you so severely for. But come, my child, look up;" for Matilda's head had begun to droop and her bosom to heave. "Look up, Matilda; it will all be well in a little while. They've been too severe; but it shan't harm you. We know you're a good girl, if you are a little wild. Come, my dear, you've no need to hang your head so."

As Matilda at last raised her face, Aunt Jerusha bent forward and kissed the suffering girl, and said to her daughter, who was looking on, wonderingly, "Philippa, give good Matilda your little flowers."

The child not only offered the wilted violets she held in her hand, but when Matilda, smiling through her tears, stooped down to take them Philippa clasped her neck and pulling her down, with a strong hug, gave her cheeks two or three good moist child-like kisses.

"Well, we'll go home now; so, Matilda, don't you grieve any more;" and Mrs. Wharton made a sign to a grown-up boy who was waiting near by, with a covered Rockaway

wagon. He lifted Philippa into her seat, and while Mrs. Wharton was settling herself in her own place, she turned and said, "Matilda, wouldn't you like to ride home? You can go with us; it won't be much out of our way."

At these words Matilda, with a joyful face, bounded to the vacant place beside the driver, and all her griefs vanished as suddenly as they had come. She sat up very straight and looked very happy, as the light vehicle rattled through the one broad and long street of Brookfield, where half the people were then sitting at their open windows, or out on the front steps, or lounging under the shade-trees.

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CHAPTER XIX.

A SUMMER RESORT.

AS the summer advanced Brookfield became quite lively; for two or three New York families, whom the Bruces had informed of the attractions of the place, had decided to pass the warm months there. They came with their carriages and horses, their children, maids, and nurses; and found it all, and more, than they anticipated. The townspeople were respectful, honest, and liberal; the fare, though plain, was good; and for neatness, that reigned universal, despotic, to a degree almost inconvenient. The air among those hills and rocks is dry and exhilarating; of drives and rides there was great variety, through scenery always pleasant, often picturesque, and over roads of a kind

of natural MacAdam, which were not only smooth, but never muddy.

At mid-summer there is always a little stir for a few days as the time approaches for the breaking up of the Brookfield Academy for the long vacation. The occasion afforded a kind of local festival or anniversary, in which everybody felt they had some share or interest.

The present season the Academy Exhibition took place just as in former years. A procession of the boys, preceded by the local dignitaries, headed by a rather rustic band of music, marched from the Academy grounds to the Court-House. Mr. Lawrence (Phil's father) walked arm in arm with the head master, Mr. Hopkins; next behind them came the Rev. Mr. Bullock and Doctor Wheeler; then the Sheriff of the county with the Judge of the Probate Court. After them followed the justices of the peace, other clergymen, doctors, and lawyers from the county of Berkshire. Next in order came the Academy pupils, and on their rear were the substantial farmers, country people, and the crowd generally.

The reason why Mr. Lawrence always had so prominent a place in this annual procession, may be explained by the duly recorded fact that his great-great-grandfather, a long time before the Revolutionary war, had given liberally to this institution. In grateful return for which bounty on the part of the first Lawrence, the trustees of the Academy had, in those undemocratic times, voted certain franchises, privileges, rights, distinctions, and honors, "to be held and enjoyed by him, his heirs, male, forever."

This year there were dramatic performances, consisting of the Shylock portions of the *Merchant of Venice*, a scene or two from *Speed the Plough*, and a part of *William Tell*. In the latter piece Charley Arden, a handsome little fellow, was the lad who bravely stood up and had the apple shot from off his head. Whereat he was greatly admired by all the little girls present, and especially by one five-year-old—Miss

Clementina Bruce, of the New York family of Bruces,—who were living in Mrs. Lawrence's old home, near Aunt Jerusha's house, over on the other side of the mountain. Indeed, nearly all our acquaintance in Brookfield were present on this occasion, from stately Miss Virginia Phipps down to humble Matilda Moore.

With her in-born love of anything remotely approaching the artistic, nothing would keep Matilda away from such a treat. She was to be seen standing up on the back seat of the gallery, with her sharp eyes intently fixed on the stage.

Matilda, by the way, had previously been reinstated in her Sunday-school class, in time to take part in the strawberry and ice-cream festival and pic-nic held a few days before; when she had the privilege of carrying one of the little cambric banners, and on which, singularly enough, the inscription happened to be—*Cast thy bread upon the waters*.

Mr. and Mrs. Arden, our West Point friends, were also in Brookfield for a few days to look after their Charley, and take him home for the vacation. Mr. Arden was more than satisfied with the horses Jake Peabody had bought and trained for him. They were a large pair of bright chestnut bays, with not a single white hair; and matched in weight, height, and speed; they looked so near alike that one could hardly tell Tom from Jerry. They stepped so evenly and pulled so closely together that it was marvellous,—like one intelligence in two bodies.

After driving out one day with Jake, and admiring his new acquisition, Mr. Arden began to talk business, saying: "Mr. Peabody, how much am I indebted to you?"

"Wal, squa'ar, I hain't 'zactly figured it yet, but I ken tell you pretty nigh how the score stands. The four hundred you sent me just paid for the colts; then their keep for four months at about eight dollars apiece, which is sixteen dollars for both, comes to a leetle over sixty dollars, for oats has

been dreadful high this last season ; then for my handling and care on them, I call that fifty cents a day, which makes about another sixty dollars ; don't it, Squa'ar ?"

"Yes," replied his listener, carelessly ; and Jake continued :

"Wal, you see, while I was training on 'em, I done a sight of odd jobs with 'em, that 'll foot up, I should guess, nigh upon eighty dollars. So, Squa'ar, ef you don't think it's asking too much, I'll say forty dollars 'll make us about even."

When Jake finally came to an end of his somewhat lengthy statement, there was a short pause until Mr. Arden spoke. "So, four hundred and forty dollars is the whole amount these horses have cost me, is it ?" he said inquiringly, as he stood looking at the splendid animals ; and then repeated, as if partly to himself—"Four hundred and forty dollars !"

When Jake quickly responded, "Why, Squa'ar, ef you think that's too much, I'll take off twenty dollars."

"Peabody," resumed Mr. Arden with a serious look, "you forgot to reckon one item in your account ;" and he drew forth his pocket-book, while Jake looked respectfully inquisitive. "You forgot to reckon that hard blow you got on the top of your head," said Mr. Arden as he handed Jake three very clean-looking bank bills. "There's three hundred dollars for you, my friend. That's a good deal nearer right than your reckoning. I can sell those horses for a thousand dollars ; and I wouldn't take fifteen hundred for them," he added, still holding the money extended towards Jake, who made no movement to take it ; so that Mr. Arden said, as he forced it into his hand, "Take it, my man ; you've honestly earned the money by your skill and industry."

Jake looked dazed as he contemplated the crisp slips of paper ; but finally found his tongue.

"Mr. Arden, I hain't no right to hev so much money ; I hain't no place to put it, nor whar to keep it."

"Give it to some one to keep for you, then," replied Mr. Arden.

"Won't you be so obliging, sir, as to give it to Mr. Lawrence to keep for me ?" said Jake, adding, "I don't mean the young man, but his uncle ; I see him just now, a-going into the bank over thar."

So Mr. Arden took the money again, and went with it directly to the bank, remarking to Mr. Lawrence as he explained the matter, "You've some honest, good people here in your pleasant town."

"I hope so," was the reply ; "but they have changed a good deal even within my recollection ; our simplicity is fast wearing off, Sir."

After the Academy Exhibition was over, the town became more quiet. Just then our young friend Phil Lawrence, whom we have hardly once thought of for several months, returned home, after his first course of medical study in Boston.

Those who know how exhausting is a regular attendance upon a season's medical lectures, will not be surprised at Phil's only wish for repose and idleness. To be in attendance at one or other of the hospitals, almshouses, or prisons early of a winter's morning ; and that followed by five or six lectures of an hour each, for four months daily, with some reading and dissection, after which come those class catechisings in the evening,—this is quite too much for any young man to go along with faithfully at one time. In truth, Phil did look a little thin and pale ; and I doubt if he would then have had the strength, or even the spirit, for a second encounter with Jo Parsons.

He had not been at home many hours before he made his way up-stairs to a certain attic room, to look after his fishing-tackle and shooting gear. The trout season would soon be over, yet that is much later in those icy streams among the hills than near the seaboard. Phil busied himself awhile

with his rods and snoods, and dawdled over other of his personal effects, as bridles, bits, saddle, etc., which were always put away carefully during his absence from home.

From his boyhood that attic room had been his sanctum. Yet it would have surprised him to see all that it contained. There were two or three locked drawers which he had no occasion to use; and there were dark top shelves in the closet, that he never troubled himself about, though he could not but partly see what had been so carefully laid away upon them. There were old worn school-books piled up with gilt-edged annuals, a broken kite, bows and arrows, balls and bats, a boy's tool-chest, and a little printing-press; of a later date, there was an electrizing machine, a small galvanic battery; with some very simple chemical apparatus, and a little collection of minerals in a glazed case. But if he could have looked into those locked drawers he would have seen a collection of much earlier mementos, which now to him were just as valueless;—as tin wagons, little trumpets, a broken drum, and other used-up toys; torn picture-books, a soldier's cap and belts of gilt paper, a wooden gun; a diminutive hoe, rake, shovel, and wheelbarrow, a little brass cannon, and his first pair of skates.

All these things, which year after year had in turn been thrown aside and forgotten by their owner, had been as regularly gathered up and put away, and by whose hand the reader need not be told; nor that, even now, those drawers were sometimes unlocked in Phil's absence, and their valueless treasures looked upon by loving eyes.

After occupying himself for a while in getting his rod and snoods ready for an early excursion on the first good trout day, Phil descended again to the dining-room where his mother was sitting, and threw himself at length on the sofa, while Teaser, who came racing down before him, crowded into a snug place beside his master.

The young man said: "Mother, what makes you keep all

that rubbish up there in my room? why don't you burn it up, or give the things away?"

The mother did not answer directly, but after a pause she replied, "Well, perhaps I will give some of the things away if you wish it."

Phil fell off into a doze, from which he was partially awakened by Teaser's jumping up suddenly and leaping out through the open window into the yard, where he set up a loud barking. Then Mrs. Lawrence heard one of the kitchen-maids saying to some one, "No; we don't want any strawberries; we've got plenty better ones here in our own garden." The indistinct voices of children were then heard under the open window as they were going out of the yard.

Mrs. Lawrence called to her "help" in a pretty clear voice, who came, and in reply to her question, said: "Some o' the Moore children with little field strawberries to sell."

"Never send people away from the house in that manner," said Mrs. Lawrence, somewhat sharply; "nor send them away at all, unless you know I am not at home. Go and call them back."

The maid soon returned leading in a little boy and girl. "Let me see your strawberries. They look like very nice ones," said the lady; to which the girl replied,—

"We just come from picking 'em, 'way off in a place 'Till found herself, and nobody else knows on." The maid, as directed, took their basket and poured the berries out into a large glass dish. It happened just at the time that the waitress was beginning to set the tea-table. That operation seemed for the moment so much to interest the young berry-pickers, that almost unconsciously they received their money from Mrs. Lawrence. But when she went to the table and took a piece of cake from the silver cake-basket and gave to each of the children, and then two or three more pieces, which she told the waitress to wrap in a sheet of white paper for them to take home, then their little knees promptly and instinctively

did their office in two or three quick and low courtesies. They left the house without a word, walked slowly out through the yard, and as the gate slammed, Mrs. Lawrence smiled to see them start into a keen run for home.

"Come, Phil, wake up; it's near tea-time," said his mother. "I want you to drive me over to Aunt Jerusha's after tea."

The young man yawned and stretched himself. After getting enough awake to know where he was, he replied to his mother: "I was going to see Jake Peabody after tea, to ask him about Nelly; but I can see him to-morrow. What have they been doing with Nelly since I've been away, to make her so cross? When I went into the stable she didn't seem to know me. I put out my hand for her to lick as she used to, and she tried to bite me; she would have struck me with her fore foot if I hadn't been pretty quick to get out of her way."

The next day, on consulting Jake, that learned authority in horse-flesh clearly set forth in the following terms the probable cause of the change in Nelly's disposition: "Why, you see, sir, they've kept her tied up tew much, and tew many's hed the handlin' on her. She's kind'er vexed with you for going off and leaving her, and letting her be used by any and everybody. Hosses, specially mares as hev got any good blood in 'em, are kind o' jealous-like, and hev a kind o' pride in b'longing to somebody partic'lar; and it frets and kind o' mortifies 'em to hev the'r masters lend 'em and let 'em be druv by everybody, just as happens—specially common sort o' folks. Dogs hev jest the same kind o' pride, only they ain't worked and tied up like hosses be, but ken go about mostly anywhere they likes to. Hosses 'ud be about as knowin', too, ef they'd the same chance. I've hearn tell o' hosses 'way off thar in 'Raby, that their folks goes off from hum, and leaves 'em all alone in the shanty to take keer o' the baby; and I b'lieve it tew, though I hain't

never see it myself. Them hosses, ef they see the young 'uns a-crawling tew nigh the fire, 'll take 'em up in their teeth and keerfully set 'em deown agin, back out o' harm's way. But about Nelly, I guess I'd better come over and 'tend to her a leetle myself. She knows me, and I ken do for her."

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CHAPTER XX.

MOUNTAIN ATMOSPHERE.

DURING this vacation Phil's chief recreations were sleeping, eating, and trout-fishing. Under which regimen, in the atmosphere of his native hills, he rapidly regained his color and nerve. Yet he was changed from what he had been. The ambitious thoughts incident to manhood were fast driving out the petty *curas juvenum*. Never again, as his mother perceived, would he be the same careless boy he had been. He fretted and even scolded a little when she reminded him of a call or visit she wished him to make, or of some particular person he had not yet been to see.

He was out one day with his rod and line, whipping the pools and eddies of a fine trout-stream. I trust my readers know something of this sport, else will they not understand what I am now writing about.

Think of the solitude of the densely wooded hills, where the silence of nature is broken only by the waters of a brook dashing over the smooth-worn rocks, or shooting along under the roots of antique birches, ash, and maples, over whose

rich green foliage is poured a flood of golden sunlight. No other sound breaks the calm of the declining day, unless the sometimes fluttering of foolish jays from tree to tree, or the swift buzz of the hawk descending to her nest, or it may be, though rarely, the eagle's harsh scream, telling her mate of some intruder wandering too near their forest home.

Thus surrounded, the world is all forgotten by the absorbed sportsman; who is at such a time as much alone in thought as though there was not another fellow-creature in existence. An impenetrable shade is on each side, with only a narrow strip of deep-blue sky to be seen between the overhanging and almost meeting boughs. He picks his way along the edge of the steep and tangled banks, or steps from stone to stone in the middle of the stream, intently watching his thread-like line as it is swept onwards by the flood, while he waits for that electric thrill his hand will feel the instant his fierce little prey is struck. Reader, do you know that thrill? And is there any greater pleasure?

All this was Phil now enjoying. A current of air, cooled by the foaming torrent, is drawing up through the narrow gorge, making just breeze enough to keep the leaves ever quivering. He'd had unusually good luck that day, and his twelve-pound basket was almost brimful—and of big fellows too; so that he threw back the little ones, some of which would directly get hooked a second time, proving thereby that the pain could not be very great which did not spoil their appetite.

But Phil was tired, and his basket getting heavy—if a sportsman's full bag or basket can ever feel heavy; for the sensation of the strap over his shoulder was doubtless very different from what it would have been, if instead of beautiful trout he'd had a twelve-pound cannon-shot in his basket. Indeed, this notion of weight, though absolute and positive as marked by the scales of material philosophers, has yet a variable force and signification when sentiment lends vigor

to the muscles. For what sportsman helping to carry home a fine buck, or what loving husband taking a sick wife up stairs in his arms, or what young fellow on whose back fortune had for the moment buckled a laughing lass of a hundred and forty pounds to be carried over a slough, would feel the weight the same as if the burden were a bag of grain or a sack of salt?

Phil, being both tired and satisfied, began to think of reeling up his line, unjointing his rod, and turning his steps homewards. But he must first take a bite of his hitherto forgotten lunch, as he had a good three miles to walk to his home. A little distance below there was, as he knew, a large well-shaded rock, where in times past he had often stopped to rest awhile.

He was standing on a boulder in the middle of the stream, and just about to take his line from the water for the last time, when there came a tremendous jerk. He pulled up, and his rod was bent double by the weight of a splendid trout, by far the finest he had taken that day. But in swinging it towards him, the snood caught in an overhanging bough, where his prize dangled before his eyes, just out of reach. After two or three attempts, he managed to secure it; but in his eagerness lost his balance, and down he went into the water, up to his waist.

Strangely it happened, as he went down, a girl's loud laugh was heard ringing through the woods; and which was repeated as he recovered himself, and stowed his struggling game safely away in his basket. "Devil take those girls! what are they doing here?" he said to himself, though hardly looking up to see who or where they were. For he knew it must be one of those girls whom, a while before, he had observed industriously picking berries in a sunny opening half a mile up the stream. After this little incident he hurried on his way towards his favorite rock.

The next turn in the stream brought him in sight of his

proposed resting-place, but which he saw was already occupied, and by a female figure—one that, in mythological times, and in a spot so secluded, might have been deemed a wood nymph or dryad, except that now she wore calico.

Yes; there in the forest's solitude, far out on the shelving edge of the rock that overhung the torrent—there stood a youthful female figure, motionless as a statue on a temple's pediment. But this was unmistakably a warm, living, and breathing statue, which seemed to be watching and waiting for his approach; and Phil, as he drew nearer, observed her with some attention, and thought the accidental effect of the figure and surroundings really picturesque. Her simple dress may have contributed to that effect; for it harmonized with the wild rustic scene. She had on a thin calico, somewhat torn and bedraggled; nor were her under-skirts many or very full—as the fresh breeze made them cling so closely to her figure and limbs as to show all the grace of their slender but well-rounded outlines; while at the same time the rays of the western sun kissed her olive cheek and gilded her blue-black raven hair. Over the rock on which she stood, a giant chestnut spread its branches, then in full bloom; and for a little space around was a level glade, open, free from tangled under-growth, and spread with rounded cushions of dry, elastic, beautiful moss.

Phil stepped ashore, and as he climbed to the rock where the girl was standing, he said, almost without looking at her, "Was that you I heard laughing, a while ago?"

To which the as brief reply was, "I couldn't help it, you went down so into the water."

As he lifted the strap from off his shoulder, and set down his heavy basket, he spoke again to the girl, saying, "Aren't you Matilda Moore?" and on her replying "Yes, sir," he added, "You are a head taller than you were a year ago; is this a good year for berries?"

Phil proceeded with his personal attentions to himself by

first pulling off his sack-coat, and spreading it on a sun-lighted corner of the rock; at the same time taking from the pocket his morocco memorandum-book, he laid that down, with open leaves, to dry. Then drawing forth his luncheon-box, he began upon a pile of tongue sandwiches; but not without offering one to his chance companion, which she declined. As he munched away, he held out his pocket drinking cup, desiring her to fill it with water. She sprang to take it with a willing movement, and brought it to him smiling. Before he had quite finished his repast the girl offered him two or three handfuls of berries, which she had culled from her basket. These he pleased himself and her by accepting, saying they were very nice and refreshing.

There was no timidity in the girl's manner, nor yet boldness, unless in thus confidently approaching, and seeming to wish to wait upon him. In this she probably gave a natural expression to sentiments that for months had found a place in her young heart. For it must be remembered that she had long gratefully thought of him, not only as a defender who had rescued her from the hands of a ruffian, but also imagined that as her champion he had fought a terrible battle in her behalf. It was a dangerous thing for a young girl who had so little in her own home to love, to entertain the belief that she was ever in this young man's thoughts; and thus to seek his society.

But while Matilda flitted about, hardly once taking her delighted eyes from beholding her fancied knight, he on his part lounged idly on the rock in a tired fashion, and busied himself with turning the trout out of his basket, and holding up and admiring some of the finest. He once deigned to ask her if she did not "think them beautiful?"

Again, on seeing her eying intently his memorandum-book, which he had opened and laid out to dry, he asked "what she saw there? and if she could read writing so far off as that?"

"No, sir," she replied; "but I can see the letters are beautiful. I wish I knew how to write like that."

"Bring me the book. Now let me see you write," he said, offering her the pencil; which she took and wrote her name just legibly.

"You hold the pencil too stiff, and keep your fingers too much cramped. No one can write well in that way. This is the way *you* hold the pencil; but *this* is the proper way; and Phil wrote '*Brookfield*' in a handsome round hand. 'Now let me see you copy that;'" and her instructor straightened her fingers and grasped her hand, trying to make her relax its stiffness, and guided her in two or three endeavors to follow his copy. Finally, he bade her observe his method of resting his fingers and holding the pencil, while he wrote several words at the top of two or three blank pages, which he then tore out of the book and gave to her to take home for practice. These she carefully rolled up and put away in that female receptacle of precious things—her bosom—the bosom of her dress.

"Well," said Phil, making a movement to get up, "it's time for me to go." But he found that he was a little lame, and put his hand upon his knee, saying, "I must have got a bruise when I fell into the water." He saw, too, that his pantaloons and even his drawers were cut through, and there was a slight wound in the flesh. The girl watched him closely as he tore open the rents in the cloth, to see the extent of his injury.

"It's been poisoned!" she exclaimed excitedly, and with her finger-tips she wiped away a little frothy slime from the skin; quickly adding, "There's been one of them water-newts a-sucking the blood."

Instantly she fastened her lips to the wound, like a leech. Phil, surprised, spoke to her remonstratingly, and gently pulled her by the shoulder. But she, with her arms spasmodically wound about his leg, clung fast to him, while contin-

uing to keep her mouth pressed upon the injured part. There must have been some magnetic power in the girl's organization, or else Phil had become considerably fatigued by his day's fishing. Almost instantly, he fell off into a doze, which afterwards deepened to a sound slumber, prolonged perhaps by the sound of the running brook. When he awoke he was alone. But he had slept for some time; for the glow of evening now marked the track of the descended sun, while from the opposite heavens the already risen moon sent her horizontal rays through the trees and silvered the dashing waters.

It was with difficulty he could at first recall his ideas and understand where he was. He had been dreaming, he knew; and his troubled visions seemed to have extended forward through half a life-time;—crowded with pleasures, cares, ambitions, duties, successes, loves, hates, disappointments, and adversities,—all which youth reads of, as making up this life's experiences. Yet present realities were strangely mixed with fantastic shadows of the far-off future. For there lay his rod and well-filled basket, recalling the day's events. His coat, which he remembered to have taken off and spread out to dry, had been placed under his head, folded up in a manner he was sure that he had not folded it. This recalled the girl to his thoughts. He stared about, and then called her name in a low tone. "Matilda,"—"Matilda."

At the second call she was heard to answer, "I was only waiting for you to wake up," she said; "I'm going home now; good night."

The young man turned to look in the direction where the voice came from, but the rocks hid her from his view, and he heard only the crackling of dry leaves and twigs made by her retreating footsteps.

In such a temperament as Matilda's, and under the illusions she was cherishing, she would be likely to improve any opportunity for again meeting her wandering knight. Two

or three days after she appeared to him, carrying, it is true, her half-filled basket of berries, but which was evidently a small part of her care. For this time she brought with her those same scraps of paper on which Phil had set her copies, that she might show him her improvement in writing. And while she was seated closely by his side, he gave her further instruction, and wrote out other words for her to practise in copying.

As the season advanced, there came in turn the hazelnuts, chestnuts, and shell-barks to be gathered; so also the summer's fishing was followed by the autumn's shooting. As at first it had been easy for the girl to follow her idol, and find him in his customary haunts along the lonely water-courses, so afterwards she knew by the bang of his gun where she would meet him higher up on the rocky hill-sides, or deep in the bushy cover.

But fortunately, at least for one of the twain, the rapidly passing weeks brought Phil's vacation to an end, and sent him back again to the medical school.



CHAPTER XXI.

A LITTLE WAR.

FOR the people of Brookfield the following year is only the same routine of country life over again. But at the new manufacturing village of Laurel, in which Mr. Lawrence is concerned, there was now much greater stir and bustle. More Irish, Scotch, and English,

more French and Germans had come there and found employment. The fires burned fiercely day and night, and the percussion of hammers resounded through the valley; for there was *war*!—war with Mexico; a little war, to be sure, but one that tasked the skill of smiths, founders, and all cunning workers in metal. From the Laurel works a great variety of war matériel, large and small, is now being turned out—from a brass cannon to the clasp of a sword-belt. Prosperity reigns in that hive of industry, and its genial warmth is felt through the country for miles around; so that all the people blessed Mr. Lawrence for his far-seeing enterprise.

The population of places of such sudden growth is chiefly made up of the poorer class of country people, who are attracted by the hopes of bettering their condition. So John Moore and his wife began to consult about giving up the little there was left of their old home and removing to Laurel. She could take boarders, he could “job round,” and Matilda could go into the shops and work with other girls at burnishing and polishing; and in a year or two the younger children would be large enough to do something for their living.

These consultations between the parents became more and more frequent, and which Matilda heard in silence. It was plain enough to be seen, though her parents failed to notice it, that the proposed change was far from agreeable to her wishes. Her present home, humble indeed, and mean and comfortless as it might appear in the eyes of people better off, was, with its two or three ash trees, its half wild vines and creepers, its patch of garden and yard through which rippled a clear little brook, a yet far pleasanter home for her than being crowded within a few rooms of a brick tenement house, with only bare sand and gravel instead of green turf for the eye to rest upon, and over which she would have to trudge morning, noon, and night to the sound of the factory-bell, instead of ranging almost at will about the woods and fields,

as had hitherto been her wont. From this it is evident that other affinities had more sway over the girl's mind than mere thoughts of gain.

It happened at the end of a long summer's day that the Moore family were gathered around their supper-table in the twilight; on which, though it lacked a table-cloth, there was spread a wholesome abundance of plain food. The father had just come home from a long day's harvesting. He was very tired, and probably a little boozy from sundry drinks taken at a gin distillery that lay in his way. The mother had not yet had time to take off her bonnet and things, for she had but just returned from a tramp to Laurel, where she had been to inquire about the chances for work in the shops. And she was full and running over with the valuable information she had gained by her fatiguing trip, which was greatly satisfactory and encouraging; so that, on her way home, she had in her mind arranged her plans for an immediate removal of the family to that new brick-and-mortar land of promise.

After telling her husband how many boarders she could have and at how much a week, Mrs. Moore proceeded to say that "Til could get half a dollar a day in the burnishing-shop, and soon she could earn a dollar, or maybe more, besides having time to help with the house-work morning and night."

The father, probably, did not attend much to his wife's voluble communications, as he made little or no reply. But the daughter's quick ear heard all, and her emotions, having been for several days past at boiling-point, on this occasion suddenly foamed over and made trouble. She at first replied quietly to her mother's mention of three and four dollars a week by saying, "that she was earning more than that now with her berries, chickens, and eggs."

"Shut up!" exclaimed the mother, "nobody's spoke to you; speak when you're spoken to."

At this the girl boldly broke forth: "I'll never go into the shops to work; I'll run away, first."

The last word was hardly uttered when her mother fetched her a smart box o' the ear, exclaiming, "Saucy minx! tell me will ye, what you will and what you won't do; I'll teach you."

Matilda jumped up from her untasted supper, and shrank away to a dark corner of the room; where she sat with her face covered with her hands, but was again heard to say, "I'll run away 'fore I'll go into the shops to work."

At this repeated threat her mother sprang from her seat, and started to go for her; when there's no knowing what a scene might have followed, if the father, tired, dull, and a little tipsy as he was, had not put forth his hand at the right moment, and with a firm grasp on his wife's arm kept her in her chair, saying, "No, wife, don't hurt Til. Tilly's a right good girl, she is."

The mother's angry looks plainly showed the direction her steps would have taken, as she struggled to free herself from her husband's hand. But he held her firmly, while repeating in a half maudlin way, "Tilly's a good girl, she is; she rubbed and nussed the rheumatics all out o' me last winter, she did; she shan't be struck."

"I'll nuss the rheumatics or something else out of her, I will, if I come at her. She's got mighty proud and sarcy, all of a sudden. Only t'other day I heered of her telling the young uns, as how their grandfather was a gentleman. Hoity-toity, Miss Matilday! so you're goin' to play the lady, are ye, and not work and help us get our living?"

"I do work, and help you all I can," remonstrated the girl.

"So she does, wife; there ain't a smarter nor a better girl in all Brookfield than our Tilly," interposed her father; then, letting go his hold on his wife, he sternly added, as a fierce expression passed over his dull features: "Mind, I tell ye, wife, never you strike that girl again."

John Moore proceeded to help himself to some of the cold beef and potatoes, telling his wife to "hand him a dish o' tea." He then called to Matilda to come back to her seat at the table. But the girl flung out of the room, up to her little triangular sanctum under the peak of the cottage roof, and threw herself on her cot, crying, with her face buried in the pillow.

Soon she heard her father's heavy step on the old stairs; and he came and stood over her. "Tilly, child," he said, "come down and eat your supper. I can't eat a bit till you do. I hain't tasted a morsel since breakfast, nor I shan't to-night if you don't come and eat too." And the father, in an awkward, unsteady fashion, tried to fondle and caress his daughter as he lifted her from the bed, saying, "You don't want your tired old pap to go to bed without his supper, I know you don't; so come down now, won't you? that's a good child."

"Yes, I'll come," was the girl's reply, as she dried her eyes and smoothed her hair. When the three were again seated at their yet untasted evening meal, there remained hardly a trace of the mother's passion, and this one of many domestic storms had passed away.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARRIED LIFE.

MANY people said that Jake Peabody had been a remarkably lucky fellow to change his position of hostler at the Red House for that of proprietor of a livery stable in the centre of the town; and at the same time to shift his lodgings from the tavern garret to the neat bedroom in Widow Bates' cottage. The widow on her part had satisfactorily explained her reasons for changing her comfortable single state by taking a second partner,—a kind of reprobate, too, one outside of her own humble but select circle of good folk, when more than one worthy insider would have been willing to take the situation. She said "she felt it to be her duty, as she might be the means of saving the young man from bad company. He was not yet hardened in his sinful ways, but might do well if surrounded with good influences." "She was willing thus to give herself up for this world, for the chance of redeeming one soul for hereafter." "She didn't need any protector or partner,—not she; for every one knew she could take care of herself, and had done it for years."

But as for Jake, he had not travelled far on his matrimonial journey before he began to think he wasn't harnessed right; he was bitted too short; girthed too tight; hitched up too close; some buckle or other always galled him; while the reins were held over him with a jerking hand. Yet from these troubles he was just as powerless to relieve himself as one of his own horses would have been to loosen a buckle or strap. To drop metaphor, and speak in plainer phrase,

Jake found that he was no longer a free man,—that his liberty was gone forever ; and it is likely that, at some moments, he would willingly have exchanged all the dignity and comforts of his present improved estate for the privilege of loafing his evenings away with his old cronies in the bar-room and stables of the Red House.

His leisure time was now spent in a very different manner. He was often read to from some good book, or gently reminded of the dangers of his unregenerate state. Then he had to go to evening prayer-meetings with his maternal wife, or make long visits with her at the cottages of sober-sided neighbors, where the talk was either about ministers and missionaries, or of babies and nursing, and the diseases of women and children. Moreover, the hours of each day had to be accounted for, with all his incomings and outgoings.

For persons laboring under chronic mental irritation there seem to be three special anodynes or sedatives ; either persistent religious exercises, engrossing avaricious schemes, or alcoholic stimulants. Patients prescribing for themselves, never take more than two, and seldom but one of these palliatives. The one that Jake chose for himself he could easily procure in the course of his daily drives, either at the bar of the Red House, or at two or three other less known tippling resorts. Very soon he found it convenient to keep a bottle, and which often required refilling.

One rainy day Jake came home dripping wet, and hung his over-coat over a chair to dry before the kitchen-fire ; but thought it prudent to take his bottle out of the pocket and put it aside for the time being. So he set it well out of sight, on an upper shelf in a cupboard that was beside the chimney, in the partition-wall between the kitchen and bedroom. After warming and drying himself awhile, he thought—as his wife, who was then away on her professional avocations, might soon return—that before she came in he would take one more drink. Reaching up, he took the bottle and put it to

his lips. He had given it but one tip, when he withdrew it suddenly with a puzzled look, held it up to the light, and then took another slight taste. Now it happened that Jake hated gin, and this bottle was filled with that despised liquor, which, but a few moments before, as he supposed, had contained whiskey. He rationally surmised there might be another bottle, and that he had got hold of the wrong one. This was directly made manifest on his again reaching up and drawing forth a second bottle, the exact duplicate of the first, and which he found to be indeed his own ; and hence he very naturally concluded that the other must belong to his wife. Replacing his own bottle in the cupboard, he put the strange bottle in an out-of-the-way place and sat down to reflect on this new revelation of the inconsistency of human nature.

In due time his wife came home, saying how mortal tired she was ; and after spreading out her wrappings to dry beside her husband's, she took a tea-cup from off the shelf over the dresser, though there were a dozen glass tumblers on the same shelf—but tea-cups are opaque, while glass is transparent—and tea-cup in hand, she retired to the other room, that is, to the parlor-bedroom of this two-roomed cottage, and into which this same cupboard conveniently opened by an opposite door. She was obliged to stand upon a chair to reach what she was after, which doubtless was the very bottle that Jake himself had just before accidentally got hold of ; and which, or rather her husband's instead, she uncorked and poured out some of the contents into her tea-cup. At that moment she was startled by her husband's speaking to her through the cupboard from the kitchen side, begging "the pleasure to join her in her tea-drinking."

"It's only a little port wine," said Mrs. Peabody blandly, "that Doctor Wheeler ordered me to take, to strengthen me."

"Wrong bottle, I guess, ain't it?" said Jake, as he drew

forth and offered her her own bottle, which he had just before tasted by mistake, and found to be gin of a very poor quality. "Here's your port wine, as you call it, Mrs. Peabody."

The lady seized the flask, looked at it with well-dissembled surprise, and at once declared that "some enemy had come in and done that to injure her." And she continued loud and furious in her indignation at this base attempt on her fair fame, "by putting a bottle of sperits in her cupboard."

For some time previous to this incident in their domestic history Jake had shown symptoms of rebelling against his wife's authority; for which, perhaps, his clandestine drinks lent him courage. But from that day forward he became quite unmanageable. He would seldom attend upon his spouse to any of her meetings or gossiping visits; he would go and come at any hour he pleased; and, worse than all, he would now keep his bottle in the cupboard, and warn his wife, in terms neither gentle nor tender, not to meddle with it.

Wranglings and loud talk began to be heard by the neighbors. Soon Mrs. Peabody began to be commiserated and condoled with, as the patiently suffering partner of a drinking husband. The wife, perhaps, found some consolation in knowing how much her sad case was talked of, and being regarded as a sort of martyr. But even this comfort was dashed by a few words from a sympathizing neighbor, who thought it her duty to tell her, that "some people said that she tuk a leetle suthing too, as well as her husband."

This was alarming, and more than the injured woman could bear in silence. She resolved to take steps at once to shield herself from such slanderous rumors. In her perplexity she sought the advice of that rising young man and universal friend, Mr. Augustus Lawrence.

The young magistrate—for he was a duly commissioned Justice of the Peace—assured his weeping client that he had heard of her troubles, and would consider the best course to

take for bringing her husband to a sense of his evil ways. Nor was it long after, that Jake, coming home very late one night, afforded his friends an opportunity for an experiment specially designed for his benefit.

The pair met at a most inopportune moment; for Mrs. Peabody had herself but just returned from her professional ministrations, and she was both tired and cross. So she pitched into her innocent-minded husband, telling him she knew "he might have got home two hours afore."

Jake gave himself little trouble to reply to his wife's accusations, but said that "she could attend to her business and leave him to attend to his," and that "he was going straight to bed."

"To bed; yes, to my bed; fool that I was ever to give you a place in it."

"You may have your bed all to yourself, ma'am," replied the husband, as he turned down a chair for a pillow, and stretched himself at length on the floor, after having first taken a long double swig from his bottle.

"You're drunk, or you'd never dare talk that way to me," was the angry wife's retort.

"Blaze away, Mrs. Peabody; I'll be sound asleep in three minutes," said Jake, as he rolled over on the floor with his face to the wall.

The wife continued to pour a stream of reproach and invective into her husband's sleepy ear, until her fury rose to a pitch that deprived that usually placid woman of all self-control. Darting forward, she seized Jake's bottle, and exclaiming, "Out o' my house, vile stuff, and never enter here again," she dashed it through the window.

At this unusual proceeding Jake rose and sat bolt upright, while the double crash made by the breaking window-glass and the fall of the bottle on the sidewalk must have considerably agitated the still morning air, for it was already dawn, when some of the neighbors were likely to be awake. A few

minutes after there came a little knocking ; but which was nothing unusual at any hour, day or night, at the cottage of the village nurse.

Two men entered ; and one of them said to Jake, "I want you to go with me."

"Go with you, where to, I'd like to know?" was the astonished reply.

The man answered, "I'm a constable ; you know the place I take people to."

"To jail!" exclaimed Jake, with a look of horror as he started on his feet. The man nodded.

"I won't go ; and it'll take a better man than you are to get me there."

"Look here," said the constable, and he showed a printed form headed "Commonwealth of Massachusetts," which was duly filled up with writing, in which were the words "riotous, disorderly, and drunken ;" the whole signed by "Augustus Lawrence, Esq., Justice of the Peace."

"Augustus Lawrence send me to jail!" said Jake in a tone of humility, and he looked at his wife, who, by her silence, seemed almost as much grieved and surprised as was her husband.

"To jail!" she broke forth. "No, no, I never meant that. It's some mistake. No, no, dear Jacob, you shan't go to jail, you've done nothing to go to jail for ; dear, dear Jacob, you musn't go ;" and then addressing the constable and his assistant in a coaxing, caressing manner, she repeated, "No, don't take him,—wait, there's some mistake. Wait till I see young Mr. Lawrence ; he never meant for you to take him to jail, only just to frighten him a little bit, I know he did."

"The Commonwealth never does business in that way," dignifiedly replied the constable. "What the Commonwealth of Massachusetts says, it always means. The Commonwealth never knows nothing about other folks' mistakes."

"It's no use talking," said Jake as he put on his coat ; "it's no use talking, I'll go, but I've never done nothing to be sent to jail for."

As her husband walked unresistingly out of the house with his keepers, his wife threw herself upon them like a mad woman, declaring, both with voice and action, that she'd "never let her dear husband, her Jacob, be taken off to jail."

Her violent demonstrations were speedily quieted by her husband, who cautioned her "not to make so much noise and take on so, or she'd wake up the neighbors." At this she sank down upon the door-step, but not to cry over the event ; for she was not one of the weeping sort.

Her husband, with his hat pulled forward over his face, walked off in silence with his two attendants, but repeating at times as if to himself, "I don't ought to go to jail, and I know it. My folks are poor folks, and allers was, but none on 'em was ever sent to jail." It was almost sunrise when they arrived at their destination, and a fellow who was grinning through one of the barred windows accosted him with "Hallo, Jake, what the devil's brought you here ? In for debt ?"

"I don't know as I owe anybody anything, or as anybody owes me much ; but I know I've done a sight o' work for folks I never got no pay for," was the reproachful answer.

Mrs. Peabody was not a woman to sit moping over trouble like this. Indeed, her husband was hardly out of sight when she started up, put on her things, and made her way to the elder Mr. Lawrence's house, where she entered by the kitchen door ; for some of the household were already astir. As Mr. Lawrence was an early riser, she had not long to wait for an opportunity of stating her case ; and he promised to attend to the matter before he sat down to breakfast. The result was that the constable had hardly returned home when he received another form, duly filled out, for Jake's enlargement. Thus the prisoner was out of durance vile almost before he

had time to feel that he was in. Yet not without a deep sense of disgrace and injustice did he walk away from those ugly stone walls and small grated windows.

Mrs. Peabody, in expectation of her husband's speedy return home, had set about getting an excellent breakfast. She also found time to give their cottage a cheerful and orderly appearance, and to make herself look neat and comely,—all which legitimate arts women instinctively resort to when they care to please or propitiate the other sex.

But he came not. She delayed a while, and then went forth to make inquiries. No one had seen her husband. She went home and waited a good hour before she renewed her inquiries; but with reserve, for she would not willingly spread abroad a knowledge of the morning's events. But nothing could she hear. Yet she was patient, hoping that it was only a sulky fit that kept her lord for a while away from his spouse and home.

Late in the afternoon there was a rumor in Brookfield street that "Jake Peabody had tried to kill himself,—that he had taken poison and was dying." Everybody was sorry at hearing this, for they said that "Jake was a right honest, good fellow as ever lived; always so kind and obliging, too." This was his eulogy, spoken before he was quite dead. And, reader, the best I can wish for you and myself is, that we may deserve one as good and sincere as was pronounced upon this humble son of mother earth, when we, like him, have done our appointed work, and are consigned to rest in her illimitable bosom.

One of the first persons to hear this report of Jake's attempted suicide was Phil Lawrence, then at home for his summer vacation. He hastened to the spot, and found him lying on a pile of straw in an old shed, and suffering the greatest agony.

"Jake," said Phil, in a jocular tone, after finding the dying man's pulse was yet strong, his eye clear, and his skin

warm and moist, "Jake, I didn't think you were such a deuced fool as to try to kill yourself."

"I hain't done no such thing, Doctor Phil, as try to kill myself," replied Jake, speaking with great difficulty in the intervals of his paroxysms of pain; "it's that darned new apple-jack."

The bystanders showed a bottle, of which Phil took one sniff. "I see," he gravely and oracularly remarked, *more medico*; then added with a tone of command, "Bring me a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, quick." These requisitions were supplied without delay.

Doctor Phil—for by that title had he more than once heard himself called—Doctor Phil scooped out the soft inside of the loaf, and rubbing it between his hands, let it fall in fine crumbs into the water, then stirred it up well and strained it, and made his patient drink a quart or more of the cloudy mixture. This simple remedy gave speedy relief to poor Jake, who was lying bent almost double by the spasm of the muscles over the region of the stomach, which were contracted in knots of stony hardness. And Phil furthermore improved the occasion to warn Jake, and give a brief lecture to the bystanders, by telling them "their stomachs were not made to hold such stuff as that in the bottle; they might as well put vitriol in one of those meal-bags, or try to carry live coals in that corn-basket!"

The patient was removed to his home, and where we may be sure he was well cared for; as in a day or two from that time he was quite well again. Then Mr. Lawrence, who was looked up to as a sort of general patron and adviser, sent for Jake to give him a few words of wholesome admonition. He reminded him of the responsibilities of the married state; that he had a neat, industrious wife who knew how to make a comfortable home for him; that all women should be treated with kindly consideration for the peculiarities of the sex; that men should never forget that they were differently

constituted from themselves. To Mrs. Peabody he also took an opportunity of saying, that he knew her husband to be in the main a well-disposed man ; that he was shrewd, honest, good-tempered, and industrious. But men would not bear constant restraint and watching, for it irritated them ; that if she scolded and checked her husband, it would certainly make him drink the more, cause him to neglect his business, and probably end in his ruin. From that time forth the couple seemed to get on together with the average degree of marital harmony ;—at least they were never afterwards talked about.

At the end of the second year of his medical studies Phil came home two or three weeks later for his summer's vacation. It was plain to be seen that he was getting somewhat more thoughtful, having brought home several medical text-books wherewith to keep his mind from fasting. His father had continued to receive from his friend, the distinguished Doctor Heywood, assurances of his son's diligent application to his studies.

On his return this time Phil did not rush out to the stable to look after Nelly ; nor up to his sanctum in the attic to inspect his fishing tackle and shooting gear. However, these resources for recreation soon came into use ; such is the force of old associations in reviving former tastes and habits. And as he revisited his old haunts, whether following with his rod the mountain streams, or with his gun he plunged into the tangled thicket, there was a wood-nymph that tracked his steps—no airy myth of ancient fable, but a modern flesh-and-blood creation—ycleped Matilda.

Again the girl, in wanton despite of all else in the world, sat beside her hero on the same broad rock, underneath the spreading chestnut, where before she had first contrived to meet him. And there, as on a former occasion, she drew forth the carefully preserved scraps of paper on which Phil, her whilom teacher, had set her copies to improve her

writing. Pointing to one of several words he had written with his pencil the year before, she said, "What a pretty word that is ! how beautifully it sounds ! I would like that for my name—*Egeria* !"

Doctor Philip—for by that title the young medical student now sometimes heard himself addressed—had been at home scarcely three weeks when he began to speak of returning to his studies in Boston. His reasons satisfied his father, to whom he confided certain medico-military aspirations by which he was secretly possessed. The Mexican war was now fairly under way, and two pitched battles had been fought. Our ambitious medical student had conceived the idea, that by applying himself very closely to his studies during the coming winter, he would be able, early in the spring, to pass his examination ; after which he meant to try for a commission in the army medical staff. With this project in his mind, he was soon back in his old place in Doctor Heywood's office.

It was hardly a month after Phil's departure, to renew his attendance on hospital wards and prison cells in Boston, when there occurred another of those popular autumnal gatherings, such as have already been described, and which took place nearly every year on the broad meadow in front of the Red House. People were, as on former occasions, congregated from all the country round ; but whether it was a county cattle-show, or a grand militia muster, is not now remembered, nor is it material to our story. But certain it is, there was the usual concert and dramatic entertainment in the great old hall of the Red House. Matilda was seen there. The next day her parents—who had but just before removed from their ruinous cottage to a bran-new brick house in the manufacturing village of Laurel—were inquiring for her all over Brookfield, and in the country round about. But the girl had disappeared and no trace of her could be found ; nor will the reader soon hear of her again.

Part 2.

CHAPTER I.

MILITARY ASPIRATIONS.

PHILIP LAWRENCE easily passed the examination required for a medical degree. But his after-project of entering the military service as a surgeon he found to be much more difficult. Though there was war and daily slaughter, yet this young body-curer could get no chance to serve his country; while commissions were being daily given out, and in some cases to persons of more than doubtful fitness.

Much time had already been lost in fruitless applications and dancing attendance on those in authority; for Doctor Phil hardly knew the difference between State volunteers and the United States regular army. This ignorance of all proper methods of proceeding made him at last somewhat reckless. In a desperate mood, he one day wrote a few lines directed to the Secretary of War, at Washington, as follows:

"Sir: I have a College degree, and have lately graduated in Medicine, and would like to be informed what steps are necessary to obtain a commission in the Medical Corps of the Army.

"Very respectfully,

"PHILIP LAWRENCE.

"To the Secretary of War,

"Washington, D. C."

This rather curt letter was thrown into the post-office in hardly more than ten minutes after Phil first thought of writing it. By the return mail an answer came from the War Department. It was a printed blank duly filled up in the form of a letter, and to the effect that he was "invited to appear before the Board of Examiners then in session at Philadelphia. If his examination was reported favorably, he would receive a commission as soon thereafter as might be required by the interests of the public service."

On receiving this official document, Phil rushed on to Philadelphia. There he found himself in presence of the "Board," consisting of three exceedingly military-looking, but very courteous gentlemen, who were seated at three sides of a small square table in the middle of the room, looking much like a party of whist-players waiting for the fourth hand to come and take the vacant place. That place was assigned to Phil, who thus found himself at close quarters with his judges. Not a book or paper was anywhere in sight.

The examination was begun without delay, and consisted of a running fire of medical questions, put in turn by each member of the Board for about twenty minutes at a time. In this way the best part of two days was consumed, towards the close of which there was a slight unbending of military rigor and stateliness of manner. The candidate was told that his examination was ended, and the result would be communicated to him by letter from the War Department.

This announcement caused him a momentary flutter of anxiety, from supposing that his appointment would finally have to run the gauntlet of adverse political influence. With this thought, he ventured to say, in a kind of apologetic tone, that he had "neglected to provide himself with the usual letters of recommendation from members of Congress, and"—"Such things are entirely unnecessary," quickly replied one of the Board, "and only help to fill the waste-paper basket in the Surgeon-General's office."

A few days after his return home, he received an official-looking letter, which he preferred to open and read in the privacy of his own room. On his way thither he happened to pass near his cousin, Augustus Lawrence, who stood intently scanning a freshly opened Washington newspaper, in close company with his partisan friend Col. Alexander Phipps.

Augustus was heard to say, with some emphasis:

"Damn it; there must be some mistake! No such appointment could be made in this county against the wishes of our party. This is the first I've heard of it. Such an office, given to the right man, would be worth two hundred votes to us here in Berkshire. I'll write to Washington and inquire about it."

Phil did not dream that the exclamations he had casually overheard were called forth by his name standing third in a list of eight new commissions in the Army Medical Staff, "with the rank, pay, and allowances of a First Lieutenant of Cavalry."

The next day he occupied his garrison quarters at Fort Columbus, in New York harbor.

CHAPTER II.

REPORTING FOR DUTY.

BUT a few weeks were allowed the young army surgeon to gain his first experience of the routine of military life and duty, when an order came from Washington for sending of several hundred recruits to join General Taylor, who was then advancing with victorious strides into the heart of Mexico. In that order Assistant-

Surgeon Lawrence was named as the medical officer to accompany the detachment. The result was, that, in what seemed to him a short space of time, Phil found himself living under a tent on the field of Buena Vista, which, just before his arrival, had been made memorable by the great and decisive battle of the war.

As often happens after great battles, there came a lull in active military operations. Our Government at Washington had decided to transfer the seat of war to a distant, but more central part of Mexico. As week after week rolled by without any movement of the army, the men had little else to do but eat, sleep, and smoke their pipes; while their officers had leisure to amuse themselves.

But it seems that, in the moral constitution of this world, opposite elements are perpetually getting mixed; as from comfort and repose come ennui and discontent; from amusement often proceeds quarrelling; while feasting sometimes ends in fighting. There was now a good deal of dinner-giving between several of the crack regiments, both regulars and volunteers. One day, at the mess to which our new assistant-surgeon belonged, an unusually large invited company was present, including several officers of volunteers.

In his place at the head of the table sat a grizzly old colonel, of the martinet school, the terror of young officers, as he had graduated at West Point forty years ago, in the days when cadets wore army brogans and drank their coffee out of tin cups. The table was already pretty full when Phil came to his seat near the lower end, which was presided over by a little poppy old army surgeon, surrounded by several young officers, mostly fledglings just from the Military Academy.

On looking along the line of guests, it was not difficult to distinguish between regular and volunteer officers, from the latter's brilliant uniforms, with a greater display of white wristbands and shirt-collars. Not the least gorgeous of these strangers was the tall gaunt figure of a middle-aged gentle-

man seated on the Colonel's right, and who, though somewhat disguised in his new regulation toggery, Phil at once recognized as his fellow-townsmen, and our old friend Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Alexander Phipps, of the Berkshire Militia. The meeting was indeed unexpected, but Phil had previously seen the Colonel's name mentioned as having received some nominal staff appointment, such as politicians obtain from their friends in office.

A lively game of knife and fork ensued, for, as the poet saith, "soldiers' stomachs always serve them well." The dinner on that occasion was a better one than our gallant army friends had seen for a twelvemonth. As the eating slackened, the popping of champagne and the drawing of claret corks increased. One remark caused a brief interruption to the noisy talk among the subalterns at the lower end of the table. A Second Lieutenant of Infantry, with an un-English name, who emptied his glass pretty often, became quite voluble, and had several times used the words, "damned volunteers."

"Who do you call 'damned volunteers?'" said Phil, in his usual tone.

"Why, all these awkward-looking chaps you see spreading themselves here in their new toggery; you can tell them a mile off; there's one, that old muff on the Colonel's right."

"I know him," remarked Phil.

"Well, I'm happy to say I don't; I take care to keep clear of all such cattle," was the contemptuous rejoinder.

"Lieutenant Muhlhouse," said Phil, with slightly more emphasis, "as you spoke of cattle, I can remember the time when your captain drove that 'damned volunteer's' cows to pasture; and I've heard that your captain's cadet warrant for West Point was obtained by the kindly influence of that 'old muff,' that 'damned volunteer,' as you were pleased to call him,—Mister Muhlhouse."

The pause made by this little flurry was first broken by the

old army surgeon who presided. After inflating his little pigeon-breasted body to its largest possible dimensions, he fixed his eye on Phil, and said, in a style of pompous rebuke: "Doctor Lawrence, such language is improper and unusual at this table."

Phil, who sat next but one on the old Doctor's right, bent a little towards him as he replied, almost in a whisper: "Major Potts, I can judge for myself what language is proper or improper at this or any other table."

Thereat, the Doctor, astounded at such boldness, after trying to swell up a little more, replied in a tone of authority: "Assistant-Surgeon Lawrence, you will withdraw from the table and retire to your quarters."

"Doctor Potts," said Phil, with a peculiar emphasis on the titular word, "I shall continue to follow your directions as exactly as possible in the line of my medical duty; but I beg to say, that at other times I receive orders only from the commanding officer. I shall certainly stay here until I have finished my dinner, and possibly longer."

As this angry talk was not heard beyond a circle of half a dozen, it did not disturb the general current of good feeling at the table. Several toasts, formal and informal, had been proposed, and as duly drunk and speechified to. After that there was singing of songs, the heavy chorus to which was more than sufficient to drown the undertoned, wordy contest between old Doctor Potts and young Doctor Lawrence. In the meantime, before the drinking set in, the old Colonel, as was his custom, had withdrawn unobserved, and left his vacant seat to his Adjutant, a polished young officer, a thorough Virginian, but not a fool.

The festivity soon arrived at the uproarious stage, in which it was difficult to hear anything that was either said or sung. Nor did it make much difference, for there was as little harmony in the music as sense in the speeches. The Adjutant did his best to keep the noise and jollity within the bounds of

military decorum. Several seats had become vacant, a few of the company had changed their places, and among them Lieutenant Muhlhouse had found one near the middle of the table, where, though a little unsteady, he was trying to interest those sitting on each side of him in what he had to say. The subject on which he was talking probably related to our friend Phil, as the eyes of the listeners were sometimes directed towards him.

The din of voices waxed louder and more confused. Every one was talking and no one listening; names were shouted from one end of the table to the other with bumper invitations; questions were asked without being answered; bets were made and races agreed on only to be forgotten the next minute; there were loud challenges to leap or swim horses; one was trying to get the pitch of some old song, while his next neighbor was spouting Byron; some glasses were broken, and many were seen filled with more than one kind of wine; so that the Adjutant, while vainly striving to repress the furious revel, was obliged to order the steward of the mess to set no more wine on the table.

All this time our Berkshire Militia Colonel had preserved a becoming dignity, though freely participating in the festive scene. In fact, he must have taken at least his full share, and probably more; for some of the youngsters at the table had formed a design, by repeated requests of "the honor of a glass of wine," to "get the old fellow tight." But he had courteously responded to all their invitations without showing any appreciable result, for he suddenly rose from his seat, and stood up straight as a ramrod and steady as a drill sergeant. The wine may have in some degree exhilarated him, for his voice began to be heard as his gaunt form was seen erect through the haze of the cigar-smoke. He was evidently making a regular speech, as he complimented his "gallant and hospitable young friends, to whom he owed this, the proudest and happiest day of his whole life."

The Adjutant succeeded in procuring some attention for the speaker, who then proceeded to extol the prowess shown in the late battles and sieges, by applying to the troops of each of the several States some already pretty well-worn eulogistic epithets; as "the serried ranks" of one State, "the gallant dash" of another, "the steady phalanx," "the riddled flags," "the terrific charge," "the cool bravery," "the triumphant shouts," "the waving plumes and glittering bayonets" of as many other different States. The orator's adjectives might have held out until he had got through with the whole thirty odd sovereign little American republics, but time would have failed, and the reveille would have sounded ere he could have finished, at the deliberate pace he was advancing, when an unlooked-for interruption occurred. The speaker had already duly lauded the sons of eight or nine of the thirty or more sisters; to wit: Louisiana, New York, Mississippi, Indiana, Georgia, Pennsylvania, and had just finished off with Virginia, when he got to his native State, "which, although she had given birth to so many mischief-making sons, was yet his mother, and he was bound to call her his own loved Massachusetts!"

"Damn Massachusetts! Yankees to hell!" shouted Lieutenant Muhlhouse, starting up out of a drunken doze.

At this the Adjutant's voice was heard, in a clear tone of command, "Mr. Muhlhouse, you will retire to your quarters."

With hardly a moment's hesitation, the order was obeyed, as even his fuddled brains comprehended that the command came from one who represented his Colonel. On receiving a polite nod of invitation from the Adjutant, the speaker resumed his oration; but the spell of his eloquence (over himself) was dissolved, and, in a few words, with the best grace he could, he ended his speech in the middle.

A short silence ensued, as some were asleep, many tired, and no more wine was to be had. The occasion was favorable, and Phil, starting to his legs, called out "Adjutant!" and

that officer rapped for attention, as he recognized the new speaker, and replied, "Doctor Lawrence."

"Adjutant," Phil began, "I beg to be allowed a few words in response to expressions made use of at this table. I would regret that the individual who uttered those expressions is not now present, had I not reason to believe that anything which it concerns him to hear of will be duly reported. But what I am to say does not concern him more than others, though it is to his sentiments, or rather to his nonsensical ejaculation, 'Yankees to hell,' that I wish to reply. But what I have especially to remark upon is, that such sentiments, though coming from a contemptible source, are often applauded by those whose far superior rank and breeding entitle them to notice; and worse still, because such insulting expressions are often heard and borne in silence by those who are bound by every instinct of honor or manhood to reply to them on the spot, as I do now, and shall henceforth always reply to them."

"How, I ask, have persons of one section of our country acquired the right of habitually applying contemptuous terms to the people of another section? What is their title to that right? What is the evidence of their superiority? I know of none, unless it be the meanness of certain scurvy politicians at the North, who make their living as lackeys of Southern gentlemen." [Hisses, and cries of "Oh! oh!" "What do you know about Southern gentlemen?"]

"What do I know about Southern gentlemen? I know this," Phil continued, "and most of you here present know it too—that gentlemen are said to be much alike all the world over. But if Southern gentlemen have any special characteristic, one is (as I can say from personal observation) their capacity for being improved by a few years', or even a few months', residence at the North. [Repeated hissing.] I could not expect that such freedom of language as I am using would be agreeable to many of those who now hear me; but since I came into the army I have been compelled to listen

to sentiments far more distasteful to myself, and I know no reason why I should suffer them to pass unnoticed." [Cries of "Oh, oh!" "Dreadful, dreadful."]

Phil continued: "Gentlemen, this is no personal matter about which I am speaking. Insulting expressions such as are constantly applied by the people of one half of the United States to the people of the other half, will, before many years, produce a rupture [cries of "Who cares?" and "So much the better"]; and I believe I speak for the young men of the North when I say that such a rupture means *civil war!*"

Doctor Phil might have extended his speech, and there would doubtless have been some sharp reply to it; but just then the tattoo drum was heard, which made it necessary for most of the officers to repair to their respective commands. As Phil left the mess tent, he heard the words "damned abolitionist," a word of which he then hardly knew the meaning.

After his usual hospital rounds, the Doctor went to his tent, and soon after to bed, but not to sleep. Being in a state of excitement, he laid awake, or only dozed, for some hours, thinking perhaps of Lieutenant Muhlhouse.

That young gentleman may stand as the representative of a large class of both army officers and civilians. He was tall enough—over six feet—to suit our ideal of a warrior; and of lateral bulk in proportion to his height, though his legs were rather small and short. His head was large, his eyes and hair of no particular color; while his face, being very full, and of a muddy, measly complexion, was one that few ladies would care to kiss.

Lieutenant James Muhlhouse's antecedents were well known, though seldom referred to. So late as his sixteenth year, either in Louisville or Cincinnati—I cannot recollect which place—he could have been seen on the morning of any market day astraddle of a mule, of a team of four, to which he shouted and yelped as they dragged a rumbling

market-wagon through the streets of the town. He was proud and happy, as one so young might well be, of his responsible position. But Nature, in one of her whimsical, feminine moods, had given him an arithmetical brain. This was of great use to his employer; and when his gift was discovered by the market people, he became a popular prodigy. They constantly referred to him in their difficult calculations or disputed accounts; so that agreeing to leave a question of arithmetic to "Jimmy," was to insure a decision from which no one thought of appealing.

It was thought that the poor lad's genius should be fostered, and in some way utilized for the benefit of his country, and possibly for the whole of mankind. His name was got upon the list of candidates for a cadetship at West Point. Thereupon young Jimmy was taken from off the pig-skin on the back of his favorite mule, and set down on a school-room bench, where, during two years, he gained the usual modicum of reading, writing, grammar, and geography, and thence in due time was transferred to West Point.

Jimmy's career at that famed military academy did not answer the high expectations of his patrons. As he grew in stature, and his mental faculties generally were disciplined and developed, his brilliant mathematical powers began to wane so rapidly that, before the end of the first two years, he was excelled in his own specialty by other minds of more even poise; and finally, at the end of four years, his average merit had fallen so low that he barely saved his commission as a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry.

Hardly less equivocal was his social standing among the cadets. Early in his first year he had found it requisite to give two aristocratic little plebs a cruel trouncing, for having alluded quite unnecessarily to his previous occupations. This gained him some outward show of respect, which he managed afterwards to increase by pretty adroitly dispensing his bully-ings and his flatteries. To a few he chiefly recommended

himself by his genius for contriving "hazing" tricks, which were both original and brutal, and not seldom of the nasty order. With these military and social qualifications, we find him in his present position, and where he is brought in collision with our friend Phil Lawrence.

Let us now return to Dr. Lawrence's tent, where we left him stretched upon his mattress, trying to get some sleep. The night being cloudy but warm, the sides of his tent were clewed up to allow the air to circulate. He was awakened from a brief doze by a jerk outside at one of the guys or ropes of his tent. He listened, suspecting it might be some thieving camp-follower. Looking up through the darkness, he was sure he saw an object bending over him. Rolling quickly over, he dealt it a heavy blow, which hit somebody or something pretty hard; but from the manner of the intruder's sudden exit, he was sure that it belonged to the human species. The thing, whatever it was, was gone, and not likely to return again that night.

Soon after sunrise he was up and dressing for his regular morning rounds through the hospital. He found his hand smeared with some strange-looking black stuff, much like printers' ink. It proved almost indelible, so that he sent his servant to the hospital for a strong chemical detergent to take it off. While thus occupied over his wash-hand basin, he heard some one outside speaking to his servant.

It was the Colonel's voice, who said, "What are you doing there, Pete?"

"Splicing the tent ropes, Colonel. They's been dun and cut 'em las' nite, Colonel."

"Humph!" was the Colonel's brief comment on what he knew to be an old practical joke, traditional in the army, for letting a tent fall suddenly down on its sleeping occupant.

Soon the Colonel spoke again, and quite testily. "What's this dirty-looking black stuff lying about here on the ground? I thought you were a smart boy, Pete, and knew how to keep

things neat. Get your brushes ; here's some of the stuff on my boot."

"Colonel," answered Pete, "I just discubber dat ar mysef ; it's wheel-grease like ; but none o' our doings, Colonel."

"Is the Doctor up yet?" again inquired the Colonel, with one foot on Pete's lap, who was vigorously using his brushes.

"Yes, Colonel ; he's a'most done dress his'sef, Colonel."

Phil heard this last question of the Colonel's as he was scrubbing away at the "damned spot" on his hand, and he did not particularly relish the idea of so early a call from his commanding officer, which he feared would prove anything but complimentary ; for the Colonel was known as equally unindulgent to his officers, his men, and himself. In a moment after, the Colonel's figure darkened the entrance of Phil's tent.

"Colonel, good morning."

"Doctor, been trying chemical experiments here in your tent?" the Colonel asked, as he observed the effort Phil was making to cleanse his hands.

"No, Colonel," was the reply ; "I don't know what this stuff is, nor how it came about here."

At that moment a soldier approached, made a salute, and pronouncing the single word "Colonel," stood erect and motionless until the Colonel found it convenient to notice him by replying, "Well, man?"

The soldier, repeating his salute, delivered himself thus : "Lieutenant Moolouse's compliments to the Colonel, and begs to say, he is confined to his bed by an accident, and asks to be excused from duty to-day as officer of the guard."

The Colonel, who seemed hardly to listen to the soldier's message, made no reply, but walked off a few steps, attended by Phil, who had found time to slip on his cravat and coat.

"Orderly," said the Colonel, at which call a neat-looking soldier at some distance off stepped forward, and making the usual salute, stood at attention.

"Orderly, conduct Doctor Lawrence to Mr. Muhlhouse's quarters." Then turning to Phil, the Colonel said : "Doctor, I wish you to enter the Lieutenant's case very exactly on the morning's Sick Report. Come and take breakfast with me, directly after guard-mounting."

In due time Phil presented himself at the Colonel's quarters, and a very plain breakfast had been quickly gone through with, when the usual morning reports were brought in for the commandant's inspection.

"What's the plain English of this?" inquired the Colonel of his young guest, the Doctor, as he proceeded to read slowly from one of the several blank books as follows : "Second Lieutenant Muhlhouse, oblique-fracture-of-the-neck-of-the-left-condyle-of-the-inferior-maxillary ;" what does that mean?"

"Fracture of the jaw close to the ear, Colonel," was Phil's explanation.

"How did he get that?" was the Colonel's next question.

"Fell over the tent ropes, sir, in the dark, he says, and struck his face on one of the pins," was the Doctor's answer.

"He ought to know enough not to tumble over tent ropes. It's a lie," remarked the Colonel, gruffly.

"I observed, while bandaging his face," the Doctor continued, "some black stains on his shirt and about the neck."

The Colonel gave a scowling glance downwards at his well-polished boots, and then inquired : "Did you hear any noise about the camp last night?"

"I heard nothing unusual," was Phil's answer ; "but some thieving person came inside my tent, and I gave him a blow that sent him away."

"Yes, I dare say," was the Colonel's careless expression, for he knew more than Phil of the practical jokes, both graceful and disgraceful, current among very young officers.

The Colonel then took up one of the thin blank books that lay before him, wrote a few lines in it, and calling his Orderly,

told him to "take it to the Adjutant's office, and wait for a copy to bring back."

After the Orderly's departure he lighted a cigar, and wheeling his camp-stool half about, looked forth into the open air for a few moments, and then broke silence with the following blunt question :

"Dr. Lawrence, what did you come into the army for?"

Phil was hesitating what reply to make to this strange question, and the Colonel continued: "Do you mean to stay in the army? Do you like this kind of life? It's a life suited only for rough fellows, or those who have no other way to live."

To this Phil replied that he "liked the kind of life very well, the little he had yet seen of it."

"I've seen forty years of it," interposed the Colonel, "most of the time hunting Indians, or at remote frontier posts, beyond the bounds of civilization. This war we are in now is a holiday to us compared to our former life. When it is over, as it soon will be, you must expect, if you remain in the army, to give up all the advantages and pleasures of society, family, and education, and become little better than a half-breed Indian. Such is my experience of military service. Judging from what was reported to me of last evening's talk at the mess-table, that is not the worst you will have to bear. The army has become a Southern institution, and you must make up your mind to hear the people of the North constantly spoken of with disrespect, and learn to smile at such insults. Young men like you may be benefited by two or three years of military experience; but a whole lifetime spent in such a service as ours is not a pleasant thing to look back upon."

This last sentence was uttered with a slight emotion of sadness, quite in contrast with the Colonel's usually heavy, gruff tones. Just then the Orderly returned with a folded paper, which the Colonel glanced at, and then handed to his

guest, saying: "Doctor, that is for you; read it when you get to your tent. Good morning."

This paper, as Phil suspected, related specially to himself, and read as follows:

[" COPY.]

'Special Order No. 256.

"In compliance with General Order No. 27, current series, making requisition on this Brigade for one medical officer to be detailed for hospital duty at headquarters of Army of Occupation, Assistant-Surgeon Philip Lawrence is hereby designated; and said Assistant-Surgeon Lawrence is hereby relieved from duty with this Brigade, and ordered to report for duty at general headquarters without delay."

"By order of Col. Josiah Turnbull, Colonel 10th Infantry, commanding 3d Brigade.

"P. BARBOUR, Captain
and A. A. Adj. Gen'l."

That same day, after a ride of five or six miles, Phil had the honor to sit at General Taylor's table; and where he was privileged to make the best dinner he could from old Rough-and-Ready's remarkably plain fare, which consisted, indeed, of little else than what came from the Commissary. But this enviable honor of being a member of the Commanding General's military family, proved of short duration. The hero of Resaca, Palo Alto, Monterey, and Buena Vista was called home by an order from Washington, his victorious little army taken from him and sent to swell the force with which an older, if not an abler General was preparing to take the field and march from the Gulf to the City of Mexico.

Phil found himself among the moving hosts that were being pushed forward by land and sea, and in no long time set down on the sands of Vera Cruz. That stronghold was invested in due form, and quickly taken by regular siege opera-

tions, begun and carried forward by our engineers on a scale and with a certainty never before witnessed on the American continent. From thence our forces advanced by skirmishes and battles straight into the heart of the country, besieging and taking towns and cities that had been built and fortified a century before the oldest and largest of our cities were begun. In three months from the day of their first landing, our army looked down upon the ancient capital of Mexico.

In the mean time, intercourse with the States was as frequent and regular as between any two sections of our own country. The mails arrived daily, and Phil received frequent letters from his friends at home. Those from his mother implored him to come home without delay, to keep out of quarrels, to wear heavy flannels, and drink but little wine. The early and safe return of that other representative from Brookfield in the tented field, Colonel Alexander Phipps, was mentioned in her letters. Those from Mr. Lawrence begun by suggesting, and then urging his son to resign, and come home as soon as he could do so without discredit.

Fortunately for Phil, he was kept very busy; for constant occupation prevented him from feeling that personally he was under a sort of ban. He was not in "Coventry," though in less stirring times he might have been sent to that uncomfortable locality. But he noticed that the same officers who were very civil and friendly to him when he met them singly or alone by themselves, would avoid and almost turn their backs upon him when they happened to be surrounded by their own associates. This sort of politic politeness is common enough everywhere, but our young man had not yet seen enough of the world to recognize it. It is one of the many forms of meanness practised by persons at the tail end of fashionable society to gain a higher position.

Hard fighting was at hand before the Mexican capital could be taken, and the purpose of the war accomplished.

But I have no need to compile accounts of the gallant actions of Contreras, Molino del Rey, and Cherubusco, by which the event was decided, with no discredit to our foe. Certain it is, that our young friend from the peaceful vales and hillsides of Brookfield saw and heard a good deal of "the big wars," "the plumed troop," "the neighing steed," "the shrill trump," "the spirit-stirring drum," "the ear-piercing fife," and the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

What Phil now saw of all these things came fully up to his previous conceptions of the grandeur and poetry of war. But what he observed of some of its heroes fell far below his ideal standard. The highest military officer he had the good fortune to be brought personally in contact with, when accident made him the bearer of an important despatch to his headquarters, was Brevet Major-General Featherstonhaugh; and who not only happened to be the tallest, heaviest, and largest, but his enormous person was decorated with the most gold lace and buttons of any man in the whole *corps d'armée*.

Phil's despatch being taken from him by a subaltern, he was left, while waiting for the answer, to stand among a group of a dozen or more other young officers, where he had a few minutes' leisure to contemplate this war-god, this Brevet Major-General Featherstonhaugh, this idol for many years of a very large and intelligent portion of the American people. For General Featherstonhaugh had high political aspirations, and for years past he had made the most of his frequent official journeyings from Maine to Texas to keep himself before the people as an available candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

A man can see and hear a great deal in the short space of five minutes, when the attention is excited by novelty. As Phil entered with his despatch, a plate of soup was brought to the General, to which and to a lace-bedizened young en-

gineer officer, his military secretary, he gave about an equal share of attention. As the General broke his dinner-roll, he elevated his nose and raised his eyes, while through their almost closed lids he took a kind of exquisite, lady-like survey of the surrounding circle, at the same time addressing a few words to the half-dozen epauletted gentlemen who then had the honor to sit at table with him. These same epauletted gentlemen, or staff officers, Phil afterwards heard spoken of by the regimental, or fighting officers, as old chaps who cunningly knew how to get into the "soft spots" in the army service; as "powder-monkeys," "diggers," mule-drivers," and "pukes;" which contemptuous names, as he learned, were convertible terms for non-combatants of the Ordnance, Quartermaster, Engineer and Medical corps,—men who, as the fighting ones swore, had never once been on the outside of a horse, nor heard the sound of a drum, for the last thirty years; but now these non-combatants had left their warm beds and comfortable homes, and came on to take the lion's share of the game or fame which had been driven in for them by poor devils of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry service.

Phil naturally observed with most interest the chief of his own staff, a pompous little fellow of about a hundred and ten pounds weight, and who but recently had like to have fought a duel with some army Touchstone; but he lived fifteen years after, to die like an old woman of sheer fright in the first month of our late civil war. Phil, during this brief visit at General Featherstonhaugh's headquarters, saw him order another General, not two years his junior, to sit down and wait his leisure; and in the same breath finding fault with his soup; then scolding about a blot on an official paper; and finally, censure a meritorious young officer, in most insulting terms, because he had presumed to come into his presence without his coat closely buttoned up to his chin. As he departed from the General's tent, with the answer to

the despatch he had brought, he could but think to himself, that in style, manner, and tone of voice, there was a striking resemblance between the great General Featherstonhaugh and his own less distinguished fellow-townsmen of Brookfield, Colonel Alexander Phipps. "But handy-dandy, change places" (as Lear says), and this great army general might have been the unknown militia colonel.

Nor was it surprising that such shallowness and pomposity had for years made General Featherstonhaugh unpopular with army officers of every grade. As a consequence, there were all sorts of ridiculous stories told of him, some true, some exaggerated, and some wholly false. For instance, at the final and decisive assault on Cherubusco, this big hero was seen on his horse, without his hat, terribly scared, gesticulating and shouting in a frantic, incoherent fashion, with no one, in the hurly-burly of battle, to heed or mind anything he said. A few weeks after he carried his laurels home to the States; had his portrait painted full size, with the names of his Mexican victories inscribed in a convenient corner, and views of them have ever since adorned several rooms of the War Department at Washington.

As soon as the pressure of his duty would permit, Doctor Lawrence sent in his resignation. His departure was hardly noticed, and served only to call forth the remark, "that one more damned abolitionist had been run out of the army;" while he, on his part, felt that he had seen and learned a good deal in one short year.

One item of his recently acquired knowledge relating to our military service particularly impressed him: that in all commands, either small or great, both Northern and Southern officers seemed to have a pretty equal share; only it was always so arranged that the Southern should be first and the Northern officer second in rank. By this assignment, if any meritorious action was achieved, the credit was, of course, awarded to the chief; but in case of failure or mishap, the

blame could be shifted on to the shoulders of the second in command.

Of the chances of war Shakspeare hath said: "The merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer." And again, in another play, he says of "the toil of war," that it is

"A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honor; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure."

CHAPTER III.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

AFTER spending two or three weeks at his pleasant old Brookfield home—long enough to taste the repose and comforts of civilized life, contrasted with his late rough experiences—Phil bethought him of a trip to Saratoga. Our young Doctor was looking a little sallow, and longed for the waters; as he fancied that drinking at those cool and sparkling springs would take from his veins the malarious feverishness contracted during his late bivouacs in a tropical climate.

Thither he went, and was cured of one fever just in time to contract another. That is to say, he fell in love, the most likely event that could happen to a young man just

returned from a rough life among men loud and boisterous, to the amenities of civilized society, where female grace and influence are the chief characteristics.

In the present instance of boy-love, or, what is the same thing, love at first sight, Cupid had to shoot only the width of a hotel dinner-table, taking aim from a masked battery of dark brown hair, polished shoulders, and a maiden cheek of clearest shell-like tints, to hit a heart free and untenanted by a care or thought of interest or ambition. Or, to state the case in plainer phrase, Phil had been staying at Saratoga a week or more, when, owing to the constant departure and arrival of guests at the hotel, he one day found that his seat had been moved to another table. There, before he raised his eyes from his soup plate to look around upon his table associates, he became conscious, from the rustling of dresses, and the few words he heard spoken, that he was in an atmosphere of elegance and refinement. Phil finished his soup while listening to a mingling of pleasant voices, one of which sounded like that of a lively young girl, and whom he heard called Maggie by her circle of older friends.

As the servant took away his plate, he looked up for the first time, and met a pair of dark soft eyes, but which were quickly turned aside, and not once again directed towards him. He did not hurry through his dinner, though placed where he had not a soul to speak to; but sat out all the courses, and finished with dawdling over a plate of plum-bière. On leaving the table and going out upon the spacious hotel porch, he was met by two foppishly dressed young fellows, who hastened up to him, exclaiming, "Phil, what the devil has kept you so long at dinner? We've been waiting for you here this half hour, to go and finish our billiards."

Thereupon the trio disappeared for a time; but about an hour after, they were in a group together on the same porch—on the bachelor side, of course—where they sat lazily

chatting and puffing, while sometimes directing a look towards the opposite side, and where, as usual towards sunset, many elegantly dressed ladies and a few gentlemen presented a moving tableau to the admiration of unknown observers. Phil gazed steadily in that direction, while his companions, two old college acquaintance from New York, hardly looked that way at all.

It will answer our present purpose to simply designate Phil's companions as New Yorker No. 1 and New Yorker No. 2. Quoth New Yorker No. 1, as he happened to look across the quadrangle to the opposite side, "There's Meg dancing that unfortunate little brat again."

Phil could not be mistaken as to who was meant; for he had been watching the graceful figure of a young girl—his *vis-à-vis* at the dinner-table—who was now delightedly holding a little two-year old fellow by the hands, as she skipped and danced around him on the planks of the broad piazza.

Then replied New Yorker No. 2: "Yes, I saw her this morning almost breaking her back carrying a pair of borrowed babies, one on each arm."

"She'll have to borrow her babies for a good while to come, I fancy," said New Yorker No. 1.

"Why so?" inquired Phil.

"She's an awful flirt," was the reply of one New Yorker; to which the other added: "I ought to know about that; I once took a black eye for her before I was twelve years old, and got laughed at for my pains."

"You know her, then?" inquired Phil.

"Yes; she's a sort of third cousin, I believe."

"Introduce me, will you?" was Phil's next demand.

"Can't do that, Phil; I never go over on that side of the house; but I saw my Aunt Betsy here the other day; she's in the Minturn set: I'll speak to her for you if I meet her. Meg'll take you on her string directly; you'll have plenty of company there, along with about a dozen other dangles."

These slighting comments on Miss Maggie Minturn might have impaired her new admirer's sense of her perfections, had he not considered that they came from two idle young men, whose only aim in life was to trifle away their time and money; though one of them, addressed as Fred, had some penchant for painting, and hence the word "artist" stood against his name in the New York Directory.

The next day, at dinner, Phil found himself in the midst of a very affable circle. He was first addressed by an elderly lady in a profusion of gray hair, built up astoundingly in the stiffest kind of tubular, pod-like curls. Then a portly gentleman, in a dark blue dress-coat, with small plain gilt buttons, silvery linen, and ample buff waistcoat, with an eye-glass dangling from a black ribbon, invited Phil to try his claret.

Everybody, excepting the young lady of the party, talked and ate. She ate but moderately, and talked yet less. Indeed, if she was not in a pouting fit, she lacked but very little of that wayward mood incident to maids. This reserve so contrasted with her lively manner of the day before, made Phil almost think that, in spite of the polite attentions of her friends, she regarded him as an intruder to their circle. A momentary shadow came over his bright fancies. He did not sit long, and on leaving the table he was quite ready to join his companions at their evening game of billiards.

It was not late when the two New Yorkers proposed to Phil to accompany them to some place of amusement, though they admitted the place was not very select or elegant; but, as New Yorker No. 1 declared to Phil, "he would see a young actress there worth four dozen such girls as Cousin Meg: a splendid-looking creature; sings, dances, talks, or does anything off-hand, with none of your bothering, fashionable airs. Fred here is dead in love with her, and he'd marry her, I believe, if he dared to."

The speaker then drew forth and handed Phil a play-bill,

short and narrow, with both sides printed, on paper so flimsy as to be hardly legible. Fred (New Yorker No. 2) rejoined, in a half-soliloquizing manner: "If I dared to marry her! I'd marry her this hour if she'd have me, and hadn't a husband already. What do I care for caste? She's an artist; I'm an artist; our caste is the same. She's a perfect Hebe."

To this New Yorker No. 1 responded: "I'll bet my pile that old hunk she's travelling with is no husband of hers. She won't let him kiss her even on the stage. The last time we took supper with them after the play, I observed, as you were admiring their baby asleep in its cradle, and saying how you would like to sketch it, the old fellow kept mum as a fish, and didn't look half as pleased as its mother did."

"But I know," interrupted Fred, "she's regularly married to the old codger; he sticks to her like a brick. I've been watching for a chance to tell her something she don't know yet,—how talented and handsome she is, and how I'd like to paint her in my pictures, and make her famous."

The other New Yorker then continued: "I say, Phil, we invited the old chap to a dinner at Pasquale's last Sunday afternoon, and tried to drink him under. We took only champagne, while he drank everything, ale, whiskey, champagne, and Madeira, besides smoking all the time for three hours, and then walked off home by moonlight straight as a policeman. But, Fred, I've got a plan; we'll lay him out next Sunday so he won't get home in two days."

Phil, while half listening to these rakish adventures, had read from the play-bill just handed him the following:—

"Positively the last week at the *Casino Garden* of the FORRESTERS, who will leave Saratoga on Monday next to fulfil engagements in other places.

"This (Tuesday) evening will be presented the admired rural comedy of

"THE VILLAGE DANDY.

"Ezekiel, by - - Mr. George Forrester.

"Judith, by - - Mrs. Matilda Forrester.

"The other parts by the ladies and gentlemen of the company. During the piece Mrs. Forrester will introduce several of her most popular songs.

"To conclude with (for the first time in Saratoga) that screaming operatic farce,

"AN IRISH COURTSHIP,

"Or *Love Outside of a Cottage*.

"N. B.—In this piece Signor Banti's educated troupe of live pigs, chickens, and dogs are brought on the stage, with a most comical and side-splitting effect.

"Mrs. Matilda Forrester's Benefit on Friday evening next.

"[Turn over.]"

The back of the play-bill was covered with "*Opinions of the Press*," of which Phil read several, to the following purport:—

"*From the Toronto Times*.—'We are glad to welcome back our old friends the Forresters. Mrs. Matilda F. is admirable in parts where youth, beauty, and vivacity are essential. Those patrons of the drama who improve the present opportunity of seeing this charming lady will have cause to congratulate themselves, while compassionating those who may miss that pleasure.'

"*From the Ogdensburg Mercury*.—'Some of our readers must have gone to bed last night with aching ribs, to judge from our own personal experience, after seeing the two new and original pieces, *The Village Dandy*, and *An Irish Courtship*, as produced last evening at *Levey's Opera*

Saloon, from the Forrester repertoire. . . . Mr. Forrester would seem to have the gift of perpetual youth,—old only in artistic excellence gained in past years from the London and provincial theatres. But of his young wife, Mrs. Matilda Forrester, what appropriate terms can we use? We must be pardoned the use of a French term—her *abandonné* manner, without the remotest approach to coarseness, is the true mean, and which to hit rightly is the height of art—nay, of genius.'

"*From the Troy Cerberus*.—'At Music Hall, last evening, those public favorites, the Forresters, presented an entirely new play, *The Village Dandy*, which, for its original merit, deserves an analysis in our columns. A country youth (Ezekiel) goes to the city for employment, and at the end of a year returns home. In the mean time he has become just enough sophisticated by town ways to make himself disagreeable to his country friends. His old sweetheart (Judith) finding her lover has changed, resolves both to cure him of his apish airs, and win him back to herself. To effect this, she personates, in turn, three different young ladies, fashionable and accomplished strangers from the city. Ezekiel, neglecting his old love, flirts with the new-comers, and falls desperately in love with one of them, who finally discovers herself as his old rustic sweetheart, Judith. Very few lady artists are gifted with that combination of personal beauty, with versatile qualities required for the part of Judith, so admirably filled by Mrs. Forrester. The after-piece, entitled "An Irish Courtship," and which is carried on clandestinely outside the lassie's (Mrs. Forrester) home, is only too laughable.'"

"*From the Buffalo Bulletin*.—

'Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.'

"This one of the numberless profound truths bequeathed by the deathless Bard of Avon to mankind in all after-ages, was forcibly brought to our mind on witnessing the exquisitely finished acting of Mrs. Matilda Forrester at Concordia Hall last evening. Grace, beauty, intellect, and physical power are all of little account without judicious artistic training; but *with* that training, the result is something very near perfection, as may be seen in this lady's delineations. In private life, as a wife and mother, she is known to be as estimable as she is admirable on the stage before the public. On next Thursday evening Mrs. Forrester's benefit takes place."

"*From the Ottawa Aurora* (Canada).—Those of our readers and patrons of the stage who do not greatly care to see any more clever Yankee tricks, or to hear the mouthings of Southern cut-throats on our favorite little stage, the Princess Royal, will welcome the advent of an importation fresh from the hills of Devon, in the person of Mrs. Matilda Forrester, a delightful specimen of a fine English girl—for girl we must call her, though she happens to be a married lady. Her appearance in rustic characters brings back to our untravelled English hearts the village spire, the honeysuckle on the thatched cottage, the clover's perfume, the shade of the hawthorn hedge, and a hundred other things ineffaceably associated with our youthful days and early memories. Those who would like to make a voyage to dear Old England for half a dollar, and spend a good three hours there, may do so every evening this week, by going to see the Forresters at the Princess Royal Theatre. Mrs. Forrester is hardly less effective in her rendering of Irish characters."

Phil had become quite absorbed in reading this string of nonsense when he was recalled to consciousness by one of his companions calling out to him, "Come, Phil, will you go with us to see the Forresters? Come along, my boy; you need setting up. I can see Cousin Meg's been playing off her airs on you. Come and see our Matilda, join our little supper party

after the play, and I promise you you'll be cheery and heart-whole when you wake up to-morrow morning."

But our love-lorn young Doctor could not be allured by the assurances of his companions, joined to the eloquence of the play-bill; so he went his own way and left them to go theirs.

The next morning, as Phil was dressing, there came a knock at his bed-room door, and Fred entered, begging him to "come and see Harry" [New Yorker No. 1], "who was suffering horribly from neuralgia, so that he hadn't been able to sleep all night long."

Hurrying to the patient's bedside, he found him almost frantic with a "severe pain in his hip," and for which he asked for a prescription of morphine,—saying that was all he wanted.

The Doctor remonstrated against the foolish habit of taking opiates in such cases; assuring him that it would make him liable to a severer attack the next time.

"I know all about that," was the sufferer's peevish reply; "but I always take it; I have lost my recipe, and want you to give me another, with the dose marked on the label." Phil wrote the required recipe, and soon after went to his breakfast, then, at the usual hour for the morning's drive, he started out on horseback for the Lake.

While moving about at a gentle pace among the crowd of carriages, he distinctly heard the word "Doctor" two or three times; but did not turn his head, as he had learned not to notice such calls in public places, where there might be a dozen others in the crowd who answered to the same title. Soon after an open carriage pulled up alongside of him, in which he saw his dinner-table acquaintance of the Minturn party.

Aunt Betsy at once addressed him in her peculiarly affable manner: "We've been calling out to you, Doctor, but couldn't make you hear us." Phil expressed his regrets.

"You ride a good horse there," remarked the portly gentleman.

"He's not mine; I found him at one of the stables," was Phil's reply.

Aunt Betsy here let off a stunning compliment: "I suspect your horse is greatly indebted to his rider's skilful horsemanship. We've been admiring your *manège*. Maggie was just this moment saying how she envied you, and wished she could learn to feel at ease on horseback."

The lady who sat beside Aunt Betsy in the carriage, but took no part in the conversation, was that terrible flirt, Miss Maggie, as Phil very well knew, though she not only kept her head turned away, as though observing some persons at a distance, but her dainty little parasol screened her from his sight. Phil stammered forth some sort of disclaimer to Aunt Betsy's flattering speech, adding the remark, "that horses were usually quite docile under a lady's hand;" when the young lady suddenly let fall her parasol, and turned full upon him with a face wreathed in as dangerous smiles as ever threw a beam of hope in the dark recesses of a despairing lover's heart.

Then, with a little pout, she said, as she looked accusingly at her aunt, "I certainly did not suppose, aunt, that you would tell Dr. Lawrence that I admired his appearance on horseback. We rarely have the pleasure of seeing gentlemen on horseback; they appear to prefer driving about in their little toy-like wagons."

The elderly gentleman here spoke: "Maggie, I'm sure Thomas brought your horse on with the others from New York; you ought to practise riding while we are here in the country."

"Papa," replied the young lady quickly, "I don't want any more riding lessons from Thomas; they never did me any good, I am sure; he's so afraid to speak and tell me just what I must do."

"Perhaps," said Aunt Betsy, "our friend the Doctor here would be willing to give you some instruction."

The conversation was at this moment interrupted by the approach of another carriage filled with the Minturns' acquaintance, whereupon the Doctor respectfully touched his hat and rode away. But how changed in a few moments from the heavy, sullen mood he had endured since yesterday. Now he felt himself almost lifted from earth to a rarer and subtler atmosphere. The very horse under him seemed, in his rider's present exaltation, to bear him like a cloud sailing through the blue depths of ether. Such power is there in a woman's smiles.

Nor, when Phil again met the Minturn party at the dinner-table, did anything occur to mar, but rather to intensify the pleasurable state of his feelings. Conversation was lively and agreeable, beginning with a little about horses, during which a promise was exacted from the young Doctor to give Miss Maggie some instructions, though he modestly doubted if he could impart any information useful to lady equestrians. Then military life and the army came up, about which a full proportion of the many questions that were asked came from the young lady. The late glorious campaign had just ended, and the Mexican war was dwelt upon by her papa, who seemed not a little puzzled and even surprised when Phil remarked, rather too bluntly and confidently, perhaps, that he thought it "no great affair—nothing to boast much of."

Finally, the Doctor, after sitting long into the dessert, was about to leave the table, when Papa Minturn grasped him gently by the arm, saying: "You've no special engagement just now, I hope. Come with us, and Maggie shall give you some music."

But this invitation, though delightful to receive, Phil had the good sense to decline, as he knew that elderly people like to take a half-hour's post-prandial doze, while even young ladies should not be made to sing directly after eating a good

dinner. But he promised Aunt Betsy to call soon at their cottage, which she told him was "the second one on the lawn."

But more than that, Miss Maggie herself made him supremely happy by simply asking, "Are you not going to the hop this evening? It will be one of the finest of the season."

In this ecstatic frame of mind, with no relish for billiards, and without thinking it necessary to visit his neuralgic patient, Phil went to his room to enjoy a young bachelor's reverie, and after that, to look over his neckties, waistcoats, gloves, patent-leather boots and other gear for evening dress.

With lover-like eagerness, he was among the first in the great ball-room. But he had not to wait long before his bright particular star dawned over the horizon of the broad well-polished dancing-floor; for Miss Maggie entered with Papa Minturn and Aunt Betsy. Phil lost no time in presenting himself, and enjoyed the felicity of leading her through "the lancers," then quite a novelty; after which she kindly introduced him to some of her young lady friends, so that he was provided with partners for several more figures.

By the time these were ended the immense hall had become thronged, and he had to seek out the one sole object of his thoughts in all that crowd of elegantly dressed ladies. When found, Miss Maggie had become engaged about ten deep; whereat he expressed his regrets, but which the young lady could hardly have heard, for at the moment a handsome young British officer, who had the bad taste to wear his uniform, came to claim her for the waltz, which had just began. So Phil had the satisfaction of seeing her whirl and float over the floor with her partner's scarlet sleeve encircling her waist, while her hand rested languishingly on his epaulette.

This was a sight to make the young man feel a little savage, but he tried to bear it calmly; and knowing that unless he could take Miss Maggie down to supper his chances were gone for that evening, he contented himself for the next hour

with looking at the dancers. He counted about a dozen beaux of all degrees, each one of whom, from the red appalled British officer from Canada, the bearded foreign manikin, the pursy merchant, the young midgy just from the naval school, or the spider-legged planter's son, each and all in turn, while they had possession of his fair one for a few brief moments, seemed in his excited imagination to regard themselves as that young lady's accepted suitors, and about to take possession of their prize for life.

When the promenade began, preparatory to leading down to the supper room, Phil resolved to make one more effort to regain his lost ground, by seeking the honor of attending upon Miss Maggie to the table. But it was too late; for, as he almost darted forward to secure his prize, he did not perceive that she was leaning with confiding closeness on the arm of one of her several beaux,—to wit, the afore-mentioned pursy middle-aged cit. She hardly looked at him as he approached, but passed on in a stately gait, with only the slightest possible bend of recognition, while her stout little gentleman diffused a perceptible cosmetic odor in their wake.

This was enough and over-measure for Doctor Phil. He rushed from the room, found his hat, and getting into the open air, hurried away as fast as possible from the glare and music of the ball-room. He wandered along the streets, turning one corner after another, without the least thought of where he was going; he wondered how it was possible that a young lady could find pleasure in making others suffer as he was then suffering;—that, for his own part, he would not cause so much pain to the meanest creature living. Reflecting thus, he came to the sad conclusion, that for all their gentle manners, more delicate features, and softer voices, women are less endowed than men with the instincts of honor, truth, and benevolence. Do not poets and novelists tell us how much men are made to endure, to feed a woman's pride of being thought beautiful. History relates even worse things than poets and novelists

dare feign of female cruelty; how that oftentimes, to minister to their vanity, they have made a couple of brave men, for neither of whom they cared a pin, fence and stab at each other till one of them poured forth his heart's blood upon the ground! No more of woman for him! Even those two rakish New Yorkers, Fred and Harry, were more worthy of companionship and esteem than beautiful cousin Meg.

Considering thus, and looking about in the darkness to see whither he had wandered, his eye fell upon a couple of theatre placards set up on each side of a broad well-lighted door-way, and which read as follows:—

“CASINO GARDEN. Last week of the *Forresters* This evening, *THE VILLAGE DANDY*. To conclude with *AN IRISH COURTSHIP, &c.*”

Almost unconsciously, Doctor Phil thrust a half-dollar through the little round cat-hole named the ticket-office, and gained admission to the interior of this modern temple of the drama. He found himself under a low gallery, opposite to which was a narrow stage with side-scenes. The sloping floor was packed with an audience who testified, by their frequent shouts of laughter, how greatly they were entertained. Phil, being in no mood to sympathize in their merriment, looked but idly towards the stage. Indeed, if he had been eager to get a share of the fun, he was so placed under the low gallery that he could hardly see anything. But he did see what, for the moment, surprised him not a little; for he saw New Yorkers Nos. 1 and 2 (both Fred and Harry) seated in a private box close to the stage.

And good reason he had for his surprise, recollecting that but a few hours before he had left Harry (New Yorker No. 2) groaning in bed with an excruciating attack of neuralgia, for which he had reluctantly given him a prescription for morphine! He knew, indeed, that such attacks often went off as suddenly as they came, but not without leaving the patient in a languid state. Now he saw his patient in a fine flow of

spirits, laughing and applauding the stage performances in the greatest glee, having got rid of the narcotizing effects of his dose of morphine in a wonderfully short space of time.

The Doctor's mental debate on the subject was interrupted by a rush upon the stage from a cottage door in the back scene of two players personating the characters of an Irish peasant and his wife, scolding about their daughter Jenny, whose lover (Barney) they had just learned was then on a clandestine visit to his sweetheart. For it happened, unluckily, that Barney's dog, "Scamp," had got loose from home, and stealthily following him on his secret courting visit, arrived just in time to begin chasing and worrying the chickens, as his master began his love-making. [It must be remembered that both dog and chickens are members of Signor Banti's wonderfully educated troupe.]

The dog Scamp was quickly whistled in by Barney, and tied up by Jenny, who has barely time to hide her lover under a heap of potatoes and cabbages, from underneath which the audience can hear him speak in his part of the dialogue; while the cunning lassie is seen demurely occupied with her household duties.

Both father and mother again rush upon the stage, armed, he with a cudgel, she with a steaming tea-kettle, vowing if they found the young rascal they would warm his hide for him. In their search they are aided by another Paddy, who, though an old fellow, is also a suitor to the fair Jenny; an unwelcome one of course, though approved by her more mercenary parents. So, on go the old folks, searching all about the place, now on and now off the stage; the old man furiously hitting and punching every visible object with his cudgel, sounding the water-butt, whacking the straw-heap, probing the peat-pile, stirring up the litter in the pig-pen, kicking over empty tubs and barrels, even bestowing a passing dig, but a gentle one, on the cabbage and potato heap. His old woman followed close after with her heavy tea-

kettle, giving a dash of hot water on every spot her old man struck with his stick. Her dose of steaming liquid on the potato and cabbage heap caused a visible movement of the precious esculents which she did not observe, though the audience did, to their very great amusement.

At an opportune moment, while the old folks are temporarily off the stage, Barney calls out, in a loud whisper from his hiding-place, "Jenny, Jenny darlint, turn out the pig, let the crathur rin."

Jenny, who instantly comprehends the stratagem, runs to the pig-pen, and lifting out by his hind legs a squealing shoat of fifty pounds' weight, gives him a kick that sends him galloping and grunting all about the stage. His brute instincts direct him to the potato heap, into which he thrusts his snout, scattering the rolling vegetables, and thus demolishing Barney's hiding place; who thereupon gives piggy one on his muzzle, and quickly exit L. H., L. E., while the dramatically trained quadruped crosses, and exit R. H., U. E.

But on leaving the scene of action, the learned porcus collides with Jenny's elderly and infirm suitor, who has entered just at the right moment to catch a severe fall. Jenny then comes innocently forward to help him to his legs again, though with a lame back and bloody poll; at which time her parents come again upon the stage to condole with their accepted son-in-law, but irate against the pretender Barney (whom they haven't yet found), and distressed too about their runaway pig. A few seconds after, by an ingenious scenic illusion, done with moving pieces of painted pasteboard, piggy is seen far off in the distance, going it at a two-forty speed over hill and dale, through lane and field, with Paddy Barney hard after him.

During the time occupied by Jenny and her parents in comforting the grief the elderly lover has just suffered in mind, body and clothes, Barney has caught the pig, and returns holding him in his stalwart arms, quiet as a nursing baby. A

stage tableau ensues, in which the contrast between the old and young lovers is made so obvious that poetic justice has due course by Jenny's parents giving her hand to the stoutest and most deserving. Then comes a quartette, in which all sing; this is followed by an expressive Irish breakdown; during which the foot-lights are shaded, and a flood of sulphurous smelling moonshine is turned full on the dancing figures, while the curtain falls.

The humor of this exhibition is hardly appreciated by Doctor Phil, whose mind was solving a question suggested by what he had observed both on and off the stage. That question was:—Is it compatible with the character of a gentleman to write anonymous letters? No, most decidedly it is not. But when the purpose is to do good to others, and not for any advantage of the writer? No, some other more dignified method must be found. But if there is no time for other methods, and something must be done instantly? In that case, a man's sense of honor must decide the question. But in any event, no man should do a secret act which he would be ashamed to confess and avow at some future time.

Now Phil had unwillingly provided a reckless young man with morphine, and who, he felt certain, had counterfeited a painful illness to procure the drug. There was the convivial but hard-headed Mr. George Forrester, who is to be treated to a fine dinner at Pasquale's next Sunday afternoon, and made too drunk to get home,—and so opportunity would be allowed for a raid of some kind on his handsome young wife. Her name, Matilda, and even her face, brought poor little Matilda Moore of Brookfield to Phil's mind, notwithstanding Mrs. Forrester's larger and more mature form, her English birth, and glib Irish brogue on the stage.

Phil debated all this in his mind while the play was going on, and finally decided to send an anonymous note to Mrs. Forrester. It would do her no harm, if no harm was plotting against her; moreover he might save a reckless and

rather shallow young fellow from getting himself into what would prove a very serious difficulty.

Accordingly a message was written in pencil on part of an old letter envelope as follows: "If your husband goes out to dine next Sunday, let him drink *no malt*. While he is absent admit no callers." "P."

Folding this missive he asked a pea-nut and orange boy if he could take it to one of the players on the stage. The boy said he could, and Phil gave him half a dollar, and promising him another if he handed it to Mrs. Forrester from the side scenes, so he could see her take it into her own hand. All this was exactly and quickly performed in time to enable Phil to leave the house at the fall of the curtain.

Making his way back to the hotel, his mind reverted to the marble-hearted Miss Margaret Minturn. He resolved never to see her again. Leaving orders to be called in time for the earliest morning train, he went to his room, took off the dainty gloves, vest, neck-tie, and boots, &c., he had put on with so much nicety but a few hours before, rammed them pell mell into his trunk, and then went to bed.

Next morning, by about the time Phil was fifty miles on his way to Niagara, Miss Minturn made her appearance at the hotel breakfast table, and where she found herself quite alone. The waiter brought her tea and omelette as she was bending slightly forwards, trying to make out the nature of a little pink-colored object that she saw lying by Phil's plate. The servant, observing her curiosity, brought the thing to her; saying that he had found it the day before, and was sure it belonged to the Doctor. It was in fact only a fifty-cent trifle, a piece of pink coral, which somehow, long ago, had got hooked on to Phil's watch-guard.

The young lady, after glancing at the thing a moment, told the waiter he had best place it again by the Doctor's plate. On leaving the table she walked round to the other side, and examining the poor innocent bit of coral, she ended by

attaching it to her own chatelaine of trinkets. The morning was rainy, so there was no driving to the Lake. When dinner-time came, Phil's vacant chair was found to be tenanted by a sallow, kinky-haired, diamond-studded, over-perfumed Brazilian gentleman.

At Niagara Doctor Phil found medicine for the mind as efficacious as are the cool and sparkling fountains of Saratoga for the body's health. There days and days glided by in self-forgetfulness. Before that vast sheet of falling waters, that last relic of primeval chaos, man's thoughts and cares fade from his mind, his consciousness is suspended, the wide horizon of his existence shrinks to a point.

After his late chagrins and mortifications, our unhappy young man gained in a few days at Niagara more of the healing effects of time than he could elsewhere in as many months.

He was sauntering idly of a pleasant afternoon about Table Rock. The only persons near were a gentleman and his wife, with their child and its nurse following. A butterfly of brilliant hues caught the little one's attention, and he was chasing it from place to place, while the parents were absorbed in viewing the cataract. At length the butterfly, as though tired of being pursued, rose high in the air, and flew far away over the foaming gulf. The child's eyes followed its flight with a sullen look, until, unexpectedly, it came back again, and settled upon the edge of the overhanging rock, where, securely clinging, it waved its Iris-like wings. The child darted towards it with frightful suddenness, but followed by its watchful nurse, who caught her charge and led him back struggling and screaming with anger.

Doctor Phil had observed all this, and applied the moral. He was but an older child who had been chasing a larger butterfly.

CHAPTER IV.

IDLENESS AT HOME.

WEEKS, and even months, were wasted by the young Doctor, after his return home, in almost perfect idleness. There, after the excitements of the last year or two, all things seemed homely and tame. To his altered perceptions, even the circle of his friends in Brookfield now impressed him as rather hum-drum sort of people; while to them he seemed strangely altered. Some called him proud; others said he was lazy, and others still doubted if he had ever got much good by going to college.

One might truly say that all ambition had died out of him; that he lived on from day to day in a kind of restless inactivity, with no objects for the present, or plans for the future. His former diversions had now no interest for him. The shooting was excellent that season, yet he was not once seen with his fowling-piece. He never rode, and only drove when his mother wished to visit her sister in her secluded home.

Jake Peabody said of him, "He don't now care no more for a horse than he does for a sheep, nor for a dog more'n a cat. He's run agin sunthin or other, somewhar;—sunthin's balked him,—some woman, like's eny way. He'll come out all straight agin, arter a while."

Mr. Augustus Lawrence gave forth the charitable surmise that probably cousin Phil had not done himself any credit while in the army, and which was the cause of his leaving the service. But this ill-natured conjecture met with a speedy refutation, by the honorable mention of Assistant-Surgeon Law-

rence's name in the list of those officers in General (late Colonel) Josiah Turnbull's brigade, who were voted thanks by Congress "for cool intrepidity in action, and for unremitting care of the wounded thereafter."

Mr. Lawrence, though pressed with his own widespread business schemes, was no indifferent observer of his son's altered manner and conduct. In former years he had had frequent occasion to chide him for faults, but now he did nothing deserving of either censure or commendation.

In this state of parental anxiety Mr. Lawrence talked with his son's old tutor, the learned and good Mr. Hopkins. He also consulted old Doctor Wheeler, and likewise wrote to his friend the distinguished Doctor Heywood of Boston for suggestions and advice.

Mr. Hopkins quoted an aphorism from his idol and oracle the great Doctor Samuel Johnson,—to wit, that youth is naturally ambitious, from supposing that wealth and honors are easily to be won. "Your son Philip," said Mr. Hopkins to Mr. Lawrence, "has now just stepped forth into the world, where he must think and act for himself; and where, instead of partial friends and teachers ready to encourage, he finds himself in the midst of people more apt to blame than praise. As with many educated young men on their first going forth into the world, your son, from having previously had too much confidence in himself, has now too little." Such were the learned schoolmaster's generalizations.

Doctor Wheeler was briefer and much more practical. "Phil," said the Doctor, "has nothing to do. Tell him to come into my office and spend his time there. I'm getting too old for surgery. Your son understands it; I'll give it all to him."

From Doctor Heywood of Boston a letter was received in which he said, "I'm sure your son will do well if he once gets started in the practice of his profession. But in the mean time he will meet with discouragements. The drudg-

ery of business will appear to take away a good deal from the dignity of professional life, especially at first setting out. This is therefore a critical period for him. Your son has ambition and ability enough, but he is also a little proud, and therefore (as our great teacher Shakespeare says,—or something like it), he is somewhat 'scornful of the base degrees by which he must ascend.'

"For a year at least he should buckle down to country practice. That will teach him the humors, superstitions and fancies of the multitude, and which must be both known and respected. At the end of the year let him go to Europe for a while. There he will see how highly the sciences are honored, and with what patient enthusiasm they are pursued."

The young doctor had high notions of professional dignity, and no mean opinion of his own ability. He was still suffering from a wound inflicted both upon his pride and his fancy by the fair and cruel one at Saratoga. In this state of mind he had been ruminating upon a scheme for going to New York, and where he would proceed at once to make himself distinguished, and also to lay a more deliberate siege to the cruel young lady's heart. He had already forgiven her mortifying treatment, and more than excused what might be deemed her heartless and intolerably fickle conduct. For was she not young, and a woman—naturally fond of admiration—and had just begun to taste its pleasures, and enjoy the exercise of her power? If young men of eighteen or twenty had such power, what follies and wrongs would they not have to answer for? And was not Miss Minturn chiefly surrounded by both old beaux and frivolous young fellows, whose attentions were hardly worth having, and with whom she could trifle, with no harm to them or herself? Before she surrendered her liberty to any of her suitors he could win material success, while at the same time he would have a chance of pressing his suit.

This was the young man's plan for the future, and worth

as much as are most young men's plans, mere dreams, indulged in in utter ignorance of the least of the obstacles that lie before them. But as young men do not usually confide their heartaches to their fathers, Master Phil simply communicated the fact that he wished to establish himself in practice in New York.

But Mr. Lawrence suggested another plan with considerable firmness, and which was substantially the same as recommended in Dr. Heywood's letter—for his son to practise awhile in the country, then go to Europe; and after his return, his father would approve of his settling in New York, or wherever else he might choose.

The people of Brookfield soon became familiar with the sight of young Dr. Lawrence seated in one of the arm-chairs in old Dr. Wheeler's office. It proved a long twelvemonth for the proud and ambitious young man to get through with, as the *locum tenens* of a country doctor, who was most of the time miles away on his daily professional rounds. And as Brookfield boasted not as yet of a settled dentist or a skilful pharmacist, our *ci-devant* U. S. army-surgeon found himself, almost before he was aware of it, extracting the offending molars and bicuspid of the country people roundabout, or handling the pestle and spatula in preparing the various compounds designed to medicine their real or imaginary ills. What would his chance with the delicate Miss Maggie Minturn have been worth if she had once happened to catch a sight of him while thus creditably and usefully employed? About as much, probably, as if she had seen him sawing wood on the pavement in front of her father's house in New York.

Before the Doctor had advanced far in his experience of country practice, he met with a good deal that was not calculated to attach him to that kind of life. His former interest in his vocation rapidly declined. This was apparent to his friends in various ways, as he was observed to have recourse again to his old boyish pastimes, skating, fishing,

shooting, and the like. It was even rumored that he sometimes went up to Laurel, and put on the boxing-gloves with one or two English workmen there. Such practices were not calculated to win the confidence and good wishes of people whose bodily ailments he was anxious and ready to take charge of and relieve.

This latter circumstance would not be worth recording here were it not for the singular change in the public conscience that has since taken place regarding these very amusements. For in hardly more than five years subsequent to the time of which I have been writing, there arose a general skating furor, and persons of all ages and degrees, and of both sexes, held high carnival on the ice. Boat races and regattas also became generally popular, so that one boat club included among its members a Justice of the Massachusetts Court of Common Pleas. More remarkable still, in a certain large town not far from Brookfield, the clergy formed themselves into a gymnastic club, and were instructed in one branch of physical exercise by a retired prize-fighter! So much for the offence of running against public opinion.

In view of what were regarded as Phil's irregularities, as soon as his year of probation as a country practitioner was ended, his parents and friends were quite ready to bid him God-speed on his trip to Europe.

CHAPTER V.

GOING TO EUROPE.

SO here we are at Southampton! having just come from on board, not of the huge black steamer anchored in the offing, but of that handsome New York packet-ship you see there, with her sails backed, and her tall slender American spars almost piercing this low vaulted dome of English sky. But the air that is blowing upon us, oh, how delicious! There seems to be food, meat and drink in it! This is the air that nurtured Edward the Third, Shakespeare, Cromwell, and all the host of England's heroes, nobles and worthies. This air it is that to-day, soft and moist, kisses the merry eyes and rubious lips, and bathes the rounded forms of England's fair daughters.

As soon as possible Doctor Phil was on his way to London. The rail train moved swiftly, but so smooth and silently that, to his impatience, it seemed to be going very slow. For was he not within a morning's ride of London? That London to which belonged so large a part of all he had ever learned, read or thought about? He noted little on the way, save that the trees were stunted and few; but the country seemed one continuous stretch of alternating lawn and garden, displaying the beautiful order produced by centuries of careful husbandry.

The first few days were spent in the usual routine of sight-seeing. After that, Phil (let us drop his title, as we are now where it is of little value) bethought himself of presenting some letters of introduction he had brought from his old preceptor, Doctor Heywood of Boston, to several eminent medical men in London. But fortunately, before making his

appearance in their reception-rooms he had the tact to make some change in the style of his dress, and to trim his beard to a fashion more conformable to English taste.

Accordingly, one morning before breakfast a fine moustache was sacrificed to the prejudices of the Islanders, and likewise the lower two-thirds of an exuberant pair of whiskers fell before the sounding razor. Had Phil presented himself "bearded like the pard" to the wondering sight of pursy door-opening London butlers, they would have hesitatingly admitted him, and probably kept him standing in the hall-way.

Once established in his lodgings, the first thing he had to learn was how to prepare his own breakfast, that is, to make his own tea, a thing no American ever does, but which is done by millions of Englishmen every morning. The art is so simple that it may be acquired in one lesson, and which Phil received from the tidy housemaid who brought the little silver kettle of hot water, and a lackered tea-caddy, from which she took out exactly two spoonfuls, and then gave him the key to keep. While his tea was drawing she brought him a cottage loaf of beautiful bread, with some nice butter and a couple of boiled eggs, all which, with a fresh copy of the morning's paper, completed his set-out. This kind of breakfast does not at first quite content young Americans of 150 or 160 pounds weight, but after finding how convenient it is, and knowing they can make up for it at lunch and dinner, they learn to be quite satisfied with such lenten fare.

Phil met with a pleasant reception from most of those to whom Doctor Heywood had given him letters. Even the haughty Mr. Lawrence was polite; but for that Phil was possibly indebted to the accident of his own name. He received a card of admission to Mrs. Lawrence's celebrated conservatory, the finest in England; and where it chanced he had his first good look at the Queen, who happened there on one of her frequent visits.

Others to whom he presented letters, Mr. Travers, Sir

James Clarke, Mr. Liston, and Dr. Arnott, were more than polite, they were cordial. Though some of them had never seen Dr. Heywood, they made kind inquiries about him, as of an old acquaintance, being well known to them by his scientific writings and correspondence, for such is the magnetic sympathy that joins men of kindred pursuits, though oceans may separate them. Perhaps an especial reason for their attention to Phil was their interest in the late American discovery—the use of chloroform or ether in surgical operations.

As the medical men of America had thus far kept the lead in their knowledge of the subject, Phil was able to interest even these eminent London practitioners. Dr. Arnott was fond of having Phil come to see him, and would frequently invite him to breakfast. He was a young-looking old man, and had been an army surgeon at St. Helena while Napoleon was there. For which reason the Duke of Wellington would often call on the old doctor, and have familiar talks with him about his great antagonist. It happened one day that our young American was for a moment brought face to face with the hero of Waterloo. Moreover Dr. Arnott, being both a philanthropist and a philosopher, had a great many questions to ask about America.

But the distinguished Mr. Liston made himself more especially Phil's patron, and keeping him with him so much that he became half domiciled at his house. Phil used always to be present early of a Sunday morning, while Mr. Liston, as he was shaving himself, *gave away the alphabet*. You don't know what that means—"giving away the alphabet?" I will tell you. The advice and attendance of eminent West End practitioners is paid for in guineas or bank notes handed to them in an envelope at each visit. But during the week poor people may call and receive an ivory check or counter, on which is a letter of the alphabet, until the whole twenty-six are given out. On Sunday morning these poor people

can present their checks and receive advice and a prescription gratis. So that twenty-six checks are the equivalent of twenty-six guineas, which is considerably more than a hundred dollars in gold thus given away in charity every Sunday morning before breakfast—that amounts to about seven thousand dollars a year of our present green-back currency. A pretty good yearly benefaction!

The compiler of these pages has possession of Phil's diary which he appears to have kept, though rather desultorily, during the year he passed in London, and from which may be extracted a few facts and observations not mentioned by American travellers and letter-writers. It would appear that he early formed an intimacy with a young surgeon named Patterson, whom he first speaks of as Mr. Francis Patterson, soon after as Patterson, and finally as Frank, by which latter name he is oftenest mentioned in the diary, and who, we may also suspect, was then or had previously been "rather fast," and better "up" in the mysteries of London life than in the mysteries of anatomy and surgery. So to proceed with a few extracts from Phil's London diary.

"Though no one here in London is ever seen to be in a hurry, yet everybody appears to have quite enough to do, and careful not to lose a single hour. The only exception I have yet met with is a young surgeon, Mr. Francis Patterson, and he has plenty of time, either to sit and talk about any and everything or to walk about town any and everywhere. Though not much of a reading man, he seems very knowing; he knows always where to go and what to do; so that, though an idle man, he is never idle. I've learned more from him about London within the last three weeks than otherwise I might have done in three years. This Mr. Patterson is the only person I am acquainted with here whose time I never fear to encroach upon."

"Mr. Patterson calls almost every day about lunch-time and urges me to go with him to Hyde Park at the hour for

driving. He knows the best places for lunch; such mutton chops I never saw, and Wiltshire ale twenty years old! (our American ale spoils in six months); and Scotch ale on draught, delicately flavored, clear and colorless as water—but don't take too much of it. On getting to the Park Mr. Patterson meets a large speaking acquaintance, mostly rather foppish young fellows; and he appears to know almost everybody by sight—from the Duchess of Buccleuch to Lady Blessington, from the old Duke of Cambridge to Mr. Disraeli, author of 'Vivian Grey,' 'Contarini Fleming,' &c., and now a member of Parliament."

"I go frequently to the British Museum, and where also I had yesterday the privilege of going among the books, through an introduction from Dr. Arnott to one of the sub-librarians. He is a clergyman just from the university, and said to be very learned. But it seems that to be very learned on some one subject necessitates a degree of ignorance on most others. I asked to see Hallam's 'Literature of Modern Europe,' in order to recall an expression the writer uses in speaking of Shakespeare. While the messenger was gone for the book, I remarked to this learned young gentleman 'that Mr. Hallam must now be a very old man;' but he did not seem to know of whom I was speaking. I further explained to him, and said, too, that he had his house near by in Russell Square. But all to no purpose; as evidently this learned theological scholar had never heard of the great historical scholar. Yet Mr. Hallam, that very week, as I saw by the *Court Circular*, had the honor to dine with the Queen at Windsor Castle."

From several pages of Phil's diary I have picked out the following observations on English dinners:—

"Dining out here in London is a pretty serious business, notwithstanding the sumptuous fare and interesting conversation, both of which are probably the best in the world. To remain at table from six or seven to twelve or two is some-

thing that ought not to be indulged in oftener than twice or three times a week! Practically it is about the same thing as eating two dinners in one day. I had dined out two or three times before I became aware of the custom, on leaving the house, of giving something (a half crown or more) to the servant who brings your hat, helps you on with your over-coat, and opens the door for you on departing. I don't object to the custom. The departing guest is in a giving mood, domestic service is a most useful calling, and good attendance deserves recognition."

"A great deal of interesting conversation is heard at these private dinners; but at the quarterly Corporation dinners—at one of which I was present yesterday—formality and speech-making take the place of hospitality and conversation. One is oppressed, too, with the sight of so much that is to be eaten or drunk. The display of massive plate—fifty or a hundred thousand dollars' worth—is something we are not yet accustomed to see on American dinner-tables. One piece, of a kind I never before saw, was a large deep platter, oval-shaped, gold-lined, and richly chased. This, after the cloth was removed, was set on, filled with rose water (in lieu of the old glass finger-bowls) and shoved along the table for the guests to dip their napkins. I afterwards learned that the friend who invited me to this dinner used his privilege, as one of the Corporation, of filling two extra seats at the table, and which cost him two guineas each, or six guineas for the whole" [about fifty dollars in our present currency]. "This is an Englishman's customary liberality when it is a question of dining; but when it is one of buying and selling, or a question of trade, you must expect to find that, like Hotspur, he will cavil on the ninth part of a hair. To many old Londoners these heavy Corporation dinners are, I suppose, an almost everyday affair. One stout gentleman, a member of the Mary-le-bone Vestry, who sat near me, and had been eating and drinking steadily for five successive hours, suddenly rose

from his chair, saying it was time for him to go, as he had ordered his cook to have a hot lobster and some rum-punch ready for him when he got home ! !”

“At London dinners the true English character comes out. Commencing in coldness and reserve, after the first course or two, and a few glasses of wine, an Englishman's ideas begin to thaw out and to flow forth in a rapid stream of talk. When conversation sets in, we may perceive their long fixed habit of regarding themselves as the dictators and arbiters of the world in politics, commerce, and morals, and as of equal authority in science, literature and art. Bigotry, pride and prejudice are strangely mixed up with intelligence, common sense, humor, manhood, and generosity, so that an American might fancy himself sitting at the table with a dozen Dr. Samuel Johnsons. At the dinner-table, too, Englishmen will bear to hear unwelcome facts told and insisted on, and endure plain out-spoken opinions, such as would be almost sure to cause a row among us thin-skinned sensitive Americans. American stories, jokes and anecdotes are, I find, much relished here, especially those of western origin. I now almost blush (as did the gentle Yorick) to think that these jokes may have sometimes paid for my dinner. They are eager, too, to get hold of our American slang terms. Grave gentlemen have pulled out their memorandum books and made me repeat or spell for them such words and phrases as ‘skedaddle,’ ‘stampede,’ ‘spondoolics,’ ‘pocket full o’ rocks,’ ‘one-horse concern,’ ‘crowding the mourners,’ ‘talk turkey,’ ‘run the machine,’ ‘hurry up,’” &c. &c.

“To converse in a mixed society with people you never saw before is much easier here in London than with us in America, because there is daily supplied an infinite variety of subjects of common interest to talk about. I have to answer a good many questions about our country, and not seldom have I to defend or explain, as best I can, certain

things that English people seem to set down against us as damnable faults or national vices. Every variety of topic has been discussed, from the Declaration ‘that all men are free and equal,’ down to swearing, and tippling, and tobacco squirting. Then repudiation and slavery are pretty sure to come up ; also the free use of the pistol and bowie-knife, in a manner that, to English apprehension, seems cowardly and vile. But this stigma on our national character I was able in some sort to extenuate, by giving my English friends to understand that such crimes are mostly committed in certain remote parts, as far from our metropolis as Rome is from London ; while almost daily we read of similar bloody outrages in Ireland, not twenty-four hours travel from London.”

“Early last evening Patterson came in a cab to my rooms in some haste, telling me to put on a dress-coat and white-choker instantly, and come with him. He made rather a mystery as to where we were to go, save that it was to Miss Kelly's theatre, Soho Square, a place I had never before heard of. On arriving there I found myself in a very distinguished company, and sitting not far from the Duke of Devonshire, while the house was comfortably filled with people of the first rank in English society.”

The occasion was a charitable theatrical performance by an amateur company, composed of Douglas Jerrold, Forster, Blanchard, A'Becket, Doyle, Dickens, with his father and one or two of his brothers. The play was Fletcher's *Elder Brother* ; but which, from its awkward performance by these distinguished *littérateurs*, proved a tiresome bore. The truth of the old proverb, *ne sutor, &c.*, was made impressive ; since on this occasion these accomplished writers and critics proved themselves inferior to even third-rate professional players, from their ignorance of the technicalities of the stage. Only Dickens was very good, and with his father and brothers saved the whole thing from breaking down entirely. I heard afterwards the tickets were a guinea to all parts of the house, but I sus-

pect my friend Patterson sponged ours from some of his aristocratic driving acquaintance."

" 'Snob,' 'muff,' 'old fogie,' and the like, are great words with Patterson; and he uses them constantly with the prefix of 'horrid' or 'awful.' I expect, when I get home to America, to find them naturalized there. Patterson's home is in Wilton Crescent, and he has therefore been long accustomed to seeing, almost from his windows, the daily fashion and display of Hyde Park. He is a great critic of the people's dress, their horses, carriages and turn-outs, most of which he characterizes as 'snob-bish.' He evidently regards the world of London, and of all England, with very few exceptions, as nobodies. His insolent and contemptuous notions amount almost to an idiosyncrasy."

"Frank is so everlastingly tutoring and correcting me, that I can hardly say or do anything to which he does not take exceptions. My verdancy is one thing that troubles him. The other day I spoke of having just seen a poor old man run over and almost killed by a gentleman's four-in-hand. Frank shouted with laughter at my greenness; and then explained that it was one of the many tricks practised by London rogues to get money. One of these agile rascals, if he sees a gentleman driving a spirited team rather fast through the streets, will throw himself under the horse's heels, and appear to be run over and terribly hurt; a crowd gathers, policemen run up, the gentleman is alarmed, presses a five-pound note into the groaning sufferer's hand, and that ends the affair. Frank also laughed at me when I told him one day of a poor plaster image peddler having his whole board full of figures smashed up by being hit by the pole of a carriage. 'Wasn't there an old lady in the carriage? Of course there was, and didn't she take out her purse and give the rascal something? a sovereign, probably; which was at least five times the value of all his plaster stuff.' Another time I told Frank I was sure I had given a sixpence wisely; but got laughed at again, as usual. It happened one rainy day, down

near the Bank, that I saw a well-dressed gentleman in his hurry run against a poor little ragged match-girl, upsetting all her wares in the thin creamy mud. The girl cried bitterly as she stood over the wreck of her capital scattered on the wet pavement. It was the hour of high 'change, but many of the hurrying crowd stopped and gave her a penny or two, and a few gave her a sixpence. But Frank told me that was a very old dodge, in fact, quite worn out."

"Our Secretary of Legation gave me a card yesterday to visit the House of Lords. The hall or room where they meet at present is a very ordinary looking sort of a place,—the splendid new house of Parliament not being yet finished. I stood for an hour or more leaning upon the top rail or bar of a sort of fence, on the other side of which were the Dukes of Wellington and of Richmond, the Earl of Derby, Lords Brougham, Campbell, and Lyndhurst, whom I knew by sight. I very much wished that my friend Frank had been with me to tell the names and titles of some thirty or forty others, bishops and peers, who were then present. I was not a little struck by the dress of several of these British noblemen, that of the Duke of Richmond, for instance, which, though new and neat, of course, I would have thought, from its style, had been made by some woman tailor off on the hills of Berkshire. Besides an immense cravat of the Brummel period, and an enormous collar to his coat, the waist was cut so high that the skirts seemed to hang straight from the shoulders. His trousers were made with a little narrow 'fall' in front, such as I can just remember was once worn by our Brookfield farmers. He had on shoes with white stockings, and long narrow understraps such as we see in pictures of the traditional Yankee. Frank tells me that people of his class never put on boots except in the country, when they ride or hunt; nor when in town do they ever put foot to ground, but always go out in a carriage. Yet, if you were to enter the Duke of Richmond's house, you would probably see a score

of valets and lackeys dressed in the height of the present fashion."

"I confess to a great admiration for the Duke of Wellington, not so much for his victories thirty or forty years ago, as for his stern common sense and simplicity of character and habits,—if a tithe of what is reported of him is true. I stood within half a dozen yards, and heard, or rather I saw him speak, for he said but a very few words in a low tone, and which I could not catch. Every one knows that debate in the House of Lords is carried on in a sort of conversational way, and not as in the House of Commons, or in our own legislative bodies. Lord Brougham was speaking at the time on some question of privilege, in his usual sour, scolding fashion. The Duke of Wellington sat with his hat drawn forward on his face, and had slipped down far in his seat, as though he were asleep. Suddenly he started to his feet, took off his hat (Lord Brougham sat down directly), said a few words in a low tone, to which all eagerly listened, and then as quickly relapsed into his former somnolent posture. I could hardly hear the sound of his voice. But I did see him scratch or rub his elbow while he was speaking, which proves that great patricians may chance to have a vulgar or plebeian habit. Coriolanus, in Shakespeare, speaks of 'poor discontented that gape and rub the elbow.'"

"Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst was in his place on the woolsack, a long seat or sort of lounge covered with red reps, and placed nearly in the centre of the hall. The Lord Chancellors of England are politically the first in rank next to the Sovereign; but socially they hardly have a place among the high nobility, for all their world-wide fame, and they are liable to be snubbed by men whose family honors date back for centuries. I saw something of this. For, a legal question having been stated, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst sent for a book, which was brought to him; he quickly turned over the pages, and with his finger on the place, he held the huge folio

in his arms for some moments, and dodged and shifted from side to side of a *roué*-looking young marquis whose attention he vainly sought to gain, while the marquis just then seemed to be engaged in an off-hand bantering talk with a brother peer."

"Having but a week or two left of my year in London, I was resolved, before going to Paris, not to leave England without seeing Oxford and Cambridge. I am ashamed to say that I have been content to spend all this while in London, going only to places in the immediate neighborhood."

"Took a guide to show me about the place. The Reverend Doctor Pusey was pointed out to me as he happened to be coming out of his apartments in Christ Church. He looked the ideal of an Oxford scholar. I know nothing of his peculiar tenets, but certain it is that the best sermons I have heard in London were preached by his followers in Wilton Crescent Chapel.

"What rich lawns they have here. The turf is as firm and elastic as a Turkey carpet! made so, I'm told, by being shaved and rolled every day."

"After going about and seeing a good deal, I was taken to one of the college refectories, where not the students, but the 'fellows,' the future deans and bishops of England, usually dine. I was given a seat in a high-backed oak chair before a blazing fire, and some of the college ale was brought to me in a heavy silver tankard that had once been carried off by Cromwell's troopers. The ale was as sound as the cup that held it. I sat and drank it at my leisure, while looking alternately at the cheerful fire of blocks of English coal, and around upon the carved oak chairs and panelling, and then up at the portraits of those learned worthies who had once sat in those chairs and eaten at that table. On leaving the refectory my guide gave me a look into the adjoining kitchen, and where I saw some dozen or more of ribs of beef (the best cuts) with joints of mutton, and a proportion of turkeys, ducks and chickens all roasting before one huge open blazing fire. This

college once employed a celebrated French cook that had formerly been in the service of George IV. Learning and good feeding here go hand in hand, and a very advantageous union it must be, if judged of by the results of several centuries."

"Where I was invited to dine to-day the talk ran a good deal on business and trade, though no one of the party made any reference to his own personal affairs. But some matters of general interest came up and were discussed; as for instance, the income tax, which is here laid, not on the income of the past year, but on the average income of the last three years. The singular fact was then mentioned that the great banking house of Bearing, Bull & Co. reported their average income for the three years just ended at £39 sterling. This serves to show the vicissitudes of trade. The fact was also mentioned that during the past week the Bank of England had refused the same house of Bearing, Bull & Co. an additional credit, or discount of £500,000 sterling on security of £800,000 worth of silver bullion which that house then had in the vaults of the Bank. This, in America, would be called pretty good 'collateral.' But only gold, and not silver, more than copper or lead, will pay debts in this very rich England." . . . "A singular kind of life insurance fraud was also spoken of. Some broken-down young gentleman is found whose constitution has been impaired by dissolute habits and subsequent poverty. By means of a generous but careful regimen, his physical appearance is for the time greatly improved. He then goes or is taken to several life insurance offices, and by the further advantage of being well dressed and of good manners and education, he passes the customary medical inspection, and his life is insured for some thousands, at favorable rates. If he happens to live several years after it will not prove a bad investment; but if he is now allowed to indulge in his former appetites he may die very soon, and his insurers will quickly realize thousands of pounds in return for a few hundreds paid out."

"Last Saturday evening, went down to Brighton with two or three friends to pass the Sunday. Distance from London just fifty miles, and which the train makes regularly in one hour. . . . Sunday afternoon rode out upon the Downs. This is the name given to a barren unenclosed stretch of country consisting of a few inches of dry, thin soil spread over a bed of solid chalk, which quickly absorbs all the moisture, thus making it impossible to improve the land by cultivation. But this land, poor as it is, furnishes pasturage for sheep, from which comes the famed Southdown mutton. That which I have seen on the London tables is very small and lean, and makes a poor show upon the table, yet it is the most delicious thing I have eaten even in London. That which is taken over to America in the steamers and sold as Southdown is large and fat as a moderate-sized pork ham, and is probably nothing but good English 'up-country' mutton."

"Asked Patterson to go with me to Cambridge for a couple of days, but he refused, though he had never been there in his life. The truth is Frank knows no other world than that within a mile of Hyde Park corner, nor does he care for aught of the past or the future, but lives only for the present hour."

"At Cambridge butter (of the best quality) is sold by the yard! On the table it looks like pieces of wax candles. This form is given to it by its being pressed through a funnel,—a yard being equal to about a pound weight. The custom has descended from five centuries back, when some of the oldest colleges were founded, at which time the country people brought their butter to market in that form. At that early period also legacies or bequests used to be made for supplying to poor students a certain number of pounds of meat, loaves of bread, quarts of ale, and *yards* of butter. Hence there is a legal necessity for continuing this singular custom of selling butter by the yard." . . . "At Cambridge there is a good deal

of one kind of Architecture of which in America I have seen no imitation even, in wood or plaster. Most of the colleges are built around quadrangles entered through a large gateway, just inside of which there is a high ornamental *screen* of carved stone that partly shuts out a direct view from the street. Around the interior three sides of the square runs a sort of low arcade or series of light stone arches, making a covered walk or gallery on which the rooms open out. These are the *cloisters*; and their architectural effect is singularly beautiful,—affording a kind of silence and repose favorable to study and contemplation. But the great architectural wonder of Cambridge, of England indeed, and perhaps of Europe, is the flat stone roof of King's Chapel, supported no one knows how, though you may walk on the top as on the street pavement, and inspect every stone in it."

"The word gentleman, if used quite too often with us in America, might, I think, be used much oftener than it is here in England. For lately I saw in some report made to Parliament by Lord Somebody, President of the Board of Trade, on a question relating to the book publishing or copyright interest, he, Lord Somebody, stated that he had 'conferred with those *persons*,' meaning the eminent authors and writers of the day. In America, I think we would not hesitate to set such persons down as gentlemen, even in an official document."

"Only of the highest portion of the middle class in England can it be said that their health and physical vigor is possibly superior to that of the average American. And it must be borne in mind that in the great middle class of England are included the wealthiest merchants, manufacturers and farmers, with also the most distinguished professional men, scholars and authors, who, in America, compose our first class. However, the vigor and health of the English is not so greatly superior as it appears to be. The mild moist atmosphere of England gives not only softness and clearness

to the skin, but makes the complexion more ruddy; because the effect of the hydrostatic pressure of a moist atmosphere is to send the blood to the extremities, to the face as well as to the hands and feet, so that English people have commonly redder and thicker hands, as well as redder and fuller cheeks than we Americans."

"Went to dine and pass the day with a pleasant family at Esher, near Hampton Court. During dinner a huge silver mug of ale was passed around the table, from which all drank in turn. This, I was afterwards told, is an especial mark of esteem, as the custom is observed only when all present are regarded as intimate friends of the family."

"I don't understand how it happens that we Americans, or the New England people especially, have got the name of being such a calculating, business-driving, hard-working, money-making people. In these traits we are far excelled by the people of this old world. Eminent professional men in England work more hours in a day, and take less time for recreation than with us. Wealthy merchants and manufacturers here attend more closely to the details of business, while the variety of new inventions and petty conveniences is infinitely greater than we can show."

I find I am filling too many pages with these extracts from Phil's journal or diary, kept irregularly during his sojourn of a year in London. Yet many, if not most of the facts and observations here given have been selected from a great mass of notes, because the same things are not usually met with either in the tourist's guide-books or the published letters of American travellers in Europe. Though it does not appear in these extracts, yet I regret to say there are indications that he became more than half an Englishman, and, as Rosalind sarcastically says of a foolish traveller, disposed "to disable all the benefits of his own country." This, however, is a very common vice of Americans in Europe. For, being but travellers or visitors, they are constantly pleased and enter

tained by novelty, and enjoy themselves like guests who know little or nothing of the cares or circumstances of their host. The sons of wealthy and successful Americans are often heard descanting on the perfections of the English and French Governments. But if the fathers or grandfathers of many of these dissatisfied Americans had lived under either of these systems, they most likely would never have emerged from the condition of day-laborers.

I find evidence too, in Phil's diary, that he became tinged with flunkeyism, for he has acquired some knowledge of heraldic devices, and knows the shields and crests of this and that titled family,—things well enough to be known by those whom they concern, but with which he assuredly had naught to do. Yet I cannot blame him for saying that he left England, or rather London, "with tears in his eyes," where he had indeed enjoyed so much, and received a great deal of hearty kindness.



CHAPTER VI.

DELIGHTFUL PARIS.

A YEAR in Paris passed quickly away. But at the end of that time Phil did not appear to be making any preparations homeward. On the contrary, he had given up his half-lighted rooms in the Latin Quartier for a more spacious and cheerful *appartement* in the Faubourg St. Honoré. It happened that Doctor Heywood had received letters from his eminent medical friends in London, thanking him for introducing his American pupil, and of whom they spoke in terms

of high praise. English commendation means a good deal,—often more than it expresses,—or it did mean years ago, if it don't now. Doctor Heywood forwarded to Mr. Lawrence the letters in which his absent son was spoken of so favorably.

Meanwhile our student discovered that in Paris there were many other things deserving of attention besides medical science. In fact, his interest in professional matters suddenly abated, and he grew tired of his early morning tramps through the hospitals, in a crowd of jostling fellows. Of such scientific instruction he could hear little and see less, so that, on the whole, he added nothing to his previous stock of medical knowledge. Before he was aware of it he became an idler in Paris, if that word can be fitly applied to one who occupies himself in turn with a little of everything. Such people are indeed idlers, though they are never idle. But they don't *work*. Hence the little they really do serves no purpose but to amuse themselves, and can have no value for others.

In this way in Paris the best years of life may be passed, if not entirely wasted. Time and money are spent with nothing to show for it, for nothing has been produced, only there is something to talk about and to think about in after years. And is that nothing gained? Is that no profit? No, not in this practical nineteenth century of ours. The man who can only talk of things will find himself a supernumerary upon the stage before his share in the play is half over.

A second year in Paris glided by yet more swiftly than the first. Medical studies were not thought of; but the art wonders and curious things in Paris—more than are inventoried in the guide-books—were duly inspected. Painting, sculpture, architecture and medical antiquities engrossed Phil's attention, to the exclusion of anatomy, physiology and surgery. His new apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré began to fill up with *objets d'art*, small bronzes, unframed paintings, some fine engravings, with now and then a choice

book bought upon the Quais. The accumulation of such things showed plainly enough the present habits and taste of their owner. It followed naturally that, among his associates and companions, there should be more young artists than students of physical science. Indeed, our young American began to be reckoned (to a small extent) as one of the "protectors" of the Fine Arts—which is the French phrase applied to those who manifest any interest in Art, by buying or otherwise encouraging the productions of especially the younger artists.

In Paris, as in an alembic or chemist's retort, everything is tested, and where there is so much movement there is a kind of moral and social freedom in lieu of political freedom, in which each individual rises or gravitates towards his natural level; or rather, he is drawn towards that class for which he has the strongest affinities. There is little motive or disposition to resist this natural law, as that would be a kind of affectation or hypocrisy by which nothing could there be gained. Imposture or any kind is difficult and almost impossible in the strong artificial light of Paris. And thus it happens to those who go there from even the remotest corner of the globe, that they not only leave behind their prejudices and fancies, but they soon discover that, for the first time in their lives, they are truly free.

Few Americans can long resist the acclimatizing influences of Paris. Our young friend from Brookfield, Mass., had his café and his restaurant, where he became one of a set of known habitués. His dress and appearance grew every day more and more Frenchy, even to the cut of his beard, which he had sacrificed in London, but now let grow in Paris unconscious of a razor. Of these changes in his personal appearance his friends in Brookfield were duly informed by successive photographs enclosed in his letters.

It is now the third year of Philip Lawrence's sojourn in Paris, and from the way he is occupying himself, and from the style of his apartments, one would think that he ex-

pected to pass a lifetime there. He would take a trip of a month or two away from Paris.

On one occasion after an absence of a few weeks, he found, on his return, a small parcel that had come from America by express. But he was in no haste to open it, as, on a moment's reflection, he knew that it contained some fossil geological specimens. He had written several weeks before to his mother in Brookfield, requesting her to take them from his boy-cabinet of curiosities up in his attic sanctum, and send to him in Paris. No doubt his kind mother was herself not a little puzzled to understand why Phil should wish to have a few common-looking stones he had picked up years ago while a boy in Brookfield, now sent to him by express to Europe. Nor did her son care much for them on their arrival in Paris, for he had acted upon a momentary impulse in sending for them. What that impulse was must be explained, as it has some consequences, though not immediate.

It happened one day, while wandering about the Latin Quartier, that he strolled into an open lecture-room of the *College de France*. The professor of geology was holding forth, in animated style, to a small but attentive class on fossil remains, specimens of which he was exhibiting, and explaining their significant value in demonstrating the probable history of the earth's formation. This brought to Phil's mind some little pieces of slaty stone there were in his boy collection of curiosities at home in Brookfield, and on which there were marks that looked like the claws of some enormous bird. Thinking the learned professor might like to add these specimens to his collection, in his next letter to his mother he asked her to send them to him. But now, after the little bits of stones had travelled three thousand miles, they looked like such mere trifles that he would have thrown them into the dust-hole if there had been one convenient.

However, one day, as he had to go in the direction of the Quartier Latin, he took the parcel in hand, and entered the

lecture-room. The class had just been dismissed ; but, as usual, a few of the more interested pupils remained after the lecture, and were grouped about the professor, listening to his more familiar explanations, which he, in his scientific zeal, was most able and ready to impart. Phil approached the table, which was loaded with geological specimens, with a feeling that he was about to make himself ridiculous, bowed to the professor, and laid before him his little bits of reddish-looking slate.

The professor looked at the stones and then at Phil, with an expression much the same as we may suppose a money-broker looks at a stranger offering a counterfeit bank-note ; or as a jeweller regards the rustic booby who solemnly shows him a big bright pebble he has picked up, and fancies it a ruby or a diamond, or a learned palæontologist would survey some musty-looking fellow boldly offering for sale a pretended MS. five hundred years old, written on paper not five years old.

"Eh bien, monsieur, que voulez-vous que j'en fasse?" "Well, sir, what do you wish me to do with that?" Phil, conscious that he had rashly placed himself under a focus of learned eyes, stammered forth, in barely intelligible French, a reply that he knew hardly anything of geology, but that he had taken the liberty of bringing some specimens that, many years before, he had picked up in America.

At this modest avowal the learned professor became less abrupt and more polite. He made some complimentary remark about America, spoke of one or two learned *confrères* there, and carelessly taking up one of the specimens, he first touched it with the tip of his tongue, then he held it to the pointed needle-like flame of a compound blowpipe ; and, lastly, he placed the specimen under a formidable-looking microscopic apparatus.

This final test must have proved eminently satisfactory ; for the professor rushed up to Phil, and taking him cordially

with both hands, addressed him in passable English : "Pardon me, sir, my young friend American, so many person bring me to see *chic*, what you call rubbish, they make me sometime quite impatient : pardon moi, I beg you my frien'. You have made me a great pleasure to see one unique exemplar, make me the honor to say your name."

At this request our young American handed his card ; and the professor turned to his pupils, who, comprehending not one word he had addressed to the stranger, had admiringly witnessed the distinguished reception he had met with,—and first proceeded in the most enthusiastic manner to explain to his hearers that the little stones just presented to their notice were very curious and valuable fossils, differing from anything he had yet met with, and which it was possible would add one more link to the chain of geological life." The end of which sentence the professor rounded off with saying "they were indebted to Monsieur, un Americain, Monsieur Pheepe Lauronce." This last announcement was greeted with *Vivent les Americains*, and as much noisy applause as could be made by a knot of twenty or thirty bystanders.

Phil bowed his acknowledgments, and said, in pretty good French, "that to his great regret he had given little tinte to the physical sciences ; but happening one day to hear a lecture from the learned professor, it had occurred to him to send to America for these specimens."

"And will you, sir, leave them with me," the professor asked, "that I may take casts and drawings of them?" Adding, "I pledge you, before these gentlemen, they shall all be restored safe to you in eight days?"

"Sir, you need not return them, if you think them worth keeping. They are yours, if you will do me the honor to accept of them. When I return to America it will give me pleasure to send you, as I probably can do, larger and more perfect specimens than these."

"You give these beautiful, these unique exemplaires to me

for myself?" shouted the incredulous professor, pointing first to Phil and then to himself, as he uttered the words *vous* and *moi*, with as much emotion as a young lover;—"you give them all to me for myself?" he repeated, as if to be assured of what he seemed to consider a piece of rare good fortune; "for myself!" he again exclaimed, "you give me these precious stones, more precious than diamonds! Ah, monsieur, my conscience accuses me to accept of them! But science will thank you! France shall thank you!"

Not a little overwhelmed by this demonstration, our young American soon after withdrew from the lecture room. On descending the steps he was followed by one of the bystanders, a rather young man, and who was accompanied by a youth of some eighteen or twenty years. "Excuse me, sir, for speaking to you, but might we do ourselves the honor of asking to have your address," at the same time he offered his note-book, which Phil took and wrote his name. Then the stranger introduced his young companion, as "Monsieur Paul, mon élève, un cadet de la maison l'Hommedieu Frères, banquiers: ses parents se feront l'honneur de vous visiter, Monsieur, s'il vous sera agréable." To this polite request Phil duly responded and went his way.

This meeting proved a fortunate accident. On the next day, Paul with his tutor made a call at Phil's lodgings, and invited him to a small *soirée dansante*, for which they presented him a handsomely engraved card of invitation from Madame l'Hommedieu. This event opened new scenes of French life and manners, wholly unlike anything he had yet known during a residence of now nearly three years in Paris. The most that he had yet seen there was associated with the Boulevards, the theatres and the galleries, libraries and art collections. But now he found himself admitted to view the best phase of French domestic life, and was made to feel, what before he had never once felt, that he had, if not a home, some very warm friends in Paris. For Paul, whose home happened to be

in the same quarter of the town, made frequent visits at Phil's apartments, and which were as frequently returned, until, in no long time, our young American found himself regarded as an intimate friend of the l'Hommedieu family. Paul's father and mother reminded him of his own, and impressed him with the truth that good people are essentially the same all the world over. Young Paul's simplicity interested and surprised him. For here was a young Frenchman, of a wealthy family, living in the heart of Paris, and yet free from all taint or thought of its follies and vices, though at an age when most Americans of the same station in life are running wild in a career of self-indulgence.

Besides his pleasant intimacy with the l'Hommedieus, there followed yet other *suites* from his accidental interview with the professor of geology at the College de France. He often received complimentary invitations to attend the "conversations" or *séances* of scientific men; and not seldom from some recognized institution that held its meetings in an apartment of the Hotel de Ville, or some other great public building. In that case the invitations came written on paper headed with the imperial or civic arms, which were also stamped on a corner of the envelope. These would Phil carefully preserve, and inclose in his letters home as memorials for his father and mother to look at; along with some of Madame l'Hommedieu's cards of invitation, or dainty little notes in an almost invisible hand, on monogram paper, written at her command by the family governess. If Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence's parental fondness or vanity did not make them believe that their boy was becoming a *savant*, they certainly had reason to think that he was profiting greatly by his prolonged stay in Paris.

It was many months afterward that Phil received letters from his father urging his return home, if only for a visit. He said that he was getting to feel that he was no longer young,—that the cares of business began to weigh upon him,—what had once been a pleasure was now becoming irksome,

while difficulties were now not so easily got over as in former years.

Though the tenor of these letters from his father imparted a vaguely disagreeable sensation, yet they caused him no serious concern; for he reflected that the present commercial crisis, of which he had read something in the American newspapers, was probably just like similar ones, of which he could recollect a half-a-dozen. To leave delightful Paris, and return to the hills at Berkshire, was a step that he was not quite ready to take.

For he had just joined a yacht party, made up of litterateurs and artists, that would sail in two or three days from Marseilles, bound for a cruise to Greece and the Sporadic Islands. Phil had never been to Greece, so to Greece he went, thinking that when he came back to Paris he would prepare to return to America. His letters arriving during his absence from Paris were to be forwarded to Athens.

It was a fresh beautiful morning in the early spring, when this yacht party reached Athens, and were scattered about the Acropolis. Some were smoking their meerschaums, and commenting on what was left of the glories of the ancient shrine of Pallas; two or three, seated upon fallen blocks of marble that Pericles may have paid for hewing, were sketching or writing; one was jocosely reciting a well-known passage from Herodotus, when their several occupations were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with letters from the Athens Post-Office, and a dispatch from the Electric Telegraph Office.

More than two thousand years had elapsed since the Athenians used the word *ἤλεκτρον* to convey all they knew of the power of electricity, that amber when rubbed would attract to itself any light substances within half an inch distance. Now, this same power had brought a message from the other side of the globe, in half an hour, or would have brought one, if the Atlantic cable had been laid. But the message really came from Paris to Philip Lawrence, who had commissioned the

letter-clerk at the American bankers' to open his letters before forwarding them, and send by telegraph anything of special importance.

The message he now received was as follows:—

BROOKFIELD, 10th April, 1854.

My dear Cousin Philip,—The most melancholy duty has been laid upon me of announcing to you what must prove the saddest event of our life. Your father had an apoplectic stroke three days ago, since which time he has remained wholly unconscious. Dr. Wheeler says he is now sinking, and cannot possibly survive many hours. I have barely time to write these few lines for the mail by to-morrow's steamer. Your mother is too much prostrated by this sudden affliction to write anything herself.—Affectionately, your cousin,

AUGUSTUS LAWRENCE.

The reading of this message shut out from the young man's sight, as with a dark mist, the surrounding objects which, a moment before, he was contemplating with intense interest; nor did he hear the jocund voices of his companions. He merely said, when they remarked his changed manner, "I must leave you: I must return to Paris, to America;" and he handed the slip of paper to one of the party to read.

With the least possible delay Philip Lawrence reached Paris, where he found another letter from his cousin Augustus, with a few lines from his mother in the same inclosure. The same mail brought a printed copy of the sermon preached by the Reverend Calvin Hopkins at his father's funeral; also a number of the *Berkshire Argus*, in which was an advertisement relating to the settlement of the estate of Philip Lawrence, Esq., deceased, and signed by "Elizabeth Lawrence and Augustus Lawrence, Executors."

His cousin Augustus Lawrence's letter was a very long one, giving the most circumstantial details relating to his deceased uncle's affairs, from which it is necessary to make a few

extracts. . . . "The iron works at Laurel, to which your father had of late devoted almost his whole time, and by far the greater part of his means, were, as you are probably aware, immensely profitable for several years, especially during the Mexican War, and for some time after, consequent upon the acquisition of California. But subsequently the business suddenly fell off, and the concern was a terrible drain on his resources. As he was unwilling to discharge the workmen, he continued to manufacture heavy and expensive machinery, for which there was not at the time, nor has there been since, any profitable market. The merchandise is distributed all over the country, and even in Cuba and South America, for sale on commission, and most of which, I fear, will have to be sold at an immense sacrifice. . . . With regard to your continued stay in Europe, I know of no special necessity for your immediate return, if your pursuits and interests there make it desirable for you to remain longer. Your father left a will devising the whole of his property, save some small gifts, to your mother. As he was methodical and exact in his affairs, his estate will be easily administered and soon settled. . . . In the meanwhile, it is your mother's wish that, as heretofore, your drafts from Paris should be duly honored; yet I would take the liberty of suggesting that, for the present at least, you should draw for as little money as will possibly answer your necessities;—the country being now in a panic or commercial crisis, which makes bills of exchange obtainable only at considerable sacrifice."

The tenor of this letter might well cause unpleasant reflections on the part of one who had lived to the age of mature manhood with never a serious care for the future. Now, for the first time, he felt that he stood alone, face to face with fortune and the world, with no one to lean upon; nor was he without a feeling of chagrin at finding his unloved cousin Augustus in a position to advise and instruct him, instead of his ever indulgent father.

His first impulse, after reaching Paris, was to obey the plain call of duty and return home without delay. With that purpose he set about making some preparations. But a difficulty presented itself that added to his indecision. His ready cash had been mostly absorbed in his share of the late yacht excursion to Greece. He could not leave Paris respectably without first receiving a considerable remittance from home. True, his rooms were filled with an accumulation of books, engravings, bronzes, and small works of art, which if sold at one-third or a fourth of their cost would furnish a sum not only much more than sufficient for his travelling expenses, but to pay (as, by the French law he knew, that before leaving, he would be obliged to pay) the yet unexpired term of nearly a year's lease of his apartments. His pride made him hesitate at so disagreeable a procedure. Moreover, he had formed pleasant associations, and made some valued friends in Paris, especially the l'Hommedieus.

A few days were passed by Philip Lawrence in this mental debate, during which, one evening, his eye happened to stray upon an old torn copy of the *New York Mercury* that was lying on the café table. On the outside page, at the head of the first column, he saw in large type, pompously displayed—"Latest from Paris. A Great Battle in the Crimea! Excitement in the French Capital!! Talk of the Paris Cafés and Salons!!! Special Correspondence, etc., etc." Listlessly glancing at the now almost illegible print, his attention was arrested by certain expressions he distinctly remembered having used many weeks before in conversation with a young wide-a-woke fellow-countryman he happened to fall in with, and who wrote for the New York newspapers. An editorial on the inside of the same paper boastingly referred to this letter of their Paris correspondent as containing exclusive and very important information.

A practical idea at once suggests itself to our idle but now humiliated young American in Paris. He thinks he will try

his hand as a volunteer correspondent for American papers; as times are exciting under the new Empire, the air is filled with rumors, and the war in the Crimea is in full career. So, on returning to his comfortable rooms, he sat down to his writing-table and reeled off enough to make a full newspaper column of well-spiced Paris gossip on things political, military, artistic and literary. This he sent to a smart rival of the *New York Mercury*, with a letter (written in French), in which he said:—that “if the Editors found the present communication worth publishing, he could supply their paper from time to time, as often as they desired, with a column of the same, or perchance of a better quality.”

In about twenty days after, while he was anxiously expecting remittances from home, the same steamer's mail that brought him less than one-half his customary supply, with a curt letter from his cousin Augustus, and a few lines from his mother, also brought him an answer from the enterprising and liberal New York editors, saying that “they had found his communication *well* worth publishing, and that they would be glad to have a similar letter by every steamer, and for which they would willingly pay at the rate indicated by the inclosed bill of exchange,”—which was a sight draft for two hundred francs.

The contemplation of this little crisp piece of paper, good for about forty dollars, caused some novel, and decidedly pleasurable sensations in Phil's mind. This little sum was a recognition of his ability to do something useful. I hope many of my readers have enjoyed the like felicity of being paid for the independent labor of their own mind or hands. They must then know that a small sum fairly earned by their individual talents gives a peculiar pleasure, that hundreds of dollars do not when customarily received as an allowance or from a fixed income. Money thus gained is evidence that we have capital within ourselves, of which these small sums are the exponent. It strengthens our manly sense to know

that we possess personal power. To a proud man this is a consolation and a source of happiness.

These drafts or bills of exchange continued to be received quite regularly from the aforementioned New York newspaper editors, in return for Phil's weekly hash of the Paris news, and proved a material addition to the diminished supply sent him by his deceased father's representative—his cousin Augustus Lawrence. Mrs. Lawrence incloses a few lines from time to time of parental fondness and solicitude, but without a word of his immediate return home. Phil learns after a while that his old home—the fine old house in Brookfield—has been sold; but that his mother is not sorry to leave its now desolate rooms, and has removed to her own house (New Place), the home of her girlhood; and where she has her only sister, Jerusha (Mrs. Wharton), with her young daughter, Philippa, for near neighbors and companions in her widowhood.

Her truant son, with his double source of supply, is meanwhile enabled to remain in Paris, spending freely, as men will do when some new source of income is unexpectedly opened, and thus lives on from month to month, until he becomes oblivious of ties and obligations to his home and friends in America. “The shirt of Nessus is upon him.” He exists only in the present hour, crowded as each hour is, in that world's capital, with so much more than can be enjoyed elsewhere.

Almost a twelvemonth had elapsed since the sudden death of Mr. Lawrence, and his son still lingers in Paris, as though that was to be his home for life. Till one morning a letter is brought to him, directed in an unknown but bold female hand, which on opening he found was from Brookfield, and written by his Aunt Jerusha—all except the first few words, commencing: “My dear boy,—dear Phil. Do come ho’—” (This was almost illegible, as if by one hardly able to hold a pen; but the last word, “home,” was evidently finished by

an amanuensis, with the rest of a brief letter, as follows)—
 “do come home. I'm sure I've not many days to live. My
 complaints cannot be cured. Doctor Wheeler could only
 make me comfortable, and now he is dead; other doctors
 only make me weaker. Do come home, soon. Come home,
 my dear boy, come home. Your dear Aunt Jerusha writes
 this for me.—Your loving mother,
 “E. L.”

Fortunately Philip Lawrence was alone in his room when
 this letter was received. Had a voice called to him from out
 the vacant air, he could hardly have been more startled or
 awakened to a sense of his duty, and of the thoughtless, self-
 indulgent life he was then leading, forgetful of the most sacred
 claims due from a son in the prime of manhood to a parent,
 whom he might cheer and comfort by his presence.

He resolved to be in Liverpool in time for the next
 steamer, and directly set himself about tying up his papers,
 and laying out his clothes for packing his trunk and carpet-
 bag.

While he was thus busily occupied, his young Parisian
 friend, Paul l'Hommedieu, with his tutor, entered on one of
 their frequent visits to Phil's rooms. For not only Paul's
 tutor, but also his father, permitted and encouraged an in-
 timacy with his American friend. L'Hommedieu père
 especially liked what he regarded as Phil's practical com-
 mon-sense style, with no affectation or nonsensical talk of
 family and fashion. The two visitors came just in time to be
 surprised at Phil's preparations for his return to America;
 and also to become involuntary witnesses of a conference
 between Phil and his landlady, in which he was trying to
 make some bargain with her for a loan of ready money for
 his passage, and for which he offered the whole contents of
 his rooms, pictures, statuettes, engravings and books, as
 security. While the two haggled together, and the landlady
 hesitated whether to grant the needed funds, the young

Frenchman advanced, and requested Phil to go with him to
 his father's office.

On entering Monsieur l'Hommedieu's little business par-
 lor, Paul said a few words to his father, who kindly ex-
 pressed his regret at Phil's sudden departure as he wrote a
 line with a pencil on a slip of paper, which he begged Phil
 would have the goodness to present at the little window to
 which he pointed, and over which was written the word
 “*Caissier*.” There he received two pretty heavy rolls, which
 he knew must contain at least a hundred Napoleons. Over-
 whelmed by this unexpected kindness, he turned to express
 his gratitude to the generous Frenchman; but Monsieur
 l'Hommedieu had disappeared, and his son said that his father
 did not wish to be thanked.

Returning to his rooms he quickly completed the prepara-
 tions necessary for his journey; after which he employed a
 spare hour that yet remained before the train would start, in
 writing a letter of thanks to Monsieur l'Hommedieu for his
 most opportune kindness; and in which he begged that he
 would allow his son Paul to accept the gift of the books and
objets d'art left in his apartments. The next day but one, he
 stood on the deck of the Cunarder that was steaming down
 the Mersey bound for America.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM PARIS TO BROOKFIELD.

FROM Paris to Brookfield, Mass! It was in the afternoon of a blustering February day, when the ground was yet covered with snow—on the arrival of the train which ran upon the branch railway that had lately been constructed to Laurel—that Philip Lawrence stepped out upon the platform of the station. The few passengers quickly disappeared from the platform and he was left alone—a somewhat remarkable figure, heavily bearded, in a Paris furred surtout—to be stared at by three or four idle, half-grown boys. To this stranger (?) who had just arrived, nothing looked familiar but the long double line of hills and rocky cliffs that skirted the valley on either side. Everything else, even the course of the little rushing and tumbling stream, had changed.

As he stood alone gazing about him, two men came forward, one of whom stepped up and put out his hand, with—"How d' ye, Doctor Phil? Mighty glad to see ye back home agin. I hardly know'd ye at fust: you've grown a sight stouter than you used to be."

"Jake, I'm very glad to see you; and looking just the same as ever," was the reply to Jake Peabody's salutation, and who then added:

"Heer'd the steamer 'd'rived; and kinder tho't, Doctor, you'd be along on this train or the next; heer'd you was expected home: I've got a team waitin' to take you right over to New Place. You ha'nt forgot this gentleman, Mr. Standish, that used to be y'er father's head clerk," said Jake

as he took Phil's checks and rushed off for the trunk and carpet-bag.

Phil had time for a few civil words with his father's old clerk at the Iron Works, and to remark that, instead of his former dapper appearance, he now looked gray and thin and threadbare. His short colloquy with Mr. Standish was cut short by the crack of Jake's whip, the jingling of bells, and a large open sleigh was drawn up to the platform.

Before starting, Jake wrapped a large bear-skin around his passenger, and cased his feet in a buffalo robe, saying as he did so:—"Guess you ha'nt been much used to sich weather as this off in Lunnun and Par'ris. It's bin an awful cold winter;—'most spring now, and 'mometer down to zero only last nite; every thing's froze hard as a brick."

With such casual remarks, Jake mounted to his box, and whistled his horses up to their best trotting speed. The frozen snow grated under the steel runners; but the once familiar sound was unheard by the young man, who was meditating some question to Jake that would tell him of his mother.

Fortunately, Jake relieved his anxiety by saying:—"If it hadn't been so alfred cold and windy to-day, I was calc'lat-ing to take yer mother out for a drive. I drive her a'most every day when the weather aint too raw: 'nd she says it does her more good 'n all the doctors."

These few homely-spoken words dispelled the fears that had haunted Phil all the way from Paris, lest he might not reach home in time to find his mother living. He replied, "Jake, I see you hav'n't changed: you are yet the same honest, kind-hearted man."

"Kind!" exclaimed Jake, "'t 'aint nothing to what your father and all your folks 'as done for me. Thar is your father's moniment over thar," continued Jake, pointing with his whip to a plain granite obelisk in the village grave-yard they were then passing; "thar's his moniment; I never come along this road that I don't look at it, and think to myself,—

ef it hadn't a bin for him I'd 'a bin planted somewhar over thar myself, years ago ; 'nd nobody 'ud hev known or keer'd whar drunken Jake Peabody was bur'ied."

Jake was asked to stop his horses, while the son went to see the monument over his father's grave. After tramping a short distance through the smooth crusted snow, he came to the obelisk, and read on the face the following inscription:—

D. M.

E. M. V.

PHILIPPI LAURENTII,

Q. V. A. LX.

OB. AN. SAL. MDCCCLIII.

E. B. Q. C.

"Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi."

On one side :—

"QUIQUE SUI MEMORES ALIOS FECERE MERENDO."

On the opposite :

"Anne aliquas ad cælum hinc ire putandum est sublimes animas ?"

C. H.

After a few minutes' detention Phil was again seated in the sleigh, and Jake had his horses at their top speed. The moment he set his foot upon the broad front porch of his mother's house, the door was gently opened by Aunt Jerusha, with a quiet salutation, almost in a whisper, "Oh, my nephew, my dear nephew, how glad I am you've come ;" then pointing to the parlor door, she added, "she's sitting in there, before the fire, expecting you."

Phil kissed his good aunt, and observing a shy little girl hanging to her mother's skirts, said, "Is this my little cousin Philippa ?" and he kissed her too.

"You must be very cold ;" said his aunt, "go down to the kitchen fire and warm yourself. Your touch would chill your mother, she is so very weak."

"I thought of that, aunt, and kept rubbing my face and hands to keep them warm. See, aunt, if they are not warm ?" and he stooped and laid his cheek to his Aunt Jerusha's, and took her hands in his.

"Yes, yes, they are quite warm," was her reply. "Go right in now."

As he disappeared through the parlor door, his aunt said half to herself, "to think of rubbing his hands to keep them warm, that his touch might not chill his dear sick mother : no, he can't be a bad young man."

Mrs. Lawrence was sitting in a large morocco library chair, with her back to the door through which her son entered. She did not turn her head to look at him, but gazed up at the mirror over the mantel-piece which reflected his advancing form. Philip Lawrence approached gently until he stood almost in front of his mother, and said, in a low voice, "Mother, I am here." And he knelt down, and buried his head in her lap.

The mother spoke not, but with her hands grasped in his, she bent over him in silence ; until, after a pause, he raised his head, and exclaimed, "I've come home to you, mother."

"Yes, yes," she replied, in a voice hardly above a whisper, "you have come at last ; I knew you would come this very day ; my heart told me you would. I said, my dear boy would not lose an hour, and I've counted all the days and hours since I sent for you. I was sure I should see my son again."

There was a few moments' silence, while the mother and son clasped each other.

He drew a chair, and took her hand in his ; when on looking in her face he saw that she had fainted, and called out to his Aunt Jerusha, who came in directly. But her son's loud

voice had restored Mrs. Lawrence to consciousness, for she said, in a smiling, cheerful tone, "I'm very weak ; I believe I often lose myself for a minute or two. Come, sit down all of you, and let us talk together."

So they seated themselves in a circle around the hearth, though Philippa stood at the chimney-corner, gazing at her cousin Phil, and devouring every word, as he narrated the circumstance of his getting to Liverpool just in time for the steamer, and how that a gale had followed close behind them all the way across the ocean, so that he had a very quick passage, though a rough one. All which, with many questions and replies from one and another, served to fill up the time till after the sun had set behind the hills, and the blaze of the fire began to cast shadows upon the walls of the now darkened parlor.

Mrs. Lawrence, with the quick ear of an invalid, heard a slight creaking at one of the doors, and she said, "Phil, I think there is an old friend of yours whom you have not yet seen." Phil went toward the door, and the light of the hall lamp showed him old Becky, the cook. But as amends for his forgetfulness, he gave her a good hearty kiss on each cheek, which made the old negress dance and clap her hands and "bess God that mister Doctor Philip had come back again to his own home." This little scene ended, Mrs. Wharton called out, "Becky, bring up the tea-things now." For Aunt Jerusha, though living in her own house near by, could at this time more properly be said to live with her sister, Mrs. Lawrence, since she had for months past devoted the greater part of her time to her.

When Philip Lawrence, on that evening for the first time in several years, found himself seated at his mother's table, we are willing to believe that he thought it quite as pleasant as sitting alone in the coffee-room of a dingy London tavern, or at the little marble slabs of the Paris cafés. After the supper was ended, Mrs. Lawrence told her son that she must

now retire for the night, though it was then but little past eight o'clock, observing that "nothing did her so much good as sleep, a blessing that she yet enjoyed."

Her bed-room was on the floor above. It had been her own, long years before, when she was a girl, and she would not take a lower one even in her present weak condition. With her son and Mrs. Wharton on either side, she was helped slowly up to the landing of the stair-case, where, as she stopped to recover breath, Phil said, "Mother, I can carry you ; let me try : " and taking her up in his arms he bore her tenderly to her room and laid her upon the lounge. That one manly and filial act did much to repay the mother for years of care and longing. For what woman was ever borne in the strong arms of a son or husband without a certain blissful assurance that she is truly loved ?

It was nearly noon of the next day before the mother and son met again. He was delighted, he said, to see her looking so well, so much better than he had feared to find her, and with the same cheerful smile on her face. He declared her eyes were lustrous as ever, her face had lost none of its roundness, and her skin was yet clear and smooth, and he was certain she would soon be well and strong ; and he assured her, too, that he would never leave her again.

"Ah, Phil, my dear boy, that's what everybody says, how well I'm looking : but my face is the only good part of me ; my body is a mere skeleton to what it was, or you could not have carried me up-stairs in your arms as you did last night. I feel and know I've not many weeks to live, perhaps not many days ; but days are precious now you have come home to be with me and comfort me. I was a strong, healthy woman till your father died. That was a terrible shock to me ; I've never had a well day since. But I don't repine, for I shall soon be with him again, and you will join us there after your appointed work is done here. I know you will."

As the son bent over his mother, he saw indications that he was wrong in his first favorable impressions of her chance of recovery. For he remarked that her face and neck, though not emaciated, were of a full and dropsied roundness, and the skin, in small folds, was tinted with a diffused red flush and a kind of vitreous gloss. Though the cheeks were rounded, they were pale, and her large blue eyes looked too bright and prominent, while the loose tissue of the eyelids had a puffy heaviness, all indicating dropsical effusion consequent upon some organic change, or an exhausted vitality that no art or skill, nor even nature herself could ever repair.

The mother and son generally passed their mornings in each other's converse, without other society. Daily this stalwart, bearded man seated himself almost at her feet on a tabouret and read to her from the Bible or some other devotional book, in which Aunt Jerusha had previously indicated, by marks or slips of paper, the chapters and passages selected. At one of these morning readings, Phil stopped suddenly short in the middle of a verse.

"Go on," said his mother, "why do you stop?"

"I never saw this place in the Bible before," replied Phil, as he proceeded with some emotion, and read as follows:—"Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year," and Phil repeated: "I don't recollect ever having seen that in the Bible."

"Strange," said his mother, "you must have read it to me more than once when you were a little boy like Samuel; but perhaps you were too young to understand it."

"I understand now what it means," said Phil, and kissing his mother, he went on with his reading.

The afternoons were commonly spent in cheerful conversation, when the whole circle were grouped about the parlor fire—Philip Lawrence seated on one side of his mother, her sister Mrs. Wharton on the other, and Philippa generally standing at one corner of the hearth silently drinking in every

word that was uttered. Mrs. Lawrence's voice was yet strong, so that she could bear her part in conversation without fatigue, and her unimpaired lungs not seldom supplied the force required for a hearty laugh. In those long talks, while Phil contributed some account of what he had seen in Europe, he was informed, in answer to his casual inquiries, of much that had transpired in Brookfield during his absence.—"Old Doctor Wheeler had died suddenly, and two or three young doctors had rushed in to fill his place."—"The Reverend Mr. Bullock had been made a doctor of divinity, and was lately married to his third wife."—"Good and learned Mr. Calvin Hopkins is having some trouble; there being a party in favor of turning him out after over thirty years of faithful service as head master of the Academy, because he refused to dismiss his school so that the pupils might attend week-day religious meetings, and be edified by the ranting of some abominably vulgar itinerant preachers."—"Augustus Lawrence was known to have become quite wealthy. He had been for some time president of the Brookfield Bank,—was a railway director, and went very often to New York, where he had intimate business relations with one or two millionnaires; and it was reported that he sometimes made ten thousand dollars in a single day by a Wall Street operation."—"Miss Virginia Phipps, and her brother the Colonel, had been growing poorer and prouder every year. Their great house looked just ready to tumble down over their heads. The Colonel was seldom seen, but then he looked much broken; but his more spirited sister, Miss Virginia, kept up wonderfully, with manners as elegant, stately and condescending as ever."—"Jake Peabody had had bad luck lately, though at one time he had got to be quite well off by buying and training horses, and sending them to New York to be sold. But it was known that he had been swindled by some horse-dealers there."—"Nothing had been seen or heard of the John Moore family for years. After Matilda ran away, the father became more intemperate, and died in a

year or two ; the mother married a second husband and moved off to the West."—"The Bruce family from New York, who formerly, for several years, hired Mrs. Lawrence's house (New Place) for their country residence, still resorted a good deal to Brookfield, as Mr. Bruce, who was asthmatic, found the air there agreed with him much better than in any other place. Their daughter Clementina seemed almost a grown up young lady, though (as Mrs. Wharton said) she was but two years older than her Philippa, who had been her playmate."—"The Ardens, too, from the North River, were spoken of, as they had visited Brookfield quite regularly, so long as their boy Charley remained at school at the Academy ; but he had been gone long ago, and was said to have entered West Point as a cadet." Not only all our old acquaintance in Brookfield were talked over, but a hundred other persons and things which do not belong to our narrative, were discussed in these long afternoon conversations.

Mrs. Lawrence's condition continued much the same from day to day, while her son became even more and more constant in his ministrations. He insisted on sleeping in a room adjoining hers with the door left ajar, and would rise in the morning and light her fire himself, before she was awake.

One morning she called to him through the open door, to get up and light her fire, though it was earlier than the usual hour. After the fire was well ablaze, she said she would not go down stairs that morning, but wished him get his own breakfast and come up again immediately. On his return she requested him to read to her from the Psalms, and after that mentioned a chapter in St. John's Gospel ; which he had not finished when she interrupted him, begging that he would call the family quickly.

On his returning to her, she reached up her arms and drew him closely to her, while the tears came through her closed eyelids. Then relaxing her hold, she opened her eyes and spoke to those who entered and stood around her bedside :

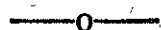
"Dear sister, and you, good little Philippa, and you, too, good faithful old Becky ;—how kind, how good you've all been to me. My son shall repay you,—my Philip must repay you ; how kind you are, how kind, how kind !" Repeating these last words till her voice sank to a whisper, and with her eyes shut, she held their hands tightly clasped in her own ; till suddenly her hold relaxed, her eyes opened with a dull stare, and Philip Lawrence felt that he was alone in the world.

That night he slept in his mother's cold and silent bedroom. His Aunt Jerusha had named several of the neighbors whom she knew would be willing, according to a custom not yet obsolete in that section of the country, to sit up as watchers with the corpse. But he said that was not necessary, as he would stay there himself ; and accordingly, a mattress was spread for him in one corner of the chamber.

It was not late when he entered and closed the door for the night. A dim, shaded lamp stood on the chimney-piece, giving just light enough to make objects visible. The loosened folds of the window curtain waved with the chill air that came in above the partly lowered sash. In the middle of the room stood the heavy, high-posted bedstead, with tester, stripped of its hangings. A linen sheet of cold, metallic whiteness covered the bed, but clearly revealing the outline of the lifeless form that was reposing beneath. The son turned down the covering from off his mother's face, and kissed her marble cheek, and contemplated those placid features on which her yet dark hair had been smoothed by some loving hand, and arranged as in life. Then turning away, he put aside the curtain and looked forth upon the wintry landscape. The snow glistened under the light of the young moon just setting behind the hills, and all the starry host glowed and sparkled from out the depths of eternal space. Seen by this starlight, what a mere rounded clod is this our earth, and man, its master, but a worm, an insect,

an aggregation of particles held together for a little while by the action of physical forces. Yet, seen under a flood of sunlight, what a glorious world is this our earth, and with his affections, his reason, his longings, "what a piece of work is man!"

With a chill at his heart, Philip Lawrence partly undressed, and laid down upon the mattress spread for him in one corner of the room, and turning toward the wall pulled the covering over his shoulders, and in no long while after he fell asleep. The dead mother and the living son—they are lying there in the same room. It had been her room when she was a girl, and where, in the long summer afternoons, had come her merry girl-friends to visit her. From that window she had looked forth on many a golden sunset; on many a glorious night she had watched those now leafless elms waving in the light of the harvest-moon; and, finally, from that door she had gone forth a veiled bride. Now the mother lies there, cold, breathless and pulseless, about to return and mingle with the earth again, while the breathing form of her son, warm and strong, is near her, and the cycle of great nature's mystery is accomplished!



CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

AFTER Mrs. Lawrence's funeral (which was attended by an unexpectedly large number not only of Brookfield people, but also by friends from a distance—for even Mrs. Bruce had left her comfortable house in Madison Avenue, and came on at that inclement season all the way from New York, to be present),—after his mother's funeral, Philip Lawrence found himself alone in the house,

of which he was become the master. For Mrs. Wharton, with Philippa, had returned to their own home; but which, being just at the other side of the garden, she could leave at any hour and step over to New Place, for a few minutes, to give old Becky directions about housekeeping affairs.

This was especially necessary at the present time; as the new proprietor of the place seemed to have no care or thought for any thing belonging to it. He would sit for hours together over the parlor fire, while the wood burnt out, and the fallen brands, lying upon the hearth, filled the room with smoke. In this state of apparent stupor, what were his thoughts in those long, solitary, and silent hours, can only be surmised. He may have just realized the truth, that he had thus far been sailing along through the world on a summer's sea, amusing himself and enjoying the best of everything supplied by loving hearts, with no effort on his own part. But now those hearts had ceased to beat, and he must henceforth think and strive for himself. Thus it was that this tall, stout, bearded young man of near thirty, felt himself as helpless as a girl.

Probably he reflected on his neglected opportunities, and the precious time he had lost, which, as he knew, many others, of about his own age, had more wisely improved; and they had secured, and were now enjoying that independent position, which is the due of years of useful industry. They had gained houses and lands, were married, and had an honored place in society; while he, Philip Lawrence, had been living on from year to year, a pensioner on the bounty of others—of those who were sleeping in their graves. Clouded in such gloomy imaginings, he began to regard himself as little better than a vagabond on the face of the earth. Even his unloved cousin, Augustus Lawrence, was a lord, a prince, compared with himself.

In one of these long, moping moods, over the parlor fire, his aunt, Mrs. Wharton, entered the room.

"Nephew," she said, "I've brought you the keys of your mother's secretary: she asked me to keep them for you."

"Thank you, aunt; you are always very kind; but you had better keep them; they'll be much safer in your hands than in mine; I'm so careless, I never lock anything."

"No! Come with me," remonstrated Mrs. Wharton, in a kind tone. "It isn't good for you to be sitting alone here by yourself. There's something for every one to do in the world, and you should be up and stirring. Come, now;" and she half drew her nephew out of his chair, and led him into a little room at the rear of the parlor, saying, "you see, I've had a good fire lighted," and added, as she unlocked the secretary, "you'll find every thing in order, I am sure; for your mother, before her strength failed, used to busy herself with reading and arranging the papers. This is the key to that drawer, in which you will find a tin box that this other little key unlocks. You are the master now of all here, my dear nephew, and we all look up to you as the only representative of the family," concluded Mrs. Wharton, as she grasped her nephew's hand, and looked earnestly in his face.

"A very humble master and a very poor representative, aunt, I fear you will find me," was the reply.

"Nonsense," she exclaimed; "for a strong and tall young man, as you are, to talk so. Never speak of being humble or poor, with youth and health such as yours."

The energy and spirit of this little woman must have had some influence, for a smile dispelled his dull apathetic look, as he took the keys, and she left him to his task. The secretary before which he now seated himself was an old familiar object, having formerly stood in his father's private office. It was in fact an old-fashioned French article, that by some chance had found its way to the remote regions of Berkshire, but very like dozens of others Phil had since seen during his long sojourn in Paris.

The bulk of the papers seemed to consist of his own let-

ters written from college, from the army in Mexico, and from Europe, down to almost the date of his return home. One letter there was in a fresh envelope, inscribed with his name, but dated back so many years ago, that curiosity prompted him to open it. It proved to be one of his old school compositions written when he was a boy; with it was a note from his schoolmaster, Mr. Hopkins, dated almost or quite twenty years before, saying that he sent it to Mrs. Lawrence, believing she might like to see it, as he thought it quite characteristic of her son and very good for one at his years.

It was headed:—"On Falsehood!" (rather a bold theme) and read as follows: "This word is made of two words, *false* and *hood*. False, means what is not true; and hood means a cap or cover to hide something with. An old lady's cap is one kind of a falsehood, because she puts it on to hide the bald spot on the top of her head and make herself look nicer. That does no harm but does good; because we love to look nice, and to see other people look nice. It's very mean for a boy to tell a falsehood, and they often get whipped for it, and so they ought to. But 'actions speak louder than words,' as *Æsop* says in his fables. But a boy may never tell a lie in his whole life and so he may never get punished. But he may so act all the time as to make people think he is good when he is not good, and that is false. That is wickeder than telling falsehoods, if he don't get punished for it. People who act false [ly] ought to be punished just as much as people who speak false [ly].

"PHILIP LAWRENCE, JR.

BROOKFIELD ACADEMY, October 9, 1835."

Wondering why mothers would preserve such trifles, Phil went on with his examination of the papers, but rather listlessly. One other small package attracted his notice. It was an old dingy-looking newspaper, wrapped in an envelope, indorsed in his father's hand with the initials "A. L." and

dated but a few days before his sudden death. Loosening the tape and unfolding the MS., he read a couple of lines at the top of the page in his father's writing, as follows: "This paper was lately discovered, and is in Augustus Lawrence's handwriting!" Then followed what proved to be the rough draught—with corrections and some interlineations—of an anonymous newspaper communication, headed "For the *Berkshire Argus*," "Disgraceful Affair at the Red House." Phil then opened the paper, where he now read for the first time, a printed chronicle of his fight with Joe Parsons years ago, and of which a few extracts will serve to show its tenor:

"It becomes our painful duty as guardians and censors of the public morals, to record and to comment on the disgraceful affair at the *Red House* on last Saturday afternoon. A brutal fight took place there between two grown up men, and was allowed to go on for nearly an hour, or until, as we are assured, one of the combatants was too much bruised and exhausted to continue it longer. But as all the circumstances are well known to the public, we need not name the parties, or the aggressor rather, in the fray, though he richly deserves it for this outrage upon public decency. . . .

"An idle young man, just home from college, attacks an honest, unoffending laboring man, for no one knows what cause, and attempts to give him a severe beating. Though fortunately, or rather unfortunately for the gentleman (?) combatant, his *bone and sinew* antagonist, with limbs strengthened by honorable toil, proved more than a match for his scientific antagonist, who, doubtless, proposed to amuse himself and display his college accomplishments. . . .

"Seriously, though, if our young men bring home from college no better proof than this of the advantages of their expensive education, some of our honest and worthy people will see less cause to regret that they are not rich enough to send their sons to such aristocratic and fashionable institutions." . . .

"Certainly such lawlessness ought not to go unpunished; yet we do not learn that any legal steps have been taken to bring the *most culpable party* to answer for his offence. Nor, considering the high esteem in which his family and friends are justly held, is it perhaps desirable that exact justice should be meted out for this his first offence; but *let it be the last.*" . . .

Phil read this old newspaper article with as little interest as if he had never known any of the parties referred to; but fully believed his cousin Augustus capable of any duplicity and of writing such canting stuff. Moreover, on glancing again at the written paper, he saw that sentences containing such words, as "bully," "rowdyism," and the like, had been struck out, and therefore did not appear in the printed copy.

Crumpling the old newspaper and the manuscript together, he tossed them aside, and went on with his examination of other papers. Though not much used to figures, he found evidence enough of a fact with which he had previously become impressed—that his father's estate proved barely solvent, and nothing was left for him but his mother's house and a few acres of land. So it turned out that our young man, after living for years *en prince* in Europe, found himself on his return home not so well off in the world as were many of the plain farmers, his neighbors.

Before ending his researches and closing the secretary, he unlocked the little black japanned box his Aunt Jerusha had specially mentioned. There he found a few railway certificates, worth altogether about a thousand dollars more or less, with some bank-notes amounting not to a hundred. And this inheritance was the final summing up of his life-long expectations of a great fortune!

The next day, he rather abruptly said to his aunt: "I'm going back to Paris." To this Mrs. Wharton made no reply but silence; so that he was forced to explain himself by adding:—"I find I must begin and make my own living; I can't

do that here." Still Mrs. Wharton said nothing, and he continued, "I can make a good living in Paris, and did so for months before I came home," and he explained to her that he had been in the habit of writing for the newspapers, for which he was paid a liberal stipend.

Still another short pause, which was at length broken, not by Mr. Wharton's tears, for she was not one of the weeping sort, but by her exclaiming in an almost sarcastic tone: "So, you will go and live in Paris, and become a Frenchman? Philip Lawrence, you will do no such thing. This is your home, here in this very house; here you ought to live and resolve to keep up the credit of the name of your family. You can succeed here in the practice of your profession if you will make an effort; and that is more honorable than getting a hand-to-mouth living among strangers." Then, in a tone less reproachful and with more tenderness, she added: "Don't desert us, dear nephew; you are our head and protector; there's no man left us but you to look up to. You surely won't go away, and leave us."

While Mrs. Wharton thus appealed to her nephew's better feelings, in his own mind the contrast presented itself between his life as it had been for years in Paris, and what it must be if he settled down in Brookfield as a plain country doctor. In fifteen days he could be again in Paris, and maintain himself there by a few hours' use of his pen in each week. At the same time (for such is the constitution of things in the French capital) he could enjoy, if not all, yet the best part of all that the wealth of even an English marquis or a Russian prince can command.

Beside this, he foresaw the contrast between his own position and that of his rich and proud cousin Augustus. Why, all his cousin had to do was to sign his name, as President of the Brookfield Bank, to one of those little pieces of brownish paper to make it worth either one dollar, two dollars, or a hundred; while he, Philip Lawrence, must ride over the Berk-

shire hills in heat and cold, in fair weather or foul, in daylight or darkness, for the chance of being rewarded, months afterward, with one of those worn, soiled little bits of paper, but all bearing the name of Augustus Lawrence!

These reflections passed with electric rapidity through his mind, while his aunt was making her appeal to him not to go from home again. But at that woman's pleading, his selfish instincts and vain impulses yielded to a sense of honor, and he replied to her: "No, aunt; I'll not go; I'll stay here with you."

A few days afterward, those who passed along the hill-side road in front of the late Mrs. Lawrence's house, could read a little tin sign on one of the gate-posts—*Doctor Lawrence.*



CHAPTER IX.

GETTING A LIVING.

DOCTOR Lawrence's house stood at about the same distance from the quiet old town of Brookfield as from the new manufacturing village of Laurel, and but a short drive to either place. The new Doctor seldom goes to Brookfield, but much oftener to Laurel, where he is sometimes called on to attend the workmen or their families; and who, without knowing it, had the benefit, at his hands, of the latest surgical discoveries and appliances known in London or Paris.

At home his sole society were his aunt, Mrs. Wharton, who came over frequently to superintend his domestic affairs, and his little cousin Philippa, who ran in and out at all hours of the day. Meanwhile, a smart Irish boy 'tended the stable, and

brought the Doctor's wagon, when wanted. Becky, the old cook, besides her own proper work, performed the duties of milking and bed-making, and cheerfully busied herself with sundry cares. Some of my readers would not deem Doctor Lawrence's present lot a very hard one;—with a comfortably furnished house, surrounded by a few acres of land, on a picturesque hill-side, with one loving friend and two faithful servants to anticipate his wants, and attend to his comfort. Even the Doctor himself, with all his Paris tastes and longings, may have had at times some sense of his blessings.

At the village of Laurel, to which the Doctor was often called, he found the general aspect greatly changed from what it had been before he went to Europe. Two or three immense cotton mills had been built, and their ceaseless clatter filled the air. A couple of wooden churches, of a chalky whiteness, reared their little spindle-like spires, which looked as if they had been shaped in a turning-lathe, or whittled to a point with a pocket-knife. There was also an immense new hotel—half as large as the Astor House—of which the walls were about the thickness of two bricks, and stuck full of windows.

In painful contrast with all this, Doctor Lawrence had almost daily to pass his father's once flourishing iron works, and which were now said to be the property of the Brookfield Bank. Their fires were out, their chimneys cold, the hammers were silent, the windows broken, and weeds grew in the pathways.

In order to increase the water-power for the new cotton-mills, certain extensive diggings had been made, which had the effect to alter the physical features of the surrounding country, so that picturesque waterfalls had disappeared; acres of swamp and meadow were covered by a broad mill-pond, leaving the old primeval bed of the foaming Housatonic so bare that a child might wade about on the rocks in safety.

As the Doctor had a good deal of leisure time, he chose to spend some of it in walking about on these bared rocks, and searching for fossil remains of animal life, such as, in a former chapter, the reader was told had so greatly interested a learned professor of geology in the *College de France*. In this search he was successful far beyond his expectations; for he was able to pry out from the ledges large thin slabs, with gigantic bird-tracks on them, made, perhaps, a million years ago, yet as fresh and distinct as if but yesterday. These thin slabs, or plates, he had neatly squared and put together in sets, with hinges, so that they could be opened and shut like the leaves of an atlas. As the specimens were abundant, he prepared several sets, by the assistance of one of his father's former workmen, an intelligent and ingenious model-maker, and who, fortunately, had a taste for such pursuits.

These specimens, with views made by an itinerant photographer of the locality from which they were taken, were sent to the learned professor of geology in the *College de France*, with duplicate sets, in case the professor might wish to present them to some of his scientific friends. By the return steamer, there came a letter of thanks, and enthusiastic admiration "for his beautifully prepared geologic specimens, which were unique, and an invaluable contribution to science; and would be contemplated with profound interest not in Paris only, but by the most learned men in Europe."

By the two or three steamers following, Doctor Lawrence received several monstrously big letters, well plastered with postage stamps, one of which bore the imperial arms of France in a corner of the large envelope; another with the double eagle of Austria; and a third with the royal crown of Prussia,—all of the same import, informing Doctor Lawrence that he had been elected a corresponding member of certain scientific academies in Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. He may or may not have called to mind the fact, that neither these honors, or the more substantial benefits of his acquaintance

with the l'Hommedieu family at Paris, would have been his good fortune, except for what he thought was a fond foolish fancy of his mother's, in carefully preserving all the souvenirs of his boyhood, including his cabinet (about a yard square) of minerals and curiosities, up in the attic room of his old home.

Early in the season the Doctor was afforded an opportunity of performing an important surgical operation, and which had the effect of reviving his long dormant interest in his profession. An iron wheel in one of the mills broke by the speed of its motion, and the fragments flew, like a bursting shell, in all directions. One of the pieces struck a workman's shoulder, crushing the bone, and lacerating the flesh frightfully. The man's wife called in the Doctor belonging to her church, and who of course enjoyed the monopoly of all the practice within its influence. The good ignorant man, terrified and wholly incompetent to treat the case, partly stanching the little bleeding there was at first, then gave the patient a tremendous dose of morphine, loaded him with a heap of bed-clothing, and drove off, saying that he had to attend an urgent case some miles distant; but he first telegraphed to Albany for a surgeon, who returned an answer that he would reach Laurel in two or three hours.

In the mean time, while the patient was stupefied by the heavy opiat, the smothering heat of the bed-clothes had hastened reaction, attended with a frightful loss of blood. Some of the neighbors present, among whom was Mr. Standish, his father's old clerk, proposed sending for Doctor Lawrence. The Doctor came and quickly tying the arteries, stopped the hemorrhage; but he was allowed to do nothing more. The Albany surgeon soon arrived, and said at once—"That arm must come off."

While he was laying out in due order his fearful-looking knives and other instruments, the patient opened his eyes to their view, and was informed of the operation he was about

to undergo. He declared, with an oath, they should not cut off his arm. He was assured that unless it was done mortification would ensue, and he would lose his life. Still, the poor man was resolute. After considerable delay in vainly trying to persuade his patient to submit to the operation, the surgeon, in a huff, put away his knives, locked his box, and, muttering angrily, "I've come fifty miles for nothing; the fool may die if he will, and be damned to him; I'm off by the next train." He walked out of the house, probably without hearing his patient's equally rough rejoinder.

"Well, I guess I might as well die, by G—d, as live with only one arm to work with."

Doctor Lawrence, having remained silent during the colloquy between the surgeon and the patient's friends, now spoke in a moderate tone, saying, "that the eminent surgeon who had just left was probably right in his opinion of the case; but that since the discovery of chloroform, for making people insensible to pain, surgeons were able to perform longer and more difficult operations, by which they could sometimes save badly wounded limbs, instead of cutting them off; though, in a case like the present, the arm would be somewhat shortened, it would be a very useful one; and if the patient and his friends were willing, he would try and save the limb."

The moaning man in the bed shouted out, "By G—d, Doctor, that's the talk; go ahead just as soon as you damn please!" With this assent, the Doctor proceeded, first, to chloroform his patient heavily; then using the scalpels and other small instruments, taken from his little green morocco pocket-case, he dissected out and removed some half-dozen or more fragments of bone, tied or twisted up the smallest bleeding vessels, then cut off and trimmed the dangling shreds and ragged edges of the wound, and put the parts as nearly as possible in their original relations; so that the bystanders said "it looked really quite like an arm again;"—

the patient all the while breathing gently, as his wife said, "as if he was sleeping after a hard day's work."

To the whole arm, from the wrist to the shoulder, he applied a long, narrow bandage, turning and doubling it quicker than the eye could follow the movements of his hand, and adjusting it so smoothly that those who were looking on said "it fitted just like a new stocking." On this bandage he applied some light pasteboard splints, cut from the cover of an old school atlas, and which were made soft and plastic by soaking in warm water, so as to conform to the exact shape of the limb. Over these pasteboard splints another bandage was neatly wound, after which, with some directions about a generous diet, the Doctor departed, wearied by an almost two hours' task, but of which his patient had known nothing. The result of this operation was, that within two weeks the man was walking about the village, with his arm in a sling, and before the end of two months he was able to do some light work.

During the few weeks following this event our Doctor was visited with a rush of calls for his professional services. All the host of incurables from the surrounding country came to him, including not only rheumatic old men and hysterical women, but all the puny little babies, whose machinery was never made to last over a twelvemonth, were brought to him to be healed. On these he was expected to work a miracle, and failing to do that, he disappointed the expectations of by far the greater part of his crowd of patrons. Hence he lost his great reputation almost as suddenly as he had acquired it, and was soon after left with almost no business. At the same time, from his previous lack of experience in the practical dollar-and-cent business of life, he realized almost nothing from his professional practice. He never thought of asking his patients to pay anything, so that what he received amounted to very little.

Glorious summer shone upon the hills and valleys of Berk-

shire, cheering alike to the husbandman and housewife, to the herds upon the hill-sides, and to the insects that flitted and buzzed in the garden. All these living and breathing creatures had society and companionship, affections and cares, that make existence a happiness, by occupying the time and tasking the faculties. For when one's faculties have no object on which to expend their force, nor the converse of friends to fill up the time, he will soon become discontented, if not positively miserable. The Doctor had almost no one to talk with except his good aunt, Mrs. Wharton, without even the presence of his young cousin Philippa. For Philippa, early in the spring, had been sent by her mother to board with a family in the centre of the town, so that she could attend school at the Brookfield Academy, of which the female department was still in charge of the two Misses Hopkins, the head-master's daughters. Their father, indeed, the good and learned Mr. Hopkins, called not unfrequently on his old pupil, the Doctor, who was glad to answer his many questions concerning what he had seen in Europe. He saw his prosperous cousin, Augustus, only when he chanced to meet him at the post-office, or on the main street of the town, on which occasions but few words were exchanged.

With the advent of summer the changes that, during Doctor Lawrence's stay in Europe, had taken place in his quiet old town, were made more striking. Two or three of the largest old-fashioned houses on the main street had been altered, and converted to boarding-houses for summer visitors from New York and other cities. Even his father's house had undergone the most complete transformation. The whole building had been raised one story and built up with stone underneath, so that the parlors were now chambers; and the whole was surmounted by a new French roof. What was formerly a broad two-story had now grown to be a tall four-story house, with the further addition of a

wide porch at the front and two sides. The grounds about the house underwent a corresponding change. The clumps of shrubbery had been removed from the lawn, and the fence, with its tall posts, had disappeared. In what had been a flower-garden, there was a billiard-room and a bowling-alley.

As the season had now fairly commenced, there could be seen, early of a summer's morning, two or three coachmen busy with grooming their horses and washing handsome private carriages. The Doctor's old home, thus metamorphosed and turned into a summer boarding-house, had been named the "Lawrence House;" but, as there happened to be a notably fine large elm-tree in the front yard, visitors and strangers found it more convenient to call it the *Elm Tree House*.

Though he sometimes passed his old home, he never felt the least curiosity or desire to enter it. But one morning, as he was driving by, he heard his name called by a lady who was standing on the front porch. It was Mrs. Bruce, of New York, whose husband had previously, for several years, rented New Place for their summer residence; and she, as the Doctor remembered, had, but a few months before, made a long journey in winter to be present at his mother's funeral.

On entering the house, the Doctor found himself in one of the old parlors where there remained many things familiar to him from his earliest days—the same deep, old-fashioned window-seats, the same chimney-pieces, with his own dints and scratches upon the carvings, and the same florid ornament in the centre of the ceiling. There he was introduced to Mr. Bruce, who appeared very much older than his wife, and was evidently an invalid, as he asked to be excused from rising. There was a young girl and a much younger boy in the room; but who, as they were quarrelling at the time, were evidently glad to be sent away.

Doctor Lawrence soon perceived that he had not been called in for medical advice, but from a sentiment of kindness. He enjoyed the call, and left the house with a degree of exhilaration such as men, who have been deprived of society for a time, must experience after half an hour's talk with an agreeable and cultivated woman. He was cordially invited to call again, and as often as he found it convenient.

The privilege of this invitation, the Doctor availed himself of to a moderate extent, and which proved no small relief in his present isolated kind of life, for it brought him in contact with some of Mrs. Bruce's friends, who were ladies capable of talking about something else than worsted work and their own household affairs. Mr. Bruce, too, though an invalid, and very much older than his wife, had read and traveled a good deal, and had seen enough to make conversation agreeable. The Doctor's visits to the Elm Tree House were not unfrequent during the remainder of the season. He was sometimes called in professionally by these strangers from the city, who found reasons for preferring his medical attendance to that of either of the village practitioners.

One day, as he was coming away from the Elm Tree House, he was accosted by his cousin Augustus, and evidently for some special purpose.

"Cousin Philip," said Augustus, with his stereotyped smile, "I have been waiting for an opportunity to show you a statement of the settlement of your father's estate."

The Doctor thanked his cousin, but said he thought it unnecessary, as he had already seen a copy among his mother's papers. But the request being urged, the two cousins entered the Brookfield Bank together, where Augustus, as president of that institution, spent most of his time.

The two seated themselves, and the man of business,

spreading out his papers, went on with his explanations of this and that schedule, perhaps without perceiving that he had rather an absent-minded if not an unintelligent listener.

During this interview between the cousins, which lasted a considerable time, the Doctor gave less attention to the array of figures spread out before him, than to observing Augustus' altered personal appearance. The change, on a near inspection, was very marked. Though this successful business man and model member of society was hardly ten years the elder of his cousin the Doctor, yet there were already many silver threads in his once shining curls of fine black hair, with some baldness on the top of his head. His handsome black eyes were less clear and bright; his cheeks had become sallow and lost a little of their oval outline, and were marked with vertical lines, especially when he smiled; several of his upper teeth were false, and his hands had begun to look dry and skinny.

While this interview was going on, the Doctor was not aware of the presence of any other person, until rising from the table, he pushed back his chair rather suddenly, and almost upset a very old, bent figure—that of a man who appeared to have crept up to the light of the window near by, to study the newspaper he held in hand.

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the Doctor, a good deal surprised; "I was not aware that any one was so near."

The person thus addressed did not look up nor make any reply; but Augustus Lawrence, in his bland tones, attempted a kind of introduction, by saying, "Cousin Philip, you remember Mr. Eeley?"

"But the Doctor seemed not to care to know or notice the old man, as he never looked toward him, but merely remarked, in an undertone to his cousin, as they walked toward the door, 'I thought that old carrion had been buried out of sight years ago; why, he was an old man when we were school-boys.'"

"Yes," replied Augustus, "he is now over ninety, and by far the wealthiest man in the whole county; then raising his voice and looking toward the object of his eulogy, he continued, "and good for ten years longer. They say he has made a will, leaving most of his property to public and charitable institutions, of which our Brookfield Academy is to have a large slice."

The Doctor paid as little attention to what his cousin said of this squalid old miser, as to his congratulatory remarks on his return to Brookfield, where he had so soon distinguished himself by his surgical skill. But he saw that the interior of that one-roomed little building, the Brookfield Bank, familiar to him in his boyhood, had not changed. There was the same great lock on the door, with its heavy, intricately-wrought key, but which any modern burglar, with only a bent piece of wire, would open in ten seconds. There was the same money vault, constructed of a dozen or more thick granite blocks, but which could be "wedged" apart in twenty minutes. There were also the same slender, rust-eaten window-bars, and thin sheet-iron shutters. Indeed a more insecure place for the keeping of anything valuable could hardly be imagined than was the Brookfield Bank, considering the advances made of late years in the science of burglary; which has fully kept pace with all the other arts and sciences of our progressive civilization.

Not many days after this first friendly interview between the cousins, the annual exhibition of the Brookfield Academy took place, when Doctor Lawrence had the satisfaction to see his cousin Augustus walking at the head of the procession to the court-house, arm in arm with the head-master, Mr. Calvin Hopkins, just as in former years his own father had done. Indeed, his cousin Augustus seemed to be holding his father's place in most things—in the law-office, in the bank, and in the academy.

The summer months had passed, and almost in a single day the main street of Brookfield was deserted by the fash-

ionably-dressed people, with their handsome carriages, that for weeks had enlivened the precincts of that pleasant little country town. The Elm Tree House and other summer establishments were suddenly vacated by their city guests. The old country town resumed its wonted dullness; ere long the autumn winds began to blow, the leaves to fall, and in a few weeks the first melancholy snow-flakes, slowly descending through a raw November air, told that another long winter was at hand. To Doctor Lawrence the thoughts of this dreary season were terribly depressing, and contrasted gloomily with what he had known in former years, when even winter came attended with pleasant anticipations.

In trying to establish himself, his efforts so far had proved a failure. He had received but little from his medical practice, and now he seldom had a patient. Latterly, on Brookfield street, people seemed to avoid him, for few spoke to him, or hardly looked at him, excepting his humble friend Jake Peabody; and not a soul but his old schoolmaster, Mr. Hopkins, ever came to visit him.

But he uttered no whinings or complainings. Indeed, there was no one to whom he might tell his troubles, save his good aunt, Mrs. Wharton, and he disdained to burden a woman who had cares enough of her own.

But Mrs. Wharton was a woman whose placid face covered more force than is often met with in her sex. She was a woman, too, not only in closely observing whatever happened to fall within her limited field of vision, but she had a woman's way of asking direct questions on any subject that happened to excite her curiosity—questions such as men seldom venture to ask one another. This female inquisitiveness—meddling, if you please to call it—is very often followed by sympathy and counsel such as the strongest and wisest man may be glad to have. In short, woman's inquisitiveness is an unseen power, that, in the aggregate, has an immense weight for good or evil.

If ever woman had a right to question a man, Mrs. Wharton had a right to question her nephew. She was devoted to his interest, but her devotion, not being of the doting, idolizing sort, was shown in a more practical way. She observed that he was become moody, and she knew that he was now daily writing and receiving frequent letters. As the Doctor had grown reticent as well as inactive, his aunt began with inquiring "if he was ill?"

"No, aunt," was his reply; "but I fear, if I am to lead this kind of life much longer, you will have to take me to a lunatic asylum."

To this rather mawkish sentiment his aunt dryly rejoined, "There were never any crazy people in our family; I hope you do not intend to be the first one."

"Seriously, my dear aunt," the Doctor then said, "I hope you are assured that I respect your wishes, as the best, and indeed the only friend I have; but in the matter of getting a living, I have tried it fairly, and find I can never do it here. I must go somewhere else, do something else."

"Nephew, you surprise me," was Mrs. Wharton's quick reply; "I was confident you had been doing very well."

"Aunt, I've hardly received a hundred dollars for all the work I've done in the last eight months."

"Let me look at your account-book," said the lady, rather curtly, if not authoritatively; to which, as he made no reply or movement, she added in a softer tone: "My nephew, I never meant to doubt your word, for you were always truth itself; I only thought I might perhaps be able to advise you."

"I have kept no account-book."

"Never kept an account-book? Never charged people for what you did for them?" exclaimed Mrs. Wharton.

"No, aunt, how could I? They were mostly people who get their living by their daily labor; how can I demand a portion of their wages, when all they can earn is barely sufficient just to feed and clothe them?"

"Humph; just to feed and clothe them!" sarcastically responded his aunt. "Other people must be fed and clothed too. No people in the world spend money more foolishly and wastefully than those same laboring classes about whom you are so compassionate. It may be different in Europe; but here in this country, I can tell you—for I know it—that the working-man is as well able to pay his doctor as his butcher, or his landlord, who sits in his snug office and receives his rent, while you have to drive over the hills by night and day, in cold and rain. Can't afford to pay you! Why, some of their children come to church better dressed than my Philippa. I don't believe a word of what we read in the papers about the poor mill-girls and half-starved sewing-girls. If I want a servant, I can't get one of those same mill-girls to come to my house, eat at a plentiful table, sleep in a neat bedroom, with kind treatment every way, and nearly a hundred dollars a year more wages than will dress her tidily. Half-starved sewing-girls, too! I'll show you one next Sunday at church with a fur cape on, for which she gave forty dollars. Never talk to me about poor laboring people—there's no such thing."

When Mrs. Wharton had finished this somewhat excited exposition of her opinions, she went to a desk for paper and pencil, and setting herself down before the Doctor, she said, in a somewhat peremptory tone: "Now, I want you to give me the names of some of the people you've been attending upon; I know many of them." Mrs. Wharton made her pencil fly over the paper as she questioned her nephew, who answered passively, until, starting up, she said, "I've here the names of over twenty of your patients, and don't want any more, as I can find others out by these."

Several conferences succeeded this one between the aunt and nephew, in which he expressed his intention of leaving Brookfield, and seeking his living elsewhere—in Paris probably as a journalist; and he tried to make his aunt understand that journalism had become a great and lucrative profession.

Thanksgiving-Day came not long after, and Doctor Lawrence was to dine with his aunt and his cousin Philippa, who had just been brought home from school. Mrs. Wharton had also secured three other guests for the occasion; good and learned Mr. Calvin Hopkins and his two grown-up daughters—sedate, sober-suited young ladies in black bombazine. But long before the dinner hour, the Doctor, to escape from the loneliness of his own house, had gone over to his aunt's, and was sitting, in an idle reverie, before the parlor fire. She came in from looking after her household affairs, and handed him a well-stuffed letter-envelope, saying, "Nephew, here is something that belongs to you."

He took the envelope, but was prevented from opening it by his cousin Philippa, who just then burst into the room, in a gleeful manner, rushed up to her "cousin Phil," and put her arms about his neck, in all the confidence of affectionate childhood.

Her cousin Phil repaid her kisses, and then looking at her for a moment, with a smile of surprise, he exclaimed, "Is it possible this is Philippa—my shy little cousin? How you have grown in the last six months! You are almost tall enough for a young lady!"

"I guess I'm only a little girl yet," she quickly replied, as she jumped upon his lap, and twining one arm around his neck, with her other hand she pulled up her short skirts to the knee, and putting out her leg so as to show her pantallettes, "I guess young ladies don't wear these things." Then hugging and kissing the Doctor again, and which he appeared to relish, she said, "So naughty of my cousin Phil to go away again off to Europe, and leave mamma and me here all alone with no man to love us."

"I'm proud to see I've such a fine little girl for a cousin," the Doctor replied; "I should be sorry to go away and leave her."

"Don't you go, cousin Phil; they won't love you off

there half so much as ma and me does," she again exclaimed, as she wound his whiskers about her fingers, and pushed aside his heavy mustache so that she could put her fresh red lips to his.

"Well," replied the Doctor, as his eyes visibly moistened, "perhaps I won't go—for a good while yet."

Just then the sound of wheels was heard coming down the frozen gravelly road, and Philippa rushed out of the room to see if it was their expected guests—the Hopkins family. After she had left the room, her mother remarked that "Philippa had grown a perfect little hoyden during the past summer that she had been away from home at the boarding-school."

"I like it," said the Doctor, proceeding to open the envelope addressed with his name, which his aunt had handed to him a few minutes before. The contents proved to be a dozen or more clean-looking bills of the Brookfield Bank, amounting to nearly three hundred dollars, with a long list of his patients' names from whom the money had been collected, in sums from one dollar up to twenty. He understood at once what his aunt had been about, and she said, "I collected all that in less than two days. Hereafter, I'll keep your accounts, if you won't keep them yourself; then those 'poor laboring people,' as you call them, will have to pay their doctor. There is more money coming yet. The friends of that machinist at Laurel, whose arm you saved, are going to raise a hundred dollars as a testimonial for you."

The Thanksgiving dinner passed off after the time-honored fashion, preceded by a rather long grace or blessing by Mr. Hopkins, and which was, in fact, a short extemporaneous prayer, "thanking the Divine Giver of all good for mercifully preserving, and once more bringing together the few surviving members of an honored family, around this board, so laden with the manifold fruits of His bounty; . . . that

He would bless all present, and especially pour down his grace on the mother and daughter, and guard with His protecting care the surviving son of parents, who, after nobly performing their appointed pilgrimage in this vale of tears, had been called to a state of endless rest and joy, and where, finally, that He would grant they all might meet again to dwell for ever in those mansions prepared by the Redeemer in his Father's house, before the foundations of the world. Amen."

During dinner, and throughout the evening, the Doctor made himself agreeable to his aunt's guests. Indeed, the two Misses Hopkins declared afterward "that Philip Lawrence was not at all distant or haughty, but very attentive and affable."

He brought out a quantity of small engravings and views of remarkable places in Europe, such as accumulate in the bottom of tourists' trunks; all of which greatly interested Mr. Hopkins, especially those relating to classical scenes in Italy and Greece, about which he had been studying and teaching half his lifetime without ever having journeyed a hundred miles away from home.

But the delight of the evening was a fine parlor stereoscope, with a large box of views, that the Doctor had just received as a present from his Paris friends, the l'Hommedieus. These almost set the demure and passionless Misses Hopkins wild with admiration. And well it might be so, for stereoscopes were then a recent invention, of which probably not a dozen had yet found their way even to New York; so that in Brookfield they must have been the greatest novelty, well deserving of one of the Miss Hopkins' repeated Italian adjectives, "bella-bella," and the other's English exclamations, "wonderful," "thrilling," "startling," as they intently gazed in the apparatus at everything European, from the interior of a French kitchen to the ruins of the Roman Forum.

"Vidi Roman!" exclaimed the old schoolmaster, lean-

ing suddenly back in his chair, while the tears came in his eyes after looking through the stereoscope at the Arch of Titus, the Coliseum, the Column of Trajan, and the Pantheon, and contemplating their broken arches, mutilated sculptures, and half-effaced inscriptions. The scholar saw Rome,—and the hopeless longings of a lifetime were satisfied!

In this manner the evening passed pleasantly, and the Doctor was surprised to find how truly he had enjoyed the society of these very plain people. He had, unconsciously, tasted the happiness of pleasing others, instead of studying only to please himself. So that, after the Hopkinses had taken their early departure, he made his aunt and cousin very happy by saying, "I've decided not to go back to Paris, but will stay here with you."

Not many days after, the promised hundred-dollar testimonial from Laurel was presented to him. But the donors had chosen to put it in a more durable form than simple coin or bank-notes. The testimonial came in the shape of:—first, a large pictorial Bible, which cost twenty dollars; second, a fifty-dollar Certificate of Life Membership in the Home Missionary Society; while the balance, of thirty dollars, was paid to an itinerant writing-master for engrossing, on a nice sheet of card-board, in florid penmanship and more florid rhetoric (surmounted by a pen-and-ink drawing of the Good Samaritan), an expression of the contributors' sense of Doctor Lawrence's skill and benevolence!

CHAPTER X.

GROWING WISER.

AFTER Doctor Lawrence decided to stay and abide his fortunes in Brookfield, he wisely resolved to conform to the ideas of the people among whom he expected to live. He visited, and was otherwise civil to all whom he had ever known as the friends of his father. He soon became on fair terms with his cousin Augustus.

Mrs. Wharton being unwilling to send Philippa back again to school at the Academy, but preferring to keep her child at home during the long winter months, both for the sake of her society and the little assistance she might be in household matters, Doctor Lawrence volunteered to continue her lessons.

It is astonishing how much time we find we have, when, like Shakspeare's reformed Prince Harry, we learn "to weigh it to the utmost grain." For, though he continued to have some medical business, yet being alone in his home through these dead winter months, he had hours and hours of solitude, in which he was thrown upon his own resources. There were a few shelves full of books in the house, mostly of the old English Classics. These had now more attraction for him than in his earlier years; for his own experience in life and the world made what he now read to appear wonderfully more beautiful and true.

He even took his old Virgil, Horace, and Cicero from out the pile of school-books. These much-abused volumes now afforded him a tranquillizing employment in untwisting the intricacies and inversions of a dead language. He there found

the wisdom and poetry that his old schoolmaster, Mr. Hopkins, had tried in vain to make his pupils feel and understand.

About this time Doctor Lawrence received a letter from Monsieur l'Hommedieu that caused him no little surprise. It was to the effect, that, having to make a considerable shipment of merchandise from Paris to his correspondent in New York, and believing that the things that his estimable American friend had left behind in his *appartement* in Paris would be acceptable as pleasant souvenirs of his residence there, he had ordered them to be carefully packed and directed to him. The same mail brought a letter from M. l'Hommedieu's New York correspondent, that the boxes and cases had been received by the Havre steamer, and forwarded by rail to Brookfield.

While yet pondering on the question, what disposition he had best to make of his speechless though eloquent Paris friends, who were about to arrive in the colder and less genial latitude of Brookfield, the tramp of horses was heard outside, mingled with the tones of Jake Peabody's familiar voice. On going to the door, the Doctor met Jake with another man who had just pulled up before the steps, in a heavy wagon, loaded with some half-dozen or more very foreign-looking boxes and cases.

Jake explained the circumstances of his unexpected arrival as follows:—"Doctor Phil, I seed these ere things up to the deepow, with y'er name on 'em, 'nd so I thot I'd hitch my team to a waggin 'nd haul 'em all right down to ye."

"Thank you, Jake, what had you to pay on them?" inquired the Doctor.

"Not a darned red," was the reply; "here's the bill all the way from Par'ris, and everything's bin paid to here. Them Yewropean folks understands heow t'er dew bisness right on the squar', I guess."

The several boxes were unloaded and duly deposited in

the hall-way. The Doctor, when left to himself, hastened to pry off the covers, being eager for a view of his old friends. The books and engravings were especially welcome; but he was not unmindful that some of the pictures and bronzes would neither be appreciated nor approved of by the yet æsthetically benighted people of Brookfield. So he wisely decided to leave many of them in the obscurity of the saw-dust in which they were snugly buried. After unpacking the cases of books, he drew forth from another box a fine large bronze statuette of the "Venus of Milo," which, with the "Dying Gladiator," he decided to set up in opposite corners of the parlor, whatever people might say: and also that a couple of fine electrotpe copies of Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning" should have a place over the chimney-piece. There were large framed engravings of Landseer, Rosa Bonheur, and some half-dozen "Madonnas," da Vinci's "Last Supper," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," with a cabinet-sized copy in oil of "Vittoria Colonna," also one of Paul Potter's "Bull," all which he resolved to hang up about the house. But a small copy, in water-color, of Titian's "Venus," together with Parian or biscuit copies of the "Capitoline Venus," Baily's "Eve," the "Ariadne," "Greek Slave," and even an "Apollo Belyedere," &c., all these he thought best to let lie in darkness and obscurity until some future day.

In the early spring, before the grass was green, or even the snow had wholly disappeared from the distant hills, Dr. Lawrence began to occupy himself with putting things in order around his house: he went to work himself, with saw, hammer and nails repairing fences and sheds, instead of, as formerly, sending for a carpenter to come and do everything for him. He could be seen almost any day in an old coat, buckskin gloves, and rough top-boots, hard at work trimming the trees, raking up the leaves and dead-wood, and sometimes lifting and replacing the stones that had fallen from the walls. The advent of summer found him daily in his garden; where

he learned a novel pleasure, one not to be had in London, Paris or other great towns and cities,—the pleasure of making things grow!

All this time he was making himself less unpopular with the plain people of the country round about. He now talked sociably with everybody, even the children; read the newspapers, went to church, and attended a town meeting, and voted at an election for the first time in his life.

In short, Doctor Lawrence was fast becoming better satisfied with the world, because better satisfied with himself. To add to his contentment, Brookfield began to be enlivened with the return of its summer visitors from New York and other cities. The Bruce family came from their elegant house in Madison Avenue, back to their apartments at the Elm-Tree House, and where the Doctor was a frequent and welcome caller, and where he met a circle in which conversation was easy and pleasant. Among these strangers he also found several patients of the most desirable kind.

The summer passed swiftly away, and soon another Thanksgiving season was at hand, completing a twelvemonth, during which time the Doctor, with his aunt's assistance in making his patients pay their dues, had done rather more than make both ends meet. A second winter followed like the preceding, and the Doctor again had his growing cousin Philippa for a pupil, after her return home from the Academy.

Her education proved a most interesting employment, as she had begun Latin and French, to which he added instruction in English composition, and a few rudimentary lessons in drawing. Being proud and fond of her teacher, Philippa was a willing scholar, and therefore likely to profit by the Doctor's instructions. While he, on his part, did not tire of her perpetual inquisitiveness—the curiosity natural to youth—but was always ready to answer, if he was able, her many questions. Thus, once when she heard the north star spoken

of, Philippa asked which star it was; and he not only pointed it out to her, but by making her look up through the leafless branches of one of the great elms, he taught her how the Great Bear, with all the other stars, slowly, hour by hour, swept around that one star, which remained always in the same place. This may be an unfeminine sort of education; but I see no reason why a little science should impair the natural graces of the sex. Certain it is, that in her mature years a woman is not less attractive with a mind quickened by some sparks of knowledge. Man may become enlightened, but if woman remains ignorant, error will continue to govern the world.

Doctor Lawrence would not allow himself to be idle; but sought to practise the advice he had formerly, more than once, given to his artist friends, when they complained of want of encouragement and success—“*to keep at work* with the pen, brush, or a book always in hand, and not lay them down to sit musing and moping before the fire.”

With this determination not to be idle, he, like many other unemployed professional men—lawyers and doctors—thought he would write something, perchance a lecture or a book. Accordingly, he set himself down one evening, pen in hand, to make a beginning; but, as he had nothing to write about, in particular, he decided he would write a novel!

Anybody that can write a letter can write a novel; for a novel is only a kind of very long letter from the author to the Public, which he fills up with any fancies or odd scraps of knowledge he may be possessed of.

So he put his ideas on paper just as they rose, like bubbles, to the surface of his mind; on the theory, that the moment a person decides to undertake a task, he should begin and do something at once, and not sit still for hours and days thinking about it. And the first two or three pages of his scribbling he thought might stand for a sort of preface to his proposed

novel; not being aware that novels are much better without a preface. When he had written a couple of pages, the scratching of his pen suddenly ceased, for the battery in his cranium stopped working, and his hand rested for several minutes without recording a single word. He may have fallen asleep over his own novel!

When he awoke from his doze, if dozing he had been, his thoughts went wool-gathering, and he could only hear the wind that was "beating dark December" on the shutters. He looked towards the fireplace; the blaze was out, and only a few sparks were creeping and winding over the fallen brands. He felt thoroughly chilled, and pulling his morocco chair away from the table on to the hearth-rug, he took the tongs, put the fallen brands together, so that they once more gave forth a cheerful blaze. He then reached up to take his meerschau from off the mantelpiece, but drew back his hand from that lure to idleness and irresolution; for he recollected a conclusion he had arrived at, that he had better practise self-denial in this and other indulgences until he had placed himself in a better position in the world. So, throwing a few ashes over the blazing brands, he took up the light and moved bed-ward.

He had just set foot on the stair when he heard the sound of a horse's step in the yard; then came a knock at the hall-door, and Jake Peabody's face was seen looking in through the side-light. On the door being opened, Jake seemed unable to speak, as he took off his fur cap and wiped his face with a red-figured handkerchief,—for he was crying.

"What is it, Jake?" the Doctor asked. "Is your wife sick?"

"I would'n ha' took five hundred dollars for her, and she's choking, that Morgan mar' o' mine; do come, won't you, Doctor? or she'll be dead in half an hour."

"No, she won't; she shant die yet," exclaimed the Doctor, who had already caught something of that practical assurance

of manner savoring of humbug, so useful in the medical as in other learned professions. The Doctor hurried on his heaviest overcoat, then handed Jake a little leathern case, to be taken with them; and both were soon seated in the wagon, rattling on their way towards Jake's house, some three miles off.

During their short drive Jake had time to explain the case in which he had sought Doctor Lawrence's aid. "Ef I'd a thot you wouldn't a bin 'fended, Doctor, I'd 'a cum for you a'fore; but I didn't darst to ask you to come 'nd do for a poor dum' critter. I did ask both them doctors thar in town; but they was uppish, and said they'd no time for doctoring cattle."

"Well, what is it, Jake?—what's the matter?" the Doctor asked.

"You know that handsum sorrel mar' o' mine. I've been a train'n her for the ladies to ride next summer. I give two hundred dollars for her when she wur only a colt, 'nd now I wudn't give ten dollars for her hide. She's bin off her feed since about last Tuesday; now she's tuk awful. Some say she's bin bit, 'nd got the hydi'phoby; but I know 'taint nothin' o' that sort."

Arrived at the place, they found a group of Jake's neighbors with lanterns collected outside the barnyard fence, while inside was the suffering horse. She appeared to be in a frenzied state, gnawing at the rails, and furiously dashing at any one who approached. The Doctor first made the bystanders withdraw out of sight and hearing. Soon his poor dumb patient became more quiet, but stood breathing heavily, or groaning rather, lobbing down her head almost to the ground.

He now approached, and reaching through the rails, held a sponge saturated with chloroform to her nose. The poor creature began to settle down slowly on her fore legs, and then on her haunches, and in a few seconds after she lay stretched at full length on the ground.

Climbing over the barnyard fence, as the mare lay at full length, he put his hand—almost his whole arm—into her mouth; for he had learned, while in Paris, that from the anatomy of the horse, unlike that of all other animals, the muscles of the palate, except for swallowing, were always rigidly closed. Hence, from the present symptoms he knew that the difficulty, whatever it was, must be in the cavity of the mouth. He withdrew his arm, and in a moment after there was a copious discharge from the animal's mouth. "Here, Jake," called out the Doctor, "your mare 'll be well again in a few days," and he handed him a little scrap of sheet iron he had taken from the mare's mouth, and which had evidently been torn off from her manger, and becoming embedded under the root of the tongue, had made a large abscess there.

For a minute or two the animal lay motionless, as if quite dead; but soon she gave a strong cough, extended her legs, and in an instant stood on all-fours. As the people gathered about with their lanterns, she stared wildly around, as though just waked from a dream, then stretching her neck, gave herself a good shake, whisked her long tail once or twice, and uttered a little plaintive whimper.

"Give her water, Jake," the Doctor called out.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. The water-bucket was quickly emptied, and a dry sucking noise told that its precious contents had been drained to the last drop. She stood a moment pawing the empty and overturned vessel, and then went snuffing and smelling about the yard, picking up here and there a clean wisp of hay, which she chewed as with an appetite.

The Doctor, having finished his professional operations, was about getting into Jake's wagon, to be driven back to his house, when Deacon Tinkham, approaching him from among the group of bystanders, accosted him in his usual whine, "Why, Doctor, I never knew a'fore that you was a hoss doctor."

"Yes, sir; I am a horse doctor," repeated Doctor Law-

rence, as he, unconsciously perhaps, imitated the deacon's nasal tone, "I am a horse doctor, or a cow doctor, or a hog doctor, or a sheep doctor, or a dog doctor, or anything else you please. They are all my friends; they like me and I like them—which is more than I can say for some two-legged cattle hereabouts."

After this rather undignified rejoinder, the Doctor was driven rapidly home by Jake. Arrived at his house, he saw the two or three pages of introduction to his proposed Novel, written but a few hours before, now lying dry and cold upon the table. Crumpling it up, he pitched it into the fire-place, and went straightway to bed.

That night's visit to a sick horse gained the Doctor many friends; and suggests the question: Whether young medical men, in the course of their studies, would not do wisely to qualify themselves to treat the accidents and diseases of domestic animals? If I were a doctor, I'm sure I should regard it as far from *infra dig.* to be able to relieve the sufferings of our four-footed friends and companions.

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CHAPTER XI.

COUNTRY FINANCIERING.

IT was about four o'clock in the afternoon, an hour after the big door of the Brookfield Bank had closed, and a little sign, "Bank Shut," been hung out, that Augustus Lawrence and his octogenarian friend, Mr. Eeley, were seated and earnestly conferring together, in a sombre light at the back part of that little one-roomed building.

"Mr. Eeley," said Augustus, "those City Banks are both

ering us confoundedly just now—sending back our bills faster than we have funds to redeem them.”

“You’ve been lending too much money out West,” dryly replied the little bent and squalid figure, whom the elegant Augustus addressed so respectfully as Mr. Eeley.

“You ought not to blame me,” rejoined Augustus, “when you approved what I did.”

“You should have been more cautious to whom you lent the money,” squeaked back the old man; “here’s a \$10,000 package of our bills just returned, without ever getting farther than Wall Street.”

“You may find fault with my management, Mr. Eeley, if you choose,” retorted Augustus, rising from his seat with a slight bluster; “but that’s not the question for us to consider at present. Those cursed Bank Commissioners will be here and shut us up within three days unless we can get a loan of \$50,000; then your bank-stock, which amounts to almost twice that, won’t be worth twenty cents in the dollar. You have money in New York, and you can give us a check for what we need to save the Bank. After that you may put in another president as soon as you like; I have had quite enough with trying to manage other people’s interests.”

“What ‘collateral’ have you got?” demanded the miser. Augustus replied by taking from the bank-vault and tossing on the table a bundle of neatly lithographed coupon bonds of the “Nebraska and Rock Island Broad-gauge Railroad.”

“I don’t want these things; I’ve seen them before: they’re not worth the first shovelful of dirt they paid for digging,” was Mr. Eeley’s snappish comment on the security offered him.

Augustus thereupon tossed out two other bundles of papers, quite unlike the first in appearance, for they had a worn and yellowed look.

Old Eeley glanced at these, but without putting out his

hand to take them, he said: “I’ve looked those over a dozen times; I know all about ‘em; mortgages on old worn-out farms and tumble-down buildings, not worth half their face; I won’t touch ‘em.”

“Very well, then, Mr. Eeley, I’ve stated the case very fairly for your consideration. If you don’t think it for your interest to help us out of our difficulties, the Bank may as well stop payment to-morrow as the next week or next month.”

At this old Eeley lowered his spectacles from his forehead to his nose, and looking towards the bundles of mortgages, he was perhaps induced to untie the tape from observing that there were one or two papers in the bundle much newer and whiter than the rest, and which he now probably saw for the first time, as he pulled out one and scanned it closely; after which he remarked, with the tone of one who has discovered something: “New Place, eh! mortgage on New Place? this is a good mortgage; but if I was to buy it, the friends of the parties will raise the money and prevent a foreclosure; so I shall gain nothing.”

“You know how to obviate that, Mr. Eeley; you can borrow all the ready cash there is within thirty miles, and hold on to it for a few days, until after the time for foreclosing and selling.”

This was said in rather a careless, off-hand manner, the speaker turning away and standing with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the window, while, as he knew, the old pike was nibbling at his bait. He had not to wait long for a good bite, that is, a favorable answer from the money-lender, who said:—

“I will lend the Bank the sum you named, and take what I can realize from the sale of these securities as part payment.”

“That is very fair and liberal on your part, Mr. Eeley, and we ought to feel very grateful to you for your generosity,”

said Augustus, affecting to compliment the old wretch, while knowing that the act was precisely like that of a man's propping his own house that threatens to fall down over his head. This financial agreement having been agreed upon, the two left the bank, the old man tottering slowly homewards, while the young man drove off with a pair of horses that had been champing the bit for the last half-hour.

Augustus drove directly to Mrs. Wharton's.

"My dear aunt," he began, "I suppose you hear something now about hard times, and panic in the commercial world?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wharton, rather sharply, "I hear of such things; but if people would buy only what they can afford to pay for, without running in debt, there"—

"That's very true, aunt, but that's not the way of the world; I wish it was. However, I've called now to speak confidentially of a matter that concerns many people, and you among others; and which I can rely upon you to mention to no one. There may be a run on our bank in a few days; we have been preparing for it, and hope to get safely through it; and I am sure we will. But in the mean time, as you hold some shares, I have come prepared to give you the *par* value for them, and I've also brought the balance of your deposit."

Mrs. Wharton left the room, and soon returned with the stock certificates, for which Augustus handed her some very clean-looking city bank notes to the full amount, including a blank check for her to sign for the sum standing to her credit as a depositor, with a slip of paper, on which the sum total was accurately figured with accrued interest to date.

Mrs. Wharton pocketed her cash; and although surprise made her rather silent, she could not help exclaiming, "she wondered people would expose themselves to such embarrassments, when, with common prudence, they might be avoided."

The astute Mr. Augustus replied, "Some people call me rich, and I hardly owe a dollar; yet I have invested my capital so far away from home, that I couldn't command five hundred dollars to-morrow without making a ruinous sacrifice." But suddenly dropping the subject, he inquired: "Where is Philippa? She's growing a fine girl. I don't see my cousin the Doctor so often as I would like. He's getting a great reputation." With these pleasant words and a buoyant manner, not much like that of a man burdened with financial difficulties, Augustus Lawrence stepped into his handsome wagon and drove slowly down the road.

The day of the expected run on the bank soon came. The town was thronged; all other business was suspended. The people had come in from the surrounding country, and long before the bank opened their horses were hitched to every tree, post, and rail about the public square. A rush also came from Laurel. Workmen and boys from the cotton-mills, Irish laborers, and groups of factory girls lined the road, all hurrying in the same direction.

The moment the hands on the weather-beaten dial of the old town clock pointed the hour of ten, the door of the bank opened, and the crowd rushed in, instantly filling the little space in front of the counter. Behind the counter stood the young cashier, at his side Mr. Augustus Lawrence, bland and composed as usual, recognizing and bowing with a smile to this and that one. Some dozen or twenty arms and hands were instantly extended over the counter, proffering little slips of miserable-looking paper, and each one received in silver or gold the face of his note.

In contrast with the noisy and anxious crowd in front of the bank counter, there were standing in the much larger space behind it some dozen or more quiet, respectable-looking persons, the chief stockholders and directors; beside whom was also the well-known figure of the High Sheriff of Berkshire, with two or three of his deputies and constables;

while far back, sitting near the fire-place, and bent forward as if in a doze, could be seen a form and face now familiar to three successive generations—that of the rich old Mr. Eeley.

This scene lasted from hour to hour ; when, as three o'clock approached, Augustus Lawrence repeatedly called out to the crowd that they need be in no hurry, as the bank would be kept open all day and all night if necessary. Also, from time to time he would, with the assistance of some other bank director, bring out heavy little kegs from the vault, and rather ostentatiously knocking out the head, dump their shining contents on the large round table in the middle of the room, in full view of the gaping crowd. During all this hurly-burly, the bank directors looked on and chatted pleasantly among themselves.

And well might Augustus Lawrence and his associates not only appear, but feel perfectly composed in the present emergency, for they knew that three-fourths of all their notes were at that moment lying snugly packed away in their own vault, and that the demands the crowd might make could not exceed a few thousand dollars. Before dark the excitement had abated, so that with the exception of now and then a straggler, who came in to stare at the heap of gold and silver lying exposed on the table, the bank gentlemen had the premises all to themselves.

The next sensation, though a small one, which came not many days after, was a column of advertisements in the *Berkshire Argus*, under the heading of "Sheriff's sales," "fore-closure of mortgages," "to be sold for whom it may concern," etc. etc. But this almost stereotyped column would have called forth little remark, had not New Place, Doctor Lawrence's residence, appeared in the list of the sales !

Mrs. Wharton, on reading the paper, was astounded that her sister, the late Mrs. Lawrence's property, should be thus offered for sale by the Sheriff ; and she hurried off to town to

inquire of Augustus Lawrence what it could mean. He said little but appeared deeply troubled, and told Mrs. Wharton that he wondered she had never known that her sister, Mrs. Lawrence, soon after her husband's death, seeing herself almost without other means than her property at New Place, had found it necessary to mortgage that, to supply her current expenses of living, while some of the proceeds of the mortgage went to her son, then in Paris. Nor did he (Augustus) know, until lately, that not a dollar of interest had been paid from the first.

Mrs. Wharton proposed to mortgage her own property, worth a great deal more, for a loan to redeem New Place. To this proposition Augustus replied with emotion and almost tears : "My dear aunt, don't for heaven's sake repeat what I now tell you, but I am myself at this moment on the verge of bankruptcy. I haven't a hundred dollars at my command. Mr. Eeley, aunt, is the person for you to apply to. Though he is called a hard man, he will probably lend you the money. There is no time to be lost."

At this, Mrs. Wharton hurried home to confer with her nephew, who, she was certain, knew nothing of the matter. Doctor Lawrence's surprise, and what passed between his aunt and himself, need not be dwelt upon ; the result being that he was persuaded to seek an interview with Mr. Eeley, and offer to substitute a mortgage on his aunt's house and farm for the mortgage on New Place. This he consented to do on condition that his aunt would at the same time take a deed in fee of his own property, so that she could not possibly lose by the transaction. He drove directly to town, meditating on the road what he had best to say to Mr. Eeley.

After some inquiry he found that aged gentleman alone in his bachelor lodgings. He was apparently not displeased to see his visitor, for he welcomed him benignantly. The Doctor seated himself and briefly stated his business. After a short pause, the old man hitched his chair so closely, that his visitor

could hardly forbear turning away his head as the old man's foul breath came full in his face.

Mr. Eeley laid his palsied hand in a friendly way on the Doctor's arm, approached his sallow, wrinkled features close to his listener's ear, and hissed forth the single word "carrion!" then suddenly shoving back his chair, he repeated or rather shouted the same word several times, "carrion!" "carrion!" "carrion!"

This was, in fact, the only word the old man would utter; and he kept grinningly repeating it with a kind of devilish emphasis. Doctor Lawrence was soon on his way down stairs, surmising that perhaps the miser's extreme age, with the excitement of the late bank troubles, had crazed his faculties. But before he reached home he called to mind, that not many months before he had applied that very word to this disgusting old person, of whose favor and forbearance he now stood sorely in need.

There seemed no other way that Mrs. Wharton could save her nephew from being turned out of his home, but by trying to borrow the money in small sums from several of her friends. Here, too, she met with only partial success; for the people to whom she applied made her generally the same answer;—that they had, but a little while before, lent all their ready money to Mr. Eeley. Nevertheless, her friends did bestir themselves to help one for whom they had always cherished an affectionate esteem. A considerable sum was collected, but which fell short of the amount required by a good deal over two thousand dollars. That additional sum it seemed impossible to raise.

It was one of those fine, mild winter mornings, such as often occur towards the end of February, when the sun blazes with a golden light, the fast-melting snow is dripping from the eaves, and we are cheered with the thought that spring is not far off. The day is so bright and warm, that the doors of the Red House are standing wide open; in the front parlor (the

same room where the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV., King of England, with his suite, had supped nearly fifty years before) there now stood a little table at which it was evident that some one had just breakfasted, — probably the lady who is now sitting before the fire in a seemingly meditative mood. She is a person under thirty, of a full figure, and though not of regular features, yet with a clear complexion, dark hair, and bright expressive eyes, she would have impressed you as a remarkably fine-looking woman. She is perhaps rather over-dressed for a traveller. Her dark green silk bonnet is almost hidden by a compound of lace and flowers. Her velvet cloak and costly furs are thrown back over her chair, while she rests her feet, in high, well-fitting Polish boots, on the brass fender.

She appears to be waiting for some one who does not come. She goes to the window and looks out, then out at the open door; afterward she crosses the narrow hallway and enters the now quiet and deserted bar-room. There she picks up a newspaper and glances at it for a moment, then diverts herself with reading the written or printed notices posted up around the walls, relating to stolen horses, town-meetings, sales at auction, quack medicine placards, lists of "qualified voters of the town of Brookfield," which last seemed for a moment to interest this lady-stranger. But her attention finally settled on a large printed advertisement, headed, "Foreclosure of Mortgage," "to be sold by the Sheriff," and which she was intently scanning, when the sound of approaching sleigh-bells caused her to return quickly to the parlor.

It was Jake Peabody who drove up to the Red House with an open sleigh and a handsome pair of horses. He went directly to the parlor and addressed this fine-looking lady somewhat familiarly with, "Tilday—scuse me, ma'am—I meant Mrs. Mason; old Eeley acts like a darned old hog, for he says, now, 'he won't take twelve hundred dollars for the John Moore place.' I got the deed made out all straight

and ready to sign, and show'd him these ere twelve hundred-dollar bills ready to plank down ef he'd sign and ex'cute; but he wudn't do nothing at all about it, all I cu'd say."

"Well, never mind, Jake," said Mrs. Mason, "I can perhaps buy the place just as well some other time;" and putting the money that Jake returned to her in her pocket, at the same time inquired, "Jake, what does it mean that I've just read about New Place being advertised for sale by the Sheriff?"

"Well, that's just what it is, and can't be helped. There's bin a heavy mortgage on the prop'ty, and it's got to be sold next Sat'dy. Aunt Jerushy's a bin tryin every whar to borry the money; but I tell you its awful tight times beout here now, and people sez she can't git enuf into some twenty-five hunderd dollars; so the place is got to be sold right away under the hammer. I guess the Doctor 'll go off to Californy, or back agin to Par-ris, as I heer'd him talk on a while ago. It's too darned bad—a'most makes me swear to think on't."

At the end of Jake's explanation, Mrs. Mason left the parlor and disappeared up the stairway. He was waiting for her return, when a strange, elderly-looking woman, rather infirm, in an old-fashioned bonnet, and otherwise plainly, and almost poorly, dressed, came slowly down the stairs. She walked up to Jake, and looked him steadily in the face without speaking.

A little taken aback by this stranger, he awkwardly addressed her with: "Your sarvant, ma'am; are you for the next train? my hosses is here 'fore the door ready to take you right up t' depot—plenty of time."

"Yes, Jake, I'm off by the next train. Don't you know 'Tilday, as you call her? Haven't you seen me more than once in a queerer rig than this?"

"Well, I guess I hev," Jake responded, "down to New York, and about a thousand other folks see'd ye, and heer'd ye too; an' ye made 'em all larf to kill themselves."

"Never mind about that now, Jake," interrupted the lady; "but I wish you to take me in your sleigh to Aunt Jerusha's, and stop and let me out by the big rock at the turn of the road, just before you come in sight of her house. And as you, Jake, can keep a secret, I don't mind telling you what I'm about. Here's the twelve hundred dollars you just now brought back to me, and I've put three hundred more with it in this envelope, with a few lines to Aunt Jerusha."

Mrs. Mason then read a short note written in pencil, as follows:—"Mrs. Wharton, you are in need of twenty-five hundred dollars, and I know for what purpose. Here is fifteen hundred, the other thousand will be sent you in due time by express. You need not hesitate to take this money, as it comes from one who, years ago, was under great obligations to the Lawrence family, and who received especial kindness from the late Mrs. Lawrence."

After reading this note the lady quickly put on her splendid cloak and furs over her meaner dress, also her fine bonnet, and carrying her old one concealed under her wrappings, she stepped into Jake's sleigh, and off they sped at a cracking pace. The big rock at the turn of the road was soon reached, when Jake pulled up his horses, and his lady passenger, in the twinkling of an eye, threw off her furs and velvet cloak, replaced her lace bonnet with the old faded and crumpled one, and the handsome Mrs. Mason, when Jake turned to speak to her, was metamorphosed into a poor-looking old woman, with gray hair. Thus disguised, she got out of the sleigh, and with a simulated heavy and infirm step, proceeded toward Mrs. Wharton's residence, a few yards distant.

On reaching the house she did not mount the heavy, roughly-hewn granite steps that almost projected into the travelled highway, but she entered with more humility at a side gate, where, as she trudged painfully through the slush made by the melting snow, her watchful eyes may have

espied Mrs. Wharton observing her approach from the parlor window. Arrived at the kitchen door, she rather fumbled and rattled than gave a regular knock; for Mrs. Mason is an artist, and knew that it was not only safe but wise to considerably over-act a part. The door being opened by a domestic, and the lady of the house inquired for, Mrs. Wharton came, with her needle and sewing-work in hand, to know what was wanted.

"Lord bless ye!" the pretended old woman exclaimed, in a cracked and tremulous voice; "Lord bless ye, it's many years since I've seen ye, Mistress Wharton,—Aunt Jerusha, as most folks as knows ye loves to call ye. I hain't come to beg nothing from ye, for I heer'd ye're in a sight o' trouble here yerselves. Here's a letter I promised to put inter yer own hand; ye needn't read it now, but when ye've time, after I'm gone a bit."

"You look tired," said Mrs. Wharton; "sit down and rest yourself: it's near our dinner-time; you must stay and have something to eat."

"Thank you kindly," said the visitor, "I'm not a bit tired or hungry; I'm stronger and younger than I look; I'm short o' time and can't tarry."

"But you must have a glass of wine," persisted Mrs. Wharton; "your feet must be damp, walking in the melting snow."

"Well, I will drink a glass o' wine, thank'ee, and to the health o' you and your'n," was the reply. Mrs. Wharton left the kitchen, and on returning a few minutes after, with a decanter and wine-glass, she was told by her kitchen-maid that the old woman had departed, and was already out of sight.

This stratagem for relieving Aunt Jerusha, or rather her nephew the Doctor, having been duly executed by Mrs. Mason, she was driven by Jake in his sleigh rapidly back to the Red House, and from thence to the railway station in time for the next train to New York, without accomplishing

her purpose in coming to Brookfield; which was, to purchase the little old dilapidated property known as the 'John Moore farm.' But I hope the reader is in no doubt as to who this elegantly dressed lady-stranger may be;—no other than the same Matilda, who made her appearance in the first chapter or scene of this history as a poor young country girl enjoying a ride on the elephant in a travelling show. A few years after, at Saratoga, she was again presented to the reader's criticism as the popular actress, Mrs. Matilda Forrester; and now she comes back to us a third time, but as Mrs. Matilda Mason. This last name had already been made familiar to the public by theatrical advertisements and editorial notices in various parts of the country, especially at the South and West.

We need not trouble the reader with Mrs. Wharton's puzzled surmises caused by Mrs. Mason's theatrically executed *coup* or stroke for the relief of the friends of her early days, and for whom, as it now appears, she yet cherished a sentiment of the profoundest gratitude,—gratitude, the most transient of all emotions, and therefore the rarest of all human virtues. Doctor Lawrence was not informed by his aunt how she was finally enabled to prevent the sale of New Place, and thus save a home for his use and enjoyment.

CHAPTER XII.

A HOME SECURED.

WHEN Doctor Lawrence held in his own hand the cancelled mortgage, he must have realized the truth that he had narrowly escaped being turned forth a houseless wanderer upon the world, unless he was willing to live a dependent on his good aunt. To that aunt's energy and affection he felt that he owed the blessing of yet having one spot on earth that he could call his home. It is possible, too, that he had been impressed with a more proper sense of the dignity and privileges associated with that one word, *home*, than occurs to young men while amusing themselves with roaming over the world wherever their fancy leads them; conscious that there remains one place to which, if sick, tired, disappointed, or even in disgrace, they can return and there find smiles and comfort. Fortunately, in this temper of mind he did not lack for business, but had enough, and which he attended to with alacrity. It was for him no hardship now to be woke out of his deepest sleep in the dark middle hours of the night to attend a patient. And it is the triumph, the charm, I may say, of the physician's life;—to be able to enter a chamber of crying and suffering, and after a few words of comfort and assurance, to work a seeming miracle, and thence depart, leaving smiles and gratitude on faces that just before were in tears and woe. This is the real reward, the secret happiness, invisible to others, of those who practise the healing art.

Therefore, when there came one morning, long before daylight, a tremendous knocking at Doctor Lawrence's door,

he did not hesitate to answer the call, though he found it was but a poor blackened devil of a charcoal-burner, two or three of whom he knew had a shanty or hut among the hills some miles off. The messenger told a confused story about "one o' their fellers being hit on the head, in a kind o' drunken fight, and he dropped as ef he was killed; and they was afeerd he wo'd die, and some on 'em be sent to State prison for life, ef they didn't have ter swing for it."

As the messenger appeared to have come on foot, the Doctor was obliged to call up his own boy to bring out one of his horses, and he took the man into his wagon, to guide him to the spot. It was yet quite dark when they reached the shanty, near which a couple of mound-shaped charcoal stacks puffed and smouldered, diffusing their noxious gases in all the surrounding air. On entering the somewhat spacious hut, constructed partly of boards, and partly of evergreen boughs banked up with earth, the Doctor found two other grimy colliers squatting in one corner before a bright fire.

One of them, as he lighted a pine knot to serve the purpose of a candle, was decidedly loquacious, and anxious to explain, though incoherently, the manner of the accident. "You see, doctor, we was having a little game o' lew, with them ar' keerds thar," pointing to a dingy pack, scattered on a barrel-head, "and mab-be we'd a bin drinking a little,—and Jo, he had uncommon bad luck, and so he got mad and grabbed the pool, and hit one on us with his fist; and I jest picked up this ar' little stick, kinder careless like, and fetched him a wipe right over the ear thar, and he dropped as ef he was shot; I didn't mean to hurt him anything so bad."

While the collier was making this explanation he had got his pine knot into a blaze, and by its light led the Doctor to the farthest corner of the shanty; where a man lay stretched out in an insensible state.

The Doctor saw at once that his patient was not one of the blackened charcoal men, for his face was of the ordinary whiteness. He put his finger to the wound, which was just over the ear, and had bled but little; nor was the skull injured, and from that and other signs he concluded that his patient was not mortally hurt.

It soon became plain to the Doctor that there was something lying in the account given him of the accident; for he found he could run his little finger some distance into the wound. Therefore, while making a parade of laying out his instruments, lint, and plasters, he contrived unobserved to pass a flexible probe into the wound, which was found to extend a long distance toward the back of the neck, where he felt a small hard movable substance just under the skin, and which he suspected was a pistol-ball.

The Doctor was careful not to betray his suspicions; for he was in a lonely place at night, with three rough fellows. He managed, unseen, to make a small incision in the skin over the tumor, when a pistol-ball dropped into his hand. After finishing the dressing of the wounds, which he plastered pretty ostentatiously, he told the men they need feel no concern about their friend, as he was not much hurt, and would be about in a day or two. Indeed he already began to talk like one awakening from a dream, as he exclaimed, half articulately,

"By G—d I won't leave it; I can carry it, or my name ain't Jo Parsons."

At the sound of this once familiar name, Doctor Lawrence, not caring to renew his acquaintance with his old antagonist, concealed his anxiety to get away from the place by assuming a jocular manner, saying to the men that they "must learn to keep their tempers when they played cards," and refusing a twenty-dollar gold-piece he was surprised to have offered him, he was glad to get out of the shanty and safe on the highway a little before the sun appeared above the hills.

He drove through Brookfield street on his way homeward. Though it was very early, Deacon Tinkham's store, where the post-office was kept, was open, and the Doctor stopped to inquire for his letters and papers. He had observed an unusual appearance of stir and bustle, and was informed that the Brookfield Bank had been robbed during the night; and it was reported that nearly everything of value had been cleaned out, excepting one keg of silver that was found outside on the flag-walk in the front of the building. The young cashier, who, as was generally known, slept in the bank, had been awakened by the cool air coming in through the open window, and he jumped up in time to fire his revolver at one of the robbers in the front yard, who was at the moment probably stooping over to take up the keg of dollars left behind. And he was most certainly hit, as there were drops of blood on the flag-stones.

Doctor Lawrence at first thought he would walk over to the Bank; but was told by Deacon Tinkham that it would be of no use, for he, the Deacon himself, though one of the directors, could not get admittance; and that the president, Augustus Lawrence, with old Mr. Eeley and the cashier, with the Sheriff of the county, were making an examination, and refused to let in any one else.

The Doctor now took a few minutes to consider an oft-mooted question in medical ethics. He was able to tell these bank people where they could find the thieves and recover their stolen treasure in an hour's time. But lawyers and clergymen both claim that they are privileged and not bound to disclose a knowledge of even the greatest crimes, which may have come to them as legal counsellors or priestly confessors. The same exemption has been claimed for the medical profession, and on far more rational grounds. For what assurance have we of the value of spiritual comfort or legal advice to a supposed criminal, compared to the positive benefit conferred by the surgeon who extracts a bullet, or ties a bleeding artery?

Without taking time to decide this question, the Doctor asked Deacon Tinkham for a sheet of paper, and wrote a few lines, directed to the Sheriff of Berkshire, which he requested the Deacon to deliver without delay. The Doctor then drove home, but was afterward surprised that the Sheriff sent no answer nor took the least notice of his communication.

The bank officials were very reticent, and would reveal nothing to satisfy the curiosity of the public. All that was known was, that a sponge smelling of chloroform or ether was found under the sofa-bedstead where the cashier had his lodging. It was also known that a telegram had been sent to New York for a skilled detective.

He came at the precise hour, and on entering the little old-fashioned granite building, and looking about the premises, his first exclamation was: "Is this the place where you keep your money? By George, I wonder you want gone through with long ago! There's boys in New York not fifteen years old 'ud twist off them little rusty bars, and walk right into your shop here any night. Cashier slept in the bank, did he? Chloroformed, was he? Why, even the hog-thieves know enough to use chloroform." Thus the astute New York detective delivered himself to the eager ears of Mr. Augustus Lawrence and the Sheriff of Berkshire.

But when the detective approached the now spoiled and empty granite vault, with its big iron door swung wide open, he exclaimed, in a tone of admiration: "That's a neat job! a splendid job! work of an artist, a first-rate artist! An English cracksman, just come over in the last steamer. I've seen him. This is his first job; he left Albany night before last. No lock-picking or powder-blowing; only just a few of these little wedges."

Thus the detective, in the pride and self-confidence of an expert, rattled away for the edification of his admiring listeners, while he inspected the massive granite blocks which had been dislocated and forced apart by the use of a few little

steel wedges, some of them not thicker than the blade of a table-knife.

"Never mind," said the detective in a confident tone, "we know where to find our man, and we'll have him here, with the darbies on him, within a week."

"And with the money?" old Eeley eagerly inquired, in his little piping voice.

"I can't warrant you about the swag," the detective replied; "but if sixty or seventy per cent. of the money, without the rogues, would satisfy you, I reckon I could get it for you."

"The money is all we want; the thieves may go to h—l, for all we care," rejoined the tremulous old miser.

The detective looked inquiringly at Augustus Lawrence and the Sheriff, and neither of them dissenting from what old Mr. Eeley had said, he made a memorandum in his pocket-book, and departed in haste for the train. But the detective sorely disappointed his patrons, by sending them word a few days after that "he had been on the wrong trail."

During the delay and suspense that followed the robbery, a great many people in and about Brookfield, who had usually kept small balances in the bank, now congratulated themselves that they had lost little or nothing, as just before it took place they had lent all their ready money on interest to rich old Mr. Eeley, and for which they had his notes. But with the old miser himself the case went much harder. Not only his stock in the bank had suddenly shrunk to nothing, by the carrying off of all its bills accumulated during the late run, but his little private trunk had been carried off by the robbers, and in which it might be said he kept his little old dry and wrinkled heart.

So one morning the old miser was found dead and cold, stretched out on the floor in the middle of his chamber, having evidently got out of his bed and fallen and died in a fit, or "by the visitation of God," as the Coroner's jury declared,

and which was the only mortuary pronounced at the miser's sudden death. As no will could be found, a dozen nephews and nieces soon after came on from the West to divide his estate.

The High Sheriff of Berkshire having taken no notice of Dr. Lawrence's letter, and the report being current that the police knew where to lay their hands on the thieves at any moment, but were delaying in order to make sure of recovering the stolen treasure, and the Doctor still doubting in his own mind if it was his duty to betray and denounce a patient to the officers of the law, he was in no haste to meddle in the matter; especially to further the interests of people who had so lately refused to help him in his sorest need. Therefore he was not greatly surprised one morning when he heard that Jo Parsons and the three charcoal-burners were lodged in Brookfield jail.

The event fell out in this wise. The charcoal-burners, the poorest of all poor devils, had usually to get trusted at the stores for their necessary supplies until after their stacks of coal were burnt. But now they bought more and better articles of every kind than before, both provisions and clothing, with some knickknacks, including a silver watch for each of the three; and for all which they paid in bills of the Brookfield Bank, of which it was known very few were in circulation, nearly all having been called in by the late run. Once they offered at Deacon Tinkham's store a perfectly new note that most certainly had never been put in circulation by the bank. This led to a close watch being set upon the poor colliers, though they were known to be ignorant, simple fellows, never in their lives twenty miles away from home, and therefore wholly without the skill required for robbing a bank. But it was inferred that they had intercourse of some sort with the robbers. Yet, although their shanty was watched night and day, it did not appear that any one resorted thither; but it did appear that they neglected their work, allowing their

stacks to take fire and burn up; and also that they were drinking very freely.

It happened one night, during the strict watch kept about the colliers' shanty, that one of the Sheriff's men crept so close to it that he could hear the talk inside, and look through a cranny of their rude dwelling. The spy, with all his stealth, must have made a little noise by stepping on a dry twig that crackled under his tread; for that very instant he saw one of the men inside start up as if alarmed, and seizing a burning pine knot from the fire, he rushed out of the door, and coming directly to the rear of the hut, the two men stood face to face. But a word or two was uttered, when the collier, using his torch as a club, drew back to strike the intruder, who stood before him unarmed and defenceless.

The blow did not reach its object, for the torch or club was suddenly arrested, and the fellow, turning to look behind him, saw two other strange men at his back. Two other men at the same moment had entered the shanty.

When the whole party were collected inside, the deputy-sheriff addressed the colliers with: "Well, my lads, you know me, and you know what we've come here for; you had better make a clean breast of it and own up."

But the fellows would not utter a syllable, so fearful were they of betraying themselves, though they were told that their obstinate silence was of itself a confession of their guilt. Still not a word. Finally they were told that the black marks made by their hands and clothing were yet to be seen on the window-casing of the bank, and on the whitewashed stable-door where they had stolen the horse and wagon to carry off their plunder. At this, the officer's keen eye observed a slight quiver about the mouth of the youngest of the three criminals.

At a private signal these guilty but simple men were handcuffed so quickly that they hardly knew what had been done until it was over. An order was then given for a search.

The hard-beaten ground of the hut was dug over and every nook and corner explored, even to the turning up of the broad flat hearth-stone; but nothing was found.

"Well, it don't matter now," said the deputy; "we want to get to jail with you boys before sunrise. We can see better to finish our search by daylight. But, my lads, we'd like to take the plunder away with us; we know you've got it hid away here somewhere. You'll never get hold of another dollar of it yourselves; so you'd better give it up; if you do it'll make your sentences very light; a few months in jail, instead of fifteen or twenty years in State prison at hard labor. You'll be old men when you come out of there. I and my men 'll go outside a few minutes and let you talk it over among yourselves."

"No use o' that, boss," spoke up the eldest of the three prisoners. "We've got the money hid where you'd never find it in ten years; but if you'll promise we shan't be sent to State prison, you may just as well take the money back with ye to the bank." The promise was solemnly given in the name of the Commonwealth.

It was already daybreak. "Asa," said the spokesman of the prisoners, "go and show 'em where 't is."

The youngest of the colliers went out, followed by the officer and one man. He clambered, as well as he could with his manacled hands, upon the sodded roof of the shanty. There was an enormous birch-tree against which the hut had been built, and whose smooth white bark was blackened by smoke from the chimney-top, made of an empty barrel. Asa quickly stripped off a long cylinder or roll of the paper-like bark from the tree, and showed a large vertical cavity in the trunk, neatly hollowed out by the woodman's axe, in which were piled the precious contents of the granite vault of the Brookfield Bank.

Two wagons, with the prisoners and the recovered treasure, reached Brookfield jail early that morning before many of

the people were astir. But on the way the deputy-sheriff, who had taken the older prisoner and spokesman in the wagon with himself, said to him: "But you haven't quite kept your promise to me, and I may not be able to keep mine to you. We've got none of the gold or silver in this load; only paper money. There is another man yet to nab. You poor honest fellows never engineered that bank job by yourselves, chloroformed the cashier, and wedged open the safe. We want the other man, that's got the heavy. If we get him, you may be sure the judge 'll let you poor fellows off pretty easy." With more urging of this kind, the name of Jo Parsons was given, and telegrams were sent in all directions. Unfortunately for Jo, he had been observed, with two uncommonly heavy carpet-bags, travelling northward, and had managed to get over the Canada line. But the new extradition treaty between the United States and England had just been promulgated, so that the fugitive soon rejoined his companions in Brookfield jail.

Their trial soon came on. In the mean time, the three simple colliers, assured of a light sentence for themselves, and flattered with being the object of public curiosity, became very communicative, so that all the circumstances of the bank robbery became generally known, including the fact that Doctor Lawrence had been called up in the night to attend to Jo Parsons' pistol-shot wound. And people thought it very strange that the Doctor had never communicated the fact to any one. Nor was he summoned as a witness at the trial; but found time to look into the crowded courtroom as a spectator.

Jo Parsons' trial was separated from that of his accomplices, and came on first. Though his ultimate conviction was certain, technically it was found more difficult than had been anticipated; for neither of the colliers, though admitting their own guilt, would consent to go on the witness-stand and give their evidence for the Commonwealth.

The venerable and eminent, the late Chief Justice Shaw, presided, assisted by the hardly less eminent Justices Wilde and Bigelow. Augustus Lawrence of course had a seat inside the bar, and very bustling he was in the case, as an assistant and subordinate to that immensely popular criminal lawyer of the day, Roderick Shote, Esq.

The trial had been going on for several hours, when they came to a point where the proceedings seemed to drag, and everybody was getting tired and drowsy in the mephitic atmosphere of a confined and crowded court-room. Suddenly the High Sheriff rose from his seat, put on his cockaded hat, took hold of his long staff, and in a moderate voice pronounced the name, "Doctor Philip Lawrence."

The name was instantly reëchoed to the top of his voice by a pompous little pursy crier from his pen on the opposite side of the court-room, who bawled forth, "Oyez, oyez, oyez, Doctor Philip Lawrence; come into court, come into court, come into court, and give evidence in the case now being tried between the Commonwealth and the prisoner at the bar'r." So that Doctor Lawrence, from being only a half-hour spectator of the trial, unexpectedly found himself on the witness-stand.

Mr. Shote leaned his chair back on its two hind legs and yawningly inquired, "Doctor Lawrence, have you been in any pecuniary difficulties lately?"

To this unexpected and insulting question the Doctor made no reply. The question was repeated in a sharper tone, still the witness was silent. At this the learned counsel got a little wrathful; for he started upon his feet, while his thin parchment-like features darkened with real or affected anger, and he hissed forth the question a third time, with this addition,—“and where did you get the money to pay off the heavy mortgage on your house?"

To this the Doctor replied, "I will not answer that question; you can call other witnesses if you require information about my private affairs."

At this reply the whole assembly were astounded. Nothing like it had ever been heard before. Mr. Shote turned respectfully to the judge's bench and began,—“May it please the court,”—when one of the judges cut him short with,—“If the learned counsel has any question to ask the witness relating directly to the prisoner at the bar, he will proceed at once.”

Mr. Shote put another question. “Have you ever seen or known the prisoner at the bar?"

“Yes; some twelve or fourteen years ago.”

Mr. Shote's next question was, “Have you seen or known him at any time within the last month?"

“I decline to answer that question.” At this Mr. Shote's ire was again stirred up and he addressed the bench. “May it please the court, this man is a most important witness, and I move he be committed for contempt, until he sees fit to give his evidence.”

At this the venerable Chief Justice,—who in his portly figure, grave massive countenance, his heavy jet-black hair and beetling eye-brows, might be likened to a benevolent-looking Lord Thurlow,—the Chief Justice mildly said, “Doctor Lawrence, the question is a proper one; on what grounds do you object answering it?"

“On ethical grounds, may it please the Court,” was the Doctor's reply.

“This is insulting alike to the court and the bar,” exclaimed Mr. Shote; “we have evidence that this witness, who is a doctor, was called to attend the prisoner when wounded on the night of the robbery. We now require his testimony to further the ends of justice, and he refuses to give it.”

“May it please the Court,” the Doctor then gravely said, and in a tone of deference, “no one can feel more respect than I do for this place. This court-room has been familiar to me from early years, and the persons of those now on the bench have been alike known to me. Since then I have seen

many memorable places and persons of the highest dignity; but no place or persons have impressed me with more profound respect than is associated in my mind with this place, with this court; therefore I can be guilty of no such contempt as the counsel charges me with, and for which he asks you to punish and dishonor me with a cell in the common jail."

"Blarney! gammon!" hissed forth the irate Mr. Shote, in a whisper that penetrated to every part of the court-room.

To which interruption the Doctor replied, looking the insolent lawyer steadily in the face, for he stood not three paces from him: "Sir, I have seen some of the most eminent *criminal* lawyers (as they are called) at the Old Bailey, of the *Oily Gammon* type."

"Are you a cattle doctor?" asked Mr. Shote, who was now really losing his temper; "you sometimes doctor sick horses, don't you? or mules or cows or sheep or hogs, don't you, *Doctor Lawrence*?"

"Yes," was the reply; "that is a part of my theory of medical ethics, to relieve the sufferings of domestic animals."

"And sick shoats, too," called out a voice in the crowd outside the bar, and which caused the Sheriff to rap loudly and order the offender to be expelled from the court-room; whereupon Jake Peabody was seen being hustled out of doors by a couple of constables.

The Chief Justice now interposed with a tone of severity. "Witness, the Court will allow no disrespect shown to counsel. State at once your objections, or ethical scruples, as you term them, to giving your testimony in behalf of the Commonwealth."

"May it please the Court," the Doctor said, "if an officer of the Commonwealth calls me to attend a case professionally, my evidence then belongs to the Commonwealth. But if I am called upon to relieve a suffering man, though he

may a be criminal, I am perhaps as sacredly bound not to betray his confidence as is a lawyer to keep the secrets of his client, or a clergyman not to reveal confessions made to him. But I have not refused to further the ends of justice in this case; for, on the very morning of the robbery, I wrote a letter on the subject to the High Sheriff, but of which he took no notice."

At this the Sheriff shook his head, which said plainly enough that he had received no such letter.

Instantly a squeaking voice was heard in the crowd, swaying to and fro outside the dock, and which caused the attending constables to extend their long staffs, as if to hit the speaker over the head. But the speaker's head was not hit, as he happened to be a little hunchback tailor, half a yard shorter than the average of the crowd. So he kept calling out repeatedly, "I know where that letter is, I know where that letter is: it's over at my shop, in the pocket of Deacon Tinkham's old gray coat, that I've just been patching under the shoulder, and put a set of new buttons to." This of course caused some laughter and a brief interruption of the solemn dignity of judicial proceedings.

Order had hardly been restored when the said letter was brought in and read as follows:

"To the High Sheriff of the county of Berkshire. Sir:—I have this moment heard of the bank robbery, and can probably inform you where the money may be found. As one of the criminals is my patient, I cannot consent to betray him, but wishing that the stolen property may be recovered, I am willing to give the information, on condition that the men may be let off easily. They are not professional thieves. Respectfully, &c.

PHILIP LAWRENCE, M.D."

The reading of the letter caused the learned judges to put their heads together, and shortly one of the bench said: "Doctor Lawrence, you may step down. Call the next witness."

The trial was soon ended, and the court passed the lightest possible sentence, of a few months' confinement in the county jail, on the three charcoal-burners, for they were known to be men who had hitherto earned their living by honest labor, but had been tempted by the sight of so much gold and silver during the "run" on the bank, and which was guarded in a culpably insecure manner by those whose duty it was to have taken better care of it. But Jo Parsons got five years in the State prison, as he was the leader in the business. He would have had a ten or fifteen years' sentence; but he too, though a rough fellow, was proved to be a hard-working blacksmith, and never before suspected of any crime.

Part 3.

CHAPTER I.

CONCATENATION OF EVENTS.

THE last sensation that had disturbed the sequestered vale of Brookfield soon passed off when the bank robbers were discovered, and almost all of the treasure had been restored to its vault. Everybody could now pursue the noiseless tenor of their way, with nothing to distract them from their own business. Augustus Lawrence greeted with his fixed smile all who approached him, and our own more particular friend the Doctor was made aware that he had become a person of consequence not only professionally but socially.

In point of fact, his position as a country physician in the remote town of Brookfield very soon became sufficiently dignified,—more dignified, I will assert, than idling away his best years in a kind of *dilettante* life in Europe. The practice of his profession was rendered not only more profitable, but very much more agreeable, from the considerable number of wealthy and intelligent patients he began to find among the summer visitors who filled the Elm Tree House, and other similar establishments, for two or three months of every season. It was pleasant prescribing for educated people, who are more easily satisfied with (to use a Shakespearian expression) "good advice and little medicine." The fees, too, were often large, and paid without the ceremony of rendering a bill, by being enclosed with a few lines of grateful compliment, and not unfrequently with an invitation to Doctor

Lawrence to visit them at their homes, if he chanced to come to New York, Philadelphia, or wherever the writers had their residences.

Chief among those who welcomed the Doctor's calls was old Mr. Bruce—for old he was, both in years and infirmities, compared with his much younger wife. With him was an almost grown-up daughter, Clementina, and a younger son. At their house in Madison Avenue he was sometimes a guest. For Dr. Lawrence was no longer confined the whole year to the narrow precincts of Brookfield, but could make frequent short visits by rail to the metropolis and other places. While at home he lived well, improved his house and grounds with horticulture and gardening, kept several horses and two or three servants; and, on the whole, he had fewer cares and troubles, in proportion to his enjoyments, than is the lot of most men. This condition of things, as may be supposed, was eminently favorable to his falling in love, and that a wedding cannot be far off.

But these pages cover a considerable period of time, during which the young man just out of college in the first chapter is now approaching middle-age; a bachelor, not prone, as young men are, to sudden and violent attachments, especially when, as happened in his heyday to the Doctor at Saratoga, the young male heart gets a cruel wrench from some radiant but heartless beauty. Men with such experiences, if their hearts be made of solid stuff, do not readily expose themselves to new disappointments. So I will advise the reader that I have no new love entanglements on hand for our philosophic country Esculapius, with one exception—the Doctor was in love for about a week; dotingly, recklessly enamored with a handsome-eyed, splendid-looking young person up at Laurel (a young milliner or school-marm, I don't remember which), and whose ardent, melting glances caused a most intoxicating, bewildering delight. In this state—*solutus amore*—he forgot all his life-long notions about *mésal-*

liances; until he was suddenly recalled to his senses by happening to see his idol walking one moonlit night with the Adams Express agent at Laurel, who at all times wore a large diamond pin in his shirt front, and whose arm, at the moment he chanced to spy the couple, was around the fair one's waist. That ended the matter.

Like the Doctor, his cousin Augustus Lawrence continues to flourish and prosper, but in a different, and, as we might say, in a grander fashion. His relations with capitalists and financiers extended to distant parts of the country. Nor was he less busy in the political world. All parties now regarded him as the successful candidate for member of Congress at the next election.

Pardon my abruptness: but do you, gentle reader, remember that popular young actress, Mrs. Matilda Mason, and how, one mild winter's day, she made her unannounced appearance for an hour or two upon our rural scene, and thereafter quickly vanished, after performing an act of timely generosity for the benefit of two of her old Brookfield friends? But both before and after that little dramatic performance, Mrs. Mason had not unfrequent opportunities of seeing her Brookfield friends in New York. For, though the greater part of every year is taken up with starring tours throughout the country, from Boston to New Orleans, yet always, in the course of her annual circuits, she played one or two engagements of several weeks before the New York public.

Therefore it would have been strange indeed if among her crowded houses, night after night, her eye had never chanced to fall on some face familiar to her in early years, when we consider how large a portion of theatre audiences are made up of visitors from the country. By rail and river they can leave their pleasant, but at times rather dull homes, and come to town to refresh and quicken their spirits with a little moderate and healthful dissipation. One evening, at

least, a certain bearded gentleman, with a plainly-dressed elderly lady and a half-grown girl with large wondering eyes, in three adjoining orchestra chairs, were recognized by the tall, handsome actress on the stage as the same man who years before had rescued her from the hug of brutal Jo Parsons; while the lady with him was no other than the same Aunt Jerusha who had spoken words of kindness to her on the meeting-house porch after her sentence of expulsion from the Sunday School had been pronounced by Augustus Lawrence; and the young girl, but now almost a young lady, she recognized as "little Philippa," who on that same occasion had given her a bunch of wild violets, and then, with her little arms twined about unhappy Matilda's neck, added a child's kiss; after which the poor girl rode proudly home through Brookfield street in Aunt Jerusha's one-horse rockaway. Though not one of these three visitors from Brookfield ever dreamed that the graceful lady they admired on the stage was once the wandering little berry-girl, poor John Moore's daughter, yet Dr. Lawrence felt certain that Mrs. Mason was the same actress as the Mrs. Forrester he happened to see years before at the little theatre in Saratoga.

There were yet other persons associated with Brookfield, but known only by sight to Mrs. Mason, whom she had seen among her audiences. There were the Bruce family, who, as she knew, lived on Madison Avenue; and the Ardens too, from their home in Dutchess county, a few miles up the Hudson; and once there came with them a young man wearing the gray uniform of a West Point cadet. Him Mrs. Mason remembered as the little Charley Arden at the Brookfield Academy, and who, as William Tell's son, in the annual Academy exhibition in the Berkshire Court-House, had drawn tears from the rustic maiden's eyes, as now, some ten years after, she did from his eyes as Parthenia in the play or Ingomar.

Another of our Brookfield friends was a very frequent

attendant at Mrs. Mason's performances, and who seemed always to prefer a front seat in the gallery to any other part of the house. This was no other than Jake Peabody, who, as we have seen in a former chapter, knew the present Mrs. Mason as the Matilda Moore of other days. Indeed, the two were not only well acquainted, but they had very frequent business transactions together, amounting to a partnership, and a profitable one to both parties. Their business was trading in horses!

Mrs. Mason kept her handsome double *coupée*; and from the first season that Central Park was open to the public, she was frequently seen on that famed drive with splendidly matched pairs of blacks, bays, sorrels, or roans. And sometimes she appeared on horseback, to the envy of not a few of the ladies, and the admiration of the men. She was sure of being applied to to sell her horses, and which she was ready enough to do, at a round price. Those so fortunate as to buy a pair of Mrs. Mason's horses were certain of finding them well trained, sound, and without a fault. This might well be when it was Jake Peabody who supplied her stable, and who divided with his fair partner in business the net profits of several hundred dollars on each sale.

But to leave the Park and stable and return to Mrs. Mason's more appropriate theatre of action. One evening, early in the performance, as she was standing by the side-scenes, waiting for her cue to go upon the stage, she overheard the talk between two of the female "supes" near her. One of them, a splendidly-got-up artificial blonde, said to her companion: "Georgie, I'm all right; my Sam's in town from Chicago; he's here; I see him now."

"Which is he, Lize?" was Georgie's question.

"There; middle of fourth row on the right," answered Lize, "between that old man with large gray beard and that young chap in white waistcoat and red choker, looking through his glass."

Mrs. Mason's eyes idly followed the direction the two girls were looking, and she saw that the Chicago "Sam," as she heard him called, was no other than her old enemy, Augustus Lawrence, and whom she knew to be a citizen of the much nearer and less pretentious town of Brookfield. She said nothing to the girl about her friend, nor did she care to meddle in the affairs of persons she was not acquainted with; for class distinctions are even more rigidly preserved in the theatrical profession than in perhaps any other.

But she who was once Matilda Moore retained a lively recollection not only of the kindnesses but also of the injuries she had received in her childhood's years at the hands of Brookfield people. She knew that Jake Peabody was then in New York, and resolved to send for him; but she was spared that trouble, as she soon after saw his straight wiry figure among the spectators in the gallery, and despatched a messenger for him.

Mrs. Mason then found an opportunity of speaking a few words to one of the policemen who (in plain clothes) are regularly on duty at the theatre, and to whom, when Jake came, she introduced him. After a short conference between the two men, they told Mrs. Mason that she need give herself no further thought about the matter in hand, as they would attend to Mr. Augustus Lawrence's case. What consequences, if any, may hereafter follow from the mutual understanding between this confederate trio, composed of two men and one woman, must be left to issue forth from out the whirligig of time.

At present we have less concern with the Hon. Augustus' city recreations than with his regular occupations at home in his own town and county, where, by his prompt and active business capacity, joined with tact of manner, he had made himself a sort of petty dictator. No mean dignity this, if we call to mind that paradoxical saying of the great

Cæsar, that "*he* had rather be the first man of a small village than the second man in Rome." Augustus had indeed made himself a kind of small Cæsar within his limited sphere. Besides which, the current of his financial operations extended far West, like magnetism, wherever railway tracks had been laid or telegraph wires were stretched. (Julius Cæsar had no railways or telegraph wires.) He controlled nearly everything and everybody in Brookfield and its neighborhood. He held pews in all the churches, governed the bank, owned the newspaper establishment, commanded the militia, was an active member of the town and county commissions, of the public-school boards, the agricultural and industrial associations, of the poor relief, missionary, and church organizations, and of the branch society of the "Association of Christian Gentlemen." All these wires he held in his own hands, and he knew how to pull them. One thing he lacked—he had no family, but still remained a bachelor, on whom two generations of marriageable country girls had wasted their pretty arts, and who now, as well as their mammas, no longer regarded Mr. Augustus with the same interest and admiration as in former years.

That ancient and respectable institution, the Brookfield Academy, was one concern of which Mr. Augustus Lawrence had long aimed to get the control, but which, under the mastership of the good and learned Mr. Calvin Hopkins, had thus far resisted his usurpations. What the Hon. Augustus aimed at was to change the religious complexion of that font of classical knowledge, so as to make it subservient to the interests of a certain rapidly-increasing sect with which he had lately associated himself. To that end he had successfully manipulated his fellow-trustees by promising them a large bequest, that by his influence the rich old Mr. Eeley had provided for in his will. But that will was never found.

When it is remembered that Augustus Lawrence is spoken

of as the next candidate for member of Congress from the Berkshire district, his eagerness to control and identify himself with every local interest or institution may be easily understood. He was already sure of his election, but he wanted a sweeping majority, and such methods as he practised could not fail to make him popular and swell the number of his constituents.

As a trustee of the Academy, he had slipped into the place made vacant by the death of his uncle, the late Mr. Lawrence, and he directly set himself to get the control of that institution. In this design he would easily have succeeded had it not been for the sturdy opposition of the venerable head-master, Mr. Hopkins, and who thereby endangered his own position, which he had held for nearly forty years, and which was necessary for the support of himself and his family, including two estimable unmarried daughters in charge of the female department.

Though this contest about the Academy had been going on for years, it was not publicly agitated. But the time had now come when it suited Augustus Lawrence to press matters, and he did not scruple to call his worthy old schoolmaster "an old pedant," "a mouldy epitome of Greek and Latin paradigms," "one whose ideas of education were far behind the requirements of this practical age."

The situation had become critical for old Mr. Hopkins. Not knowing what to do, he sought his former pupil, Doctor Lawrence, who had ever treated him with a sincere respect. After explaining the state of the case to the Doctor, Mr. Hopkins begged he would "use his influence to restrain his cousin from proceeding in his almost cruel purpose."

"My cousin Augustus! he's no cousin of mine," exclaimed Doctor Lawrence. "His name is Lawrence, and he's the son of a distant relative, whom my father took into his family and educated; the damned infernal scoundrel!"

"My dear young friend," mildly interposed Mr. Hopkins,

"I value your sympathy, but such expressions pain me greatly. I hope you don't often use them."

"My good old master," rejoined the Doctor with emotion, and almost with tears, "pardon me if I forgot myself, and what was due to you."

"Not to me," interrupted Mr. Hopkins, "but to yourself and to a higher——"

"I know," interrupted the Doctor; "but to think that Augustus Lawrence, who for years flattered and almost worshipped that wretched old Eeley, should now persecute so good, so worthy, so learned, so old a man as you. If the rascal was here this moment I would choke him within an inch of his miserable good-for-nothing life."

This last outburst of the Doctor's indignation was uttered with outstretched arms, clenched hands, and a face black with fury. He cast himself on the sofa, like a man who in his rage would do anything, but knew not what to do. Such an exhibition of passion was probably something more violent than the good old schoolmaster had ever before witnessed with his own eyes, though he may have read of something like it in Homer or the Greek tragedies.

But the classics, Greek or English, neither Æschylus nor Shakespeare, were then in Mr. Hopkins' thoughts, for he quietly took up his hat, saying that "much as he valued the generous interest of an old pupil in his behalf, such passion was sinful and could never help any cause; but that he would come and talk with him again about the matter."

The Doctor rose and gently detained his visitor, who was moving toward the door, asking, "Mr. Hopkins, did you ever see a copy of the charter of the Brookfield Academy, signed by Governor Hutchinson, in George the Second's time, long before the Revolution?" On the old master's replying that he had not seen it—

"I can show you a copy," said the Doctor, and he led Mr. Hopkins into the adjoining room, opened the old French sec-

retary, before spoken of, and drew forth a document written on two sheets of "legal-cap," which had a semi-official look, being certified to as a "true-copy," under the State seal and with the signature of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

"This I copied from the State archives in Boston, while a medical student there.

"If Augustus Lawrence gives you any more trouble, I'll have him kicked out of the board of trustees. Read that clause, and you'll see he has no right there. The place made vacant by my father's death belongs to me. Then read that clause also, by which the eldest of kin of our family has the right to nominate the head-master."

"Truly," said Mr. Hopkins, "I always knew I was indebted to your kind father for my appointment."

"Nor," added the Doctor, pointing to another sentence in the charter, which he read, as follows: "shall the head-master be removed save for cause; as heresy, immorality or incapacity, for which he shall be duly tried before our justices, and be heard in his own defence, according to the custom of our realm."

After reading this for Mr. Hopkins' comfort, the Doctor added, "I'll write a note to my cousin Augustus, as you call him, and tell him to mind his own business, his bank and railway jobs, and not trouble respectable people with his hypocritical meddling."

"My young friend," again interposed the venerable head-master, "let there be no quarrel, no open scandal between your kinsman and yourself; use no harsh words, I beg of you, in my behalf."

"Well," consentingly replied the Doctor, "I'll do or say nothing at present. But take this paper home with you, and at the next meeting of the trustees, present it to the board, and let them understand what it means."

A few days after, Mr. Hopkins brought back the copy of the charter with an expression of trouble in his face, saying that it had been explained to him that all hereditary or seigneu-

rial rights and privileges, such as were granted in that or any other royal charter, had been annulled, and were *ipso facto* abolished by the establishment of a republican form of government. Consequently, the trustees had that day voted the removal of Mr. Hopkins from the head-mastership, to take effect in a month; and his successor had also been chosen.

The Doctor now declared that this cause of his old school-master had now become his own, and that he would not tamely allow himself to be ridden over. Hurriedly glancing at two or three newspapers, "to see," as he said, "in what county the court was being held," he found that the full bench was then sitting at Northampton, as a Court of Errors.

Putting the copy of the charter in his pocket, he hurried off to Laurel to take the next train. On the following day he returned, bringing a missive directed to the High Sheriff of Berkshire, and which that officer was ordered to serve forthwith on the parties named therein; and in which they were "enjoined to proceed no further in the matter of removing the head-master of the Brookfield Academy, until the parties in interest could be heard in chambers."

Thus the Doctor was enabled to assure his guileless old master that "he would not be disturbed for the present, and possibly not for a year or two."

In so small a community as that of Brookfield, this contest relating to their Academy could not but excite a good deal of partisan feeling, of which the general sentiment was on the side of Mr. Hopkins. The Doctor had, indeed, little appreciation or knowledge of Augustus' aims or pursuits. There was indeed no cause to feel envious of his cousin, for he now had good reason to be satisfied with himself. Beside having a large and profitable practice, he was favorably known to the most eminent medical men of New York and other cities, while his *amour-propre* was yet further flattered by a regular correspondence with distinguished scientific men abroad. He also wrote for the magazines and scientific jour-

nals, and sometimes delivered popular lectures, and with especial advantages; as his friends in Europe continued to send him such periodical publications and frequent monographs as contained notices of the earliest discoveries and improvements, not only in medicine, but in the whole circle of the physical sciences.

Not only did Doctor Lawrence early adopt the use of the microscope in his practice, but his patients were among the first in this country to have the benefit of the ophthalmoscope and laryngoscope used in their cases. He also received from his friends in Paris the present of a large electro-magnesium lantern, with its lenses and reflectors, along with an immense number of views, to which were afterward added some spectroscopic plates. The reader need not be told that, having so many deeply interesting scientific objects to engross his attention, Doctor Lawrence could feel little envy of his cousin Augustus' success in finance and politics.

The squabble about the Academy was at its height during the season when Brookfield was filled with its usual influx of summer visitors. Many of these strangers took a lively interest in the contest, and their sympathies were strongly with Mr. Hopkins; for several of them at that time, or in former years, had placed their sons under his tuition. Indeed, it was chiefly through the friends of the Academy pupils that Brookfield first became known as a charming place of summer resort.

One morning, as Doctor Lawrence drove forth on his usual professional rounds, he was met by a messenger from Mrs. Bruce, begging he would come to the Elm Tree House to see her husband, who, for the past day or two, had felt himself to be more unwell than usual. As the Doctor approached the house its precincts offered a scene that harmonized with the fresh and glorious summer's morning. The horses of two or three handsome private carriages stood whisking their

tails under the shade of the great towering elm. Children, with or without their nurses, were everywhere, some tumbling about on the grass under the broad-spreading apple-trees, or couched in little tents made of shawls alongside the fences; while others were busy in the gravel walks with their toy spades, little wooden buckets and wheelbarrows, obeying the inborn propensity of man to dig in the bosom of his mother earth.

On the broad piazzas were seen two or three well-dressed gentlemen reading the city papers of the evening before; but the groups were composed mostly of ladies, from fresh girlhood to matronly age, occupied with their books, their writing, or with tatting and crocheting. On the lawn there was a picturesque and noisy party of croquet-players, while from the pavilion, in a distant corner of the lot, came the rumbling sound of the bowling-alley and the smack of billiard-balls.

As the Doctor ascended the stairway he was met by Mrs. Bruce, in a state of considerable agitation, and who said that her husband seemed much prostrated, and had telegraphed to New York for his lawyer, who was then with him in the parlor. She opened the door for the Doctor to enter, but did not go in herself. Mr. Bruce, who was, as usual, lying on the lounge, welcomed the doctor in weak but cheerful tones, and introduced him to the stranger present, whose name was familiar as that of an eminent member of the New York Bar.

"Doctor," said Mr. Bruce, "I am making some alterations in my will which you were so kind as to witness two or three years ago. I had left a small sum—five thousand dollars—to the Academy here, where my son Robert was once a pupil. But I have erased that——;" here Mr. Bruce's prostration interrupted his speech for a moment, after which he proceeded;—"and I now think it best to give that sum directly to the head-master, worthy Mr. Hopkins, for his own use;—and here is a check for the amount, drawn payable to his order, and

which I know it will afford you pleasure to take to him. But the most important matter I wished you to know about and to witness, is a codicil in which I have bequeathed for the use and benefit of the Academy the sum of fifty thousand dollars, of which the interest is to be paid absolutely and without conditions to Mr. Hopkins during his life-time, to expend as he may judge for the best interests of the Academy, and thereafter to other head-masters who may succeed him—provided they are chosen by a board of trustees composed equally of three different religious denominations.”

While Mr. Bruce was making this exposition of his testamentary purposes, but not without some delay and interruptions, caused by his extreme weakness, the eminent legal gentleman present pointed to the respective clauses in the will, a formidable-looking deed, of several parchment sheets of the largest size.

After a pause Mr. Bruce resumed: “The small sum, Doctor, I have named to be paid to you at my decease, being hardly more than your physician’s fees, I hope you will not refuse to accept, as a recognition of the benefit and comfort I have had from your opinions and advice. But I never told you, nor any one (for my wife, good woman, is a little proud), that my mother was a McAllister, born and reared here in this very town of Brookfield; and perhaps that is the reason why the air of these hills has always benefited me more than any other place. Won’t you be kind enough to push open the window-blind, so I can look out and see the hills?” The Doctor did as he was desired, and then propped his patient a little higher on the lounge.

Mr. Bruce gazed for several minutes on the bright landscape gilded with the morning sunshine. The old town clock struck the hour of ten. The dying man took his watch from his pocket, and said, as he looked at it: “That’s a true old clock—always right. My grandfather McAllister made that clock, almost a hundred years ago. But I’ve no more to do with measuring time! Here, Doctor, take my watch,” con-

tinued Mr. Bruce, as with a slow but steady hand he unhooked the guard-chain. “Take it,” he repeated, as the Doctor drew back a little; “it’s a good one,—the best I could find in London;—you must accept of it, I beg you will, and keep it as a memento from your father’s friend. Now feel my pulse; not much left, is there, Doctor? but there’s more action here;” and he seized the Doctor’s hand and pressed it to his heart.

“Call Eliza.” The lawyer opened the door, and Mrs. Bruce entered.

“Are the children coming, my dear?”

“I have sent for them,” was the wife’s reply, as the husband took her hand in his, and she knelt down by his side.

The two gentlemen made a movement to leave the room, but were beckoned to stay.

“You’ve been a true wife to me, Eliza,—the best of wives,—and a good mother to our children. But I fear for them, my dear; I fear for them; we have indulged them too much—too much for their future happiness. May the Heavenly Father pardon our weakness and protect them.”

As the dying husband spoke these last words to his wife, their daughter Clementina hastily entered; a tall, handsome young lady in a flat hat, with her skirts looped up and a croquet mallet in her hand. But she instantly comprehended the solemnity of the scene, and went and kissed her father tenderly.

A minute after, the stillness of the chamber was startled by the heavy step and loud voice of some one coming up the staircase, and who called out to an attendant in the hall-way: “Well, what’s the matter now with the old Gov.?” Directly the door was pushed open, and in walked a rakish-looking youngster in a purple velvet sack spotted with billiard-room chalk.

The father opened his eyes but for an instant to look upon his son; then, convulsively keeping hold of his wife’s hands, he turned his face to the wall, and the death-shudder ran through his frame.

CHAPTER II.

RIPPING UP OLD ACCOUNTS.

MR. BRUCE was buried in the old Brookfield graveyard, and in a corner where the name of McAllister is yet legible on many a moss-covered tablet, and many a leaning, half-sunken headstone. For thus it was found set down in the last clause of his will: and in which, too, he had considerably bequeathed to the town authorities a few thousand dollars, "in trust, to be applied to enclosing and otherwise caring for the said grounds in a manner proper to a burying-place for the dead."

A gap was made in the summer circle at Brookfield by the departure of the Bruce family, with their carriages and horses, man and maid servants, to accomplish the days of their mourning within the closed shutters and gates of their stately home in Madison Avenue.

Mr. Bruce's liberal bequest to the Academy had the effect, as was probably the testator's purpose, of turning the scale in the head-master's favor. Thereupon Augustus Lawrence made a virtue of resigning his trusteeship, saying that he "had merely held it until his cousin, the Doctor, was willing to take it." In fact, Augustus was now all smiles and affability, and doing generous and magnanimous acts for everybody far and near, for the election was close at hand, when he was to be rewarded by being chosen a member of Congress.

For him this was an honor especially to be desired, if we keep in mind that he was deep in railway schemes at the West, which at that time engrossed the attention of our law-

makers at Washington, when thousands were spent in lobbying, and millions were at stake on the result. At this juncture no one could approach the candidate without experiencing his liberality, of which no one profited more than our humble friend Jake Peabody, but all in the line of his business; for election-times make lively work for horse-flesh, and Jake's carriages and teams were to be seen for weeks before the day, speeding to and fro on all the roads and by-ways of the county.

Even his cousin, Dr. Lawrence, was among those destined, though involuntarily, to profit by the candidate's open-handedness, owing to an old neglected matter of business that turned up to vex the candidate just at a time when he was devoting all his energies to secure a triumphant election.

The Doctor was called upon at his house by Mr. Standish, his father's old clerk at the Laurel Iron Works, and who brought a stranger with him. Mr. Standish now presented a comfortable exterior, very different from his seedy and pinched appearance the last time he was mentioned in this history; and the individual who came with him was especially glossy in all his appointments.

He was introduced to the Doctor by Mr. Standish as "Mr. Taylor, one of the sewing-machine inventors, whom your father aided several years ago."

"Yes," ejaculated the stranger, "he did aid me; that's so. Your father was about the liberalest man I ever see, afore or since. Such men are d——d scarce, I tell *you*!"

Mr. Standish then proceeded to explain the purpose of their visit; that this gentleman wished to prove his claim as the inventor of a certain part of the sewing-machine, about which there had been a good deal of litigation. That the late Mr. Lawrence had advanced money (a thousand dollars) to pay for an English patent, and which he (Mr. Standish) remembered had been duly received from England, and included Mr. Lawrence as one of the owners or assignors

with the inventor. During Mr. Lawrence's life-time there were no profits, but within the last few years the patent had yielded a considerable yearly income to the different parties interested, and to the Lawrence estate among others, of which Augustus Lawrence was the administrator and legal representative: that they had applied to Augustus to be allowed to look at the patent deed, but who declared that he had never seen any such document, and was at present too busy to attend to the matter. They now called on the Doctor to compel his cousin Augustus to attend to it, as the patent deed could doubtless be found somewhere among his father's papers.

To this long exposition from his father's old clerk the Doctor replied, that "he had never even heard of the matter till that moment, but that Mr. Standish was at liberty to look over the few papers there were left in the house." He then led his two visitors to the adjoining room, where stood the old French secretary, which he opened for their inspection.

"No, it's not here," said Mr. Standish, merely glancing at the files.

"Here are a couple of secret drawers my father never used, or probably knew of," remarked the Doctor, as one of them flew open empty when he touched the spring; and then he pressed the spring of the opposite one, when out shot the little drawer nearly filled by a parchment deed, with a wax seal larger than a muffin, and on which was stamped the royal arms of England.

"That is the very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Standish, as he eagerly unfolded the coveted prize; "and here's my name copied as one of the witnesses; and here's an indorsement I wrote myself on the back." "You are all right now," he added, turning to the stranger he had brought with him; then again addressing the Doctor, he asked: "Did you say, Doctor, that Augustus had never paid over to you any money on account of this?"

"There was no money to be paid over," hesitatingly replied the Doctor, while he drew forth from one of the files a schedule in his father's handwriting, in which this very claim was set down, along with some twenty others, under the heading "worthless, or of doubtful value."

On inspecting this list, Mr. Standish made no remark, but merely requested the Doctor would allow him to take away the patent deed for a day or two, which was readily assented to.

They departed—Mr. Standish with his friend the sewing-machine inventor—and they drove directly to the Brookfield Bank; not the squat little one-roomed rough granite building before spoken of, which had now become a noisy tin-shop and stove-factory, but to a handsome three-story granite-faced brick building, of many rooms, crowned with a Mansard roof, and used for a variety of purposes. The third story was a fine large hall appropriated to the Christian Gentlemen's Association. In the second story were the agencies of seven or eight different insurance companies, one mutual and one stock fire company, one mutual and one stock life company, a travellers' accident insurance company, a cattle or live-stock insurance company, and a health insurance company. The bank premises occupied the whole of the ground-floor, of which, in the rear part, the President of the bank, the Hon. Augustus Lawrence, had a spacious private office, with carved black-walnut furniture and a Wilton carpet.

Into this private room Mr. Standish unceremoniously pushed his way, without stopping to inquire of the two or three clerks at the counter, "if the President was in his office?" Augustus was not at all annoyed by such an intrusion, for it was not his cue at that time to be annoyed at anything; and "intrusions" on the approach of his election to Congress were not only common, but were met with a welcome smile.

This smile vanished to a stare on Mr. Standish abruptly

saying, "I want a statement of the London Sewing-Machine Company in account with the Philip Lawrence estate."

"Whom do you represent?" Augustus asked, in a bland tone.

"No matter who I represent," was Standish's rough rejoinder. "I've just come from the Doctor's with this," showing the patent deed. "I want a statement, and must have it, right away."

"Mr. Standish," said Augustus, composedly, "I am surprised at this—so different from your usual courteous manner."

"My courteous manner, as you call it," retorted Standish, "has been all used up long ago dancing attendance here on you for the month past; now I want just what I've come for, and I mean to have it before I leave here."

"If you choose to be rude," said Augustus, meekly, "that is no example for me to follow. You shall have what you ask for, and I hope the next time you have business with me to find you in a more civil humor. There have been, I believe, some driblets of dividends coming lately to the Lawrence estate." Saying this, Augustus rose from his seat, and called out "Walter," whereupon one of the clerks came to the door and was directed in an undertone "to make out a statement, etc., for Mr. Standish."

Mr. Standish helped himself to a chair on one side of the room, picked up the "*Journal of Commerce*," and buried himself in its ample folds. In the mean while other callers came in to engross Augustus Lawrence's attention. This gave Mr. Standish a chance to slip out unperceived, and going directly to Walter's desk, saying that "he had come to help him on with that statement."

Augustus had been engaged for a considerable time in earnest conversation with his friends on political topics, when Mr. Standish re-entered the office and called him apart to one corner of the room, and handed a slip of paper, saying—"that's the footing—\$17,496.27."

"Ha! indeed!" said Augustus, as he inspected the paper

through his eye-glass with affected indifference; and then added, in a pleasant tone: "really, I hadn't kept the run of the account lately; it's more than I imagined. Is that all you want, Mr. Standish? I must beg you to excuse me, for you see that I am very busy just now."

"No," replied Standish, bluntly, "I want a check for the amount, payable to Doctor Lawrence's order; it is his due." The only reply to this extraordinary demand was a supercilious stare of surprise; when Standish repeated his demand, and added, in a deliberate low tone: "Augustus Lawrence, I believe I am the only man in the county of Berkshire who knows you thoroughly, and I always have known you and your ways. You stand very high; but not too high for so poor a man as I am to reach you. Give me your check for this balance, or I'll blow this and other of your doings over the whole county, and it's yet three weeks to election-day. Your ticket would make a poor show if in the mean time I should tell all I know of your conduct."

"Really, Mr. Standish," said Augustus, interrupting his troublesome visitor, "really, sir, I haven't the least idea what conduct you mean, or what exposure I need fear from you or any one. I have doubtless neglected of late to give proper attention to this matter; but I can as easily settle the matter now as at any future time if my cousin wants the money. So we won't waste time with making out long bills; you are an old accountant and know that a paid check is a good receipt for money."

This last remark was made as Augustus filled up and signed a check, which he handed to Mr. Standish; who, after inspecting and putting it carefully in his pocket-book, rejoined, "Yes, as you say, Mr. Lawrence, I am an old accountant, and the half-hour I've just had to look through your books showed me there were other balances besides this sewing-machine account that want adjusting. I'm at your service if you want a book-keeper; good morning."

"Good morning," replied Augustus, as he seated himself beside his friends, and placidly resumed his conversation with them, as though nothing had occurred within the last fifteen minutes to disturb the buoyant humor he seemed to be in.

What feelings of surprise or other emotions Dr. Lawrence may have experienced, or how he may have finally rewarded his father's old clerk for thus securing to him so considerable a sum, need not here be related. But upon one point the Doctor was firm and decided, in not assenting to Mr. Standish's wish "to be allowed to go ahead and 'rip up' other matters connected with his father's estate, as administered by his cousin Augustus;" especially some two or three items of property named in the schedule as worthless, or of doubtful value. To Mr. Standish's solicitations on this subject the Doctor replied, that on no consideration would he enter into a lawsuit or any public contest with his cousin.

No previous election for a member of Congress from the Berkshire district had been preceded by so much bustle and excitement as the one now at hand. The half-dozen rural newspapers in different parts of the county were filled with the mention of mass-meetings, torch-light processions, with banners and transparencies gorgeously painted; with fireworks and suppers, with speeches by the candidate and his supporters; but nearly all were on one side—the party of Augustus Lawrence. It was no secret that ale and cider flowed freely in every tavern at his expense; and, judging from the noise made by his constituents late at night on their road homeward, he may have allowed the innkeepers discretionary power to substitute other more potent drinks. Whatever was done or had, eaten or drunk, "Gus" Lawrence, as he was now styled, paid for all, like a true friend of the people, and all classes participated in the jollity of the occasion.

One of Augustus Lawrence's busiest election agents was our old friend Jake Peabody. His horse-dealing interests and

pursuits had made him acquainted with the remotest corners, by-roads, and out-o'-the-way places of the county;—and as every one knows there is a kind of freemasonry among horse-people, Jake's zeal in behalf of his patron seemed not less a proof of his party spirit than of his Christian spirit, if we call to mind the fact, that, early one morning some years before, he had been taken from his home and wife, and ignominiously locked up in jail, by the orders of that same patron, Augustus Lawrence. All this Jake appeared to have quite forgotten; as most certainly it had been forgotten and not once thought of by the author of his unmerited disgrace.

If Jake thus manifested a truly Christian spirit, his conduct in another particular might have made him amenable to censure by certain religious denominations, if he had happened to belong to any such. For Jake had no scruples against betting on elections, or on any other event in the near future. But the present election offered little scope for those disposed to "back their judgment with their money," as the phrase is. So Jake was fain to content himself with picking up two or three little "lays" of fifty to ten, or a hundred to twenty, on the result of Gus's election.

Ten days before the election, Jake's most particular horse-friends in different parts of the county were severally puzzled by his instructions—accompanied with an ample supply of funds—to take all the bets they could get *against* Augustus Lawrence's election at the odds, all the way from ten to one down to four, or even three. As it was a hollow thing in "Gus'" favor, the funds supplied were quickly absorbed. Election-day came; but before midnight the expresses were all in from the remotest villages and hamlets;—when it was found that Augustus Lawrence lacked about twenty votes of being a member of Congress!

Though the unsuccessful candidate may have been quite unprepared, he was not kept wholly ignorant of the cause of his defeat. For on the morning of the election the board

fences and dead walls of Brookfield were seen pasted over with several coarsely engraved wood-cuts, almost life-size, of Augustus Lawrence; underneath which was written "Chicago Sam;" "Sam and his Georgie;" "Sam and his Lize;" "The Berkshire M. C. at Supper in the New York *Tuileries*." These coarse engravings were doubtless copied from certain gas-light photographs, a few of which, a week or two before the election, had found their way from New York to the rural districts of Berkshire.

The said photographs were of the meretricious order, decidedly. The two first named represented Mr. Augustus' well known face and figure in not unequivocal relations with a couple of ballet-women in their costume, each alternately illustrating the poetry of motion, while the other sat upon his knee. The one last mentioned, of a scene in the "*Tuileries*," was probably taken in a well-known, gorgeously-appointed underground bagnio in New York; and where, as it would seem, Augustus had retired to a "private box" with a brace of "pretty waiter girls," and where a duck supper with champagne was set out. This last-mentioned view appeared to have been instantaneously photographed just at the moment when one of the girls was playfully pulling off Augustus' false beard, while a slouch hat and a pair of spectacles lay on the table before them.

A few of these photographs had been shown privately, a short time before the election, to certain elders and leaders of that large and increasing religious sect of which Augustus Lawrence of late years had become a prominent member. The elders at first regarded the thing as a slanderous political libel; but on being urged to investigate for themselves, they sent some of the brethren to New York, where such ample proofs were furnished, that the delegation returned with sorrowing hearts for one whom they had once fondly deemed their brother, but whom they were now constrained to regard as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and a son of Belial.

As Augustus Lawrence's constituency was composed largely of the good kind of sheep who always jump the same way with their leaders, "he was elected to stay at home." Nor did he ever suspect that such weak and debile ministers as poor little Matilda Moore (whom he had turned out of the Sunday School many years before), confederated with drunken Jake Peabody (whom he once sent to jail), were the cause of his not being elected to Congress.

But leaving our proud and confident, but now disappointed political aspirant, to his ambitious schemes of politics and finance, let us look after some of the gentler and more humble of our Brookfield friends, and inquire how they have fared during the swift flight of Time. Aunt Jerusha, as she is now seldom called, but more properly and less familiarly, Mrs. Wharton, still dwells almost alone in her old antique home, of heavy timbers and rough-hewn blocks of stone, with only her nephew, the Doctor, for a near neighbor, while a couple of kitchen-maids, and a farm-hand or two, make up her household. Her daughter Philippa has been away from home most of the time for two years past at a well-reputed and rather fashionable young ladies' boarding-school.

Let us take a glance at Mrs. Wharton's old home, now made almost picturesque by Time's mellowing fingers. The house is solidly built, like a few that still remain from the old colonial days, when material was plenty but skilled laborers were few, and each house a kind of fortress against the Indians. The first story is of stone, the second of wood, and projected forward over the lower story by fully a yard;—as tradition says, to allow, in the early, troubled times of the first settlers the inmates to shoot down upon the heads of the red-skinned savages who came to assault or fire the building. The windows are few and small, of which even the squares of glass, not much larger than your two hands, had become iridescent with slow decay! From the centre of the roof there rose a low square stone chimney, almost large enough for a lime-kiln.

All this would have been pulled down and perhaps rebuilt years and years ago, if there had been many sons born into the family. But it chanced that the female type prevailed through successive generations; that is to say, the progeny of the family had run to girls, and not to boys. So the queer old place had been passed by in the march of improvement, and still remained much the same outside and in, with all its successive repairs, whitewashings, plasterings, patchings, paintings, puttyings, paperings and pastings,—not seldom done by those dear conservative hands,—thus making it a home of comfort for true female hearts.

Handsome carpets now covered those floors once rough, but made smooth by over a century of scourings. Modern furniture was in the parlors and chambers. Comfortably upholstered chairs and sofas of the well-known "Pompadour pattern" now found themselves under the same roof with old Puritan straight-backed, anatomically-carved wooden seats, most of which latter sort had been banished to the spacious garret, there to keep company with the old spinning-wheels, the hand-loom, the yarn-reels, and the wool-carders, their contemporaries of the past. A like destiny, inexorable as the flight of time, had doomed the ponderous old cheese-press and a heavy circular dinner-table to keep each other company in the dusty obscurity of the corn-house. That old table, made of thick cherry plank, was coeval with the house, and, until the present generation, it had known no rest. For three times daily its broad leaves had been folded and unfolded, and it had been whisked to and from the middle of the room and back again by the arms of several generations of buxom farmers' daughters.

Those farmers' daughters were table-tipping girls of the right sort, with plenty of muscle but less delicate and electrical nervous centres than in these degenerate days. Those were the handsome Rebeccas of the olden time, who had not only to fetch water from the well, but they could get up at

day-light, light the fires and cook the breakfast, milk the cows, attend to cheese and butter-making, bake, wash and brew, and get the dinner, weave and spin four or five hours in the day, lend a hand at haymaking or harvesting if it threatened rain, go off a mile or two away, berrying or nut-gathering, and return before milking-time; after pare apples, mend, darn and knit, or read from Goldsmith, Cowper, Young, or Milton; then, after family prayers, to bed before ten, "to sleep in elysium" till wakened by the next day's dawning light.

Such were the girls of that period, when dyspepsia and neuralgia, which have now become household words, would have sounded like Greek or Hebrew.

In this old home, the latest and youngest, though we trust not the last representative of the girls of other days, was now Miss Philippa Wharton. When we last saw her she was a little pantaletted girl sitting on her cousin Phil's knee, and almost choking him with her arms around his neck. From that day to the present, Doctor Lawrence had never ceased to interest himself in his young cousin, both in her improvement and her enjoyment. In the long summer vacations that she spent at home with her mother, the Doctor taught her both to drive and to ride, so that she became a pretty good horsewoman,—better, in Jake Peabody's private opinion, than most of his dashing summer customers. The Doctor also instructed his fair cousin about flowers; for a small conservatory and a well-kept garden were among the luxuries that his increasing prosperity enabled him to indulge in. More earnestly still did he endeavor to correct her crude tastes in literature and art. For, finding that she had intelligence enough, he spared no pains in making her comprehend the absolute difference in merit there was between certain popular writers of the day, whose books are sold by the tens of thousands, and certain other writers, whose productions time has stamped as classical.

The young girl learned willingly from a tutor of whom she

was both fond and proud; while he, perhaps, went beyond the province of a tutor in sometimes touching upon matters about which young people do not always kindly take instruction or advice, even from those they love. Nor was this instruction always gently imparted, but in some instances so peremptorily, and even harshly, as to bring tears to the poor girl's eyes.

He corrected her drooping gait, along with a little awkwardness in her walk; warned her from injuring her good looks by wrinkling the forehead and the upper part of her face, a habit by which the fair brows of so many of our young American girls become prematurely marked. There were other little matters, but amounting in the aggregate to a good deal, on which the Doctor would lecture his young lady cousin, such as even in the matter of dress; persuading her that it was better to fall a little short of the fashion than to go beyond it; as he assured her that, in America, the fashions of London and Paris were caricatured rather than followed. A self-controlled instead of an impulsive manner, and also the expression of her thoughts by the choice of simple and right words rather than by gesticulation, with a limited vocabulary of extravagant but commonplace phrases and adjectives,—these things he would at fit times enjoin. Also to employ the thoughts with something else than gossip, a little of which may be allowed, but to feed the mind on nothing else than personal details is to starve it or produce a moral dyspepsia. Yet he assured her that he would rather she left all these little faults uncorrected, than by her efforts at correcting them fall into the sum of all faults—*affectation*.

Even in the matter of diet and the choice of things upon the table, he insisted that there was a correct, as distinguished from a vulgar taste; and that the daily custom of devouring smoking griddle-cakes and hot doughy biscuits was simply detestable. He ridiculed the usual feminine preference for poultry and ice-cream to everything else on the dinner-

table. He had also to combat her repugnance to the cares and details of house-keeping, which Miss Philippa had caught from some of her parvenu school companions.

But let it not be supposed that the Doctor is perpetually lecturing his fair cousin. His hints on the several topics above enumerated came forth as occasion suggested, at long intervals, during a period of two or three years; and which, if not at once accepted and followed, were not without their ultimate weight and influence. Even if at times he was a severe tutor, he made his pupil ample amends by his kindness. No girl, not in love, could have wished for a better beau; especially during the short winter vacations, when he would rush off with her by rail to New York or Boston, or to Philadelphia, and even as far as Washington; where every hour of the day and evening was devoted to seeing and enjoying whatever was most interesting or entertaining.

The result of all this was, that Philippa Wharton would have been pronounced a staid little Quakeress in comparison with Miss Clementina Bruce and most of the young ladies whose advent added to the gayety of a Brookfield summer.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGES.

THE farmers of the rugged soil of Berkshire could not get rich, and it required pretty close management for most of them to make a comfortable living. Among this class was Mrs. Wharton, who yet had made her two or three hundred acres supply all needed comforts within that old home of hers, already described. Though sorely tempted at times by the offer of ready money for some of the most unproductive portions of her farm—swamp land and rocky pasture—she had remembered the oft-repeated advice of her sister's husband, the late Mr. Lawrence,—“Never sell a rood of it, for it would be valuable at some day not far distant.”

Years after, Mrs. Wharton began to realize the soundness of this advice. For the swamp land was discovered to be a mine of the purest bog iron, and which the directors of the Brookfield Bank wished to purchase, and therewith to resuscitate the dilapidated Lawrence Iron Works. But for all their gentle eloquence, bantering, or even bullying, the strong-minded woman would not sell the land, though she was willing to grant privileges for taking away the ore.

But fortunately, for Mrs. Wharton I mean, in one of her pastures, so densely packed with cobble-stones that a sheep could hardly get his nose to the ground, a marble quarry had been opened. From this quarry large white blocks were being taken out, many of which can be seen in some of the handsome buildings on Broadway. This was also an unfore-

seen issue of a scheme of the same knot of speculators just mentioned; but their shrewdness proved at fault in this instance. For after they had opened the quarry where the lime-stone cropped out, on land adjoining Mrs. Wharton's, it was found, as Doctor Lawrence had predicted to her, that the ledge took a dip directly under her old pasture. So the company, rather than lose their already large outlay for derricks, steam machinery and tram-ways, were fain to pay Mrs. Wharton a reasonable tariff on every perch of the precious material taken from her ground.

Hence the handsome new carpets and city-made furniture that astonished the inside of the old Puritan-built house; hence the fine new single carriage, drawn by a large, well-groomed horse, that now took Mrs. Wharton to church and elsewhere, and hence Philippa's two years at an expensive and fashionable finishing school. And now that she was done with school, Miss Philippa was spoken of as an heiress by the people of Brookfield and the country round about.

But what constituted riches in Brookfield would have been poverty in Madison Avenue, in such a stately mansion as that of the Bruce family. Therefore Philippa's mother, though she may have been surprised, was probably not offended by a letter she received from Mrs. Bruce somewhat more than a year after Mr. Bruce's death. The letter begged that Philippa might be allowed to come to New York for several months as a companion for her daughter Clementina, and where, as was promised, she should have the same instructors in music and other things with her own daughter; and also enjoy equal advantages for society—an arrangement that, as the writer expressed it, “she anticipated would prove beneficial and pleasant for both our girls.”

Philippa and her mother were discussing this rather novel proposition, which, though not very explicit, was yet regarded favorably, when Doctor Lawrence happened to enter the house. The instant the subject was mentioned to him, he replied

with a most emphatic "No,"—adding, after a short pause, that "such a thing was not to be thought of."

At this last remark, a little cry or exclamation caused him to turn his head to where Philippa was sitting by the window. She had dropped her sewing, and with her hands covering her eyes she seemed on the point of bursting into tears. This caused the Doctor to assume a gentle manner, and taking Mrs. Bruce's letter he scanned its contents, remarking that its language was rather vague, and left it doubtful whether Philippa was invited to the Bruces' house as a guest and visitor, or if she was expected to make herself useful in some way.

Mrs. Wharton here showed her leanings in the question, by observing that "it might be of advantage to Philippa to spend a few months with friends in New York; that for her own part, she wished she'd had such a good chance when she was a girl; that Mrs. Bruce had once been her own neighbor; and moreover she highly esteemed 'sister'" (the Doctor's mother), "and came on all the way from New York in mid-winter to attend sister's funeral, since which time they had been repeatedly invited to visit at the Bruces' house, and were treated very hospitably."

In brief, as this was a social question, in which two women were opposed to one man, there could be but one result. Consequently, after a week or ten days, Philippa Wharton found herself transported from her own broad, low-pitched chamber in her mother's old house, in Brookfield, to a more lofty but much narrower and far more elegantly appointed bedroom in Madison Avenue, and which communicated by a door opening into Miss Clementina's doubly spacious and paradisiacal, or even fairy-like apartment, consecrated to the retirement and repose, as also to the toilet mysteries and familiar chattings and conferences of one who had but lately taken her place among the belles of New York society.

To that distinction Miss Bruce had a double claim; for,

besides being an heiress, her personal attractions were of a superior order. Her figure, though taller than usual, was well rounded; her face of a full oval, with a small mouth, thin nose, and complexion, hair and eyes all of the purest blonde type. With these advantages, however, her beauty could hardly be said to be of the dazzling kind. She attracted more than she interested. This was assuredly not owing to any want of style or grace, nor, still less, to lack of either vanity or intelligence. If it were a want of heart, that would scarcely have been observed in a circle of admirers of chiefly the ultra-fashionable class.

If all her several admirers, consisting both of middle-aged down-town bankers and merchants, and of young up-town triflers and idlers, could have been assembled in her parlor at the same time, they would have been surprised to find themselves in so large a company. But, like other belles, Miss Clementina had tact enough to keep her followers pretty well divided and separated, and therefore ignorant of their own numbers; and, like other belles, too, she was in no haste to cut short her reign by any marked preference for either of those whom she reckoned among her suitors.

It was an obvious convenience for Miss Clementina to have a country girl like Philippa with her in the house as a companion, especially during the hours when calls were most frequent from the idler and younger—that is, from the dandy class of her admirers; for this relieved her mother from the necessity of being much with her daughter in the parlors, and likewise because Miss Philippa, soon getting rid of her country shyness, learned to talk a little with some of the beaus and dangles, especially with those of the slight, unmeritable sort whom it suited Clementina at times to turn over to be entertained by her companion.

The contrast between the two girls on the occasion of these morning calls was made more striking in the dimly-lighted drawing-rooms, where but few of the sun's rays were

admitted through windows trebly guarded by shutters, shades and ample folds of heavy India damask. But just light enough came in at the corner where Miss Bruce usually kept her state to show off the graces of both her person and her toilet; while Philippa, in more simple attire, had her position just where it happened, in any of the obscure parts of the room. Therefore her presence was hardly observed, and her personal appearance attracted no special remark. Indeed, it is hardly possible that the eyes of either young or old beaux, accustomed to the effects produced by the hair-dresser's art, along with that constant variety in the minor details of fashion, in jewelry, in scarfs, sashes, and ribbons, in collars and cuffs, in delicately embroidered or ruffled underskirts, waving and falling here and there in white foam-like masses; it is hardly possible, I say, that persons accustomed always to these things would see much to admire in Philippa Wharton's comparatively rustic exterior.

Sometimes it happened, as two or three of Miss Bruce's callers left the house together, they would ask one another, "Who is this Miss Wharton?" "What is she?" "probably some poor relation;" "a country cousin;" "or perhaps a hired companion;" "or more probably," as was suggested by one, "she is an instructress of some sort; she knows French, for she cautioned me not to use it in speaking of what I did not wish to have known."—"She must know a little Italian, too," said another, "for she pointed out how the singers mutilated the opera the other night."—"She corrected me in history," said a third. "She's damned sarcastic, too," said a fourth, "for she repeated my words with, I'm inclined to think, a correction of my English grammar."—"Deuce keep me from all such women;" "I'd sooner marry a school-marm, or be hitched for life to a cart-load of books," expressed the general verdict of these metropolitan gentlemen on our Philippa.

But there were occasions when the two girls had a chance

of being seen with more equal advantages; as, for instance, during their horseback rides in the Central Park. For one consideration that had made Mrs. Bruce and her daughter of one mind in inviting Philippa to their house, was her ease and skill in riding, and which they had particularly observed during their last summer at Brookfield. Mrs. Bruce was desirous her daughter should ride for the sake of her health; and Miss Clem, as a belle, was ambitious of excelling in this so conspicuous and enviable accomplishment. Their rides to the Park were frequent, in which Miss Clementina rode a handsome horse purchased specially for her. Philippa was provided with another equally handsome, but which was really an overworked hack from a neighboring livery stable, while both the young ladies were followed by the coachman mounted on one of the carriage-horses.

Of course, in these excursions to the Park, there were certain of Miss Bruce's admirers who did not neglect the opportunity for meeting her there. On one of these occasions a slight accident occurred that, for a few minutes, made her companion, Philippa, an object of marked attention. The two young ladies were riding at a moderate pace, when, at a turn in the road, they came suddenly upon a huge garden-roller that a couple of laborers were trundling toward them. Clementina's horse took fright and began to back. But its rider was a lady of spirit, and she touched him smartly with her whip over the shoulder. This aggravated the difficulty, for he began to sheer and dance. She then gave him a smart cut over the flank, at which he let go his heels with a violence that, though the rider did not lose her seat, she was somewhat unsettled in the saddle. The groom came up instantly, but not before Philippa had approached and seized her friend's bridle near the bit. The three then withdrew a few yards off to a shady nook of trees, where, not without some difficulty, Miss Clem was persuaded to change horses with Philippa; after which it was suggested that the refractory

animal ought to be made better acquainted with the garden-roller.

This task Philippa set about and accomplished ; but not without a deal of coaxing, with simultaneous pressure of the bridle, heel or knee, and then a gentle touch of the whip on the right spot at the right moment, as the excited but not vicious animal shied, backed, reared and kicked out behind, showing the fair equestrian—as Shakespeare expresses it—“incorpsed and deminatured with the brave beast.” Finally, the recalcitrant steed, after a good deal of snorting and whisking his tail, and spotting his fair rider's skirt with white foam, was prevailed upon to put his nose to the huge cast-iron cylinder and take a good sniff. Thereupon Philippa gave a vigorous pull at the bit with a simultaneous smart cut behind, that made the horse clear the roller at a standing leap. This was so well executed that she could not resist an inclination to repeat the performance two or three times.

All this could not take place in the Park, even at that early hour of the day, without attracting a few spectators, mostly nurses and children. But it cost one young man, who witnessed Miss Philippa's skill, the loss of sixty thousand dollars, or the greater part of his patrimony. He was one of three habitual visitors at Mrs. Bruce's ; and who, knowing that Miss Clementina was in the Park that morning, had been hunting for her all through the labyrinth of roads, paths and alleys. Two of the gentlemen were seated, or jammed, rather, in a kind of narrow stuck-up wagon that had just come in fashion ; the third, and much younger, was on horseback, and he it was who was destined to suffer such heavy pecuniary loss as the sequel of this morning's riding in the Park.

The gentlemen came in sight of the objects of their search just in time to witness Miss Philippa's equestrianism, but which they chose to witness at a little distance off, through the shrubbery ; thinking that, as the spot was somewhat

secluded, the ladies had chosen it for a little private practice in horsemanship.

“Charley's goose is cooked this time, sure,” said one of those in the wagon, as he threw away his cigar to take a fresh one from his companion's offered case.

“Yes,” replied the other, “I'm thinking Arden's been spooney on that girl for a month or two ; he's always dumb as a fish when we fellows make fun of her.”

These trifling remarks were uttered while the speakers watched their companion on horseback, but who, for his own part, if he had been near enough to hear what was said about him, was too much engrossed by the passing scene to be conscious of aught else in the world.

Two or three weeks after this event this same young gentleman (whom his companions called Charley), as he walked one evening slowly past the Bruces' house, saw a faint light through the parlor windows and heard the sound of a piano. He quickly mounted the steps and pulled the bell. The servant who opened the door said, respectfully, “Miss Bruce is out, sir ; she's gone to the theatre, sir,” he added, as the gentleman pushed past him, with only a nod, and opened the parlor door for himself.

The sound of the piano did not cease until the lady, turning a little on her seat, and observing who had entered, rose and said, “Clementina is out ; she's gone to Wallack's.”

“I was aware of that, Miss Wharton,” replied the gentleman, “but I heard the piano, and knew I would find some one at home.”

“Mrs. Bruce is in her room ; I will send for her,” replied Philippa, advancing towards the bell-pull.

But her movement was obstructed by the gentleman, who placed himself in her way, exclaiming in a gentle but serious tone, “A moment first, I beg of you.”

At this unusual manner and speech, Philippa may have felt some sudden agitation if not alarm, for she retreated a

few steps and stood with one hand resting on a corner of the piano, waiting, with a forced calmness, for what might follow; and in this position let us try to take her photograph.

There are very many good-looking persons, especially of the sex called the fair, whom photographers find it difficult to take satisfactorily. As our Philippa is of this class, our readers will get but a poor pen-likeness. The toned light diffused from two or three burners of the many-globed chandelier fell upon composed but not very full features, a square brow of almost porcelain smoothness, deep lustrous downcast hazel eyes, light chestnut hair, that by its profuse knottings and twistings had caused astute beaux to doubt if it was all real, a cheek almost pale, a little ear such as artists are glad to model from, a nose not small but straight and thin, a full under lip of plumpy redness, and a narrow chin but broad like the forehead. Faces such as this are not very rare, but are passed by every day with no especial comment. But how to describe that which art (like the star-spangled banner) "half conceals, half discloses?" The well-turned full neck, circled with a bit of ribbon, was not of snowy whiteness, but had a slight olive tint. Happening, on this occasion, to be dressed in a plain, close-fitting dark silk of ordinary wear, her figure from the shoulders down was one of the kind that is seen to best advantage with few or no superfluous ornaments, thus revealing the natural outline as clearly as the chaste draperies of the sculptor's art.

Philippa stood with one hand resting upon a corner of the piano, when the gentleman advanced and offered her a large card, much too large for a visiting-card, saying: "Miss Wharton, I hear that you have a very unfavorable opinion of New Yorkers: that you call us all idlers, triflers and dangles; and that sooner than marry such a man, you have said you would remain single all your life. For one, I am desirous that in your thoughts I may be left out of that class."

Philippa had good cause to blush to the top of her fore-

head at this abrupt and very significant mode of address; and she was fain to conceal her embarrassment by perusing the offered card—and a most singular card it was for a young lady to have presented to her in that formal manner. She read it as follows:—"Messrs. Howard, Wells & Arden, Bankers, 84 Wall St. (late Robinson, Howard & Wells). Notice.—Mr. Charles Arden has been admitted a partner to our firm to take the place of Mr. Robinson, who retires."

"Mr. Arden," said Philippa, inquiringly, to her visitor, "you wish this card given to Mrs. Bruce?"

"By no means," replied Arden, quickly; "I have called expressly to give it to you when I was sure of finding you alone; and for the reason I just mentioned, that I hope you may no longer think of me as an idler and a trifler; as I have resolved to devote myself hereafter to business, to gain Miss Wharton's better opinion."

This last speech, which reads rather dryly, was yet pronounced with a slight tremor and hesitation that must have conveyed a sentiment to the fair hearer. She turned pale, her eyes wandered, and she only looked at the bell-pull as she sank down on the piano-stool.

"Shall I ring the bell?" said Mr. Arden.

"Do, if you please," was Philippa's quick reply.

But before the bell was answered he had time to apologize for causing her a moment's embarrassment by saying, that "he had feared she would laugh at hearing what he came to communicate; yet he was no longer an idler or a trifler, if indeed he had ever been."

"I cannot receive calls, sir, from gentlemen of Miss Bruce's circle," said Philippa with composure.

These words were scarcely spoken, when (a most unusual occurrence) the bell was answered by Lisette, Clementina's French maid. "Mam'selle Pheeleeppa; a-t-elle sonné?" said that neatly-done-up package of clear-starching, as, with a perfect curtsy, she showed herself at the open door.

"Dites, s'il vous plaît, à Madame, que Monsieur Arden l'attend, au salon," said Philippa, and Lissette disappeared with a lingering glance backward, as she slowly closed the door.

When Mrs. Bruce came to the parlor, the conversation was only such as usually serves for a twenty minutes' call, and has no relevancy to our narrative. So I will fill a paragraph about this Mr. Charley Arden, as he was styled by his familiars. He has been spoken of before in the early part of this history; first, as a little boy at the Brookfield Academy, and whose home was on the North River near West Point. Again, he is mentioned as being seen a few years later in a military cadet's uniform at a New York theatre. But it being no part of his parents' plan that he should be a soldier, stationed mayhap at remote posts among Indians for the best thirty years of his life, they had taken him away from the Military Academy at the end of the second year, and sent him to college. After that his name appears in a catalogue of law students; and in due time he is set down as "lawyer" in the New York Directory. But in his case, as in that of hundreds of other young men, that word might be defined to mean "an idler," or "a young gentleman of leisure," or sometimes even "a dandy." And this was Charley Arden's status, until, as would appear from the narrative just given, some potent influence had wrought a change in his plans and habits,—for it is evident that he had fallen in love with our Philippa.

Of this fact there must have been previously some slight indications, though too slight for her to recognize; but which we know, from what was said by Arden's companions in the Park, had not escaped the notice of more practised observers. Nor had Miss Clementina herself failed to receive some intimation of Arden's wandering fancy; for besides having a pretty good pair of eyes of her own, she had another pair at her service,—those of her maid Lissette. If from the troop of her admirers she had felt disposed to spare one to her friend Philippa, Mr.

Charles Arden was among the last who would have been assigned to her. Now that it appeared possible that Arden might transfer himself, Miss Bruce was suddenly conscious of a preference of her own in his favor.

Having been born and reared in the country, Arden was manifestly a less effeminate style of man than most of the circle of his city-bred companions. His family connections were of the most desirable order. His figure and features were good enough to recommend any man; his education, half military and half classical, was better than is often attainable; and his present means were respectable; so that it is to be wondered at that he should have joined the ranks of metropolitan dandies. Whether or not Miss Clementina had found time to scan the inventory of Charley Arden's personal merits, certain it is, that, departing from her former tactics, of keeping her admirers all at about an equal distance, she now bestowed a larger share on Arden, so that he began to be talked of as the lucky fellow.

As Arden imagined that his interest in Philippa was a secret to every one but himself, he guarded that secret with a lover-like sensitiveness. Therefore, while he continued his frequent visits to the Bruce mansion, with the hope of advancing his suit with the fair stranger, he was obliged passively to submit to what he regarded as Miss Clementina's coquetries. He was politely grateful when she led him to a corner of the parlor to look at a splendid basket of flowers, and took one little bud and stuck it in his button-hole; or when she led him to the piano to hear her rendering of some characteristic passage from the last new opera. He even acted as her escort to the theatre, when something was played that she specially wished to see, but when, as she said, "the evening was too rainy for mamma to expose herself."

All these, and many similar attentions, he received and repaid, while constantly hoping for a sight of the real object

of his regard. But he was as constantly disappointed. Once only had he a ten-seconds view of Philippa, when she happened to open the parlor door; but before she could enter the room, Miss Clementina advanced hastily, and he heard her tell her friend to "put on her things directly, get into an omnibus and go down to Stewart's, and order them to send home that garnet-colored velvet she was looking at this morning." This peremptory manner of addressing one who was the secret object of his tender regard would have pained him beyond endurance, had he not known that Clementina was a spoiled child, and often imperious, sometimes even to her own mother.

After that day, Philippa disappeared from his view. Nor did he dare to betray himself by making the least inquiry. Once, when Arden was practising a duet with Clementina at the piano, she happened to say that it would be a convenience if they had Philippa to play the accompaniment.

"Where is she?" quickly inquired Arden.

"Mamma sent her home to the country two weeks ago," curtly replied Miss Clem, as she gave the piano keys an uncommonly spirited thump.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE POLITICAL ATMOSPHERE.

It was not until the second summer after her husband's death that Mrs. Bruce returned to their rooms at the Elm Tree House. But that season proved a dull one for the Brookfield boarding-houses; nor was there the usual gayety among the visitors. Hops, tableaux, charades, or amateur

theatricals did not go off with their wonted spirit. The skies were bright and the sun was warm, timely showers refreshed the fields, and the Earth yielded her abundance; but the political atmosphere was clouded, causing a vague sensation of coming evil.

The possibility of a civil war between the North and South began to be talked of. The conversation on the porches of the boarding-houses, among the ladies from different sections, was now chiefly political, and not seldom did it end in almost a female muss, followed the next morning by formal bows and smileless nods when the fair disputants met at the breakfast-table.

The prevailing sentiment at the Elm Tree House, as I am glad to affirm, was decidedly loyal, and union at any price and at all hazards; while at a certain other fashionable house the sentiments were of an opposite complexion. This disloyal boarding-house was no other than the respectable but ruinous mansion of the Phippes, before described, and where at present Miss Virginia, in her ancient well-kept laces, and her brother the Colonel in his threadbare dress-coat, presided daily at either end of the table, with all the state of having invited dinner company; though that dignity was a little dashed by the recurring necessity of afterward making out and presenting bills to their honored guests.

The company at the Elm Tree House was in part made up of the same persons or families, who, like the Bruces, came there season after season; but with just enough of new element added to prevent their getting tired of each other. Among the new-comers this year were three persons already more or less known to the reader. First, Mr. Charles Arden had a small bed-room kept for him, though he could only run up from New York for a few days at a time, instead of, as formerly, going to other more famed summer resorts for the whole season. There was also a single lady from New York, who, though she must have been considerably over thirty, was

yet fair to look upon; and she had in her charge two or three little boys and girls, who called her "Aunt Maggie," with a further convenient addition to her retinue of a couple of maid-servants, and a pair of horses with their groom or driver. Lastly, there was another lady who appeared to be upwards of fifty, and she was accompanied by a delicate-looking daughter of about fifteen.

This last-mentioned guest had come there an entire stranger to every one else in the house; nor did she get on very fast in becoming acquainted with the other boarders; who were, it must be owned, rather an exclusive set. She jobbed a fine pair of horses for the season from Jake Peabody's stable, and was spending a good deal of money in improving the farm and little dilapidated cottage that went by the name of the "John Moore place." She called herself Mrs. Mason, and said she was from Kentucky. The reader will rightly guess that this was no other than our old friend Matilda Moore that was, and who now, for some purpose of her own, is spending a few weeks in her native Brookfield, masquerading it here in the guise of an old woman.

One of the standing topics that employed a part of the daily surmise and gossip of the Elm Tree House, was the relations of Charley Arden to the Bruces—was he, or not, an accepted or a declared suitor of Miss Clementina's? For he must have come there at their suggestion, if not at their invitation. All the facts bearing either way upon the question were considered over and over again. Was he a suitor that she hesitated about accepting when there were middle-aged millionaire bachelors and widowers to be had? Or was he too romantic and sensible withal to throw himself into the arms of one whose tastes and thoughts were only artificial and fashionable? True, he was near Miss Clementina a good deal; he sat at the same little table in the dining-room, but yet he never rode or drove with her alone; he often refused to take a hand at croquet, saying he did not like the game, though

she was a superior player and very fond of it. At whist or euchre in the evening he was seldom at the same table; and in such parlor games as "twenty questions," and the like, he was oftener opposed to her than on the same side. Yet no one else put on Miss Clementina's shawl or handed her into or out of a carriage. As some cynical elderly ladies remarked, "Mr. Arden behaved more like a husband than a lover."

As the reader will rightly surmise, Charley Arden had other motives for resorting to Brookfield than to pay his court to Miss Bruce. He knew that Philippa Wharton must live somewhere in that part of the country, but he had not yet found out her home; and he doubted if indeed she was at home, as he had gone about to different places to church, to country pic-nics and strawberry festivals, and the like, without once getting a sight of her. He had horsebacked it almost daily over the country roads without meeting her. He would not venture an inquiry to any of the country people, as that might afford a theme for gossip; and finally he looked through the "list of voters" stuck up in the Post-Office without finding the name of Wharton.

From having been for two or three years at school at the Brookfield Academy, he remembered the country well which as a boy he had rambled over, gathering berries, nuts or wild grapes, or in search of ice for skating, or pools for fishing and bathing. Now he frequently strolled off for a day with a trout rod and a basket, though his ill success as an angler was sure to call forth jocose remarks on his return to the Elm-Tree House. One day, however, proved an exception, for his basket was really quite heavy when he reeled up his line, unjointed his rod, and started homewards. After walking some distance on a pleasant hill-side road, and rather slowly, to enjoy the beautiful landscape made by the declining sun, he felt a sudden thirst. Stopping before the open door of a large old-fashioned house, where an elderly

lady in spectacles sat with her knitting, Arden spoke to her civilly, and pointing to the well-curb in the back-yard, said "he would like to go there for a drink of water."

"Please to take a seat, sir," said the lady, pointing to a vacant chair on the opposite side of the broad door-way; and in the same breath she called out, "My daughter, bring a dipper of cool water."

At this Arden remonstrated, saying that "he could wait upon himself."

"It's no trouble, sir," replied the lady; "strangers often stop here for water; some city people especially, say they like it better out of a cocoa-nut dipper."

Arden took the offered seat, and made some admiring remark about the view from her house, saying that "the country was familiar to him from having been formerly a pupil at the Academy."

Hearing a step approaching he turned his head, exclaiming, as he looked up, and saw who it was, "Philippa! I beg pardon; Miss Wharton, I was not aware that this was your home."

The girl gave a little start that spilt some of the water, and she blushed perceptibly as she replied, "My mother, Mr. Arden."

Arden was no bashful lover, and he said with manly frankness that "this meeting was a most unexpected pleasure;—that he had been hoping to see her in Brookfield, but had refrained from inquiring where she lived;—that her sudden departure from New York had caused him the sincerest regret."

Mrs. Wharton saved her daughter the embarrassment of replying to Arden's lover-like speech by remarking, that "she was glad to have her daughter spend a few months in New York, but that she found she needed her society at home, as she was almost alone without her."

After a few minutes' ordinary conversation, in which

Philippa said but little, Arden stepped forth upon the doorstep; but he did not take his leave without first offering his hand to Mrs. Wharton, and regarding Philippa with an evident expression of delight, as her mother said she would be pleased to have him call at her house when his rides or walks happened to bring him in that direction. To what extent Arden may have availed himself of this coveted privilege, or how he sped in his suit, it is not our cue at present to relate, if, indeed, he sped at all.

For, country girl as she may be deemed, Philippa's was not a disposition to yield at once to the first admirer, even one with Mr. Charles Arden's advantages. Certain it is, moreover, that she would have peremptorily rejected some of the manikins whom she had had an opportunity of observing among the troop of Clementina's visitors, had any of them seen fit to address her; but which, to do them justice, they were as little like to do, as she would have been to accept their suit.

To return to the Elm-Tree House. It was but a few days after this accidental meeting between Arden and Philippa that Miss Clem was informed that her favored admirer had discovered her rival's obscure dwelling-place. Her French maid came rushing up to her mistress' room one afternoon just before sunset, exclaiming, "*Voyez, Mam'selle; voyez Mos'sieu Arden là-bas; comme il regarde avec sa lorgnette; c'est la maison Wharton, vers laquelle il tourne les yeux.*"

As Lissette spoke thus, she hurriedly turned the slats of the blind so that Clementina could look in the direction she pointed, where Arden's figure was distinctly recognizable, far down in a mowing-field, and looking steadily towards Mrs. Wharton's house—Philippa's home. Though the place was not visible at the Elm-Tree House, from being hidden by a spur of the hill, yet on going two or three hundred yards down the sloping field it came plainly in view, and when at the approach of a bright sunset a blaze of light is seen

reflected from its windows. This happened as Miss Bruce, lying on her bed in *deshabillé*, was resting and reading after her afternoon's drive. She turned over to peer through the blind in the direction indicated by her maid; and after gazing a few moments, she languidly said, "*Fermez, Lissette, c'est assez,*" and rolled over again to her book, biting her pretty lip as she continued her reading.

The next time Arden returned to New York he remained there, nor did he again visit Brookfield that season. This absence caused some comment at the Elm-Tree House. Some said the Banking-house with which he had lately connected himself had fallen into difficulties; others thought that Miss Clementina had not sufficiently encouraged his attentions; and which last opinion was supported by certain hints dropped by Lissette.

Dr. Lawrence has long received nearly all the medical practice from the several boarding-houses, and of the most profitable kind. Indeed, the society of those summer visitors proved especially agreeable to him, so that he passed much more time among them than was required by his professional duties. He was a good deal at the Elm-Tree House, where he often took a seat at the table, and was looked upon by the regular guests almost as one of their own circle. He dressed well, and now he always drove a pair. Moreover, as the charming drives were among the advantages that brought summer guests to Brookfield, the Doctor added to the number already known, by taking them over mountain cross-roads, through patches of level pine line land, by old farm lanes and gateways, and a long narrow dell, cooled by dashing streams, that otherwise would have remained undiscovered without so good a guide. And I know no one of the small pleasures that is longer remembered with gratitude towards those who procure it for us, than a new and delightful drive.

One morning, as the Doctor was leaving Mrs. Bruce's par-

parlor, a little four-year old girl, in white piquet and broad roman sash, came climbing up the stair-case, sobbing and crying most piteously, "Aunty Maggie, Aunty Maggie! Dickey's been and b'oke my co'kay malley; Aunty Maggie, Aunty Maggie!" The Doctor had hardly stepped forth into the hall-way when a lady rushed from the door of the opposite room with such precipitation that she almost fell into his arms. Though not a very young lady, and albeit not given to the blushing mood, she blushed deeply at this sudden collision. The Doctor on his part merely replied to her apologies by reaching down the stair-way, and lifting up the crying child, he placed it in the lady's arms, who took her directly to her room, while he went on his way.

This trivial incident is here recorded because it was the accidental meeting of a pair of old lovers, neither of whom had seen or perhaps thought of the other for years. Aunty Maggie, as the little child called the lady, was no other than the yet remembered Saratoga belle of twelve or fourteen years before—Miss Margaret Minturn. There, in her career of flirtation, she had made a more serious wound in the Doctor's then unsophisticated heart than any he had since suffered; and as all wounds leave a cicatrix, this one may have troubled him at times. However that may be, he never once thought that the lady with full and almost matronly form and rounded features he now encountered, was the same person as the slender girl who, years before, had caused him so much pain. Nor is it certain that the lady herself knew that the portly figure and full-bearded face of the man before her had any identity with the almost boy-lover that had so suddenly disappeared from the ranks of her admirers.

Of course the two could not fail, subsequently, in their frequent meetings to discover that they had been old acquaintance, but neither ever made any reference to the past. They were afterwards brought into frequent contact, especially at table, as the Doctor found it both convenient

and agreeable to dine often at the Elm-Tree House, where he always had a seat at the same table with the Bruces; and Miss Minturn, though she had come there rather late in the season, had a seat there also. This modern hotel fashion of several small tables is a great improvement on the old fashion of one or two long tables, as it enables friends and acquaintances to get together by themselves. But it will sometimes happen that the proprietor or steward of the house is obliged to give a seat to some person who is by no means a welcome addition to the circle. This was the case when the head waiter found it convenient to give Mrs. Mason, of Kentucky, and her half-grown daughter, a seat at the same table with the Bruces and their exclusive set.

As at most summer boarding-houses, the guests at the Elm-Tree House consisted in great part of women and children, and hence it came Dr. Lawrence's lot, both professionally and socially, to fill the position of guide, philosopher and friend to the whole concern. He was by nature rather dictatorial, and could not wholly repress that trait even in the society of the fair sex. For instance, he saw that Mrs. Mason and her daughter were seldom spoken to at table, and that they were otherwise treated with a marked want of cordiality. This led him to show Mrs. Mason and her daughter especial attention. In a true manly heart nothing excites compassion more quickly than the pains, slights and discourtesies that women inflict upon each other without apparent cause.

Not only at table was the Doctor attentive to Mrs. Mason, but out on the porch and the lawn, where she and her sickly-looking daughter were often to be seen, sitting apart in moody silence by themselves, while the other guests were grouped in happy converse, with their books, magazines, and needle-work. He promenaded with her up and down the long piazza and about the grounds, and when opportunity offered, he would hand her in and out of her carriage. This

of course became the subject of remark, and even of some pleasantry at the Doctor's expense.

"Did you enjoy your walk this morning with the widow?" pertly inquired Miss Clementina Bruce, as he came up to a group where she and her mother, with Miss Minturn and two or three other ladies, were sitting together.

"You seemed to find enough to talk about," said another, "for your conversation was very animated, and we could almost hear what you were saying."

"She has fine eyes and a good figure for a woman of sixty," said a third.

"Nor too young to marry again, if she met with a good chance," said a fourth.

"But her daughter looks like a poor sickly thing," said the fifth lady.

The Doctor waited till this volley of feminine raillery had expended itself, when he replied, quite composedly, and with a little sharpness, "She is, as you say, well preserved for a woman of her age, and the best I can wish any lady here is, that at sixty years of age she may be able to step over fences and stone walls with the same ease that Mrs. Mason does. If you are curious to know what we found to talk about, I will tell you—it was about painting and sculpture, and art generally; and finally, she's not a widow at all, but has a husband living—an artist in New York—though she intimated that a farm or plantation in Kentucky was her home."

Miss Minturn now spoke for the first time, saying: "There's but one artist in New York by the name of Mason, a third or fourth cousin of mine. But he, poor fellow, threw himself away years ago by marrying a Mrs. Forrester, a Western actress. His family have given him up, so that, as I'm sorry to hear, he's become almost a sot; for my cousin Fred Mason was once a right good fellow."

"Artist means anything nowadays," tartly remarked

another lady ; "it may mean a photographer, or even a window-shade colorer."

To all this combined female musquetry the Doctor finally rejoined by saying, "Since you, ladies, cannot find it in your soft and gentle natures to be attentive to Mrs. Mason, I shall make it a point to be especially civil to her ; nor 'shall your quips and sentences awe me from the career of my humor.'"

This familiar quotation from Shakespeare was recognized by one of the ladies, who gave it an unexpected turn by replying, "Very apt words, Signor Benedict, and we hope you may yet find a Beatrice."

But regarding Mrs. Mason, the ladies gave their several reasons for not being intimate with her. One said, "she don't appear to know anybody that we know ;" another, "that her manners were too brusque—she was too loud and demonstrative." A third declared "that she became too familiar when treated with a little attention."—"She's always quoting from some novel, or play, or poem," said a fourth. Finally, by another lady she was suspected of being "a Secessionist at heart, although she talked strong Union."

"All these are small faults," replied the Doctor, "and as I cannot endure to see her sitting always alone by herself with that sad-looking girl of hers, I shall omit no opportunity of being civil to her. It won't hurt *me*."

The Doctor's remonstrances and his persistent attentions to Mrs. Mason had some effect with the ladies of the Elm-Tree House. They would now go and sit beside her, and take notice of her daughter, who was often asked to join the other girls in croquet, which it was found she played remarkably well. Mrs. Mason, on her part, proved of the greatest service in aiding the young people to arrange their tableaux and private theatricals. Moreover, she was an excellent horsewoman, and they were glad to have her in their riding parties, for she taught them some useful things they would not so well have learned from a riding-master.

Though Mrs. Mason soon found herself on a much better footing, socially, than she had been, Dr. Lawrence abated nothing of his civilities to her. He even took the mother and daughter out to drive. Once, as they passed the "John Moore place" (which, as we before informed the reader, Mrs. Mason had bought and was improving so as to make it a handsome cottage residence), the Doctor related how that it was once owned by a young Irish officer in our Revolution. That his descendants had become reduced, and finally the last of them had moved away, and were now lost sight of. He had once known a bright handsome girl in the family, named Matilda, but who was now probably in California.

During another drive he stopped at Mrs. Wharton's, and introduced Mrs. Mason to his aunt and to Philippa. After which they all went over to the Doctor's house, near by, and where he showed her his little collection of pictures, statuettes, and engravings. These were things that she appeared to know about, which is not surprising when we remember that she was not only the wife of an artist, but was herself an artiste. After looking at things in the house, the Doctor showed them his small conservatory and grapery. Finally, he took them out to the garden, and while they were sauntering through its trim walks, the gardener brought a well-made bouquet of flowers, and which the Doctor presented to Mrs. Mason's daughter, Josephine, as she was called.

Mrs. Wharton said to the Doctor, late that evening, as he was quietly puffing his cigar on her front door-step in the broad moon-light, "I think, nephew, Mrs. Mason is sensible of your kindness to her and her daughter ; for I remarked, especially when she was looking at sister's portrait, and you told her it was your mother's likeness, a tear came into her eye, and she took out her handkerchief."

But the reader of this history is supposed to know much more than either Doctor Lawrence or his aunt, of Mrs. Mason's probable reflections while receiving the spontaneous

kindnesses of two persons whom she, years before, as poor little Matilda Moore, had known as "Aunt Jerusha" and Phil Lawrence. If, while looking around on the Doctor's more than comfortable home, she remembered the twenty-five hundred dollars she had secretly given to Mrs. Wharton to save that home from being sold by the sheriff, she probably did not now repent of her generous action.

There was some truth in the objections made by ladies at the Elm-Tree House; that, although a good sort of a woman, yet, on receiving any attention, she at once became too familiar and seemed to know no middle ground. Especially would she admire ladies' dresses, and their laces or jewelry. Not content with admiring, her impulsive nature would make her jump up and approach the wearer for a nearer look; and then she would proceed to touch and handle that which she admired. This was of course annoying to high-bred ladies; as in one instance Doctor Lawrence was himself a witness, and which was moreover attended with a peculiar mystery that troubled him, as also one or two others. The occasion was this:—

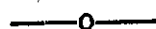
One day when the Doctor was dining at the Elm-Tree House, while they were sitting at dessert, Mrs. Mason exclaimed, in her loud accent:—"Doctor, I see you are looking at Miss Minturn's chatelaine: one trinket there, that little pink coral charm, is like one I once gave to a friend of mine, when I was a green goose of a girl, 'unsifted in such perilous consequences,' as Hamlet says. I scratched 'M. M.' on it with the point of my scissors, and then broke it in two and kept one piece myself." Saying this, Mrs. Mason reached forth and took hold of the coral, exclaiming, "Here is one 'M.,'" and then drawing forth her purse she took from it another little bit of pink coral, exclaiming, "Here is the other 'M. ;' and see how the two pieces fit together."

Here was a mystery that not only puzzled but interested three persons to a painful degree, and of which each one

knew something, and that something was more than they were willing to tell. Mrs. Mason knew that when a poor country girl she had fastened that bit of coral to Phil Lawrence's watch-chain. Doctor Lawrence knew that it was the humble memento once given him by his little rustic beauty of other days, Matilda Moore; and Miss Minturn knew that she came in possession of it a long while ago, at Saratoga, where the young Doctor chanced to lose it.

"It was found at Saratoga, years ago. If it is yours, Mrs. Mason, I am most happy to restore it to you."

But as she was detaching it from her chain, Mrs. Mason interrupted her with: "I beg you will keep it, my dear Miss Minturn, it may bring good luck to you, and might bring bad luck to me. I am of Irish descent, and you know that we have a great many superstitions."



CHAPTER V.

FINANCE AND ROMANCE.

IHAVE here to repeat a remark made at the beginning of the last chapter, that this present season was comparatively a dull one at Brookfield. The summer guests were fewer in numbers, and they went through their accustomed gayeties quite mechanically, and without their former zest. The circle at the Elm-Tree House were sincerely pained to hear of the failure of the New York banking house with which Mr. Charles Arden had lately connected himself. Some said that he had lost everything; others that it was only a part of his patrimony; but one fact was known,

that he had been badly victimized. As the retiring partner, to whose place he succeeded, had taken away with him all the solid capital there was in the concern, what Arden afterwards supplied when he joined the partnership was quickly used up.

Whether Miss Philippa Wharton considered that she at the time had any interest or agency in Arden's mishap is known only to herself, but certain it is that he wrote to her on the subject as follows:—

"My dear Miss Wharton,—You would be likely to learn the unsuccessful result of my first attempt at business, even if it were not reported in all the newspapers. It is not to call forth an expression of your sympathy—though I would value sympathy from you far more than from any other person—that I now venture to write to you on this subject. Nor yet because you have ever allowed me to think that you are specially interested in my good or ill success, though I am sure your goodness of heart would make you regret the misfortunes of any one of your friends or acquaintances. But the real purpose of this letter is to assure you that my loss was not caused by speculation, or that species of gambling that many ignorantly think to be the whole business of Wall Street. Moreover, the amount of the loss does not seem so great here as it would in a country town like Brookfield. Besides, the knowledge and experience I have gained will enable me to do much better hereafter. Hoping yet to deserve your favorable opinion, I remain, with kind regards to your mother,

"Most sincerely yours,

"CHARLES ARDEN."

To this letter Arden received the following reply:—"My mother and myself are glad to have a letter from Mr. Arden assuring us that he is not depressed by his late severe loss. My mother says that the greatest difficulties or reverses ought not to dishearten those who have the best years of life yet before them. Having herself met with great troubles, and finally triumphed over them, she can both sympathize with

and encourage others in like circumstances. Indeed, she expresses the liveliest interest and confidence in Mr. Arden's future success. Nor can his success, or whatever other fortune may be in store for him, ever be a matter of indifference to

PHILIPPA WHARTON."

While speaking of Philippa and her mother, it may here be mentioned that for some reason they now lived more retired than usual, and went to town less often than before the influx of summer visitors from the city. Doctor Lawrence had remonstrated with them to little purpose, saying that the Bruces were his friends and their friends, and had been friends of his mother. Moreover, Mrs. Bruce had stopped more than once, in her afternoon drives, at Mrs. Wharton's house, and once she had stayed to tea. Mrs. Wharton had returned these attentions, by calling at the Elm-Tree House; but once only did Philippa accompany her mother, and then without seeing Miss Clementina, who excused herself, nor did she afterwards return her friend's visit.

But whatever her mamma might do, Miss Clem had little time or disposition to occupy herself with people who were really of no consequence to her. She was a belle if she was anything. And inveterate belles, like inveterate anglers, must always be angling somewhere, even in streams and pools where it is a known fact that almost nothing is to be caught. In Brookfield it happened there were no beaux worth baiting a hook for. Doctor Lawrence was out of the question, a reputed hardened cynic, and, moreover, too generally useful to all, old and young, to be monopolized by any one lady. Equally, or even more unavailable for flirtation was his cousin Augustus, of whom the reader has heard nothing since his most unexpected defeat as a candidate for Congress, through the unknown agency of simple Jake Peabody. This defeat, though at the time a severe disappointment to the Hon. Augustus, was of little material consequence to him. He was still a prince of finance, and held the interests of

half Berkshire county in his grasp, while his business relations extended far West, and he was a welcome visitor in the first counting-houses in Wall Street.

Though in Brookfield he had become a grandee, and lived in great style as a bachelor, yet he did not court the society of summer visitors so much as would have been expected from one of his large vanity. The truth was, that Augustus, with all his personal elegance, had little general conversation such as puts a man at ease in the society of strangers, especially of ladies. However, Miss Clementina finally got him on her string, and he was nearly beside himself with her little piquant arts and feminine diableries. He had never dreamed of so much beauty and grace with so many accomplishments combined in one woman. In short his attentions were incessant, and so well received that everybody said that it would be a match, and not an unsuitable one, though he was old enough to be her father, for that is a small consideration in very fashionable circles. The young lady had begun to feel that she must have an establishment of her own. She would much rather spend her summers at Saratoga and Newport than in sequestered little Brookfield. But that wish she could not realize unless she married a rich man. For after a while it became known that the late Mr. Bruce, besides making large bequests for various charitable and public purposes, had left the whole of his remaining property to the sole use and control of his widow during her lifetime. This had the effect, to some extent, of thinning the ranks of Miss Clem's admirers. However, Augustus Lawrence's courtship was destined to be a protracted one, for Mrs. Bruce was opposed to the match.

But the season is now drawing to a close, and is spoken of by visitors as the dullest and least enjoyable they had ever known at Brookfield. This dulness was not a little relieved by the near prospect of a grand dancing party, that it was rumored the Bruces, or rather Miss Clementina,

intended to give. The expectation was soon realized, and on the grandest scale. Sumptuously engraved cards of invitation were sent out in all directions. Not only every body in the Elm-Tree House was invited, but nearly all the guests at the other houses, besides the leading people of the town. This large number was still further increased by invitations to friends from abroad, a large party of whom were expected to be present on their way from Saratoga to Newport.

The day came, and with it came not only a band of music, but also a magnificent entertainment from New York, with the necessary waiters and attendants; even upholsterers and decorators were brought on, to drape and enclose the broad porches so as to make additional dancing room. Artificial bowers were improvised by bringing fresh branches and young trees from the woods and setting them in the ground. Not only the shrubbery, but the great elm was hung with colored lights to its topmost branches; while a couple of calcium burners, skilfully shaded, threw a sort of magic illumination over the ever-moving scene.

The weather proved fine and the party a great success. Even the proportion of beaux was greater than had been apprehended. Miss Clem had written to her friends quite in detail as to her plans, and what she expected to do; and they mustered in strong force from Saratoga, besides not a few on their return home from Canada and the White Mountains, bringing with them several boy-beaus, collegians whose long vacation was not yet ended. Augustus Lawrence was there, "barbered ten times o'er," in splendid feather, and devotedly attentive to the fair hostess. Even Charley Arden had replied to his invitation, that he would come on in a late train, and accordingly made his appearance among the revellers, but with an absent and *distract* manner. That, people thought, was owing not so much to his late reverses in business, as to Miss Bruce's want of cordiality towards him.

Miss Maggie Minturn, though elegantly dressed on the night of the party, was remarked as being *distracte* and indifferent to the passing scene. In striking contrast with her, Mrs. Mason appeared a conspicuous figure, and really a splendid one, as, with her whole soul, she participated in the spirit of the occasion. Those ladies who were in the habit of seeing her at all hours of the day, now looked upon her with astonishment, as she had somehow got herself up to look at least twelve or fifteen years younger than they had ever supposed her to be. No lady was more magnificently dressed, in a dark lilac or mauve *moire-antique*; and which contrasted finely with shoulders and arms of dazzling smoothness, and fitted to a bust of the most perfect outline. She danced with ease, and in waltzing she whirled some of her boy-partners almost off their feet. And once (though no one knew that she could play) she went to the piano, which was being used as a sort of time-keeper for the music,—and nearly pushing the player from his stool, she took his place, and made the old box fairly tremble, as her fingers swept over keys that season after season had been strummed by children and their nurses.

But the flying feet begin to lag, the music waxes low, the flowers droop, the lights are going out, the marvels of the confectioner's art have been demolished, servants are draining the half-emptied champagne bottles;—and ere long the dew-moistened draperies begin to wave with the breath of Aurora's approaching steeds. The house is now silent, the revelers are in their beds; and there let us leave them, to their late slumbers and rosy morning dreams.

It was far into the day when the precincts of the Elm-Tree House began to show signs of returning animation. But few persons were to be seen on the piazza when Doctor Lawrence drove up, leaped hastily from his wagon and entered the house. He was met by Mrs. Bruce, who accosted him in her usual pleasant manner, saying:—"You

are very kind, Doctor, to come so soon; I don't think Clem is much unwell: it's only fatigue and excitement; rest is all she needs; but I preferred to have you see her."

To this the Doctor replied that "he had received no message."

"But, Doctor," interrupted Mrs. Bruce, "what could have kept you from our party last evening? You can't think how disappointed we all were at not seeing you."

"That is precisely what I came to speak about," the Doctor answered, with a gravity of manner unusual with him, as they entered Mrs. Bruce's parlor.

They were scarcely seated when the door communicating with Clementina's dressing-room was opened by her maid Lissette, and the lawn border of that young lady's skirts were just visible as she lay upon a lounge, waiting the Doctor's entrance. Her mother politely motioned him in that direction; to which he replied by an impatient gesture, plainly indicating that he first wished to say something, and quickly inquired, "Was it accidental—for I know such accidents often happen—that neither my aunt Mrs. Wharton, nor her daughter Philippa, received an invitation to Clementina's party last evening?"

Mrs. Bruce turned away her face and hesitated before replying, in an apologetic, deprecatory tone, "Doctor Lawrence, that is a subject of the most painful regret with me: and could I have foreseen the occurrence, I would never have consented to the party. But there are many things in which parents cannot control their children,—daughters, especially. I remonstrated with Clem, but she would have her own way."

"What reason did she give?" the Doctor asked.

"I suspect there may be some special reason," replied Mrs. Bruce, "why your cousin Philippa was not invited, and, most certainly, not the one she gave me—that it was necessary, as she said, to draw the lines somewhere."

"Damnation!" exclaimed the Doctor, jumping up from his seat, and with a face black with rage, "Who talks of drawing lines? Who talks of family? Philippa Wharton's grandfather and his brothers wore their swords in the Revolutionary Army when Clementina Bruce's grandfather, McAllister and his brothers, were keeping a tavern and mending clocks here in this very town of Brookfield! You may read that on the stones over in yonder grave-yard." Then, pausing a moment, he resumed, in a less vehement tone, "What heartlessness! to insult so kind, so good a woman as my aunt, whose life has been spent in doing good to everybody, and from whom your husband told me that he and his family had received a thousand kindnesses."

"I have always been deeply sensible of your aunt's kindness, nor is there any one for whom I entertain a more sincere regard," interposed Mrs. Bruce.

The Doctor heard her not, for fury stopped his ears, though it had not made him blind. His eye happened to fall upon a portrait of Miss Clementina that hung over the chimney-piece. It was a highly finished imperial photograph, which did full justice to her beauty. Her well-rounded sloping shoulders, together with the hair, style of dress and position, reminded one of the prints we often see of the Empress Eugenie.

The Doctor advanced and gazed at it steadily for a few seconds, and then broke forth in a kind of apostrophe, uttered in a clear but low measured accent, as though he were talking to himself. "Beautiful creature! what grace, what style, what elegance! that hair, how silken and lustrous it is! that forehead, how smooth! those large eyes, how clear! What arched brows and long lashes! that cheek, how peach-like! those lips, how red and full! that neck, how delicately turned! those shoulders, how round and polished! that arm, what a perfect turn! that dimpled little hand, how plump!—and yet—and yet—" Here the Doctor's poetic recitative

tones changed suddenly to a kind of off-hand manner, as he proceeded—"And yet, it's but a scrofulous kind of beauty, after all!—scrofulous! scrofulous!—the beauty of disease. It can't last long—it must quickly fade. After a few years, blotches and abscesses shall mark and scar that fair skin! that lip will become thin and livid, the cheek wrinkled and flabby, the eyes dull and fishy—that now clear brow, sallow and muddy, and the hair thin and—" At this moment a kind of shriek came from Clementina's dressing-room, with the sound of a heavy fall. The poor girl, who had heard every word of the curse pronounced on her proud beauty, rolled off the lounge on to the floor. At the same moment her mother, who stood spell-bound by the Doctor's rage, under the magnetism of his scornful, hissing words, while his form seemed to dilate with passion and almost darken the room—her mother now broke forth, imploringly, "Doctor! Doctor Lawrence!—my child!—my daughter!"

The Doctor stayed not to hear or reply, but rushing forth, he descended the staircase without speaking to any one,—jumped into his wagon and drove homewards at a rapid speed.

On suddenly coming in view of his aunt's house, at a sharp turn of the road, he caught sight of his cousin Philippa sitting at the open window with Mr. Charles Arden. This of course was a surprise; for he had always supposed Arden to be Clementina's most favored suitor. This unlooked-for position of affairs was indeed a revelation to the Doctor. He pulled up his horses before the door, and hastily entered the house. Philippa hurriedly retreated from her *tête-à-tête* position with Arden into the opposite room where her mother was sitting. Thither the Doctor quickly followed her, with only a familiar greeting as he passed the door to Arden, left alone by himself.

"Aunt, is Mr. Arden paying attention to Philippa? Is he a beau of hers?" bluntly demanded the Doctor.

"Philippa can best answer that question for herself," was

Mrs. Wharton's response to her nephew. The Doctor turned to his cousin with an inquiring look; but she sat motionless and silent, with her little mouth firmly pursed, and her gaze fixedly directed out at the window.

"I see," said the Doctor, after an interval of silence, "I see how the case stands; there has been some jealousy or rivalry in the affair; and that's the reason why Philippa was not invited to the party last night."

"I can't say how that may be," observed Mrs. Wharton, "but I know that several months ago, Mr. Arden let Philippa see plainly enough that he was interested in her, and he has ever since continued his attentions. I hope you don't know anything to his discredit."

"Nothing in the world, my dear aunt," replied the Doctor, "only that he has lately been swindled out of the larger part of his fortune: but that's a trifling objection in the eyes of young lovers. He's a fine fellow; and my cousin Philippa is a nice girl—good enough for any man," he added, as he kissed her. "But," he resumed, "I wish I had known something of this an hour or two sooner." Saying this the Doctor stepped into his wagon, and drove back to town with the same speed that he had left it half an hour before.

On reaching the Elm-Tree House he hurried up the stairway and knocked at Mrs. Bruce's parlor door, which, though generally ajar, if not wide open, was now closed. After a little delay it was partly opened by Lissette, but only far enough for her to squeeze herself through and close it after.

"Mo'ssieu?" was the only word she spoke, but with a pert inquiring accent, as she stood before the Doctor.

"Puis-je voir madame, Mam'selle?" inquired the Doctor, in a bland accent, and an unusual prefix that was meant to win the favor of the discreet handmaid.

But she pursed her lips as she replied, "Madame est désolée, mam'selle Clementina est au lit. On ne vois personne, Monsieur le Docteur."

At this the Doctor took a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and wrote—"I have come to make amends for what I said this morning; I was in a great error. I beg you, as an old friend of my mother's, do not refuse to see me. P. L." This message was given to Lissette with a gold piece, and she disappeared closing the door after her.

The Doctor took a seat in the recess of the hall window; but he had not long to wait before Mrs. Bruce herself opened the door and invited him to enter. The instant the door was shut, the Doctor broke forth in a kind of loud whisper, with the air almost of a crazy man, "I'm a liar; I've acted like a villain!—Mrs. Bruce, I can never again respect myself unless you forgive me for my brutal conduct this morning. I was beside myself with rage—with fury. I thought a cruel insult had been put upon the dearest friends I have in the world; I did not know of any special cause. What I said of your daughter, while looking at her portrait there, was a falsehood, coined in a fit of revenge to make her miserable. There's not a word of truth in what I then said; there's no better or nobler stock in the country than the McAllisters, from which your daughter is descended. Her father I honor next to my own, and her mother was my mother's friend. Forgive me if you can, I beg of you; or I can never again feel that I am a gentleman. Pray, write to me soon, that I am forgiven."

After this excited appeal, uttered with some pauses, during which Mrs. Bruce showed no readiness to say anything, the Doctor moved towards the door; but she detained him with gentle words: "Doctor Lawrence, the esteem that for years I have entertained for you and your family cannot be destroyed by a moment's passion. I beg you will come in and see Clem; she needs advice; she's hysterical, I think; she's in her room, and heard what you have just said, and I am sure will as gladly forget your angry words as I do."

Mrs. Bruce led the Doctor through a half-open door,

where Clementina was in bed weeping. "Can you forgive me, my dear young lady?" said the Doctor, addressing her in a voice that for gentleness contrasted strangely with the fierce tones she had heard a little while before. "I was mad, insane, and not myself, when I said what I did. I told a base lie to make you unhappy."

The sobbing girl was lying with her face averted, but she extended her hand backwards, saying, "I forgive you, Doctor, as sincerely as I hope Philippa will forgive me. I have acted revengefully towards your cousin."

The Doctor not only took the offered hand, but he kissed it respectfully, saying, "There's no young lady can have a fairer future than you. I meanly used my knowledge to frighten you and make you miserable. Your father and my father were friends. The McAllisters and the Lawrences have been friends for generations;—let us be friends."


The Doctor felt his hand pressed in token of reconciliation.

Nothing whatever was known of this unpleasant affair by the other guests of the house. But during the few days there yet remained of the season, some of the less charitable ladies, in their gossip, coupled Doctor Lawrence's name with Mrs. Mason's: for that lady had appeared on the night of the party so much younger and more attractive than they had ever dreamed of her being, that there were those who looked serious, and were tempted to concoct a little affair of scandal out of her former walks and drives with the Doctor. But very unjustly; for she never moved without her daughter at her side. The first week of September quickly came: to cut short all their discussions of the subject; at which time these summer birds took their departure for their several homes.

Long before the next season again brought them together, events had transpired that banished all petty thoughts from people's minds. The guns of Fort Sumter had boomed over the Continent.

CHAPTER VI.

WAR.

AR! War! suddenly confronted a peaceful people. They had only heard of battles and fightings, as of other terrible things,—earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes, and shipwrecks,—but as far-off evils, that could never come near them. Now, the vision was before them; war, with all its pomps and glories, all its sufferings and slaughterings;—war, in which not alone the rich and strong, the poor and weak, but the infant, and the yet unborn child, all have a stake pending on the issue.

In this excitement caused by the approaching storm, private passions and personal interests are alike forgotten. The streets are thronged with strange faces, rude people grow civil, the droning of the politician is unheeded, the air is charged with rumors, soft-limbed women and rugged men lie down at night sick with feverish thought, and one brief week seems almost a lifetime. A thousand frantic and foolish things are said and done. Contemptuous boastings and threats are heard and applauded. People who never in their lives had once gone without their dinner, or slept on anything but a good bed, or ever walked five miles on a stretch, or perhaps ever loaded and fired a gun, now talked of rushing South, in a mass of half a million of men, armed with revolvers and various patent shooting implements, with no thought of how they were to travel, unless by rail, or where they were to sleep and eat, unless in hotels, and finishing the rebellion right up,—in thirty days!

In this crisis, which was felt in Brookfield not less than in other places, the popular regard naturally turned towards their two local heroes, Brevet Brigadier-General Alexander Phipps, commanding the Berkshire militia, and Colonel (late Major) Augustus Lawrence of the Brookfield Artillery. Nor did these two gallant militia chiefs disappoint the expectations of their fellow-citizens. Their whole time was devoted to preparing for the conflict; and they were never seen now, but in a military undress. Not Marc Antony's goodly eyes ever glowed over the files and musters of the war more intently than did General Phipps's as he scanned the rolls of the Berkshire Militia; of which the number of battalions and regiments (on paper) would have made a respectable command for one of Napoleon's marshals. Not less active was Colonel Augustus Lawrence of the Brookfield Light Artillery. The two ancient brass field-pieces were dragged forth and rubbed up to the highest degree of polish. The caissons and ammunition-wagons were handsomely repainted, ordnance stores were provided, and practice in gunnery was had daily,—to the great delight of all the little boys in the town.

True, this sort of thing did not continue many days before some of the brave militia-men began to complain of it,—saying, that they could not spare so much time from their own business. At length, a few ventured confidentially to say to General Phipps or to Colonel Augustus Lawrence, that though, for themselves, they would be very glad to go South and help lick the Rebels, yet they really didn't see how they could possibly leave home. Such patriotic souls were pacified and comforted by their commanders assuring them that they would not be required to leave home—that there would be no real war—that all this was only a demonstration on the part of the North, the effect of which would be to frighten the secessionists and make them take the back track—that private advices from the authorities at

Washington said, that was all that was needed and that nobody would be hurt.

In all this bustle of preparation in Brookfield Doctor Lawrence appeared to take but little interest: so little indeed that some people suspected him of being at heart a Southern sympathizer. If he did not ridicule the parading of the militia, he said plainly that they would be good for nothing as soldiers, of no more use indeed for real military service than the sham soldiers to be seen on the stage of a theatre. He expressed the opinion, too, that a long and bloody war was at hand, of which the issue was doubtful. And when people talked of rushing on South and at once crushing the Rebels by the mere weight of numbers, he would then try and explain to the more intelligent of his listeners how impossible it was for an undisciplined crowd to act as a military force, though each man were valiant as Hector and muscular as Samson; but that, merely from being in one another's way, they would be slaughtered like sheep.

In talking with the country farmers, he would tell them exactly how many pounds of food, with their ammunition and supplies, were required for say twenty thousand men for a given time; and they could readily calculate for themselves how many wagons and teams would be needed, and how long a train the whole would make on the line of march, and how fast they could move, and the vast territory that must be fought over, and held possession of when conquered.

All this while, as the Southerners daily showed more and more boldness and resolution, the tone of a few of the most forward patriots at the North began to change. Now the blast of war was blowing in their ears they were as little disposed to imitate the action of the tiger as formerly, in times of peace, they had been little noted for "modest stillness and humility." Of this class General Alexander Phipps and Colonel Augustus Lawrence were fair examples. They

were both practised political speakers, and, with other orators, they frequently held forth from a platform or stand that had been erected on the little Brookfield green or common; where now there was an auditory of country people assembled nearly every evening soon after sunset, not only to hear the speaking, but to listen to the reading of the telegraphic messages.

It was not late on the evening of the 20th of April, when the usual crowd had assembled about the stand on Brookfield common to hear the news, or whatever else might be offered to them;—or to listen to the village band play “Hail Columbia” and “Yankee Doodle;” or to join in the chorus of “The Star-Spangled Banner,” or “The Red, White, and Blue.”

Two speeches were made by General Phipps and Colonel Lawrence; the General, in a state of considerable excitement, expressed himself in the following terms. “Fellow-citizens: and especially to my companions in arms, my fellow-soldiers of the Berkshire militia, I now address myself. I am no longer your general; you have been my life-long pride. It is with tears in my eyes that I tell you, my comrades, that we must now part, and perhaps forever. This letter I hold here in my hand, I received yesterday from the Governor of the Commonwealth, ordering me,—yes, *ordering* me to despatch as many of the troops of my command as were fit to go, under their proper officers, to Washington, to report themselves there to somebody or other I never before heard of. As you know the ultra-political sentiments of our Governor, you will not be surprised at the tenor of the answer I sent; at the same time resigning my military commission, held now for nearly a quarter of a century. This is a copy of my reply to the Governor’s letter:—‘Sir, I decline to lead or send a single man from Berkshire to bear arms against our fellow-citizens of the South, either to slaughter them or be slaughtered by them, in the fell and

wicked purpose of coercing them to abandon their just rights under the Constitution of our beloved and once happy country. My military commission you will find enclosed herewith. Signed, &c., &c.’

“Now, fellow-citizens, as Othello’s occupation’s gone, and I am no longer a soldier, I am free to say what I think on the present political crisis. My own distinct recollections go back over forty years of our country’s history; in all which time we were a happy and a prosperous people. The people of the North successfully followed their schemes of commerce and industry, while the Southerners, reared in habits of command, stood at the helm of state. But this happy state—this Eden, this Paradise of our country—has been destroyed by the sectionalism and fanaticism of a few mischief-makers, who would cower and quail if brought face to face with the Southerners, whose rights and honors they now dare to question and asperse. And as my opportunities for observation have been very good,—better probably than most of those who now hear me,—I will confess that I myself have seen a gallant statesman of Mississippi come into our own borders, and, by a fearless defence of Southern principles, bring the sectionalism and fanaticism of the North to his feet through the mere power of his gallantry. Under men of such courage I have lived and been governed; and under them I trust hereafter to live and be governed.”

Some faint applause was heard as the General finished his speech and sat down; but with, as I must add, prolonged groans and hisses, which appeared to surprise him not a little. Then Colonel Augustus Lawrence rose and said: “As youth is impetuous, so age is cautious; therefore we may suppose that if our veteran military commander who has just addressed you were as young as some of us are, there would be more boldness and less prudence in his counsels. But as in most cases, so also it happens in the present political emergency, I suspect that a middle course will

prove to be the wisest. I have had the honor quite lately of conversing personally with three ex-presidents of the United States, and I have heard each one of them declare his belief that this difficulty between the North and the South can never be settled by fighting, but only by peaceful negotiation. Now, in my opinion, the best way to negotiate is, with arms in our hands. Let the hardy sons of the North drill with the glittering musket and the thundering cannon for two or three hours a day for a month or two longer, and—take my word for it—the misguided people of the South will become impressed with the fact that the North is resolved that the Union of the States shall not be broken; then their ambitious political leaders will not be able to control them for the purpose of carrying out their nefarious design of setting up an independent confederacy. Thus we of the North shall gain a great and bloodless victory, not by fighting, but by appearing ready to fight, and not another man need leave his home to go South as a soldier. But in the mean time, here in Brookfield, let us keep up our daily artillery practice. Personally, I will say for myself, that I have no intention to go South to fight for niggers, like those two stupid-looking creatures I have in my eye at this moment."

Colonel Augustus, perceiving that his audience did not manifest much interest in his remarks, one way or the other, brought them to a sudden close. The village band thereupon struck up "Hail to the Chief," but at the same time a voice called out, "Doctor Lawrence! Doctor Lawrence!" This cry was taken up and vociferated with such clamor that the band stopped in the middle of their tooting.

Doctor Lawrence, who had been sitting a little apart on the platform, then came forward and said:—"My friends, I will frankly say that I was glad to hear my name called. I am desirous of speaking to you, and to tell you not only what I think, but what I know. The slave States and the free

States can never peaceably exist side by side as two separate nations. With these inborn antipathies and opposite ideas there must be constant warfare along a border of two thousand miles. A war is already begun that will certainly last two years, and possibly six or eight. The causes of this war have been in operation for half a century. The Southerners will fight—fight desperately—for they have staked their all upon the issue. They have been called boasters and braggarts; but I think that of late we of the North have pretty nearly equalled them in that line. I hope we will show equal resolution, and not allow a rival government to be set up without a long and hard fight; for if we yield to their demands, their demands will increase till we have no longer the power to resist them. It is a common saying that, 'to be able to command, we must first learn to obey.' The North have been practising obedience for the last forty years, and now I trust they will take their turn at commanding. It is never wise to despise an enemy; I, for one, do not despise the courage and determination of the Southern people; nor need we fear it if we are true to ourselves; nor need we be much troubled by their insults of the industrious and frugal habits and common-sense ideas of the people of the North. But the insults we ought most to feel, and the dangers we have most to fear, come from certain of our own citizens who seem to have been born without the instincts of manhood—northern men, who can stand up and say publicly that they wish to live under and be governed by what they call the gallantry of the South. These are the men who disgrace us, and have earned for us the name of mean and cowardly Yankees.

"One letter from the Governor has been read to you this evening; I, too, have a letter from the firm and patriotic chief of our Commonwealth, and which, with your permission, I will ——"

Here Doctor Lawrence's speech was cut short by a cry of

"Telegram, telegram!" and the messenger handed a pumpkin-colored envelope to Augustus Lawrence, which he took, and advancing to the front of the platform, said as he tore it open, "My friends, I hope we have some good news here." He then read the following:—"The Rebels are in such force near Norfolk, Va., that the Commandant of the Navy Yard was compelled to set fire to all the ships there, including several of the largest and finest vessels of our navy. The value of property destroyed is estimated at fifty millions."

"Yes, that is good news!" exclaimed Doctor Lawrence; "good news, indeed, if the flames of those burning and sinking ships will serve to illuminate the Northern mind as they doubtless will to fire the Southern heart. Now, my friends, let me tell you about this letter from the Governor. It gives me authority to raise a battalion to be called the 'Berkshire Light Artillery.' If there are any present who think and feel as I do about this business, and who are disposed to enlist in this artillery corps, I would like to see them to-morrow morning on the meadow opposite the Red House. But I must tell you beforehand, that real military service is something very different from the militia trainings we are so familiar with. Hoping to see some of you early to-morrow morning, I now bid you good night."

As Doctor Lawrence descended from the stand and walked off the common, he was followed by a portion of the crowd, who would not stay even to hear the band play "Hail Columbia." The crowd pressed eagerly about the Doctor, with questionings and shoutings, to all which he had but one answer:—"Come to the Red House to-morrow morning at sunrise."

CHAPTER VII.

VOLUNTEERING.

IT was hardly day-break the next morning when people began to collect about the Red House. Before sunrise a crowd of full a hundred had gathered outside the house, the doors of which were still closed. A solitary wall tent is seen pitched in the field on the opposite side of the road, just where some seventeen years before had stood the great circus tent mentioned in the first chapter of this narrative. This little tent was an object of mysterious curiosity to most of those now collected near it, and who never before had seen anything like it. It was well pitched, but closely tied up; and several of the country fellows walked around and looked at it with much the same caution, we may suppose, that wild animals will peer and snuff at some unwonted object that is suddenly met with in their forest haunts.

Meanwhile, many of the crowd frequently cast their eyes up the road, a mile or two of which was visible in the direction of Doctor Lawrence's house, but without seeing any sign of his approach. "He'll be here, if he said he would," said some. "That he will; you may bet your life on't," said others. Then there were desultory remarks about the Doctor's antecedents, as:—"How can a doctor know anything about sodgering and fighting?" said one. "No, he never trained in his life, that I ever see'd him," said a second speaker. "Trained! no, I guess he never did," rejoined a third; "ef you mean such darned tom-foolery as Buck Lawrence, and that old dough-head Phipps, used to put us

through in this here field."—"Fighting, is it ye m'ane?" ejaculated a gray-headed Irishman; "be dad ef ye loik that ye shud a seen the nate polishin' the Doctor guv Jo Parsons, years ago, right here in this same spot;—Jo Parsons, the same as is caged now for crackin' the bank."—"I mind it weel; I sae that mull," spoke up a gigantic old Scotchman, "and here be ma twa bairns I'll gie the Doctor to gae wid him t' the waars; en ef he'd tak' an un the likes o' me, I'd gae mesel'."—"Wal," spoke up a stalwart farm-laborer, "he's a damned good doctor, any way; that I can tell you: he knows how to stop a feller from bleeding t'death, or save a broken arm for him."—"I know'd of his being in the Mex'can war," put in another man, "an' I've heer'd tell he fit in the Crymee when he wuz way from hum so long, time his father died."

While this sort of talk was going on among the crowd, and they kept looking up the road, impatient for the Doctor's coming, he suddenly appeared in their midst, for he had lodged that night at the Red House. The men pressed about him, shouting, "I'll go, Doctor."—"We're on hand."—"Put me down."—"Doctor, you know me." At this moment the tent was opened and a grizzly old Prussian, known by sight to most of them, stepped forth and blew a long bugle-blast that echoed among the hills as their tops were gilded by the rising sun. This was followed by a short roll of a drum smartly beaten by a little chap of fourteen.

"Men," said the Doctor, "that is the army breakfast call. Have you had your breakfasts?"

To this question the reply was,

"Guess most on us han't tho't o' that this mornin'."

"There's a soldier's breakfast ready for you in the house, of good bread, bacon, and hot coffee. When you've finished that, come over to the tent and I'll attend to you."

After the men had had their coffee with something to eat, —and which most of them were glad to get, as they were

chilled by the morning air,—they assembled in front of the tent, eager to be enlisted at once. But the Doctor, who now had on a regulation cap, and a blue sack-coat with a pair of major's shoulder-straps, thought it best to make them a little speech, as follows:—

"My friends, I am right glad to see you here, but I do not wish you to be deceived or disappointed; therefore, I must tell you beforehand, that enlisting for a soldier is a most serious thing for a man to do. He thereby surrenders his rights as a citizen, and places himself under the Rules and Articles of War, as established by the Congress of the United States. He is then no longer his own master, but all his time, day and night, belongs to the Government. A soldier not only has some hard duties to perform, but he must promptly obey the orders he receives without the least question or objection. He is never allowed to leave the camp without a written pass, and if he overstays his time, he will on his return be sent to the guard-house and required to do the drudgery of the camp, to cut wood, bring water, sweep the grounds, etc. Good soldiers sometimes get into the guard-house for a few hours, or a day or two, for some slight military offence; so that it is not always a disgrace, like being sent to jail. Soldiers are required to drill from four to six hours a day; and to drill with such arms, and to serve either as infantry, cavalry, or artillery, as the Government may direct. So that, though we expect to be an Artillery corps, yet those who now enlist will be required to drill with muskets as Infantry."

"But there are pleasures and advantages, as well as hardships, in a soldier's life. It is a sociable kind of life, free from care;—a life in which a man learns much, and sees a good deal of the world. All sorts of games are allowed and encouraged; though no disorderly conduct or boisterous noise and shouting is permitted in camp. It is the duty of officers to constantly look after the welfare of the men under

them, to see that they are treated justly, and that they have all the comforts possible in a soldier's life. And let no good man be disappointed that he is not made an officer; many of those first appointed will prove unfit and be obliged to resign, so that all deserving men sooner or later will surely have a chance of promotion. Now, every man who hears me, and is willing and ready to leave his home and friends and defend his country on the battle-field, can come forward and have his name entered on the muster-roll."

Before the dinner-call sounded that day, several squads, amounting in all to over a hundred and fifty good men, could be seen going through their first drill without arms,—marching, counter-marching, wheeling, and doubling files. Long before night large boxes of camp equipage, arms, and clothing had been hauled from the railway station at Laurel, directed to "Major Philip Lawrence."

A long row of tents were pitched, a guard had been detailed, and sentinels were walking their beats, over all which floated the American flag. When night and darkness came the blaze of campfires (an unwonted sight) lighted up the faces of groups of men in the uniform of United States Volunteers.

But all this—the work of a single day—was the result of weeks of silent preparation on the part of Doctor Lawrence. Besides the old Prussian bugler, who blew the first military call that ever echoed from the hills of Berkshire, the Doctor had found out several men in the county who knew something of military routine. There was an old discharged United States soldier, living on a little farm in Brookfield, who made an excellent sergeant-major; while a few of the more spirited youth of the neighborhood, who had formerly trained in the Berkshire militia, knew enough of the manual of arms to put the raw recruits through their first exercises.

During all the winter previous Doctor Lawrence had been brushing up his own military knowledge, acquired in-

cidentally years before while on the medical staff of the regular army in Mexico. He found among that store of youthful mementoes that had been so carefully preserved by his mother, the tin trumpets and toys of childhood, his dog-eared school-books, to his letters and photographs sent from Europe—he found an old copy of "U. S. Army Regulations, 1841," of which there was yet no later edition. A few leaves had been torn out for shaving paper, but enough remained to afford him valuable information when added to his own previous knowledge. Indeed, for months before the first gun of the war was fired, Doctor Lawrence's thoughts had been preoccupied with a belief that war was near at hand. And he met with a most singular and unexpected proof that many other persons were similarly impressed. For during his usual short winter trips to New York and Boston, he found, on inquiring at the bookstores and public libraries for works relating to military art, that such books were now not to be had; though they had previously stood on the shelves uncalled for.

By the end of the first week the Berkshire Volunteer Artillery (so called), encamped on the field in front of the Red House, numbered over three hundred men under Major—formerly Doctor—Lawrence. A supply of rifled muskets with other equipments had been received, and the whole command could be seen daily going through their battalion or "knapsack drill" at the "double quick." The routine of camp life was fairly established, the calls were regularly sounded by bugle or drum-beat, a small military band had been provided, and the morning guard-mounting and evening dress-parades attracted a crowd of interested spectators from the surrounding country.

Another ten days added another hundred men to Major Lawrence's corps, and he received his commission of Major of volunteers from the Governor of the Commonwealth. So, for the present, we must speak of him as Major Philip Law-

rence, at the risk of the reader's confusing him with his cousin Augustus Lawrence, Major in the Berkshire militia; but who is more frequently spoken of as "squar" Lawrence by the country people, and which latter title was his more appropriate one.

Major Philip Lawrence having at length nearly five hundred men in his command, though in a state of incipient discipline, began to feel desirous for an order to move towards the scene of action. Impatient of delay, he made a hurried visit to Washington. On arriving at that famed capital of the American Republic he found himself one of many hundreds who had rushed on individually (!) to protect the seat of government from the assaults of rebels and traitors. The broad and straggling streets and avenues were filled with people in military dress. Most of the gentlemen in shoulder-straps were driving about town in hired hacks or one-horse-wagons, and but very few were to be seen on horseback. At least half a dozen major-generals of State militia were to be met with in the corridors of the public offices, or the passage-ways of the hotels. They were mostly of a class usually described as "large, fine-looking men," though with somewhat heavy features; but being well bedizened with tinsel, and of pompous carriage and manners, they seemed better qualified for drum-majors than for major-generals.

A rebel flag was to be seen flying a few miles down the river, and not seldom the sound of rebel guns could be heard in the capital. The officials in Washington did not seem at all frightened, for they took things very easily; at least the clerks of the several departments did; as the hours from nine till three sufficed for their office duties, after which they played billiards or amused themselves as they pleased. Some old acquaintance, whom Major Phil found in high official station, appeared to his perception little better than rebels in feeling, from the half-hearted replies they made to his questions and remarks. It is not to be wondered at, that the

rebels jeered and yelled forth our daily countersigns from their batteries on the Potomac. All the measures for the defence of the Capital must have seemed a perfect farce to any true military man. No person was allowed to cross the bridges without a written pass from headquarters; but those passes were printed and given out by the thousand to all who asked for them.

Major Phil's curiosity led him to cross the river to Arlington, where several regiments of Northern volunteers were encamped. Neither officers nor men seemed to have the remotest ideas of strict military discipline or duty. One sentry whom he was obliged to pass he found reading a novel, while his musket rested against a tree near by. On Major Lawrence speaking to him and showing his pass, the fellow looked up from his book, saying, "Yes, all right; go ahead. But I say, Cap'n, next time you come this way can't you bring a feller a pound or two of good butter? I han't seen a mite of butter nor tasted a drop of milk for mor'n a week. I'm right sick o' this business, and I'm going to resign and go home the first chance I git."

On returning to Washington by the way of Long-bridge Major Phil met a newly arrived regiment from his own State just crossing over into Virginia, and he had reason to be proud of their good appearance. But when he saw the regimental baggage-train his heart sank within him. He counted over thirty great army wagons filled in part with brass-bound leather trunks, cast-iron cooking-stoves; and in one wagon he saw a four-post bedstead! This was a sad-denying sight to one who reflected by how terrible an experience these crude ideas of military service must be corrected in the war now fairly begun between the two fiercely enraged sections of the country.

Hardly less satisfactory and equally discouraging were Major Lawrence's reflections on what looked like either apathy or stupidity of those of high position in the War Depart-

ment. They were well-educated military men, who had grown gray in thirty or forty years of routine office life, not one of whom seemed in the least to comprehend the nation's dire need of their most energetic action. It was not coolness or deliberation on their part, but positive dulness. One officer whom the Major had formerly known in the Mexican war as a gallant fellow, was now become the father of a numerous family, and had been long stationed at Washington, where he was snugly settled at housekeeping. Though in his young, ambitious days he had published an elaborate mathematical work on gunnery, he had since managed to get himself transferred to the commissary department. This gentleman naively expressed the opinion that the regular army should have little or no part in the present war, but that the fighting should be left to the citizen volunteers who chose to engage in it, and were ambitious of distinction. That same evening came the news of the defeat of Union troops by the rebels at Big Bethel.

Major Lawrence having finally succeeded in the object of his mission to the capital,—which was to procure an order (with transportation and rations) for moving his battalion directly to Washington,—he returned to Brookfield after an absence of exactly three days. While the railway train was winding among the hills and vales of Berkshire, now clad in their new spring dress, his eye happened to rest on an old familiar object miles away. It was not his own home, nor his aunt Mrs. Wharton's house; but it was a large ruinous old frame building, set astraddle of a little mountain stream; and over which in former years was a sign—"Chair and Bedstead Factory." And as grotesque ideas will sometimes obtrude themselves in our soberest reveries, Major Lawrence thought that old chair and bedstead shop had some similitude with the War Department at Washington.

He called to mind that long ago, when he was a small boy, there was an old mill-horse named Tim, employed as one of

the moving forces of that industrial establishment, to be seen through the broken cellar windows, pacing round his dark and solitary circle all day long. It was easy for mischievous little boys to stop him at any time, by reaching forth an apple or an ear of corn. But to start the old horse again was not so easy; though the little boys shied pebbles at him, and punched his sides with a pole, it is likely they did not hurt old Tim much, as their pithless little arms had not strength to hurt anything so old and tough; and all they could do to him only made him wink. Old Tim knew the exact moment when twelve o'clock came, and stopped of his own accord; nor would he budge an inch until he had his provender and his hour's rest, no matter how many bed-posts and chair legs there were on hand to be turned.

Now it is quite possible for war-horses to become mill-horses. Take the finest Morgan colt that ever trotted over Vermont's sloping pastures, or one of the best blood ever foaled in the Emperor of Morocco's stables, and put him in a hole to travel round the same narrow circle for a few of the best years of his life, and he will become just such a poor creature as that old horse Tim. The old Timothies of the War Department may once have been spirited steeds that stepped high and champed the bit at the rattle of drum or bugle's blast. But twenty-five or thirty years of indoor office life will make of the best man a spiritless creature, little better than old Tim the mill-horse.

Major Lawrence was indulging in these reminiscences and reflections when he was recalled to consciousness by the slowing of the train, and the call of "Laurel Station. All out for Laurel and Brookfield." On stepping forth on to the platform, he was surprised to see some twenty or thirty blue-coated warriors sauntering about the place. He said nothing, but drove directly to the camp; where, on coming in sight of the grounds, a still more unpleasant view presented itself. It was the hour for battalion drill; but not only was

there no drill of any kind going on, but there was an appearance of disorder throughout the camp. The grounds were unswept, sentries on post were talking together, there was shouting and singing, the men were lounging idly about, several of whom were to be seen over on the porch of the Red House.

The Major had not long to wonder at the cause of the change that had taken place during his brief absence. Before he reached his tent the Sergeant-Major approached him, and making a military salute, stood at "attention."

"Well, Sergeant," said Major Lawrence, "I see you've had trouble here; what is it?"

"Major," replied the Sergeant, "the men won't obey their officers."

"Why not?"

"There come a gentleman into the camp the same day you went away, and he's bin here sev'ral times since, a-talking to the men, and sort o' fusticating 'em."

"Who is he,—do you know him?" was Major Lawrence's next question.

The Sergeant replied in a respectful tone, "He says he's the Major's cousin; the men—some on 'em—call him Squire Lawrence, and some call him Colonel Lawrence. He's here in the camp now, somewhere about, sir."

"Go and find him, Sergeant, give my compliments, and say that the Major would be glad to see him at the camp headquarters."

The Sergeant departed on his errand, while Major Lawrence entered his own tent and told the man he found there detailed as Orderly, to go for the Adjutant. "He's gone home, sir," said the Orderly.

"Sick?" asked the Major.

"No, sir; but the squar', your cousin, told his folks you'd made him a kind o' servant o' your'n."

"Infernally stupid fools," was the Major's half audible

ejaculation, as he thought to himself. "I hope we'll get some manhood and common sense thrashed into us before this business is over!"

The Lieutenant, whom Major Lawrence had chosen for his Adjutant, was a fine young fellow of good education and connections; but the pride and ignorance of his parents had been taken advantage of, to make them believe that the position given to their son was a menial one, instead of being the most honorable of any in the battalion. He knew that Augustus Lawrence was at the bottom of all the trouble.

The Sergeant-Major soon returned with Augustus Lawrence's answer, that "he didn't think he'd have time to call on his cousin to-day."

"Sergeant, who's officer of the day?" Major Phil then inquired.

"Captain Holmes, sir."

"Who's captain of the guard to-day?"

"Lieutenant Bliss, sir."

"Humph; they won't do, neither of them," replied the Major, half musingly; then added, after a moment's reflection, "Sergeant, bring a file of the guard here directly,—a couple of good men that you can depend on."

When the Sergeant returned with the men, the Major handed him a paper on which a single line was written, as follows—"Mr. Augustus Lawrence—Sir, I wish to see you at Camp Headquarters within ten minutes. Philip Lawrence, Major Berkshire Volunteers." "Sergeant," the Major added, "read this paper to Mr. Lawrence, and if he does not come directly, bring him here; use no violence; but in any event don't allow him to leave the camp."

The Sergeant, followed by the guard with shouldered muskets, overtook Mr. Augustus just as he was walking off the grounds.

"Halt," said the Sergeant, placing himself before him; then after reading the paper aloud, he handed it to Augustus,

who put it in his pocket, and would have walked on his way without even a word of reply.

"Halt," again shouted the Sergeant, stepping directly before him, when Augustus exclaimed "Get out o' my way, you damned scoundrels."

The Sergeant drew his sword, and the men brought the points of their bayonets uncomfortably near Mr. Lawrence's person.

"My orders are not to allow you to leave the camp till the Major has spoken with you," said the Sergeant.

"I'll speak with *him*, and I'll have all three of you in jail in less than an hour from this," replied Augustus, turning and hastily directing his steps, closely followed by the Sergeant and two soldiers, towards the battalion headquarters.

On reaching the Major's tent, he said quite blandly,—
"What is the meaning of this, cousin Philip?" The Major did not reply directly to this question, but handing two papers to the Sergeant, he told him to read them at evening parade. One of the papers was the War Department order for moving his command; the other the Major had just written, and was as follows:—

CAMP ANDREW, 14th June, 1861.

Pursuant to said orders from the War Department, the officers and men of this battalion will hold themselves in readiness to leave for New York en route for Washington on Monday the 16th, at sunrise,—the men to have two days' cooked rations in their haversacks.

By order, etc.,

PHILIP LAWRENCE, Major commanding.

When the Sergeant had taken the orders and gone away with his men, the two cousins were left by themselves, with only an orderly within hearing just outside the tent. Major Lawrence then replied to his cousin's question,—who had in the mean time been kept standing. "I'll tell you what this means," said Major Philip indignantly, "it means that I won't allow you nor any other man to go about this camp making mischief among the men and interfering with their discipline."

"Is it possible," replied Augustus, "that you, cousin Philip, are so ignorant of the laws of our State, of which I am a magistrate, as not to know that you have just committed an offence, an assault, for which the men acting under your orders and you yourself are liable to arrest and imprisonment?"

To this Major Phil replied: "The ignorance is all on your part. Not a man of this command can be or shall be arrested except for crime. Not all the magistrates in Berkshire, nor the Sheriff with all his assistants, have the legal right to arrest a soldier of the United States except on a charge of felony. Nor have they the power here, as I have nearly five hundred men with muskets, and you must have noticed that the muskets have bayonets; and I will further inform you that we have no blank cartridges. That is all I have to say to you; you can go now."

All this while Augustus Lawrence's face bore a quiet, but yet a kind of puzzled expression, as though he regarded his cousin the Major as a little crazed. After a moment's pause, he extended his hand, saying, "Cousin Phil, you're a noble fellow; I believe you mean well, and I forgive you."

"Damn your compliments, and damn your forgiveness. I've no time for ceremony now," was the Major's exclamation as he twisted on his sash and buckled on his sword; for the call for evening dress-parade had just sounded.

The several companies appeared on parade with fuller files than the Major had feared to find. After the orders were read he made them a little speech, to the purport that early Monday morning the battalion would take a special train for New York;—that it would be a long time before many of them returned to their homes;—and some of them never would see those familiar hills again. But all who wished to stay behind were free to do so;—that the country wanted no shirks or cowards, &c., &c. Late on the following Monday night, Major Lawrence with his command was encamped on a narrow point of land in New York harbor.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO THE FRONT.

IT will be remembered that in the excitement and alarm that possessed the whole North (not unmingled with satisfaction that blows, and not words, were now to be exchanged) during the first two months of the war, considerable bodies of troops were collected in the several States and sent forwards with all possible speed for the protection of the capital. But these troops were not soldiers, though doubtless excellent material from which to make soldiers. The authorities at Washington had therefore decided, and perhaps wisely, that the different regiments and bodies of raw recruits then on their way should be halted at convenient points for camp exercise, and remain there until duly mustered into the service of the United States.

Therefore, on arriving near New York, Major Lawrence was met by an order from the War Department directing him to go into camp a few miles from the city. There it will not be doubted that he devoted himself to improving the efficiency of his command. He hardly allowed himself to be absent for a single hour. His company officers, the captains and lieutenants, though a good class of young men, were slow to comprehend the forms and exigencies of military life. One thing especially he tried to make them understand:—that the commandant of a post or of a body of troops is *never* absent;—that when he, the Major, was not present, the oldest captain became responsible as the commanding officer; and if he was absent, then the next in rank,

and so on down to the youngest corporal. Whereas they seemed, in their foolish ignorance, to suppose that the Major was a kind of schoolmaster, and those under him were like schoolboys, who, when he was not present, were all on an equality, with no one to control them.

Major Lawrence was yet without an Adjutant; for on the return of his former Adjutant, he sent him to duty with his company. Meanwhile, his trusty old Sergeant-major partly performed an adjutant's duties. Many of my readers are probably aware that not only the commissioned adjutant, but also the non-commissioned sergeant-major of a regiment or military post are both of them in the closest confidential relations with the colonel or commandant. Practically, a *good* sergeant-major is the most important officer in a regiment next to the colonel.

As New York was hardly more than half a day's ride by rail from Berkshire, not only bushels of letters were received, but the friends of both the men and officers came frequently to visit them. And it was known that Augustus Lawrence had taken possession of their old camp-grounds in front of the Red House, where he, too, was now enlisting men to put down the rebellion and save the life of the nation.

Among the friends who came to visit Major Philip Lawrence's camp there were not only Miss Clementina Bruce and her mother, but also Charlie Arden, with other old acquaintances from the city, while Mrs. Wharton and Philippa came for days at a time. Even old (?) Mrs. Mason, with her sickly daughter, surprised them one afternoon by driving into camp just before dress-parade, with Jake Peabody for charioteer. While there she was demonstrative and complimentary as usual; and, with her characteristic prodigality, she proposed to send the soldiers two or three barrels of good ale every day, and which I am glad to say Major Lawrence did not object to. On at least one occasion Charley Arden and Philippa met there as if by accident, and were seen walking about the camp together in earnest conversation.

The several weeks that Major Lawrence and his command were encamped near New York proved an advantage, not only by improving the discipline of the men and affording time for the young officers to study their tactics, but also by adding upwards of a hundred men to the five hundred that left Brookfield. So that now the whole number fell little short of the minimum required to complete a regiment, and therefore Major Lawrence was justly entitled to a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of volunteers. One day when his trusty old Sergeant-Major brought him some papers or returns to be signed, the Major expressed his approbation of the neat and correct manner in which they were made out. The Sergeant then explained, that they were made out by a new recruit who had lately enlisted, and who showed that he knew more than any of them, not only about the details of every kind of paper work,—that is, the making out of muster rolls and all kinds of reports,—but he was perfect in the drill and all the exercises of a soldier.

"What is he?" inquired Major Lawrence, "a German, an Irishman, or a Frenchman?"

"An American, sir," was the Sergeant's prompt response.

"Does he look like a hard case,—like a drinking man?" was the Major's next question.

"No, sir," replied the Sergeant. "I've seen a great deal of drinking men sir, in my day, and I'm sure that young man is not one of 'em."

"What's his name?"

"Eden, sir."

"Send him to me this evening after roll-call," said the Major.

Accordingly, that same evening, while Major Lawrence was busy writing in his tent by the dim light of a commissary candle, his orderly announced, "Private Eden, sir." Thereupon a soldier stepped inside the tent and stood at attention,

but where the rays of the one candle hardly served to make him visible. The Major looked up, and then proceeded with his writing as he asked the man, "Have you ever been in the regular army, Eden?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Where did you learn to make out these papers?"

"At West Point, sir."

At this last answer the Major laid down his pen, and looked towards the man as he stood far back in the shadow.

"At West Point? a cadet there?" he inquired in a tone of some surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"Not a February graduate, I hope."

"No, sir; my friends took me away from the Academy at the end of my second year."

"Well," resumed the Major, "I am glad to have you in my command; we want all the West-Pointers we can get. There are yet some half a dozen vacant commissions in the regiment, for which I mean to recommend the most deserving men in the ranks. But I hope you have learned something more than is taught at West Point, else you can know very little of the world you live in, or of this contest that is now to be decided. I shall observe you, Eden; and if you continue to do well, there is no reason why you should not have one of the vacant commissions. Come up to the table here, and take off your cap, so that I may know you when I see you."

The soldier advanced to the table and took off his cap; when the Major, after a moment's surprise, exclaimed, "Mr. Arden! Charley Arden, in soldier's clothes? what brought you here in this rig, my dear fellow?"

"Well, Doctor—Major, I beg pardon, I tried for a month to get a commission in some regiment, but found I had little chance among so many politicians: so I decided to enlist as

the surest and quickest way to promotion. I need not explain why I preferred your regiment."

"Arden," again exclaimed the Major, "you are a perfect God-send here. I'm terribly in want of an Adjutant. Here's a blank commission; I'll fill it out with your name, and send it to the Governor. Before three days it will come back approved, and then, if you wish it, you can be the Adjutant of this command."

"The Secretary of War himself could hardly offer me anything more acceptable," replied Arden, eagerly.

"Come, sit down, Arden, and take a pipe:—or stop, here's a box of cigars I haven't opened yet,—received to-day with old Mrs. Mason's compliments. Sit down, and let us talk of our friends,—in Madison Avenue, at the Elm-Tree House, of the Brookfield Academy, and good old Mr. Hopkins, and so on."

Adjutant Arden proved an immense advantage not only to the Regiment, but also a great relief to the Major. For Major Lawrence at times doubted if he had not acted rashly under the excitement of the hour, in dropping his civilian pursuits, and thus assuming the responsibilities of a military command; for which he had really no qualifications, other than a year or two of service on the Medical Staff of the regular army, and that so long time ago that he had almost forgotten all about it. Yet scores of other men, lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, and even clergymen, all over the country, both North and South, were doing the same thing.

Arden's coming relieved his misgivings; for the new Adjutant proved fully competent to attend to all the technical details, which had before engrossed so much of the Major's attention, and wherein he had felt his own deficiency more and more every day. A marked improvement very soon showed itself, so that before the end of ten days the Berkshire Battalion was generally spoken of in the New York papers as one of the most soldierly corps to be seen. This stimulated

the company officers, and pleased the men: for American soldiers, unlike those of most other countries, read the newspapers!

But an unexpected event suddenly cut short Major Philip Lawrence's military career and sent him back to Brookfield as plain Doctor Lawrence. This event occurred one forenoon during the hour for battalion drill, when Adjutant Arden had the whole command, in heavy marching order, a mile away up on the beach, putting them through their "double quick" and other little military pastimes. There were not twenty men left in camp, and the Major was alone in his tent when he heard the call "Turn out the guard!" "turn out the guard!" "armed force approaching!" This caused him to look out to see what it meant, as he knew the battalion would not return from drill for nearly an hour. "The armed force" proved to be a column of nearly three hundred men with two mounted officers.

Major Lawrence happened to have a remarkably good double field-glass, sent him a few days before, with Miss Min-turn's compliments. This he brought to bear on the invaders; and he saw that one of the mounted officers (whose horse was splendidly caparisoned, and curvetted beautifully) had three ostrich's feathers in his hat, denoting the rank of a colonel. A moment's nearer approach and he recognized the familiar features of his cousin Augustus. Major Lawrence, without stopping to reflect what might be the upshot of the affair, told his orderly to mount his horse and go after Adjutant Arden, and request him to return to camp immediately with the battalion.

Meanwhile the approaching column marched inside the camp lines, and after being deployed in line, were ordered to stack their muskets. The men fell to munching their rations and smoking their pipes; while Augustus Lawrence and the other officer, who was in plain army undress, dismounted and walked leisurely about, surveying the camp. The con-

trast between the two was striking even at the distance that Major Lawrence was observing them from his tent. The plainly dressed gentleman had a decidedly military bearing, while Augustus was glorious in feathers, epaulettes, top boots and spurs. His boots were something extraordinary, as they reached nearly to his hips, and from the quantity of leather used might well have impressed the eyes of ignorant rebs with a sense of the power and resources of their Northern foe.

It is possible that Augustus Lawrence, while strolling about the camp in full fig with his military-looking companion, was unconscious of the flight of time; for on hearing the drums of the returning battalion they cut short their inspection and walked hastily towards the camp headquarters. On entering the Major's tent they were received with almost silent formality; for, though Philip Lawrence understood his cousin's ignorant insolence, he felt that now he was intentionally insulting him, both by his free manner, as well as by omitting to report himself directly on arriving at the camp. Augustus introduced his companion as "Captain Eustace, United States mustering officer."

When the party was seated the merest common-place talk was exchanged.

By that time Adjutant Arden at the head of his returning column approached the camp entrance. On the strange sight of a considerable body of new troops inside the lines he rode forward two or three hundred yards, followed by a mounted bugler, to learn what it meant. On coming near he saw that they were some three hundred of the greenest kind of recruits, most of whom were sitting or lying on the ground with unslung knapsacks.

At a sign, the bugler sounded "Attention," at which the recruits only stared. At this Arden, riding up in front of them, thundered forth the order, "Attention! Who commands here?" Whereupon a short-legged, puffy-looking

officer stepped forth and made what was intended for a military salute.

"Take your men out of the way," said Arden to him, "if you don't wish our column to march over you." The men started to their feet and slung their knapsacks. Arden then saw that the officer he addressed wore a Lieutenant-Colonel's shoulder-straps, and changed his first tone of command to one more gentle, saying: "Colonel, please withdraw your men about forty paces to the rear. If you present arms as the column passes we will be happy to return your salute." This military courtesy was duly executed; but the contrast between the two bodies of troops afforded a striking proof of the benefit of a few weeks' drill and discipline.

As Arden knew not why he had been sent for, instead of, as usual, dismissing the column after drill, he halted it in front of headquarters, and entered the Major's tent to report his return. Captain Eustace was evidently an old acquaintance, for he addressed him as "Tom," and was called "Charley," in return. The adjutant arrived, also, just in time to hear the following dialogue between the two cousins:—

"Cousin Philip," began Augustus, "I've brought some recruits for the Berkshire battalion—enough, I am sure, to make it more than a full regiment; and I am happy to say that I now come under different auspices than when I last visited the camp in Brookfield."

These last words were uttered with a peculiar expression that might not convey any special meaning to those who heard them, unless to Philip Lawrence, who was reminded of his angry and contemptuous treatment of his cousin on the occasion referred to, and to him Augustus Lawrence's words suggested the suspicion of something sinister and underhanded. He made no reply, but waited for further explanations.

Augustus then drew forth a package of official-looking

papers, one of which he handed to his cousin, saying: "I have the pleasure to hand you your commission as the surgeon of my regiment, with the rank of major."

"Your regiment!" exclaimed Philip Lawrence, starting from his seat.

"Here is my commission," replied Augustus, quietly; "and here is that of my friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers," he added, nodding towards the short-legged, puffy-looking gentleman whom Arden had encountered a few minutes before, and who had since found his way to headquarters. Then Augustus further explained that they both had that morning been "duly sworn and mustered into the United States service by Captain Eustace, of the Adjutant-General's office"—bowing to that officer—"and the Captain was present to muster in the Surgeon and other officers and men of the regiment."

"I see there's been some trickery in this," said Phil, after a moment's silence, "but this is no time or place for explanations. You can find another surgeon for your regiment: I decline that honor; and, Colonel Lawrence, I hope you will distinguish yourself on the field, as you'll surely have a chance before many days; in which case I may not think it worth while to rake up this business with the Governor. So I'll bid you good-by, and shall be on my way out of camp in twenty minutes."

"You'll be allowed to do nothing of the kind, and if you attempt to leave the camp, or refuse to perform your duty, I'll place you in arrest," replied Augustus, grandiloquently.

"Cousin," said Phil, approaching him, in a clear whisper, not heard by the others present, "you are a great rascal, but a greater fool;" then he added, in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "you have no power to put me in arrest, nor have you authority over a single man in the command; for not one of them has yet been mustered into the Government service; and if I chose to step outside this tent and tell them

so, there's four or five hundred of the battalion who would walk off, and neither you, Colonel, nor any other man would have the legal right nor the power to stop them."

At this unexpected turn in the business, Colonel Augustus looked at Captain Eustace to say something; but he said nothing. So Doctor (late Major Philip) Lawrence withdrew to his rear or sleeping tent, flung down his cap, threw off his blue sack and shoulder-straps, pulled forth a black frock coat and stove-pipe hat, that he had kept to wear when he went to town, and at the same time he told his servant to call a hack, of which there were generally two or three standing outside the guard-tent.

Charley Arden, the Adjutant, naturally followed his Major, after having been a witness of this tent scene, saying: "If you leave, Major, I must leave, too."

"Don't think of doing anything of the kind, Arden," said Doctor Lawrence, with some emphasis. "I know your new Colonel, my cousin, as he calls himself, and he won't trouble you long. That Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers is of no account, any one can see. You, Arden, are the only officer in the regiment who knows anything, and if you'll stick by, you'll be the Colonel within three months. You'll want another horse; I'll give you mine. 'He will bear you easily, and reins well,' as Shakespeare says."

"Thank you, Doctor," replied Arden, "I'll take both your advice and your horse; and as Shakespeare also says: 'You shall hear from me still, and never of me aught but what was like me formerly.'"

And so the friends parted. Very soon after the Doctor (late Major) took his departure from the camp there were signs of trouble brewing in the regiment, amounting almost to a mutiny. This disaffection was caused not so much by the sudden appearance of Augustus Lawrence as their Colonel, as by the bad character of some of the recruits he had brought with him. Several of the sergeants came to

Arden, and said: "The men declared they wouldn't serve with such rascals as Jo Parsons, who was just out of State prison, and other well-known rascallions, including the poor charcoal burners who helped Jo to rob the Bank." But Arden quieted their discontent by saying that "they needed a few just such characters in every regiment, and that he would find the right kind of duty for them, and put them in places where he would not like to put better men."

That same night orders were sent by telegraph to several regiments and volunteer corps, including the Berkshire regiment, to hasten to the Capital. Within a week came the world-renowned battle of Bull Run. Our Colonel, Augustus Lawrence, did not participate in the affair, as he happened to be at home at the time on a three days' leave, to attend to important private business. His shadow and confrère, Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers, was afterwards reported as having skulked three or four miles to the rear of the scene of action, so that he immediately resigned his commission, nor did he afterwards serve his country during the war, except as a contractor for army wagons.

At that first and most disastrous battle it must be confessed that our Berkshire regiment finding themselves in the range of a murderous fire, a good many of them retreated long before the order was given. But Adjutant Arden succeeded in keeping three or four companies in line, and they stood up manfully with him to the last of the fight, until he finally led them from the field in tolerable order.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE FRONT AND IN THE REAR.

AFTER being superseded in the command of the corps of Volunteers which he had done so much to raise and organize, Doctor Lawrence returned directly to Brookfield, where he resumed his customary avocations. His cousin Augustus, by representing to the Governor that the Doctor had no other thought or wish than to serve as Surgeon of the regiment with the rank of Major, had thereby obtained the colonelcy for himself. By this one act he gratified both his military vanity, and his resentment towards the Doctor at the insulting treatment he had received in the camp at Brookfield.

But the new Colonel of the Berkshire Volunteers did not spend his whole time with his command. The loose military organization that characterized the earlier months of the war permitted officers of a certain rank and position to come and go almost at will. Consequently Colonel Augustus Lawrence was often seen in Washington, or at his own home in Brookfield. Indeed, he soon found another position that he liked much better than commanding a regiment in the field. He managed to get himself placed upon the staff of the new commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, where his name appears along with some two hundred others composing that distinguished crowd. He thereby gained some glory for himself without perceptibly adding to that of his country; and soon becoming popular with his fellow-officers and a favorite with his General, he was in no long time brevetted a Brigadier.

Before resigning the command of his regiment Colonel Augustus had arranged to have a friend step into his vacant place. But in that plan he was blocked by the Doctor's representations. The Governor of the Commonwealth was not to be imposed on a second time, and Adjutant Arden was duly commissioned Colonel of the Berkshire regiment. This rank he held during the disastrous campaign that ended with the seven days' battle around Richmond. Through all those terrible scenes no field officer more distinguished himself for gallantry, coolness, and humanity, than Colonel Arden.

He was in consequence offered the rank of a Brigadier-General; but that offer he "begged to be allowed most respectfully to decline, as he desired for himself no higher honor or responsibility than the command of a thousand good men." Whereat blunt old Abe (who, without being aware of it, was then the most powerful ruler on the earth), old Abe, when he read Colonel Arden's letter declining the proffered promotion, said that he "was glad to find he had one good Colonel who didn't want to be spoiled by being made a Brigadier."

War is a school in which nations are educated to greatness. This long-neglected education of the American people was now progressing rapidly. One by one, great men were beginning to show themselves. Of the number of these was the new Secretary of War. He seemed to be the only man in power who comprehended the meaning of the word War. Though stern and exacting to the last degree, he was yet humane in freely allowing citizens to visit their friends with the army in the field, at a risk of the privilege being abused.

Doctor Lawrence went often 'to the front' to look after the welfare of his Berkshire friends. Indeed, his name was on a list kept in the War Office, of eminent medical men in different parts of the country, who held themselves ready to leave their homes whenever summoned by telegraph in anticipation of a great battle, when it would be impossible for the army surgeons to do all the work.

The Berkshire regiment soon found that they had a good Colonel. They recognized his qualities both as an officer and a man. He was never absent from his command, he could call every soldier in his regiment by name, and seemed to know all about them. He brought to the service a knowledge of routine and military forms that it took other volunteer officers many months to learn but imperfectly. He looked sharp after his regimental Quarter-master and Commissary, first teaching them their duties and then insisting upon their being performed. He knew what the soldier was entitled to have, and he took care that he had it. Among these rights, often ignored in other regiments, were the "Regimental," "Hospital" and "Company funds;" a humane provision, by which soldiers, with a little extra care on the part of their officers, can have increased comforts without additional expense to the Government.

Both the men and officers saw that Colonel Arden had no pets, no favorites; and that in all things he strove to be just. When to these qualities as an officer his regiment also had experience that, in the presence of the enemy, in the heat of action, he was with them, among them, where every man could see him, and perhaps be seen by him, we need not be surprised if, in time, they learned to regard their Colonel with something akin to enthusiasm.

The incidental advantages from this confidence of the men in their commander were, that they always did their best, while shirks were almost unknown among the Berkshire volunteers; at the same time the ranks were kept full in spite of the casualties of sickness and battle. For many men who were ready to volunteer made it a condition of their enlisting that they should be assigned to Colonel Arden's regiment. Its ranks of a full thousand, with almost every man and officer in his place, made a striking contrast with other regiments in the same Division with only five, or sometimes as low as three hundred men.

The truth is, that Charles Arden, unlike many other field-officers extemporized in this sudden war, knew that it was a great thing, a great honor to be the Colonel of a fine regiment. To command it well was his highest aim. Present duties engrossed his thoughts to the exclusion of former cares and associations. He might have forgotten Philippa Wharton, except for the consciousness that her influence had first excited an ambition for something better than the almost idle, aimless life he once had led.

It would be worth while for some profound thinker to demonstrate the share and interest that women may and must have in war; in which their stake is great without their being able directly to participate. Certain it is that while stalwart bearded men go to the wars, maidens and wives must pine at home. Yet most mothers, wives, and maidens are unwilling that their sons, husbands, and lovers should be despised as fools or cowards. Hence the sacrifice each one of these soft-limbed creatures must make when she consents or urges that her man shall stand up for his country in the day of battle.

This was most true of American women on both sides, when over a million of their natural protectors left their homes to become soldiers.

That Philippa Wharton was one of these maidens pining for a lover's absence is more than we can say. But early in the war she began to importune her cousin the Doctor to advise her mother to let her go as a hospital nurse.

"Nonsense," Doctor Lawrence would reply, "the Army is no place for women;—men make the best hospital nurses,—women can't bear the fatigue and privations, even if there were not other strong reasons why they should keep away from military camps."

Philippa, like thousands of other young women, had Florence Nightingale on the brain; and she would mention ever so many soups and nice things that she could make for

sick soldiers; and she could darn and mend, and starch and iron. Nor would she be satisfied when told that soldiers wore nothing that needed starching and ironing, or that starch and flat-irons were not to be found in camp; where there was also a plentiful lack of materials for making nice soups. Philippa had frequent opportunities of hearing about Colonel Arden, and learned a great deal more than he could possibly have told her, even if he had been inclined to make himself the theme of his own letters. Hardly a day passed that some one did not call at Mrs. Wharton's to show a letter just received from an officer or soldier in the Berkshire regiment. Not seldom, a blue-coated soldier, at home on furlough, would stop at the house to tell something that he knew would be listened to with interest.

One young captain came on his crutches to Philippa with a camp photograph, in which the Colonel was the central figure of the group. She could perceive that he was a good deal changed since the time she last saw him; and, as she thought, the change was for the better. A year's campaigning and life on horseback seemed to have made him a larger and stronger man; and, though a full beard now half concealed his features, there was in Colonel Arden's likeness no trace of the slight effeminate languor that characterized the Mr. Charles Arden whom she first met at Mrs. Bruce's house in Madison Avenue.

But since that day their courtship had made little progress, and she rather wondered that the Berkshire soldiers took it for granted that she had an especial interest in their Colonel.

It now came Philippa Wharton's turn to doubt if she deserved the man who had lately become almost famous, and of whose manly qualities there were so many witnesses. She could see plainly that he had changed. He was no longer the idle man, who first admired her as perhaps he had admired a score of other girls, from the fashion and impulse of the hour. Now he was become a man of note

with weighty cares and responsibilities, and altogether such an one as would easily find a place in any woman's heart as an idol, a hero. But, more than all, she thought of the dangers through which he was passing, and from which it was hardly possible he could escape unharmed.

Doctor Lawrence saw that his cousin was growing thin, her manner listless and absent, her dress plainer if not careless, and her movements languid. So he promised that he would soon take her with him to Virginia—"to the front."

It was now midsummer, and the second year of the war. The summer previous we had no time to speak of our friends at the Elm-Tree House. Nor this year can we make them but a single brief visit. The house is not half full, and there is little gayety among the guests, including Mrs. Bruce and her daughter Clementina,—with absolutely no one to flirt with, not even one small boy. For Augustus Lawrence, her last big catch, had not been seen or even heard of in Brookfield for weeks. There was also at the Elm-Tree House Miss Maggie Minturn, that well-preserved Hebe-looking spinster, far past her thirtieth summer, and whose present care and comfort seemed to be a troop of little nieces and nephews, of which she must have a good supply, for she appropriated two or three different ones every year, and who were delighted to have "Auntie Maggie take 'em travelling with her." In justice to Miss Minturn it must be mentioned that, though evidently very fond of children, she bears celibacy so well that it seems not in the least to disagree with her constitution either physically or morally. Her cheek is yet full, her figure rounded, her step light and firm, her eye smiling, and her voice too musical and debonair ever to convey a sharp word or bitter feeling. If, as was reported, she had suffered some disappointment in her girlhood, it had not wasted her flesh or preyed upon her spirits. The same mysterious little bit of pink coral still hung from her chatelaine, that, two seasons before, had attracted Mrs. Mason's notice.

Mrs. Mason, "from Kentucky," was also at the Elm-Tree House, but without her invalid daughter. She had come on, as she said, for two or three weeks only, to look after her new cottage and little farm,—the old "John Moore place," which she had bought and converted to a handsome residence. She was a great puzzle to the other ladies. They daily changed their opinion of her, and would admire and censure her almost in a breath. She now appeared considerably older than two years before, when she had been regarded as an old woman, but had astonished those who saw her at Miss Clementina's grand party by an unexpected display of youthful charms and accomplishments.

This season Mrs. Mason further mystified the guests at the Elm-Tree House by telling them a great deal about Richmond; assuring them that she had been there two or three times since the war began; that, in fact, she was in that renowned capital "not three weeks ago."

When some one hinted that "she must be a reb,"—"No, indeed, I am not," she replied with spirit. "My great-grandfather was an Irish gentleman, and he served under the American flag with Montgomery;—the Stars and Stripes will always be my flag. I've said those very words in Jeff Davis's hearing. Half the people in Richmond know me."

"Why do they allow you to come there? and how do you get through the lines?" she was asked.

To this question Mrs. Mason would reply, "Well, I've a good many friends in Richmond who are always glad to see me; I entertain them a good deal; and when I go through the lines I always smuggle quantities of quinine and morphine; but I take care that Union prisoners get a full share of it. I go to the hospitals nearly every day."

"But it's surprising that they allow you there," was the frequent remark elicited by Mrs. Mason's narrative of her visits to rebeldom.

"Well," she would reply, "I've told them that I would stay away if they said they didn't wish to see me; but they don't say so. I could leave this house to-day, and be in Richmond in less than a week, and talking with people there as freely as I am now talking with you here. You'll believe me, perhaps, when I tell you that only a few weeks ago I saw a Brookfield gentleman, Mr. Augustus Lawrence, among the prisoners in Richmond. *He's faring badly there too, and won't get away very soon, for he violated his parole in trying to escape.* I saw another Brookfield man there, a soldier that I remembered having seen among the recruits here last summer. They called him Jo Parsons, and the other men objected to him because he was a convict just out of the penitentiary. When I saw Jo he had on a Confederate uniform and was at work in the Tredgar Iron Shops. I frightened him terribly, and he turned pale when I called him by name and told him he would be shot some day for deserting his flag."

What could be Mrs. Mason's motive for thus resorting to Brookfield during the two or three past summers, it is not easy to explain. We can partly understand why, being a fine-looking actress, in the prime of womanhood, she chose to disguise herself as an elderly lady, that incognito she might mix up with, and, unobserved, study the manners and character of people in society with the eye of an artiste, while at the same time she refreshed herself with a little plain every-day life. She evidently had some heart and feeling, to come back to Brookfield and buy her poor old dilapidated home, though associated with so many painful recollections of her young days.

Or, is it possible that a tenderer sentiment, a freak of her sex, led her back to Brookfield, where Philip Lawrence, the hero and champion of her girlhood, yet lived a bachelor? Could it be any pleasure to her to receive his mere civilities when he supposed her to be a friendless old woman from Kentucky? Knowing her own concealed attractions, had

she any ulterior design? She had told him that she had a husband, an artist, living in New York. But divorce is one of the fashions of the day, of which the formalities are got through with almost as easily as the marriage ceremony.

If Mrs. Mason had any such designs, or if she thinks she has any positive claims on the now grave Doctor, on the score of the former intimacy between poor little Matilda Moore and wild young Phil Lawrence of other days, her quick observation during her sojourn at the Elm-Tree House must have told her that she had a rival there with personal attractions fully equal to her own—no less a personage than the rich and highly connected Miss Margaret Minturn.

But that so high-bred and exclusive a lady as Miss Minturn should resort to Brookfield to place herself in the eye of an old Saratoga beau of long years past is not for a moment to be suspected, when we know that in New York she could reckon up half a dozen admirers quite equal or superior to Doctor Lawrence.

It was the Doctor's old friend Mrs. Bruce who had conceived the benevolent project of making a match for him with Miss Minturn. Though in this she was heartily and discretely seconded by other ladies, no progress towards a successful issue was made; for the reason, perhaps, that their purposes were suspected by the lady herself. Indeed, though the Doctor and Miss Minturn met almost daily, their meetings were so often signalized by "a kind of merry war" that their friends at the Elm-Tree House had got a way of calling them "Benedict and Beatrice."

The Doctor sometimes indulged in satirical remarks on the sex, and which never failed to stir up Miss Minturn's feminine spirit in reply. Like most ladies of her caste she scorned the whole theory of "woman's rights," but when the special reasons were mentioned for her sex's subjection and natural and necessary dependence on the male gender she could never brook the logic, but rushed to the defence of her sisters.

Late one August evening a group sat conversing in the dark on the porch of the Elm-Tree House. Our Benedict and Beatrice were pushing each other so hard that their remarks and replies became almost personal. "Benedict" finally said something to the effect, that "the selfishness of the men was nothing compared to that of the women; for flirtation was the very concentration of all selfishness, in which one woman to gratify her vanity would sacrifice the happiness of a score of men, and that all women would be flirts if they had the opportunity."

Miss Minturn ("Beatrice") did not reply instantly to these rather ungracious reflections on her sex. But another female voice was heard, though the darkness made it uncertain who was the speaker.

She began in a measured, impressive tone: "Doctor Lawrence, your remarks on our sex will apply to but few women even among those of the fashionable classes. I happen to know a man who is now a prosperous gentleman, but who would have been left without home or friends except for the unselfish devotion of women. His mother impoverished her last days in supplying money for him to continue his studies in Europe, and where, in fact, he was only amusing himself. On his return home, poor and idle, with no future prospects, his aunt saved him by her sacrifices from being turned out of house and home; encouraged and sustained him by her generosity, and finally made a man of him. Even his mother's old cook, after she knew that he was reduced almost to his last dollar, insisted on staying with him and waiting upon him. While a very young man, his life was perhaps saved by a poor, ignorant country girl, who, when he was bitten by some venomous reptile in the woods, sucked the poison from the wound with her own lips. Think you, Doctor Lawrence, that that man has reason to talk as you do of the selfishness of women?"

As the speaker uttered these last words she rose from her

seat, and the outline of her figure was just visible in the darkness as she walked slowly away. After a moment's silence, one of the circle was heard to ask in an undertone: "Who was it that just spoke?" To which the reply was: "Mrs. Mason, the Kentucky lady, I think, though the voice did not sound quite like hers."

Perhaps from the picture Mrs. Mason had presented being somewhat artistically exaggerated, the Doctor failed at the moment to recognize it as an epitome of his own life.

The next voice heard was Miss Minturn's. "Doctor," she said, "are those your horses I hear stamping the ground out there under the elm-tree?"

"Yes," he replied, "they are at your service, Miss Minturn, if you've a fancy for a drive this dark evening; they know the roads pretty well, and so do I."

"I think your horses would like best to be on their road home; and you'd better take them there," was the lady's tart suggestion.

"Well, I'll call to-morrow morning if the weather is fine, and you would like to take a drive," said the Doctor, affecting a tone of assurance.

"You may call or not as you please; I'll not speak for the other ladies; but you needn't ask for Miss Minturn."

"What a pity it is that ladies, when they are vexed, haven't some such comfort and tranquillizer as this," retorted the Doctor, making a little blaze with an allumette, while its ruddy glow for a moment illuminated the circle, as he lighted a cigar.

"Yes, tobacco! such comforts are only suited to sensual, selfish beings," was the lady's last word; soon after which the rattle of the Doctor's wheels was heard on his road homewards.

CHAPTER X.

HOSPITAL DUTY.

THE next morning about sunrise there came a thundering knock at the door of Doctor Lawrence's house, and a telegraphic message was brought to him while he was yet in bed. It was dated, "War Department, August 6, 1862." The rest was in cipher—a special formula, the purport of which was well understood by those receiving it to mean that additional surgical assistance would be instantly needed by the army in Virginia. The Doctor kept everything ready packed in a small space for these sudden journeys. So, also, his Cousin Philippa had kept her little trunk ready ever since he had promised, the next time he went to Virginia, to take her with him.

But having yet several hours to spare before the time for the train, the Doctor drove off to attend to business; and in the course of his rounds he called at the Elm-Tree House to bid good-by to his friends. On approaching the house, he saw, as was usual at that time in the morning, most of the guests sitting out in the shade of the broad front porch; but on driving up he found the ladies had all disappeared save only old Mrs. Mason. She frankly told him that she thought they were displeased at the rude things he had said the evening before. Thereupon he gave his card to a servant to be taken up to Miss Minturn's parlor; but it was brought back directly with: "Miss Minturn begs to be excused."

At this reply Doctor Lawrence, with a good-by to Mrs.

Mason, and telling her that he was going to Virginia, stepped into his wagon and drove away. His handsome well-groomed horses were not less spirited nor his stylish wagon less neat than usual; yet the effect of the whole turn-out was not the same. A close observer might have noticed that he did not sit quite so erect in his seat, the reins were held a little carelessly, nor even was his whip carried at the precise angle, while his head may have drooped slightly, like one absorbed in thought. If this were so it may have been remarked by at least one pair of eyes—need we say female eyes?—such as will look through the closed blinds at departing visitors.

On his return home he stopped at his aunt's, Mrs. Wharton's, to bid good-by; and she told him that Philippa was all ready, and had gone over to his house to wait for him. But on entering his own house he did not see her, and looked through the rooms to find her; nor had the old cook seen her come in. Having to go into his office for something, he saw a woman comfortably ensconced in the bay-window, sitting on one chair with her feet resting on the rounds of another, while on her lap was spread out a paper-covered book in which she seemed to be absorbed. She used an eye-glass, and was plainly dressed in that half-masculine style which, though it adds nothing to female attractiveness, has one advantage—the wearer may be taken, at a first glance, either for a girl of fifteen or a woman of forty-five.

Doctor Lawrence, supposing her to be a patient, approached and asked: "Were you wishing to see me? I've very little time this morning to attend to any one, as I leave in a few minutes by the New York train."

The lady made no reply, but rolled up her book, or rather allowed it to roll up automatically, and stuffing it into a leathern hand-bag, she advanced gravely a step or two, and burst into a girl's ringing laugh, exclaiming: "This is too good, Cousin Phil! you, with your sharp eyes, in broad daylight, didn't know it was Philippa."

The Doctor looked at his cousin for a moment with a half-vexed, half-puzzled expression, and then he exclaimed: "What's all this foolery?"

She did not reply, but stood still a moment, and then wheeled about to let him survey her from top to toe. She had on a little mohair hat, with a light cloth sack and big buttons, either of which might have suited a boy just as well. Her dress was of some dark strong material, with an uncommonly short skirt that reached hardly below the tops of her high buttoned boots. She wore a pair of loosely-fitting thread gloves, and as she stood for the Doctor's inspection, holding her hand-bag, from which projected one end of the paper-covered book, she looked very much like a "factory girl" of the intellectual class.

"I won't be seen travelling with you in that dress," the Doctor exclaimed, after contemplating his fair cousin's transformation, or disguise, as it might properly be called. "What does all this mean?"

"It means," Philippa replied, "that I've got myself ready to go 'to the front'—to the forests of Virginia, where our army is."

"Not a bad rig for that, after all," remarked the Doctor, in a softened and less pettish tone. "But what have you been doing to your hair?" he again inquired, as he ran his fingers through the short crisp curls that covered the back of her round little cranium.

"Cut it off," she curtly replied.

"Cut it off! Cut off all your long beautiful hair! Oh, you wicked little witch," was the Doctor's ejaculation.

"Yes," she replied, with a pursed up smile of feminine diablerie, "I've sacrificed it on the altar of the Union cause."

"Union cause! yes, union to a good-looking colonel of volunteers," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Don't grieve for your cousin's loss of her precious hair;

it's not lost; here it is." And Philippa opened her morocco hand-bag and drew forth a pinned paper parcel containing a good-sized chignon, that by some adhesive power, unknown to physicists, was made instantaneously to stick to the spot consecrated by all Eve's daughters to the culture of their back-hair.

As Philippa fastened on her chignon she turned her back to the Doctor and walked off to the other end of the room. During that interval of a few seconds she found time to pull her hat more in front over her forehead, hook out with her finger a little scarlet flower or two from under the black band, from which she also let go a pair of streamers down behind her shoulders; at the same instant a couple of wide bonnet ribbons made their appearance, and which were tied in a jiffy; almost simultaneously a hook or two of the lower part of her dress was loosened, so that her remarkably short skirt was made, by a vigorous kick of the wearer, to sweep the ground very gracefully; then pulling off her thread gloves, underneath which were a neatly-fitting pair of dark kid. Thus metamorphosed, she walked back with a queenly, Fanny Kemble gait to her displeased cousin, saying, as she approached him with a half curtsy, "Will this please you better? Am I now fit to travel in your lordship's company?"

Doctor Lawrence had ceased years ago to be astonished at moths being made to fly, and flowers made to bloom, by the power of electricity; but this exhibition of female metamorphosis was beyond his experience, and he could only exclaim—"Well, you women are—witches!—devils or angels!—half and half; I'm glad I'm not tied to one of you for life."

"Yes, you are, cousin Doctor," rejoined Philippa, "your fate is not far off; I see it sitting up there in the clouds." Then seizing his hand, as though she were an adept in the art of palmistry, she continued, "I see it here too,—here it

is, as plain as print;—rather stout lady, dark blue eyes, chestnut hair, rich, fond of children, shrewish but true-hearted;—and here's her name,—two m's and five syllables," said Philippa, as she pretended to trace the lines in the palm of the Doctor's hand.

"That must be old Mrs. Matilda Mason," the Doctor remarked. "Not a bad fortune, though: many an old bachelor has had a worse one," and he pulled away his hand; when his little female tease jumped up, and hanging almost her whole weight on his neck, with her fingers laced together over his shoulders, she again declared that he was "a doomed bachelor," but she had heard that old bachelors made excellent husbands.

"There now, let me go," said the Doctor, after submitting for a moment to his cousin's childlike fondness for him,—*"let me go now; we've no time to lose; I see Jake Peabody's carriage coming up the hill, to take us to the train;—he's never a moment too soon or too late."*

In about twenty-four hours after this, Doctor Lawrence with his cousin Philippa had reached Washington, and with several other doctors and hospital nurses, they were embarked on board that magnificent hospital steamer, the "Elm City," which was now swiftly cleaving the waters of the broad Potomac.

It yet wanted a full hour to sunset when the steamer arrived opposite the mouth of a small stream; where, on slowing her engines, a little screw tug-boat was seen approaching. Into this little craft the Doctor and Philippa, with two or three others, descended, along with several boxes of hospital supplies; after which the two vessels parted, the large steamer keeping on her course down the Potomac, while the little tug with our friends on board pushed its way up the tortuous and shallow stream, which the Doctor told his cousin was the Rapidan.

As they expected to arrive at their destination—the

Tolliver Bluffs—soon after midnight, there was scant accommodation for passengers aboard this little steam-tug; but her appearance presented other peculiar features likely to impress even an unobservant traveller. Not only her pilot-house, but the little cabin was hung round with thick plates of boiler iron, which the Doctor explained to his cousin were meant to protect those on board from the rifle-shots of the enemy along the banks. On the bows of the boat were mounted a couple of bright steel cannon, at which stood an artillery sergeant and two or three men. But on this occasion the passengers were assured that they could walk about or sit anywhere in perfect safety, as they had "just beat the bushes pretty well on their way down, and there was not a reb anywhere along the river."

"How do they beat the bushes, as they call it?" Philippa inquired of the Doctor, as she hung upon his arm and they stood together on the little forward deck, while the setting sun sent its parting rays through the gathering gloom of the forest.

The artillery sergeant overheard her question, and took it upon himself to answer it by saying, "I'll show you, ma'am, if you'll just take hold o' this 'ere string (and he put the lanyard of one of the guns into her hand) an' jerk it quick the minnit I tell yer:—you see that 'ar big stack o' green bushes 'way yonder thar, don't yer, ma'rm?"

"Yes," Philippa said.

"Well, now you just give the string a good jerk when I motion so—with my hand," continued the Sergeant as he sighted the gun.

Philippa pulled the lanyard at the given signal. Instantly a thundering roar echoed through the still forest, followed by a screaming, hissing sound, and a long, bright track of light, then a crashing and falling of branches as the shell exploded.

"You see, ma'rm, that's how we feel our way along. Ef

thar'd bin ary rebs hid away thar in them bushes, you'd a killed or crippled some on 'em sure."

At hearing this, Philippa dropped the cord and turned with a shudder, to hide her face in the folds of the Doctor's wrapper; for she felt that the killing and maiming even of rebels was not a woman's work.

The night came on, and the panting tug, on which no lights were allowed, wriggled its way for long hours up the narrowing stream. Where the country was flat and the banks low, a faint glare was visible over the southern horizon, which the Sergeant said was the light of our camp-fires; and he also added that there had been heavy fighting all that day at a place called Cedar Mountain. Some of those on board the tug declared that they could still hear the guns.

The channel of the stream now grew so narrow, that the rank vegetation along its shores swept the deck; while the current became more and more rapid and broken; so that sometimes the stanch little boat seemed to stand still for an instant,—then, with a few quick strokes of her engine she would leap the rushing and foaming eddy, and get into smoother water.

At a sharp bend of the river a bright, waving light, like a great torch, was seen high in the air. It would move up and down, and to and fro, making mysterious circles for a while, and then vanish in the darkness; when far away other lights, like dancing stars, could be seen repeating the same movements.

The passengers on the boat stood watching these lights through the midnight darkness in a kind of silent terror, as though they had been entering the gates, the very jaws of Orcus. A young soldier on board was the first to break the silence by almost shouting out, "Our boys have drove 'em back this time; that'll be good news for people to read to-morrow morning."

On Philippa's inquiring what the man meant, the Doctor

explained to her that he was a corporal in the Army Signal Corps, and that those lights were a kind of telegraph for sending military despatches to Washington; and the messages they were then sending would be distributed thousands of miles over the wires, north, east, and west, in time to be printed in all the morning's papers.

The corporal, still keeping his gaze fixed on the dancing light, now began to repeat the details of the day's fighting as circumstantially as though he had been reading a printed report. He named the regiments from a dozen different States engaged in the battle, with the losses and casualties of each; coming finally to "the —th Massachusetts loss one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, Colonel severely wounded—not mortal."

A faint female cry interrupted the corporal's further reporting, and though it was too dark to see distinctly, those present knew that it came from Philippa, who was indeed the only woman on board save a tall negress, who had cakes and apples to sell, and whom the boat's people called—Ann.

The Doctor thought his cousin had fainted, for she suddenly leaned heavily upon him. He drew her to a bench, where, supporting her as best he could, he tried to say a few soothing words. But woman is oftentimes the best comforter of her sex, as happened in the present instance. For when Ann, the black giantess, approached and kindly asked if she could help "young missus?" Philippa sat up erect, saying, with some difficulty, "Oh, can't I go into the cabin? I do so want to be somewhere alone. Oh, how sleepy I feel!"

"Yes, honey," replied the negress, "missus can hab de little caban aw 'lone to husse'f."

"Dear cousin Phil, how good you are," said the distressed girl, pulling the Doctor's face down to her own; "I've been trying to strengthen myself, and thought I was prepared.—What makes me so sleepy? I can't keep my eyes open."

"Go with Ann, now," said the Doctor, unclasping his

cousin's arms from his neck, and helping her to rise from her seat. But the moment he let go of her she sank down again on the bench.

"Let big Ann carry you, honey," and the stalwart daughter of Africa took Philippa in her arms as though she had been a nursling, and laid her on the lounge that half filled the little cabin. She seemed really asleep, while the Doctor stood by and saw Ann gently pull off his cousin's sack, unpin her collar, and begin to loosen her dress; when, satisfied that she was in good hands, he left them together.

Not many minutes after Ann came to the Doctor, telling him that "young missus was all nice in bed, her tings off, her night-close on, and sound asleep."

He was not a little surprised at hearing this, though knowing that she had not slept at all in the rail-cars the night previous; but he also knew that sudden strong emotions sometimes produce drowsiness.

Meanwhile the brave little tug kept pushing its way up the rapid stream, until lights came in view on a high bank or bluff, which the passengers were told was the Tolliver plantation. The Doctor had been informed that, the place having been deserted by the family, the house could be taken possession of and used for hospital purposes. As soon as the boat landed he hastened ashore and made his way up to the house, which he found to be the scene of considerable stir and bustle. The light of a large camp fire, burning in the yard, showed several ambulances to which the mules were yet panting and smoking with moisture. The first man he saw was the hospital steward of the Berkshire regiment.

"We were expecting you, sir," said the steward; "Colonel Arden is just brought in, sir? he's badly hurt."—"How many wounded have you?" the Doctor asked. "Over thirty, sir, now in the house, and the surgeons who are on the field send word there are about as many more to come in."

On coming to Arden, the Doctor found him in a state of delirium requiring the constant care of an attendant to keep him on his mattress. His injuries proved to be a wound over the ear by a fragment of shell that had detached a considerable piece of the scalp, but, as was thought, without fracturing the skull. In addition to this, his bridle-arm was broken, as was supposed by falling from his horse, after the shell struck him. Doctor Lawrence, finding the temporary field dressing sufficient for the present, merely directed the application of remedies designed to keep down the cerebral inflammation, and then passed on to attend to the other poor fellows.

Though most of them were asleep from exhaustion or the effect of heavy opiates, he looked to see if there was bleeding to be stopped, or bandages or splints to be readjusted. By the few who were awake he was gladly recognized, and he cheered them with the assurance that they would live to see the old Berkshire hills and rocks again.

One man, groaning with pain, exclaimed, "I used to think old Berkshire a damned rough country to live in; but I wouldn't swap now one acre on it for a thousand of these 'ere Virginny swamps and piney woods."

The first ten days at the Tolliver plantation proved a busy time for Doctor Lawrence and every one else; but after that the pressure of their duties was greatly lessened. Most of the wounded had been transported to general hospitals near Washington; three or four had died; and there remained only about a dozen patients to be attended to, and whom it was thought not prudent to remove. In the mean time the main army had swept away to other regions, so that days of rural quiet followed close upon the din and turmoil of military operations.

Though the Tolliver place had a somewhat run-down and decayed look, it was rather a pleasant spot and well suited to its present uses. The bluff on which the house stood was so high that from its brow you could look down on the

tops of the waving cypresses that grew in the shallow back-water beneath. The house itself, though not a large one, was surrounded, in the Southern fashion, by numerous detached buildings or offices, including a kitchen full half the size of the main house. A small lawn within the palings offered a convenient site for pitching hospital tents. All needed supplies were abundantly provided even in this out-of-the-way place, not only by the Army Medical Department, but also by the profuse liberality of the Sanitary Commission, and which were brought by the little "tin-clad" steamer that continued to make her regular trips up and down the river.

The tall, powerful negress, who had been so kind to Philippa on board the steam-tug, proved to be an old cook belonging to the Tolliver estate. When the family abandoned their home on the approach of the Union Army, she had remained behind in her big kitchen, of which she and her brood of three or four little nigs appeared to be the sole tenants. These little creatures could often be seen either lying on their backs in the hot sunshine, where they would look at you as you passed from out of their soft wondering black eyes, or they would run and crawl about the yard; and where they used to bother old Ben, the long-bearded hospital cook, by coming too near his fires; and he was heard to threaten, in a joking tone, "if they didn't keep away from his pans and kettles, he'd cut 'em up and make terrapin stew of 'em."

Their mother, big Ann, on being left to take care of herself, had started business on her own account, by making nice little pies, biscuits, potato-custards, and other goodies, which she peddled among our soldiers; and that was her business on board the tug, the day our friends came up the Rapidan to Tolliver Bluff.

From the night when, on board the tug, Ann took Philippa in her strong arms and tenderly carried her down into the little cabin, that gigantic dusky form had seemed providen-

tially sent as her guardian angel. For the time being, far away in that wilderness, friendless region, she looked upon her strong and kind sable friend as a more powerful protector than even her dear cousin Phil, the Doctor. Certain it is that to Ann, Philippa was indebted for being made comfortable on her arrival at the Tolliver place. Over the big kitchen there were three or four little rooms, one of which had been neatly prepared for her use; and there, with Ann near her, she learned to feel as secure as if at home in her mother's house in Brookfield. The late battle of Cedar Mountain, at which Colonel Arden was so severely wounded, supplied her with a house full of patients such as she had for a whole year past been wishing for the privilege of being allowed to minister to. Among these patients was the man who, in his desire to gain her favorable regard, she knew had first engaged in business in which he had lost the largest part of his patrimony; and now he had been perhaps fatally wounded while in the service of his country.

In performing her routine duties as a hospital nurse, Philippa seemed to have studied to make herself look as unattractive as possible in all feminine points. Her old calico dress had a draggled look, her hair unkempt, her little hand was rough; and I am not sure but she even smutched her face to complete a disguise, that was further increased by a cheek more hollow and a lip more thin and wan than her friends had ever before seen hers to be. Her cousin the Doctor used to tell her, that did he not know her voice, he would take her for some strange girl; and probably not the most skilled detective could have recognized Philippa Wharton, the hospital nurse, as the same handsome girl whom, hardly two years before, we saw taking Miss Bruce's refractory horse over the huge cast-iron roller in Central Park.

Over two weeks had now been passed at Tolliver Bluff, during which time Colonel Arden's case was becoming critical.

For though his wounds were healing, his general condition grew worse rather than better. His strength was failing, he had no natural sleep, and his mind alternated between a state of stupor and slight delirium, during all which time he never once recognized the presence of his friends. Every attempt to move him or raise him upright was followed by turns of sinking requiring the use of powerful stimulants for his recovery. By the third week nearly all the other patients had been removed to the general hospital, thus leaving Doctor Lawrence and the two or three soldiers detailed as hospital attendants so little to do that the days went by in a kind of oppressive, watchful idleness, in which anxiety for Colonel Arden's fate was the ever-present thought.

But another patient is unexpectedly added to Doctor Lawrence's charge. Philippa had repeatedly told him she was sure there was some one very ill, shut up in one of the little rooms near her own, over the big kitchen. She could extract no information on the subject from her good colored friend Ann, though she had tempted her by saying that her cousin was a good doctor, and he would gladly render his services. But his services were not called for, for the reason perhaps that the patient already had a medical attendant—a tall, lank, sour-faced individual, and whom the hospital attendants spoke of as "that old black-coated lummux." He used to ride into the yard on a mule two or three times a week, leave his quadruped at the hitching-post, and taking off the saddle-bags, disappear with them through the kitchen door. He came and went silently and sullenly, without a word or nod to any one, or even a look to the right or left.

This had continued so long that Doctor Lawrence was not a little surprised one day when the unknown gent approached and gravely accosted him; nor did he receive him with much cordiality, as the stranger had previously seemed to ignore him entirely. But the gentleman had evidently something of importance to say, as he first introduced him-

self as "Mr. Fite, of Culpepper," and proceeded rather pompously if not patronizingly with "Yours is a noble profession, sir."

The Doctor nodded, and waited for a further communication, when Mr. Fite continued: "I practise physic myself a little sometimes here among the country people, but I have never made a study of surgery; you, sir, as I hear, are reputed a skilful surgeon."

The Doctor disclaimed this compliment by replying that—"Professional reputations are oftentimes a matter of accident."

Mr. Fite, after some hesitation, proceeded:—"I have a patient, sir, the son of a most respected neighbor, who I fear must die: perhaps a skilful surgeon such as you are known to be might help him; but, sir"—here Mr. Fite came to a full stop, but finally unbosomed himself—"but, sir, he is a wounded Confederate officer, and you might object to seeing him."

At this final expression of doubt, the Doctor turned towards the speaker and replied with a decided sharpness, "You and I, sir, have been very differently taught, if, either as a physician or as a man, you consider we are not bound to help every fellow-being in their physical sufferings."

"Pardon me, Doctor, if I misled you," replied Mr. Fite. "I am myself by profession a minister of the Gospel of Jesus. My knowledge of the healing art is really very limited, as I sometimes tell my people; and I attend only in cases when no better aid can be had. But you mistake me, Doctor, if you suppose I doubted your benevolence;—the region hereabouts is now held by your army;—my patient is concealed for fear of being made a prisoner."

"I have nothing to do with taking prisoners," replied Doctor Lawrence; "if your young friend would like to have my aid, and he is not many miles off, I'll go and see him willingly."

"Many miles off, sir!" exclaimed the medico-clerical Mr. Fite, "he's not many steps off; he's lying over there, with his poor distressed mother watching at his bed-side," and he pointed to one of the little windows over the kitchen; and straightway the two walked together towards the building.

At about the same time that Doctor Lawrence was honored with Rev. Mr. Fite's self-introduction, Philippa in her little room had quite as suddenly made a new acquaintance,—one of her own sex, and between whom there was some degree of sympathy at first sight. Black Ann's towering form came stalking into her little chamber, saying something about her "missus," and she was followed a moment after by a spare elderly lady of severe but sorrowful countenance, who introduced herself as "Mrs. Tolliver." Their tearful conference need not be related. Mrs. Tolliver knew of Philippa's sad case, and communicated her own maternal woes. She had had two sons killed a few weeks before at the battle of Malvern Hill;—blown to air by the first discharge of Sumner's guns; soon after her youngest son was brought home with a frightful wound, from the effect of which he was now fast sinking.

On being conducted to the bedside of his new patient the Doctor found a fair-haired, almost beardless youth of hardly twenty years, but so sallow and emaciated that he looked more like an old man. His wound was in the thick muscles under the shoulder-blade, caused by the grazing of a cannon-ball: and though originally not of the most serious kind, it had been brought to a frightful state of sloughing by wrong treatment and the lack of every needed comfort. It was covered with heavy pads of lint saturated with greasy ointments, while the two or three phials standing near by savored of opiate and anodyne drugs.

The little room or closet where the patient lay being hardly high enough to stand upright, and close under the

roof, was heated by an August sun to an oven-like temperature. From one of the rafters hung a gray cavalry jacket with the braid of a Confederate captain on the sleeves. His bed consisted of a few empty coffee-sacks and other odds and ends spread upon boxes and chests, showing the place had formerly been a sort of lumber-room. And all this had been endured for days and weeks by the mother and son, rather than fall into the hands of the hated Yankees.

The first thing Doctor Lawrence did was to have young Tolliver taken to the house which, till within a month, had been his own home, and there he was laid upon a nice mattress and clean linen sheets, all marked with large letters in the centre: "U. S. Hosp'l Dep't." Light dressings, moistened with a dilute creosote lotion, were substituted for the greasy pads. Beef-tea, made by Philippa, was taken with a relish. Iced drinks of claret and water, or water flavored with a spoonful or two of currant jelly (from the stores of the Sanitary Commission), proved a grateful change to lips shrivelled with swallowing the Reverend Mr. Fite's narcotic potions.

As might be expected, a great improvement in young Tolliver's case quickly followed. The Doctor declared that the wound was healing rapidly except at one point, which resisted all his endeavors even with the most caustic applications. When he suggested there might be a musket or pistol-shot wound, his patient assured him that such was impossible from the great distance at which he was struck.

But knowing what strange things do happen in battle, the Doctor resolved to test the question by using a recently invented probe, sent to him by a friend in Paris. It was a most simple instrument, consisting of a long wire like a knitting-needle, but very flexible, on one end of which was a little white ball, or knob, the size of a small pea. This little ball was of rough unglazed porcelain; and Doctor Lawrence explained to Mrs. Tolliver and her friend, the Reverend


Mr. Fite, that if a musket or pistol shot were lying concealed somewhere among the bones or muscles, on reaching it with this probe the lead would make a black mark on the white porcelain.

So, with no more words, young Tolliver was heavily etherized and the Doctor proceeded with his operation. After almost a quarter of an hour's careful probing, during which he turned his patient—who was unconscious and limp as a rag—in all postures, to favor the entrance of the instrument, he reached the spine, and there his probe struck something more solid than bone. The probe was carefully withdrawn and shown to Mrs. Tolliver, with the very black mark upon it that the Doctor had foretold. Without an instant's delay he made an incision over the spot and took out a large ugly-looking Minié ball, that lay flattened and wedged in between the vertebræ, and which he held in his open palm for the mother to see, as he said to her: "Your son is all right now; he'll be up and walking about within a fortnight."

At which unexpected and successful result the Reverend Mr. Fite, having no other fashion of expressing his emotions, dropped on his knees, exclaiming, "Let us pray!" But the mother, in her gratitude, unconscious of what she did, hung upon the Doctor's shoulder in a paroxysm of tearful joy.

CHAPTER XI.

A SURPRISE.

HILE these things were taking place, the tide of war had suddenly turned, by which the Tolliver plantation is again brought within the Rebel lines. The first notice our hospital friends had of this fact came one morning about day-break, and was announced by the sound of a bugle, followed by a pounding at the doors, with loud calls of, "Wake up here, Yanks, and take a trip to Richmond!"

At the first note of the bugle Colonel Arden leaped from his bed, stood upright for a moment, and then reeling, he would have sunk prostrate on the floor had he not been caught in the arms of his bed-side watcher, who was himself probably dozing at the time. Never before since his injury had he even sat upright without assistance. As the sequel will show, that morning's sudden shock caused a favorable turn in the long nervous fever under which he had been laboring.

On seeing a dozen or more gray-coated troopers, the whole party of awakened sleepers comprehended the fact that they were now prisoners of war. In less than two hours they were all on the road to Richmond; the prisoners consisting of Colonel Arden, Doctor Lawrence, some half a dozen convalescents, and four hospital attendants. But the prize proved much more valuable to the enemy from the large amount of hospital property gobbled up at the same time. One large army wagon, four or five ambulances with their mules and drivers, together with piles of bedding and

boxes of medicine and supplies, more in quantity than they could conveniently bring away, made a very good morning's work for the raiders.

In the caravan-like procession that started on its funeral pace for Richmond were also included Philippa with Mrs. Tolliver and her son, the wounded Confederate Captain. Of course, neither of these last three went as prisoners. But Philippa had no other choice, nor was she willing to be separated from her cousin, the Doctor; nor would Mrs. Tolliver be separated from her son; while Captain Tolliver, if left behind, would be deprived of suitable medical attendance, and at the same time he was confident he could be of service to his new-found friends during their compulsory stay in Richmond. Moreover, he so far outranked the Confederate sergeant commanding the cavalry squad, that he gave his orders for the route, by which the comfort of the prisoners was essentially promoted. In the first ambulance were Colonel Arden and Captain Tolliver, stretched out side by side on the same mattress; in the second were Philippa and Mrs. Tolliver, between whom there was a sort of sympathy, if not friendship; while in the other ambulances were the convalescent soldiers, and in all of the vehicles, including the great army wagon, there was as much of the hospital plunder as could be stowed away. Doctor Lawrence, by the order of Captain Tolliver, was supplied with a good horse, which enabled him to ride from one ambulance to another to look after his patients. The whole convoy was attended by a guard of ten or a dozen gray-coated cavalrymen.

Their progress, at the rate of about forty miles daily, would bring them to Richmond before the end of the third day. This forced journey, so far from diminishing Colonel Arden's chance of recovery, as had been feared, proved of the greatest benefit to him. The jolting of the ambulance caused him to sleep soundly nearly all the way, and when he

woke it was to call for food; at the same time the character of his pulse rapidly improved. This favorable change in his symptoms had such an effect on Philippa's long drooping spirits, that she really began to enjoy the trip to Richmond as though it had been a summer excursion. On the third day, when the Colonel awoke from one of his long sleeps, he instantly called Doctor Lawrence by name; and on recognizing Philippa he imagined himself in Brookfield. It required but a few words and the sight of the gray-coated guards to make him understand that he had been wounded three weeks before, and was now a prisoner on the road to Richmond, which was then but ten or twelve miles distant.

Half that distance was passed over, when chance supplied Doctor Lawrence with a copy of that morning's Richmond paper; in which, among other items of news, he had the pleasure of reading the following veracious account:—

"The cry is still they come. More Yankee prisoners. A federal hospital captured; thirty or forty prisoners taken, with a large number of ambulances and army wagons, mules and horses, with cords of military and medical stores. Sergeant Topham, with a squad of the 2d Virginia cavalry, suddenly made his appearance at the Tolliver Plantation on the Rapidan, from which the Yankees had driven its possessors, and where they have been for weeks past fattening on the luxuries of our Southern clime. The sleepers were rudely startled from their morning dreams and well on their way to Richmond before they had time to comprehend their change of base. One Massachusetts Colonel and two or three surgeons are among the prisoners; at the same time, Captain Tolliver, a gallant young Virginia cavalry officer, was rescued from durance vile, where, after being severely wounded, he had suffered every privation. His friends in Richmond will see him here to-day; where the whole party will probably arrive a little before sun-down. Those of our citizens who

happen to be on Main Street at that hour, will have the pleasure of welcoming the visitors." "P. S. Since writing the above, we learn that the information necessary for successfully executing this raid was derived (wittingly or unwittingly) from a reverend gentleman well known in Culpeper."

The truest item of the above delectable "war news" was that which stated the probable time our friends would arrive at their journey's end. For it wanted less than an hour to sun-set when the wheels of the slow-moving ambulances began to rumble over the pavements of the Confederate Capital. Philippa had really to make an effort to conceal the exaltation of her spirits; which, indeed, were hardly less than is felt by the American girl who enters Paris or Florence for the first time.

Her exhilaration was not caused by beholding the splendors of a magnificent city gilded with the rays of the declining sun, but by the almost miraculous improvement in Colonel Arden's condition caused by his three days' rocking and pitching over rough Virginia roads; and also by her close companionship with Mrs. Tolliver, whom, during that long ride of three days, she had learned to sympathize with and to love.

The novelty of her situation made Philippa alert and observant. She saw everything,—even the placards posted on the fences and dead-walls;—one of which she pointed out to Doctor Lawrence. It read as follows—"Richmond Theatre, First week of Mrs. Matilda Mason's engagement. To-night, Thursday, Ingomar; to-morrow, Friday, Camille."

"Can that be the same Mrs. Mason we used to see at the theatre in New York? Why, I'm sure I read those very play bills, 'Parthenia and Camille,' in the New York papers hardly two weeks ago," said Philippa to her cousin, the Doctor, as he rode alongside the ambulance.

"Quite possible," he replied; "those theatre people shoot to

and fro over the country continually. We hear of them to-day in Boston, the next evening in New York or Philadelphia;—a month after, in California or Australia."

"How singular she should have the same name as that old lady at the Elm-Tree House," remarked Philippa.

"Not at all singular," rejoined her cousin; "Mason is a name common enough; so is Matilda."

As they were passing in front of one of the large hotels, where a group of persons occupied the balcony before the parlor windows, a lady in the group, a handsome woman, called out in a clear voice, "Keep up your spirits, Berkshire boys; keep up your spirits, you've good friends here in Richmond!" At the same moment she drew from her pocket a silk Union flag, the size of a handkerchief, and persisted in waving it, though a couple of Confederate officers, standing by her, good-humoredly attempted to hold her hands.

"See," exclaimed Philippa, "there is Mrs. Mason herself,—the same actress we saw in New York last winter. How can she know that we are from Berkshire?"

Just then, one of the officers in the balcony called out, "Sergeant Topham, halt!" and quickly came down into the street. For though Colonel Arden was now sitting upright in the ambulance, it was young Captain Tolliver in his Confederate uniform, lying stretched out on the bottom of the vehicle, that had caught the officer's attention. As he approached, a crowd of people quickly gathered.

"Sergeant," said the officer, "tell your men to keep back the crowd." An excited conference now took place between Mrs. Tolliver and the officer, whom she addressed as Major Clayton. They spoke in too low a tone to be heard by the bystanders, but ended by his saying, "Mrs. Tolliver, my orders are positive; I have no choice in the matter. They must go to the Libby for to-night at least. The rest of you had best stop here in the hotel." Thereupon Captain Tolliver was carefully lifted off his mattress and taken into

the house, followed by Mrs. Tolliver and Philippa; after which Doctor Lawrence, with Colonel Arden and the rest of the prisoners, was conducted to the Libby.

They were doomed to pass not only that night, but several nights in that military prison, already famous for its cruel privations; although the "state policy" had not yet been adopted by the Rebel authorities which culminated in that foulest blot on the history of the human race—Andersonville! That "state policy" nor Andersonville would ever have found a place in history had there been more Southern women like Mrs. Tolliver, and more Southern men like Major Clayton. For, late as it was in the day when she arrived in Richmond, in less than an hour after, conducted by the major, she was in presence of the Confederate War Secretary, pleading for Doctor Lawrence and Colonel Arden as for her own friends, that they might be temporarily released on their parole. But the Secretary proved obdurate, and put her off with a "he'd direct an investigation of the case."

Then off she sped to a military officer of very high rank, and who, besides being one of her own family connection, had lately distinguished himself in the seven days' fighting in defence of Richmond. But with him Mrs. Tolliver met with no better success. He assured her he would do what he could for her friends; but that really he had been made "to feel himself almost a nobody," from having already protested unsuccessfully against the manner prisoners were being treated. It seemed to her as she returned, after her vain efforts, that some demon power was in the ascendant, when a woman's tears nor brave men's words were no more heeded than a few drops of rain or a momentary gust of wind in the long hours of a fearful tempest!

She was fain to return to the hotel, and immediately had her son the wounded Captain conveyed to the house of a near relative, whither she went herself, taking Philippa with her; though Mrs. Mason had in the mean while intro-

duced herself, and wished much that Philippa would remain at the hotel as her guest.

Nor were our friends in the Libby forgotten or neglected. They were hardly made acquainted with their dismal lodgings when a colored servant from the hotel, with a heavy basket on his shoulder, was conducted to them by one of the provost guard. To the cloth covering of the basket was pinned an empty envelope directed "For Doctor Lawrence and his friends;" and in one corner, hastily written with a pencil, "*Use freely*; more to-morrow, M. M."

On the basket being uncovered there was found, besides one large bacon ham, with a couple of wheaten loaves and several fresh biscuits, a couple of cans of preserved fruit, a bottle of plain pickles, two or three small jars of potted meats, a bottle of coffee essence, a small package of tea, a supply of tobacco in various forms, including a small box of cigars, a dozen brier-wood pipes; also a few neat English made tin cups and plates, a package of knives and forks, another of spoons, unopened, just as they had come from the shelf of the hardware store;—also, a couple of bottles of rare old rye whiskey, with one of brandy, a pound of fine candles, boxes of matches, several cakes of soap, a bundle of napkins and towels, and a dozen newspapers. There was a little package labelled "for Doctor Lawrence," which proved to consist of one bottle of quinine, another of morphine, and a dozen cakes of the essence of beef.

At the very hour these luxuries were being dispensed by the Doctor among his companions in misfortune their generous donor must have been treading the stage before a Richmond audience in the character of *Parthenia* the armorer's daughter, who captivates and civilizes Ingomar, her generous-minded but barbaric lover. Nor had her friends "the Berkshire Boys," while seated in a group on the floor, half finished the portions of her bounty served out to them by Doctor Lawrence, when there came a dozen spectators of their

feast. These were soon increased to a small crowd, walling them about with silent, eager looks, and staring with almost maniac eyes, dimly seen in the light of two candles stuck on the floor.

When the Doctor was made aware of this addition to his party of some thirty poor fellows, out of perhaps a hundred who were prisoners in the same room, and who had been attracted, or even awakened from their early sleep by the savory odors from his basket, he at once distributed all that remained, so that not a morsel or a drop was left. Silence and darkness followed close upon this brief hour of feasting; "high old jinks," as one poor fellow called the unexpected treat, after enduring weeks of confinement on scant and unwholesome fare. The new-comers rested soundly after their three days' journey from Tolliver Bluff, and none more soundly than Colonel Arden; who indeed slept like a ploughman, nor was his pulse hardly less strong and natural; for such had been the wonderfully happy effect of his long ambulance ride.

Before Doctor Lawrence put out the candle, his eye happened to light upon the blank envelope that had come with the basket. Besides the little "M. M." written with a pencil in one corner, he now discovered that the large monogram stamped on the back of the envelope consisted of two M's curiously interlaced.

These double M's so often recurring began to impress a mind by no means prone to superstitious fancies. He knew the basket could have come from no other hand than the popular actress Matilda Mason, whom he had seen waving her little flag from the hotel balcony. He had known another and much older Matilda Mason with a young invalid daughter at the Elm-Tree House. Then he recalled the little broken piece of pink coral she one day took from her purse, on which an M was scratched; and which, strangely enough, was found to match another piece of coral that another lady with two M's

to her name—Miss Margaret Minturn—were suspended from her *châtelaine*. Philippa's late teasing of him also came to mind, when she pretended to tell his fortune by the lines in the palm of his hand, by finding there, besides the mysterious double M, the five syllables of the lady's name who was to be his destiny.

When at last he dropped off to sleep, his slumber was anything but refreshing. Fitful dreams, engendered by the foul air of his crowded prison-room, vexed him through the long hours of the night. Fantastic M M's wreathed themselves and hung floating in the air. Dissolving visions of the two Mrs. Masons alternately appeared, in which the face of the older would gradually fade and give place to the younger and fairer. Then anon, Miss Minturn's would appear and fade in turn, both as the old maid she then was, but still handsome and elegant; and again, as he first knew her, the slender and graceful but heartless girl he saw at Saratoga, fifteen years before. Thus events and associations past and present seemed to be jumbled together in old Father Time's wallet. One moment he dreamed he was again a boy, and following with his rod the Brookfield trout streams; then the cool air kissed his temples, and he seemed to hear the familiar sound of dashing waters; and again that forgotten rustic beauty, Matilda Moore, like another dryad, met him in his solitary rambles.

From these O, too happy dreams of years long past, he awoke to find the morning air blowing upon him through the sashless window, while a squad of his fellow-prisoners under a guard of gray-coated soldiers with fixed bayonets were swashing down the floor not far from where he lay. Soon after a tub of food was brought in, but from which no one was tempted to help himself too bountifully. Fortunately another basket of provisions was received early in the day, directed in the same hand-writing, and which was followed by others day after day, all from the same generous giver.

That they were not directly released on parole was no fault of Mrs. Tolliver's. She made it her only business day after day to besiege the highest officers, both military and civil, that they would allow her friends, as she called them, to leave the Libby on their parole, and come and live with her. She was a lady too well known to be rudely answered, even by those whom she wearied by her petitions. She watched and waited by the hour for a chance to speak to those in authority. She went not only to their offices but to their residences, and she repeated her story to other ladies to gain their influence. She pled and prayed as only a woman will and can; for men get angry when they are refused a request, and their pride will not endure more than a second repulse. If Mrs. Tolliver was not repulsed by the generals and secretaries, her unsuccessful audiences with those dignitaries were almost numberless. She also made it her daily task to endeavor to procure some privileges for our friends in the Libby prison.

"If," she would exclaim, "we show no favor or mercy to our enemies, how can we expect mercy from Him who is the Father of all His children. If cruelty is our policy, our cause can never, never prosper. I, I am a daughter of Virginia, one who never yet set foot from off her dear, her sacred soil. I had heard, and believed it, that Yankees were poor, mean creatures. God forgive me! Till I knew them, I never knew so much kindness, gentleness, and truth. My home has been taken from me, my servants driven off, my property plundered, and two of my sons offered up on the battle-field; all this I have borne for our sacred cause, without one word of complaint or one repining thought. Now, when I come to ask you to show a little favor to the man who saved the life of the only son left to me, you put me off with your doubts and your reasons. I tell you, poor weak woman that I am, that if this is 'your policy' as you call it, if cruelty is your policy for conducting this war, then is our cause already lost. Every victory you have won or may win by sac-

rificing the sons of Southern mothers, as that was won at Malvern Hills, where my brave boys died, every such victory will prove a defeat, if we cannot be humane, if we dare not be Christian."

If guileless Mrs. Tolliver could have seen the smile of derision or the look of good-riddance that expressed—the moment she was out of sight—the hard minds of not a few of those to whom she addressed herself, even she would have given over her suit as hopeless. But at length her voice had become both so familiar and so dreaded in the public corridors and offices, that, like Cassandra of old, her approach was hardly less shunned and feared, and by men not used to the fear of anything. The reader who knows the power that resides in a woman's tongue will anticipate the result; which was, that the little squad of Berkshire boys were one morning ordered "to fall in," and the privates marched on board the exchange boat for Fortress Monroe, while Doctor Lawrence and Colonel Arden were released on their parole, to reside within certain limits of Richmond till exchanged by the cartel.

For this Doctor Lawrence had not long to wait. As he was not a military officer, but a civilian, he was released in exchange for a popular Virginia clergyman, who had been captured within our lines with his pockets full of letters. Whereupon a deputation of twenty of his female parishioners rushed on to Richmond with a petition that some special means might be used to rescue their beloved pastor from the infidel Yankees. The Confederate authorities were too happy to get rid of their fair petitioners by giving up Doctor Lawrence in exchange for the parson. He was accordingly set at liberty and allowed to return North, taking Philippa with him.

By this time Colonel Arden had almost perfectly recovered from his injuries, but it was his fate to be kept a prisoner on parole in Richmond for many weeks after his friends had departed.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

IT was now autumn, and the frosts had already touched the leaves, when Doctor Lawrence and his cousin returned to Brookfield. Their absence, which was intended to be but for two or three weeks, had been protracted to almost as many months. During all that time Philippa's mother had heard from her quite regularly, not only by short open letters, such as were allowed to be sent through the lines, but also by several longer and sealed letters, that Mrs. Mason offered to forward through channels best known to herself.

It was more surprising to the people of Brookfield that so important a personage as Augustus Lawrence had not yet returned home, though he was taken prisoner more than a month before his cousin the Doctor. Nor of late had anything been heard from him; so that there would have been grounds to suppose that he was not living. But that he was living his friends were pretty well assured, by answers to their inquiries received from the office of the Commissary-General of Prisoners at Washington.

When his friends, who had important business relations with him that sorely needed his personal attention, pressed the War Department to procure his speedy exchange, they were told that they need be in no hurry to have him back, as a court-martial awaited him on his return. For he had been made prisoner when not in the line of his duty, along with a cavalry escort he had taken with him to pay a visit outside the lines, contrary to a late general order. Also, that

there were many better officers waiting for their turn to be exchanged, and whom the Government was more desirous of recovering. But if Colonel Lawrence's friends would reimburse the Government for the value of the lost horses, and also the amount of the bounty money for the men captured with him, he might possibly, on his return, be allowed to resign his commission, without being subjected to a court-martial.

It was Augustus Lawrence's financial friends who were impatient for his return. Until he had the bad luck to be taken prisoner, his military duties as one of two hundred staff officers (mostly supernumerary) had not greatly interfered with the management of his affairs at home, for the reason that, as before mentioned, he contrived to be at home more than half the time, and he was thus enabled, with his really superior capacity for business, to give all needed directions.

At the Brookfield Bank his long absence was sorely felt, as for years he had been the soul of that institution. He had managed it well, but in such a way that no one but himself knew all its concerns and interests. The Bank had always done a large "Western business," but which now, for the want of his able direction, had got into a serious muddle. To make things still worse, the glorious day of greenbacks had arrived, and the Brookfield Bank like all others must prepare, *nolens volens*, to become a National Bank. This was a change that no one of the Board of Directors felt himself competent to engineer successfully.

In such a strait the Bank managers were fain to call in the aid of that skilful accountant, Mr. Standish. The reader may remember this individual as one whom Augustus Lawrence would not have selected, if he had chanced to need extra assistance with his ledgers. But that fact concerns us no further at present, than it put him in a position of again bringing good fortune to our friend the Doctor, whose father's head clerk Mr. Standish had been many years ago, at the

Laurel Iron Works. Soon after Mr. Lawrence's sudden death, that property had come into possession of the Bank by the foreclosure of a mortgage. After that, two or three attempts had been made by different parties to resuscitate the works, but each time it had proved a losing experiment, owing both to the high price of fuel and the small supply of iron ore. But since then Mrs. Wharton's valuable bed of swamp ore had been discovered, and also a line of continuous railway now led to the coal regions. In the height of the present war every mill and workshop was needed to supply war material, for which purpose no establishment could be better adapted than the old Lawrence works, with their ponderous hammers and tall chimneys, ready for the fires to be re-lighted.

A price had been agreed upon at which the Bank was willing to sell the property to a company who were preparing to begin operations, notwithstanding there appeared to be some defect in the title-deeds, but which doubtless could be explained by Augustus Lawrence when he returned. This defective title Mr. Standish thought proper to harp upon rather unpleasantly to those who were eager to sell, as the others were to buy. He declared, as his own positive recollection, that Mr. Lawrence, previous to his sudden death, had received but three of the four instalments of the money the Bank had agreed to loan on the mortgage; and which corresponded precisely with the three notes signed by Mr. Lawrence and still held by the Bank. There was, to be sure, an entry on the bank books of the fourth instalment as having been paid; but on looking through the cash account, in its various ramifications, no corresponding entries to balance except some items of bills of exchange that stood in old Mr. Eeley's name, to whom also the other notes had been made payable—as a mere form—and by him transferred to the Bank.

But old Eeley, the miser and money-lender, had now been

dead for years, and almost forgotten. Rich as he was he kept no accounts, or only a few loose papers that he used to carry about in his hat, under his red bandana handkerchief. But he kept a little brass-bound trunk deposited in the bank vault, which had never been seen after the night of the robbery, though nearly all the other stolen property had been recovered.

It happened that one of the charcoal-burners concerned in that robbery had enlisted in the Berkshire regiment, and it was known that he was then sick and likely to die in one of the military hospitals near Washington. A letter was written to the surgeon in charge of the hospital requesting him to try and get some information from the dying man. To this an answer by telegraph was received in the following words: "Look in the big hollow ash, south corner of the pasture."

It was not difficult to find the particular tree referred to. On carefully cutting into it, a little leather-covered trunk was there found in a state of tolerable preservation; the squirrels had gnawed a hole through one end and made their nest in the cut-up papers—mostly notes of hand for small sums lent to farmers, but now long since outlawed. But there was a tin-box inside the trunk which had resisted the squirrels' teeth, and in which the papers were quite perfect.

In this box was a will, handsomely engrossed on parchment, in Augustus Lawrence's handwriting; but which the testator, Eeley, having never signed, it was of no more value than a sheet of blank paper. There was also a bundle of deeds of Mr. Eeley's landed property; but which, also, having been duly recorded in the County Registrar's office (according to the American custom, but recently adopted in England), were not needed to prove the ownership. Among those deeds there was found the original mortgage of the Laurel Iron Works from Mr. Lawrence; and which it was known and admitted had been directly transferred to the

bank. On one corner of the mortgage there was a memorandum, in pencil, of the date of three separate payments of money, but no mention of the fourth and last payment ever having been made.

This exactly agreed with Mr. Standish's recollection of the matter, and he insisted that, being Mr. Lawrence's bookkeeper at the time, he must have known if the whole amount had been received. Still, there remained the cash charged upon the books of the bank, and which was duly balanced by "bills of exchange." Finally, it was suggested, by way of explanation, that the whole transaction was usurious; in plain words, it was a "big shave," in which old Eeley and the bank were partners, and that Mr. Lawrence had really received all the money that was stipulated. But this explanation would rather weaken than confirm the bank's title to the property. So the whole question continued under discussion between the parties interested during the long involuntary absence of Augustus Lawrence from Brookfield.

Meanwhile every day's delay in starting the Iron Works was a clear loss to the projectors. At the height of their impatience, Doctor Lawrence returned home from Richmond. Mr. Standish then suggested a method by which the whole difficulty could easily be got over. The Doctor, as the only remaining heir, could give a "quit-claim" that would make a perfect title to the property, which was now worth five times the face of the mortgage. Such a quit-claim he (Mr. Standish) would undertake to procure from the Doctor on condition that he (the Doctor) should be made a shareholder in the new company, to the extent of one-fifth of the whole stock.

This arrangement was of course easily effected; and Doctor Lawrence, on receiving a bundle of handsomely lithographed certificates, all filled out, and duly numbered, might begin to think himself almost a rich man, had he not

lacked faith in such enterprises. Certain it was, however, that whether the shares in the new Iron Works proved to be of any value or not, they had cost him but the trouble of signing his name.

Once more the noise of the ponderous machines was heard along the valley, and the tall chimneys again darted forth their flaming tongues. An extemporized railway was quickly laid for bringing the rich ore from Mrs. Wharton's swamplands. Its quality was peculiarly valuable at the present time for adding strength or tenacity, when mixed with other iron used in casting the monster-guns for the turret or monitor iron-clads.

So it would seem that in sterile and rocky old Berkshire a bountiful Providence had scattered wealth, not less than in other regions,—the vine-clad slopes and plains of France, the rice and cotton fields of the sun-baked South, the coal and oil mines of Pennsylvania, or even the gold placers of California and Australia.

These matters were at length adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties, and Mr. Standish, having first been made a Bank director, was also appointed the agent or superintendent of the Iron Works, when Augustus Lawrence suddenly reappeared in Brookfield. He was rather reticent on the subject of his long absence, and not inclined to narrate his experiences as a prisoner at the South. He said it was a cruel war, and that the Southern people could never be forced to yield; that he had met with no unkind treatment, and that the war would beggar the country for a century to come. He appeared to have grown at least ten years older since he was last seen in Brookfield, some four or five months ago. He had become both more gray and more bald, his handsome face looked thinner, and there was a slight stoop in his tall figure. But the fine air of the Brookfield hills being well suited to repair the effects of his Southern sojourn, his personal appearance rapidly improved.

He had returned at the most opportune moment for the exercise of his financial talents. He quickly straightened out the affairs of the Brookfield Bank, made greenbacks plenty and discounts easy. Having been allowed to resign his army commission, he joined the army of speculators developed by the war; and in which he at once took a high position. His former business relations were soon re-established; and while sitting in his comfortable bank parlor, listening to the click of the telegraph machine, he could converse with his correspondents in Wall Street, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and dictate his orders off-hand for buying or selling gold, government securities, railway shares, petroleum and mining stock, or cotton, tobacco, grain and flour.

His success was marvellous, too marvellous indeed to be kept a secret. Values were rising, so that everybody was getting richer, seemingly by the repeated disasters to our national arms, such as happened at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. Before the end of the following spring, Augustus Lawrence was spoken of as a millionaire.

But let us not forget our army friends, especially Colonel Arden, who has shown more aptitude for operations in the tented field than in Wall Street. Long before the present spring, to which time we have chronicled the progress of events in Brookfield, Colonel Arden had been regularly exchanged, and taken passage on the James River boat for Fortress Monroe. Before arriving at the end of his trip, he learned some news of especial interest to himself from a late New York paper, under the head of "Army Intelligence," "Promotions, etc."—"Colonel Charles Arden, of New York, to be Brigadier-General, commission to date from the battle of Cedar Mountain. He is ordered to report to the Major-General commanding at Fortress Monroe."

The accidental reading of this newspaper item saved the Colonel (by which title we shall continue to speak of him) a circuitous journey of over a thousand miles to rejoin his regi-

ment, which was then with the Army Corps that occupied the valley of the Cumberland. On reporting himself at the Department Headquarters inside the fort, he received an official package enclosing his General's commission, with blank commissions for his staff, accompanied by an order to enter at once on the duties of Inspector-General at Fortress Monroe, and to make weekly reports directly to the Adjutant-General's office at Washington.

In the same package was also enclosed a short autograph letter from the great War Secretary, saying that "he wanted more such regiments as Colonel Arden's had been; and he hoped that his new position as an Inspector-General would enable him to improve the discipline and efficiency of other regiments that would come under his notice."

There was also another semi-official letter from one of the under-secretaries, apologizing (!) to the Colonel for making him a Brigadier; "but really it could not be avoided, as the Lieutenant-Colonel had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Antietam, and deserved the colonelcy." The same letter added, that "it was known that Colonel Arden had been always on duty in the field without asking for a leave of absence during the whole time of his service. Therefore he would now be entitled to apply for at least a two months' leave; but it was hoped he would waive his privilege for the present, and enter at once upon his duties, where he was much needed;—he would be entitled to spacious quarters inside the Fort: where, with every comfort at command, it was hoped he would speedily recover from the effects of his wounds, and of his late detention as a prisoner in Richmond."

Colonel Arden duly replied to these letters from Washington; and also stated that "he fortunately had suffered no hardships in Richmond, owing, as he believed, to the kindness of two women; one a Virginia lady, and a strong secessionist, Mrs. Tolliver; the other an equally strong Union lady, Mrs. Matilda Mason, the well-known popular

actress ; and who also extended their kindness, as far as they were allowed, to other Union prisoners."

During the first two months Colonel Arden found his inspection duties all that he could possibly attend to. Besides some twenty-five or thirty regiments within a radius of a few miles, there were transports constantly arriving with troops ; all whose appointments, from the working of a gun-lock, their supply of ammunition, the quality of their clothing, coffee, beef, and hard-tack, all these things required to be inspected and reported on ; besides having the new regiments brought on shore for an hour's drill to judge of their efficiency.

But shortly after, owing to some new, grand army movement, most of these regiments were suddenly whisked away to Tennessee, fifteen hundred miles distant, and our new Inspector-General was left with so little to attend to that he found himself almost idle. When Mars is most idle, then Cupid is most active.

Corresponding exactly to the period of this idleness at the great military post of Fortress Monroe there were signs of increased activity in remote little Brookfield. I do not refer to the Iron Works, which were in full blast, but to that old antique farmhouse on the hill-side, the home of Mrs. Wharton and her daughter Philippa. There the click of the sewing-machine was heard all day long ; and with the extra help of hired seamstresses, piece after piece of white goods was being converted into piles of snowy apparel of various forms, the names of which, if known, are not often pronounced in the hearing of the masculine sex.

This bustle and hurry betokened something more than the ordinary preparation of a lady's spring and summer clothing. At least one trip to New York had been made by Philippa and her mother : so that the report among the country people was, "I do believe Philippa Wharton is a goin' ter be married—right away ;—may be ter that ar Colonel we've heered our boys in the Army talk so much about."

If this was true, it must have been brought about by an unusually frequent exchange of letters between Fortress Monroe and Brookfield, and which had likewise been noted and commented on by the gossips about the post-office. The real truth was, that Colonel Arden, in one of his letters to Philippa, proposed that, as he could not go to her, she should come to him, and that the marriage ceremony should take place in the Fort chapel. In this arrangement the young lady was not ready to acquiesce, while her mother decidedly objected to it ; saying, that "a daughter's wedding ought to be at her mother's house, with her own clergyman."

This refusal caused the writing of many letters, in which her suitor set forth both the propriety and the advantages of reversing the usual order of things in the present instance. "In war times people often dispensed with some of the usual formalities ; otherwise many persons might have to remain single for an indefinite period of time. Many instances had occurred during the present war where ladies belonging to families of the highest respectability had been married under circumstances far less favorable. There was a handsome little chapel inside the Fort, administered by a venerable chaplain, the contemporary and personal friend of two former Presidents of the United States, Madison and Jackson. Philippa could come with her mother, accompanied by as many friends as she chose to invite ; for he had a cottage all to himself, and his friends could remain their guests as long as they chose to stay. Moreover, they would find the excursion a most agreeable one ; as, besides the many objects of interest there were about the fine old Fortress, he (the Colonel) had a neat little steam-boat all to himself, for visiting the outposts about Hampton Roads, and it was pleasant sailing on those waters in the warm spring days. There was a little circle of agreeable society at the Fort ; but if Philippa preferred it they could live in the

ancient but dull little city of Norfolk, which was within his inspection district, and but an hour's sail from the Fort."

With these, "and many such As'es" (or reasons) of like weight, Colonel Arden carried the day; but not without the aid of his friend, Doctor Lawrence, who was in Brookfield, to urge the bride's going to the groom, instead of the more usual and regular proceeding. So it happened in this instance—as very seldom it does happen—that two men overcame two women; probably by dint of quoting several respectable precedents. For with women as with lawyers, who are of like conservative disposition, precedents have more weight than reasons.

So the day was fixed when Philippa and her mother, accompanied by Doctor Lawrence, set out for Fortress Monroe, to be joined in New York by Mrs. Bruce and her daughter Clementina; and even Miss Minturn had accepted an invitation to join the party. Augustus Lawrence was invited, but he sent his regrets inside a sealed box containing a handsome set of diamonds set with emeralds.

One individual, who was not invited, saw fit to invite himself. Jake Peabody begged Doctor Lawrence to take him along with the party; saying, "he had travelled consider'ble, could make himself useful looking after the baggage and buying the tickets, etc.," also "He druv little Charley Arden the fust day he come to school to the 'Cad'my; his father and mother give him the fust money he ever had in his life." So Jake went with the party as a sort of "general utility man."

The wedding party thus constituted, consisting of Philippa and her mother, Mrs. Bruce and Clementina, with Miss Minturn and Dr. Lawrence, might have been seen early one fine morning standing on the deck of the steamer *Chesapeake*, from which they contemplated the bristling ramparts of that grand old fortress with its casemated walls of over a mile in circumference.

Half an hour after, our friends had given up their passes at the Provost-Marshall's office, and entering through the massive echoing archway to the interior of the fort, they were soon comfortably domiciled in Colonel Arden's cottage. A late breakfast followed, at which another lady was added to the company, no other than the ubiquitous Mrs. Matilda Mason.

For a week or two the dead walls of quiet little Norfolk had been placarded with theatre bills of "Camille and Ingomar," similar to those our friends had seen in Richmond a few months previously. Arden waited upon Mrs. Mason, expressed his pleasure in again seeing a lady to whom he was under such great obligations, gave her cards for the wedding, and insisted on being allowed to send his boat for her in time to meet his friends at breakfast, who would be glad of an opportunity of knowing one of whose kindness and generosity they heard so much. Mrs. Mason while in Richmond had told Philippa a convenient little fib, that the elder Mrs. Mason who had spent two or three summers in Brookfield at the Elm-Tree House was an aunt of hers, which accounted for a marked resemblance in their features, if not for the similarity of their married names. She said, moreover, that her dear aunt had told her so much about Brookfield people who had shown her kindness that she knew all about them, including Doctor Lawrence, Philippa's mother, and even Jake Peabody.

By the other ladies of the company, who now saw Mrs. Mason, as they supposed, for the first time, she was greeted with the most thorough cordiality. Even Miss Minturn forgot her exclusiveness, and was not only polite but very friendly towards her; but she did not refer to the fact that she knew Mrs. Mason was the wife or perhaps now the widow of her cousin Fred Mason, a dissipated artist, but of whom she had seen or heard little or nothing for a long time.

But there is a wedding on hand, so let us make haste

and get through with it. It was much like other weddings, a brilliant affair, not from the number of ladies present, which was not large, but from the crowd of epauleted officers, which almost filled the little chapel; part of them belonging to the fort, but many came from on board the several American, French, and English ships of war that were anchored in Hampton Roads. On the bridal party leaving the church the splendid military band, that had been stationed outside the door, played with great delicacy and feeling the finale of *La Sonnambula*, *Ah, non giunge uman pensiero*.

The wedding reception with an entertainment (a sumptuous one from Baltimore) followed immediately. On this occasion Miss Clementina Bruce was especially the object of gallant attentions. Never before had she found any company so exactly suited to her mind; there were few ladies, but lots of beaux crowding around eager for her smiles. She had as much as she could attend to, of the one thing she liked best of all else in the world—admiration. By many she was mistaken for the bride,—much to Philippa's content, as it saved her from a deal of staring. Miss Clem declared Fortress Monroe a delightful place, and she meant to return as soon as possible to make her friend Mrs. Arden a visit, as she had been urged to do.

After an hour or two passed at the reception, those who wished to go were invited to an afternoon's sail in the Colonel's steam-tug on the placid waters of Hampton Roads. About sunset the wedding excursionists reëmbarked on board the same steamer by which they came in the morning, and Colonel and Mrs. Arden were left in quiet possession of their cottage home within the grim old walls of Fortress Monroe.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUMMER BIRDS RETURNING.

THE month of June has come again, and the places of summer resort are filling up earlier than usual with those eager to get out of town to the country, to walk upon the cool turf instead of the heated pavement, to look up and see the waving foliage instead of brick walls, to wake to the sound of chippering robins instead of the rumbling of ice-carts and market wagons, and, above all, to breathe the air fresh from ocean and mountain instead of the dust-laden exhalations from the streets.

In Brookfield all the houses were crowded. At the Elm-Tree House there were much the same set, including Mrs. Bruce and Miss Clementina, also Miss Minturn. But Mrs. Mason did not make her appearance even to look after her new cottage and little farm, the John Moore place, where everything was ready and seemed to invite occupancy.

Never before had so many fine equipages and turnouts been seen on the broad and shaded main street of Brookfield. Some of these belonged to Augustus Lawrence's city friends, who came occasionally to visit him for a day or two, and were entertained very handsomely.

Notwithstanding this increased gayety, Miss Clementina Bruce declared that "she was tired of coming every season to Brookfield; that she fairly detested the place. Though mamma wouldn't go to Saratoga or Newport herself, she could go herself to either of those places, as friends there had invited her to visit them; but then she could not have mamma's carriage."

The truth is, Miss Clem was lapsing into a discontented state of mind in which few things pleased or interested her. For this, matrimony would have been an undoubted cure, if accompanied with a fine establishment, such as she was accustomed to regard as essential. This Augustus Lawrence could give her, and she had almost made up her mind to take him in spite of her mother's known objections to the match. For, without giving her reasons, Mrs. Bruce had been heard to say that she would never receive Augustus Lawrence into her house as a son-in-law. But Clementina now heard so much said about his wealth and his financial talents, even by those of high position in New York, that she continued to receive his attentions, declaring she "thought she was old enough to choose for herself." So this affair was regarded not as one of Miss Bruce's numerous flirtations, but as almost an engagement.

There was yet another pair whom kind friends at the Elm-Tree House busied themselves with trying to drive into the ark of matrimony. It was Miss Minturn's third season in Brookfield, and Doctor Lawrence continued to spend a good deal of time at the Elm-Tree House with the agreeable people he met there. Though the project had early suggested itself to the match-making ladies of the house as an eminently fit one, they were still as far from success as at the beginning of their endeavors. The Doctor and Miss Minturn met almost daily, and often spent hours in the same little circle; but they were habitually so sharp towards one another that their more intimate friends addressed them as *Beatrice* and *Benedict*.

One circumstance favored the match-makers' designs;—old (?) Mrs. Mason was not there, to whom the Doctor during two previous seasons had shown special attentions. And though she spoke of having a husband, they had not forgotten her astonishingly young appearance at Clementina's ball, nor her elegant dressing, nor her splendid shoulders,

her waltzing, her superior piano-playing, and her vivacity generally on that occasion, when she turned the heads of half a dozen youths of five-and-twenty. But the weeks glided by, and the end of the season was approaching without Mrs. Mason having yet made her appearance in Brookfield, though it was observed that her niece (?) the younger Mrs. Mason was advertised in the theatrical columns of the New York papers as soon to appear there.

The fact that there was really but one Mrs. Mason, and that she was the same person as the poor little Matilda Moore, who, some sixteen or seventeen years before, had run away from her miserable home in Brookfield, was known to but one individual mentioned in this history—Jake Peabody.

The question had been asked, but never answered, how the aunt and niece both happened to have the same married name. If it had been asked directly of Mrs. Mason herself, doubtless the tact acquired in her profession would have furnished her with an evasive answer. As the reader knows the outline of her history, and what sacrifices she had made from first to last for Doctor Lawrence, it would not be strange if she still entertained some other sentiment than pure gratitude for the kindnesses she had previously received, not from him only, but from his family connections.

If Mrs. Mason had happened to be at the Elm-Tree House the present season she might have been an interested spectator, and perhaps an actor in a little scene that took place one evening in Mrs. Bruce's parlor. As frequently happened, there was a game of euchre, when Mrs. Bruce and another lady were partners against Miss Minturn and Doctor Lawrence; while Clementina and one of her young friends sat by overlooking the game. As the Doctor and Miss Minturn were being badly beaten, they found a good deal of needless fault with one another's playing. In trying desperately to retrieve themselves Miss Minturn had just been euchred on

a lone hand; and the very next deal she again declared she'd "play it alone."

"You are fond of playing lone hands, Beatrice," remarked Mrs. Bruce's partner.

To which Mrs. Bruce quickly added, "Yes, she's been practising it for some time; she don't seem to care much for a partner's assistance."

"She's had rather an unlucky time of it so far," said Doctor Lawrence, dryly.

"Quite as good a time as you, Doctor, over there in your solitary old hill-side shanty," rejoined Beatrice with some tartness.

"My old shanty, as you call it, is a much pleasanter place to live in than your dingy old brick house in Lafayette Place," again retorted the Doctor.

"Doctor Lawrence, you shan't call my father's 'a dingy old house,'" exclaimed Miss Minturn, angrily, as she threw the cards almost in the Doctor's face.

"But you just called my mother's house an old hill-side shanty."

"Did I, Doctor?" said the lady, in a softened and repentant tone, "forgive me if I said such a word. I didn't know it was your mother's house. Pardon me, Doctor, won't you? I never meant to hurt your feelings," and she extended her hand across the card-table, which he took as cordially as it was offered.

The instant their hands were clasped, Clementina sprang forward, and with both her own hands she held those of the Doctor and his partner firmly together, exclaiming, "Now you are caught; say the words, 'I plight thee my troth.'"

"Yes, say the words," repeated the other ladies, as they quickly imitated Clementina by aiding her to keep Miss Maggie and the Doctor from letting go of each other's hands. "Say the words, Maggie; say the words, Doctor; Beatrice, Benedict, say the words, 'I plight thee my troth,'" the ladies kept repeating in one mingled scream.

This was followed by as complete silence, during which Miss Minturn and the Doctor remained quite passive, as it would have required no little effort for them to unlock their hands when tightly held by three or four other persons.

The lady blushed as she tugged a little with her arm; but the Doctor did not look displeased; his eyes met hers, and he said composedly:—

"Well, what do you say, Miss Beatrice?"

"What do you say, Signor Benedict?" asked the lady in reply.

"I plight thee my troth," said the Doctor, in a distinct tone.

"I plight thee my troth," Miss Minturn repeated faintly after him, turning away her face.

At this the ladies let go their hold, and jumping up from the table they whisked and whirled and danced about the room in such an extravagant and almost frantic fashion that the older and more staid Mrs. Bruce prudently removed the candles from the table to the chimney-piece to keep them from being upset.

"Engaged at last! engaged at last! Benedict and Beatrice are engaged," was shouted and screamed forth so loudly that two or three persons came in from the adjoining rooms to know the cause of such commotion. Though it was not very late in the evening, many of the boarders had retired to their rooms; but so important are such events to the female mind that there was a rushing through the hallways and a knocking at the doors to tell the news.

Directly Mrs. Bruce's parlor was thronged with the lady guests of the house,—several even in their wrappers and slippers, with chignons stuck on in a hurry,—who came to offer their congratulations and best wishes to the newly engaged pair. Such a noise and *fracas* was made that the nurses and ladies' maids began to descend from the attic with little bundles and baskets in their hands, supposing it to be an alarm of fire!

But Mrs. Bruce, with considerate kindness, managed to disperse the crowd, and even withdrew herself; thus leaving Miss Minturn and the Doctor in sole possession of her parlor. When, shortly after, he took his departure, Miss Minturn accompanied him down to the door and even out into the darkness. After a few minutes' delay the noise of wagon wheels and the tramp of horses, with, at the same time, the sound of a lady's step ascending the staircase, told those who heard them, that this new pair of lovers had said their first *good-night*.

Not many days afterwards Colonel Arden, who was yet at Fortress Monroe with Philippa, received a letter from Doctor Lawrence, of the following import:—

"My dear Arden,—I expect to go to Paris early in October, and to take a wife with me. Who the lady is Philippa can probably tell you, if you cannot guess. We mean to stay abroad two or three years, and wish you and Philippa to join our party.

"You have done greatly more than your share for your country, and can now resign your commission with credit. The danger is over; the struggle is decided; our cause is won. The victory at Gettysburg and the taking of Vicksburg prove that. The long-wished-for man has appeared, in whose bear-like hug the last pulsations of the rebellion must soon cease. If the devices of heraldry signified anything in this country, the man who galloped over a sweep of five hundred miles with his army and sat down before Vicksburg, where for two months not the whole power of the Confederacy could dislodge him, that man would be entitled to assume as his crest the "bear and ragged staff" of the Nevils and Warwicks of old."

To this letter Colonel Arden replied:—"My dear Doctor:—We were greatly rejoiced, but not surprised, to hear at last of your engagement, which has indeed been a long time hoped for and expected by your friends, as the wisest and most proper thing that could happen.

"However much Philippa would like to go to Europe with you, resigning my army commission is out of the question at present; though I quite agree with you that the crisis of the war has passed. But there yet remains a great deal of ground to be fought over, and other places as strong as Vicksburg to be taken, all which will be duly achieved; for our people have become educated to the business of war, and generals have at last been found capable of leading our armies.

"For myself, I will resign when the war is over, but not a day earlier. Since I am married, and also a new title has been thrust upon me, I begin to feel some little military ambition of which I was not before conscious; moreover, if I were to go with you to Europe just at this time, I should be obliged, under present circumstances, to leave Philippa at home.

"As Philippa writes to her mother almost daily, I need not undertake to tell you any news. With kind regards to our friends in Brookfield, and our very best wishes for Miss Maggie and yourself, believe me ever most truly yours,

"CHARLES ARDEN."

It was now the last week in August, and most of the guests of the Elm-Tree House, as at other similar resorts, were beginning to pack their trunks for home. Miss Minturn would leave on the following morning, earlier by at least two weeks than she usually returned to New York; but, as was surmised, to make preparations for her approaching wedding, which, it was reported, would take place that autumn. Mrs. Bruce had decided to return home at the same time. But this being much too soon for Miss Clem, she had not only prevailed on her mother to let her go with some friends to Newport, but also that she might take the carriage with her, besides her own pony phaëton. In fact the coachman was to leave for Newport with his vehicles and quadrupeds by the earliest train the next morning, but

which train being much too early and too slow for Clem, she was to take a later one, about the same time that her mother and Miss Minturn would depart in the opposite direction for New York.

As Doctor Lawrence was to accompany the New York party, he was busying himself late in the evening with some preparations for the trip, when a wagon rattled up to his door, and Jake Peabody, with Mr. Standish, made their appearance, doubtless on some special errand.

Jake opened the conference by saying, "Doctor, folks in my line o' business see and hear a darned sight mor'n people thinks we do."

"Yes, Jake, you know a good deal—I can certify to that."

"Well, Doctor, I guess there's a goin' ter be a kind o' runaway marrying scrape 'mong some of the Yorkers at the Elm, ter morry mornin' like enuf. You know Miss Clementeen's goin' to Newport. 'Gustus Lawrence's thar now."

"I heard that he was gone to Saratoga," remarked the Doctor.

"W'al, that's just it," Jake resumed; "why, I've come ter tell ye about it. 'Gustus, he took his tickets and had his hosses sent to Sar'toga yesterday; but when he got ter the Junction he tuk the back track, an' he's in Newport now."

"Well, Jake, I'm sorry if there's any ground for your suspicions; but I don't see that I am entitled to meddle in the matter. The young lady is her own mistress, and she'll get what she wants—a rich husband."

"No, sir, she'll not get a rich husband," spoke up Mr. Standish, with considerable emphasis, "she'll get a beggar, if not something worse," and Mr. Standish proceeded to explain himself. "You've read, I suppose, Doctor, in this morning's New York papers, what a flurry they had in Wall Street yesterday."

"I believe I saw something of the sort, I didn't read it—

such things don't concern me," was the Doctor's reply, when Mr. Standish continued:

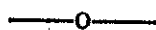
"Well, Augustus Lawrence was ruined yesterday, both in means and reputation, and he's probably heard of it by this time. He was cornered in a big gold speculation by some of the friends who visited him here this summer. I thought it might come, and I've kept a sharp eye on him for some months. A few days ago, some of our Bank securities were missing; I suspected they had been used for 'collateral,' or 'margin,' as the New York brokers call it. I knew who was his broker in New York. I took the owl train and got there early yesterday morning, got out a search-warrant, and recovered most of the bonds. To-day the sheriff has attached all his property and his stock in our bank; so nobody but himself will lose a dollar, and possibly no one will ever hear more of the affair, only that Augustus Lawrence is, as they say, dead broke."

When Mr. Standish had finished this exposition, the Doctor merely expressed some surprise, while he wrote on one of his own cards:—"The bearer, Mr. Standish, wishes to speak with Mrs. Bruce on important business. P. L." This card Mr. Standish was requested to present privately, early on the following morning, to the lady, when she would be walking on the porch, as was her custom for half an hour before breakfast.

So these two callers took their departure. Jake Peabody remarking, as he halted a moment on the door-step, "I got a letter to-day from Mrs. Mason, you know, Doctor, I hev the keer o' her little house and farm, the old John Moore place that was. Well, she writ, that she wudn't git here this season; and she said too, she'd heerd of Doctor Lawrence's goin' ter be married soon."

It is probable that Standish obtained the desired early morning interview with Mrs. Bruce; as when Doctor Lawrence arrived at the railway station, he found his party to

consist of three instead of two ladies; for Clementina was there heavily veiled, and very taciturn; in which state she sat beside her mother all the way to New York.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE CENTRAL PARK.

A MAN at forty can hardly be called a young man. But for all that, Doctor Lawrence must have enjoyed his brief courtship as keenly as if he had been but five-and-twenty, if we may judge by the frequency of his visits to New York after Miss Minturn's return to her home in La Fayette Place: where the solid double brick houses remain as the memorials of a past generation of merchant princes.

And why should not a man at forty enjoy his courtship as well or even better than a younger man? At that mature age the battle of life is more than half over; not only our day-long happiness, but even the pleasures of the moment are more perfect and secure than anything that verdant and half-ripened youth knows of.

It was perhaps the last visit Doctor Lawrence would make in New York previous to the day fixed for his marriage. He was driving in Central Park with Miss Minturn in her own carriage, in which the front seat was filled up with two or three of her little nephews and nieces. It was a pleasant September day, and there was the usual concourse of handsome equipages and fashionably dressed people.

The Doctor turned his head to observe the horses of a

double coupée that was passing them, remarking, as he did so, "That's a fine pair; I'm sure I saw Jake Peabody driving those horses in Brookfield not a week ago."

"Didn't you observe the lady in the carriage? I bowed to her, and she returned it," said Miss Minturn.

"Who was it?"

"An old acquaintance of yours—Mrs. Mason, the actress, who was so kind to you and Colonel Arden in Richmond."

"Ah, yes; I saw by the papers she was in town; I must inquire her address and call upon her to-day, if possible."

"No," interposed Miss Minturn, "let me call first; then, afterwards we can call together. We owe her every attention for her generosity to you; and I doubt not she treated others with similar kindness."

The lovers continued their drive about the Park for an hour longer—for lovers we may truly call them, though one of the twain had long been regarded as a confirmed bachelor, and the lady as a hardly less hopeless case of single blessedness. The Doctor, indeed, was at that moment not less a lover than years before, when he first met Miss Minturn at Saratoga, but far happier now than then, in a dreamy blissful sense of secure possession of the object of his attachment.

As had been previously arranged, the Doctor left the carriage for Miss Minturn to return home by herself. He had done the same thing on two or three previous occasions; for he wished to walk about and talk with the gardeners, observe their methods of planting the shrubbery and managing the late autumnal flowers that so long "keep their seeming and savor." At home, in Brookfield, he had become somewhat of a connoisseur in such matters, and especially he admired, and wished to imitate, the skill by which the rock-loving vines are made to add so much to the beauty of the Park.

After his walk, the Doctor was engaged to dine with a friend; then visit Miss Maggie for an hour or two in the

evening, after which he intended to take the night train for Brookfield. "Philip," said the lady, as they parted, "I shall expect to see you by nine; don't make it a moment later."

Dr. Lawrence was improving the opportunity thus allowed him for adding to his store of horticultural knowledge, and he happened to take a seat in one of the lovely shaded nooks of the Ramble, which commanded a charming little view, a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of artificial nature. He had sat but a few minutes when he heard the rustling of a dress, and looking up saw a dashing-looking lady making directly towards him. Supposing her to be one of the *buona-robas* that sometimes enliven those secluded walks, and being in no mood for interviews with strange ladies, he at once left his seat and was walking off when he heard his name called, "Doctor Lawrence!" This, of course, arrested his retreat, and he turned back; at the same moment the lady looking upwards towards one of those eminences in the Park called the *Rendezvous*, where stood a coupée and pair of horses, she called out to the colored driver, "Sam, drive about a while, and come back in ten minutes."

"Mrs. Mason!" exclaimed Doctor Lawrence, extending his hand to the lady. "Pardon me for not recognizing you at first."

"Yes, Doctor, though you passed me once before to-day without seeing me," replied Mrs. Mason, rather gravely.

"Miss Minturn told me of it the moment after, and we promised ourselves the pleasure of calling upon you very soon."

"I'll excuse you, Doctor; for I saw you were looking at my horses, wondering, probably, if they were the same Jake Peabody was driving about Brookfield a few days ago."

"Yes, I confess that was my thought at the moment; but your aunt, who is Jake's most liberal patron, has not been in Brookfield this season. I hope her little Josephine's health is better; the Brookfield air seemed to benefit her."

"Josephine, I am happy to say, is grown a big, stout girl

within the last two years," replied Mrs. Mason; then abruptly changing the subject, she said in an off-hand manner, "Come and sit down; I wish to have a little talk with you, Doctor," and she seized him familiarly by the arm and drew him towards one of the rustic seats. The Doctor yielded, but conscious of wishing that Mrs. Mason had chosen some other time and place for the interview; though, as he thought, she wished to ask for a little medical advice; but it proved far otherwise.

"Our dialogue," she began, "must be brief, and like those written for the stage, it must convey a great deal in a few words. You are to be married in a few days, I am aware, to a lady of high social position."

The Doctor interrupted her with—"Miss Minturn will take great pleasure in sending you cards; she knows your admirable qualities entitle you to every respect."

"Doctor, I do not claim nor desire such an honor for myself."

"You will not allow us to show that your kindness in Richmond is remembered. We regretted that your aunt did not return to Brookfield this summer. She made many friends there, and people wondered she did not come to occupy her new cottage; it was always a pleasant spot even before she improved it."

"My aunt?" the lady exclaimed in a mournful accent, "I have no aunt, nor, so far as I know, have I a relation living in the world, save that little girl, Josephine, you saw at the Elm-Tree House, and who grew so fond of you because you were polite to us. She is my daughter; for I am that old Mrs. Mason you used to see there."

At this sudden revelation the Doctor started with surprise, exclaiming, "Impossible!" as he gazed upon the speaker.

"It is very easy," she continued, "for people of our profession to keep up such a disguise if they have occasion. I had more than one motive for doing it, the least of which was to study the manners and character of people in society."

At this point Mrs. Mason again suddenly changed the subject by inquiring, "Doctor, do you remember Fred Mason, an old college acquaintance of yours?"

"Yes, but I haven't seen him for many years—not since I last met him at Saratoga; he was then desperately in love with a handsome actress there."

"I am that actress; and he afterwards became my husband."

"I must have seen you there at the time," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Mason, "Fred was a foolish fellow, easily led; and you did him a great favor when you sent me this little scrap of paper:" saying this Mrs. Mason drew forth from her pocket-book the half of an old torn envelope, on which was a Brookfield post-mark, and the last letters—"ence," of the address; then, turning the other side, she said, "That is your writing," and she read the now blurred message, written in pencil, that he remembered having sent to the handsome actress, warning her of the possible designs of a couple of hare-brained youths.

"I recollect the circumstance," he said; "perhaps I meddled with what was none of my business; I hesitated about sending the message."

"Doctor Lawrence, you never did a wiser thing in your life; that message probably saved those foolish young fellows from an act that would have sent them to prison. For a year or two after, when Fred and I were married, I got the whole story out of him; how they intended to drug my husband, and what else they expected to do I don't know."

"Yes, I remember you—the lady had a husband, Forrester, rather an old man," the Doctor remarked.

"Yes: soon after running away from Brookfield I married him at first sight, like a green country girl that I was; but I soon found that old Forrester had one wife living, if not two; so I left him and married Fred Mason, who was a gentleman and terribly in love, if ever man was. But it turned out

badly for both of us. His family disowned him; he was a painter, with perhaps not much talent, certainly no industry; after a while he got to drinking and going with low company. But he always loved me truly and faithfully, and never once spoke a harsh word to me; and he doted on Josy, my little girl, as though she had been his own child."

"By Forrester, her first husband?" surmised the Doctor to himself.

Although Doctor Lawrence's attention had become engaged by the little surprises and wonders contained in Mrs. Mason's verbal autobiography, which she seemed to have waylaid him on purpose to relate, he was made not a little nervous by observing several carriages drive slowly around the Rendezvous, from which the occupants might chance to look down and see him—almost on the eve of his wedding-day—*tête-à-tête*, in a shady nook, with a handsome and gayly dressed strange lady. But his fair companion had other disclosures to make that still more engrossed his attention.

Mrs. Mason again broke off the thread of her story by saying, "I had special reasons for visiting Brookfield and for buying a little farm there,—the old John Moore place, as they called it, though I own a farm or plantation in Kentucky. The graves and headstones of my father's father and grandfather are in the burying-ground there. I was born in Brookfield myself, and ran away from home before I was seventeen—joined a company of strollers that performed at the Red House during the cattle fair. I knew everybody in Brookfield, Doctor, long before you ever saw me at the Elm-Tree House. I was a giddy young girl, and your cousin Augustus Lawrence had me turned out of the Sunday-school. I remember that Sunday as if it were yesterday. After church all the people shunned me, and I was left standing alone on the porch. I was blind with rage. I heard a low gentle voice, as though it had been the voice of an angel, call my name, 'Matilda;' and, Doctor Lawrence it was the

voice of an angel—it was your Aunt Jerusha's. She came and spoke kindly to me, she stooped down and kissed me, and bade her little daughter, Philippa, give me the bunch of violets she held in her hand,—then little Philippa kissed me too." At this point of her narrative Mrs. Mason's voice became less clear; she dropped her short veil over her face, and with both hands pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, she began to sob with emotion.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Mason," said the Doctor in a low tone of marked tenderness; "Try and calm yourself," he repeated, in almost a whisper, "we are observed by some people passing."

Mrs. Mason, with some effort, composed herself, so that she put away her handkerchief, and at the same time she drew forth a gold locket. It contained a few little broken stems and what looked like the dry petals of a flower. "Never will I part with that," resumed Mrs. Mason, "they are Philippa's violets. I have diamonds and laces and jewelry, worth thousands—some were given to me, some bought with my own money. They may be stolen from me, or I may sell or give them away:—but these two violets, never! And when I die, this spot here, on my cheek, where your good Aunt Jerusha's tear fell when she kissed me, and said 'I was not a bad girl,' this spot I am sure will die last."

While thus indulging herself in the expression of feelings which had probably remained pent up for years, Mrs. Mason recovered something of her naturally energetic tone and manner: and she contemplated for a few seconds the poor remains, the dust of what once were flowers, as though she still beheld them in their first bloom and fragrance.

Doctor Lawrence, wishing to say something, but not knowing what, he said, "Mrs. Mason, you have too much heart; it is not wise to dwell so mournfully on the past."

"I think it is wise," she replied with emphasis. "It makes me better after it."

Again the Doctor spoke, expressing a hope that the next

time she came to Brookfield she would make herself known to his aunt, Mrs. Wharton, whose angelic qualities she would not find changed, but rather brightened with years. "You said, Mrs. Mason, that you had no relations left in Brookfield, but you surely would find friends there to welcome you. You might well feel a pride in making yourself known to them—your career has been so successful and creditable."

"Jake Peabody is the only person in Brookfield that knows who I am; I employed him to buy the old John Moore place for me, but now I have it I'd rather not live there. It's sixteen years since I ran away, and no one there would remember me, for even you, Doctor Lawrence, have forgotten me!"

This caused him to look earnestly upon the speaker, and she returned his gaze in silence. At that moment there came a beam of sunlight through the foliage, and he saw the face was the same that once met him with girlish laughter in the deep forest. "Matilda! Matilda Moore!" he almost shouted in a loud whisper of surprise. At this recognition the lady extended her hand, which the Doctor took and forgot to let go of till she herself withdrew it again to take out her pocket-book. Again she showed him some well-preserved memorials of her girlhood in Brookfield. They were the very scraps of paper Phil Lawrence had once torn from his memorandum book, on which he set her writing lessons with his pencil. Among other words she pointed to one, *Egeria*, which he remembered she wished was her name, it sounded so beautifully.

Mrs. Mason's coupée with its colored driver now made its appearance a second time on the brow of the Rendezvous;—for she had sent it away once, when it had returned as ordered. When the carriage came round for the second time Doctor Lawrence was made aware that it was not empty. A young girl was seen at the window; and she called out rather impatiently to Mrs. Mason, "Ma'ma, arn't you going home soon? mayn't I get out and come to you?"

"Yes, my child; Sam, open the door for Miss Joey. I want you to see her, Doctor, she's almost sixteen, and you'll find her greatly improved; her health is perfect now. I hope she has inherited her mother's constitution if nothing else."

When the young girl came, her mother said, "Joey, do you remember this gentleman?"—"Doctor Lawrence," replied the girl, with the shyness of a child, that made her appear much younger than she really was.

"She's grown almost a young lady, and a good-looking one, too," said the Doctor, taking the girl's hand.

"I've kept her back as much as possible," said her mother, "but now it troubles me to think that she will have no advantages for society. I don't care for myself; I am satisfied with my position; my profession engrosses my thoughts. But this girl is well born. Though I am poor old John Moore's daughter, my father's grandfather was an Irish gentleman. You remember the headstone with the crest, in the burying-ground at Brookfield?"

"She's a handsome young lady, and looks like her mother," said the Doctor, disposed to make a double hit with one compliment. "Yes, and she has some traits of her father," replied Mrs. Mason, as she pushed aside the girl's flowing hair, and showed a small 'strawberry' mark on one side of her neck just below the ear.

Doctor Lawrence's hitherto easy manner suddenly deserted him—he was dumb—he turned pale. He was holding the child's hand, and now he bent forward in silence and kissed her bare arm.

"Now, Joey, darling, go back to the carriage; ma'ma will come in a moment, and we'll go home directly."

The girl did as she was bidden, and by the time she was out of hearing the Doctor had recovered himself enough to say, "Matilda, Mrs. Mason, I know my duty, my obligations; oh, that I had known them sooner: but you can depend on me."

"Yes, that I know I can," exclaimed the lady rising from

her seat. "Philip Lawrence was always true, and he'll prove true to the last." With these parting words, and throwing her card upon the seat, she rushed away without formal leave-taking, and he saw her enter her coupée and drive off.

On recovering himself sufficiently to look at his watch, Doctor Lawrence found that he would have to make haste to get back to town in time to keep his dinner engagement. But that matter was duly got through with; though, from some cause of delay after dinner, he did not reach Miss Minturn's house till nearly an hour after the time she expected to see him.

"What has kept you so long, Philip?" she eagerly demanded as she met him at the parlor door. Then, as the light fell upon his face, without giving him time to reply to her first question, she quickly added—"You look pale. What has happened? Are you ill? Speak, tell me, what is the matter? Did you sit all this time at dinner? You seem weak; are you faint? Surely, Philip, you've not been taking too much wine at dinner? You never do."

"No," was the Doctor's reply, "I drank but a glass or two of claret."

"Tell me, have you heard bad news? or what has happened?" again she eagerly demanded, at the same time she drew him towards the sofa which had been their accustomed seat.

But he dropped into a chair at the end of the sofa while she sat down as near as possible to him, still keeping hold of his hand. "Yes," he replied, "I have just heard something that greatly troubles me, and which you must know, Miss Minturn, before it is too late."

"Miss Minturn!" exclaimed the lady, letting go his hand; and starting back in surprise at this now disused style of address. "Doctor Lawrence! have I displeased you? Am I to lose you a second time?"

"No, Maggie; you have not displeased me; you are as dear to me—dearer to me now than when I was so madly

in love with you at Saratoga. But I have just heard of old claims upon me, of obligations that, till three hours since, I knew nothing of, but of which you too ought to know before it is too late."

"Surely my means are ample," was Miss Minturn's reply; "such things needn't trouble us. Come and sit here." And the Doctor allowed himself to be drawn to his accustomed place on the sofa.

"I have no debts to trouble me," he said; "the obligations I speak of are of a social, a moral nature, of such a kind as a lady in your position might well object to having any share in, though no one could so well aid me in discharging those obligations, and possibly it might result in adding to our happiness."

"How mysteriously you talk to me, Philip; it is so unlike your usual manner. Come, tell me at once what has happened to trouble you."

"Soon after leaving you in the Park to-day, I met a lady—her card is in this envelope. She is not a lady in fashionable society. You can call upon her as early to-morrow morning as you please. She will tell you what I cannot. I begin to feel assured that your kind woman's heart will find a way out of the difficulty. It all depends upon what view you may take of the affair. I must say good-night now, to be in time for the train."

"You will be sure to come again, Philip, within a week."

"That depends upon what you write to me, Maggie. I shall count the hours till I hear from you."

The next morning Doctor Lawrence was in Brookfield. That same morning, at an hour hardly later than many New York families were taking their breakfast, Miss Minturn's one-horse coupée was seen standing before a fine house in a street a mile further up-town than La Fayette Place. The coupée stood there so long that it attracted the attention of the neighbors, who, if they did not know the owner of the vehicle,

they knew the house to be the residence of Mrs. Matilda Mason, the popular actress.

Before twelve o'clock of that day, Doctor Lawrence had received this telegram: "I have called on Mrs. M. in 30th Street. All is explained. There is no change on my part. I will write to-day. M. M."

Miss Minturn's letter was promptly received and read as follows:—"My dear Philip did me no more than justice when he said my woman's heart might devise a way out of his difficulty. I have settled everything in a way that I am sure will meet your approbation. Can you arrange to come to me this day Wednesday week, and come prepared to take me home with you to your own house for a few days before the sailing of the steamer? For I will endure no more such shocks as that of last evening, and the next time I have you here I am resolved not to part with you, and to provide henceforth (as Olivia says)

'That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace.'

I shall write to your aunt, Mrs. Wharton, to come (but a day or two earlier), as my guest. You must not let her decline my invitation. I write this in some haste, as I have to hurry down town to the steamship office, to secure (if possible) a good room for a young lady who goes out with us. Ever fondly and faithfully your own

MARGARET."

"P.S. The cards are ordered from the engraver. Let me know, in time, of any names you may wish to have added to the list I now have of your friends. M. M."

Some women have a good deal of executive ability; Miss Minturn's share of this most useful talent may have been developed by several years' experience as the head of her own house. Certainly she ordered things on the present occasion with both decision and precision. Consequently, when Doctor Lawrence made his appearance in La Fayette

Place, at the appointed day and hour, and where he was to dine *tête-à-tête* with Miss Minturn "and two or three friends," he had not long to wait before his fair hostess made her appearance.

She was magnificently but tastefully dressed, her full rounded figure admitting of more elaborate ornamentation than is usually becoming to younger and slenderer forms. Laces floated and waved around her, jewels sparkled on her alabaster arms and neck, and pearls were twined in her hair. Thus apparelled, she came with a light step and smiling eye to greet the man to whom she had plighted her troth.

"You can't imagine," she said, "whom I have invited to dine with us;—it's only a *partie carrée*. But you needn't try to guess—they are already seated at table. The young lady you will see there is the one I wrote you we are to take to Europe with us. Come, they are waiting." Miss Minturn led the way to a little retired dining-room, where Doctor Lawrence was not greatly surprised to find Mrs. Mason and her daughter Josephine. There is nothing particular to relate about the dinner. As might have been expected, Mrs. Mason was dressed with an elegance fully equal to Miss Minturn. The two ladies sat opposite to one another, on the Doctor's right and left, with the young Josephine directly in front. They were both magnificent looking women, of about the same age, but of a wholly different style—one of a dark, the other nearer the blonde type, thus presenting to the fortunate beholder an animated tableau.

It would seem to have been a bold experiment for the fair hostess on this occasion to place herself in contrast with one who had been or might prove a rival. But she knew what she did. She had learned Mrs. Mason's history, and she knew she could regard her almost as a sister; one too, whose child she had in a sense adopted and promised to care for as her own. Moreover, the contrast to a critical eye was slightly in favor of Miss Minturn in one respect;

she had been born and reared under greatly more favorable social advantages than her new-found friend.

Soon after the dinner a small evening company were found assembled in the drawing-room, consisting chiefly of Miss Minturn's numerous family connections—old and young. But Mrs. Bruce was there too, with Clementina, and not a little surprised to meet Mrs. Mason, for whom they had a cordial greeting; also good Mrs. Wharton from Brookfield.

For her Miss Minturn had prepared an agreeable surprise: as Colonel Arden had been prevailed upon to apply for a forty-eight hours' leave of absence, and he had come on from Fortress Monroe, bringing Philippa with him.

In short, all our friends were present except Miss Minturn and Doctor Lawrence. But they made their appearance and took a position purposely left vacant for them. Directly, a reverend gentleman stood before them and pronounced certain impressive sentences;—and the next day Jake Peabody enjoyed what he said was the greatest honor and pleasure of his life—driving the newly-married pair from the Laurel railway-station to Doctor Lawrence's house. A week was passed there; before the end of the second week, the names of Doctor and Mrs. Lawrence, and Miss Josephine Lawrence Mason, appeared in the list of Havre steamship passengers.

Since then, Miss Clementina Bruce has been diverting her mind with ritualistic practices, aided by one or two imported parsons.

Augustus Lawrence has left Brookfield and hired "desk-room" in a Wall Street basement, right under the front steps, where any one passing along may see his now sallow face through the little square of plate-glass that supplies him with his allowance of daylight. He tells those of his Brookfield friends whom he chances to meet, "What a d——d

fool he was to spend the best years of his life in that, cussed little country hole ; as he now sometimes makes more money in one day in Wall street, than etc., etc." He also may be seen and heard daily in the stock-board, barking away with the whole curb-stone lingo at his tongue's end.

Mrs. Mason has dropped Parthenia and Camille for two new rôles, which she is now playing on alternate nights to crowded houses.

END OF THE LAWRENCES.