

injury done to her by my servant.¹ Well, 'tis a pretty how-do-ye-do for a New Year's gift. I'll go down and see the wretch."

Off I went, glad to get out of Elizabeth's sight. She had grown a little jealous because I had shown a few trifling civilities to pretty Eliza Jane,—very trifling they were, I assure you; besides, I wanted to vent my rage on the man John. In a very short time some words and phrases were used in the yard to which, doubtless, Moses would have objected if he had the first table of stone in his hand. My ire, however, cooled down in time when I found that the man was "all serene," and that all the trouble had been caused by the horse having taken fright at the fall of a lot of snow and ice off a house-top—a circumstance over which, of course, I had not the slightest control; and therefore I was not liable to Dr Bolus, the old man, nor to pretty Eliza Jane.² But to make matters all straight I gave my man a couple of dollars, and meeting E. J. on the back-stairs as I went in I chucked her under her dimpled chin, and told her that crying would make her pretty eyes look red and swollen; and then retiring to my library read up all the cases bearing on the subject, beginning with the old case of *Michael v. Alistree*,³ where the

¹ Lord Cranworth, *Bartonshell Coal Co. v. Reid*, 3 Macq. 294-307.

² *Wakeman v. Robinson*, 1 Bing. 213; *Harrow v. White*, 11 C.B. N.S. 588; *Gibbons v. Pepper*, 1 Ld. Raym. 38; *Jackson v. Belleview*, 30 Wisc. 257; *Livingston v. Adams*, 8 Cow. 175; *Ficken v. Jones*, 28 Cal. 618.

³ 2 Sev. 172; 1 Ventr. 295.