

in his present defeat. Perhaps this was because it was the most notable and exasperating overthrow he had known ; perhaps some oncoming nervous weakness—some gradual giving way of brain-texture—in a man of sixty, whose life had been one of continual strain and excitement, had something to do with it. At any rate he now lost all self-restraint ; and what was the more remarkable, even something of his sense of conventional propriety. He stormed, and at last raved, at both Mark and Roxy.

“Never expect me to help you. Never expect me to write to you. Never come back here again. I will not have anything to do with you. You are no son of mine. I renounce you, now and forever !”

“Oh, please, sir,” said Roxy, “please don’t feel that way. We are only trying to do our duty. Mark loves you, and I love you. Please forgive us for giving you so——”

“Begone !” She had taken hold of his arm in her earnestness, and he now shook off her hand as though it were a snake. For either because there was a possibility of feeling on his part, or because there was not, Colonel Bonamy could not endure to have any appeal made to his emotions. “Begone ! I don’t want to see or hear of you again. Get out of the house at once !”

It was already time to go. Mr. Adams stood gloomily on the wharfb-boat, waiting to see his Iphigenia sacrificed. He would not go to Bonamy’s, because he thought the family had a sense of condescension toward him. Mrs. Hanks had taken Bobo to the river to see Roxy leave. Jemima was there. So was Twonnet, with her little brothers and sisters ; Adolphe was throwing sticks into the water, in order to hear Bobo chuckle at seeing these tiny rafts float away on the broad current. There was an ever-increasing crowd on the wharf to see Mark leave. Mr. Dale, the Methodist preacher, and the chief brethren were there ; and Lathers stood alongside the melancholy and abstracted Mr. Whittaker, explaining to that gentleman the good Presbyterian influences under which he had been reared, and how his mother had raised him in the nursery and admonition of the Lord, like Mary Ann, the mother of Moses, and the like, you know. And ever as the crowd increased the Rocky Fork beauty, with that precious bumble-bee in her head which she meant to put in Roxy’s bonnet when the time came, slunk away down one of the aisles between a row of bales of hay, where, half hidden in the obscurity, she could keep a good watch for the arrival of Mark and his wife. And several people in the crowd busied themselves with suggesting that Colonel Bonamy would not come to the wharf. Grandma Tartrum had been seized that very day with an attack of “the rheumatics,” and had to deny herself the fun of seeing the departure. But she had sent a faithful reporter in the person of her little