

house which was rebuilt, you remember, on the same plan as the old one which perished in the flames a few years ago. It has a good solid and substantial look about it, and you may be disposed to linger a while here, but you must press on, for presently you will come upon what you will be told is the delightful home of the Alcott's. This is certainly an historic house. It is more than a century and a half old. It is a mansion with a history, a house which would throw Mr. Wilkie Collins into ecstasies. What a quaint and grim old structure it is? Its tremendous beams are of solid oak, and the heavy wrought nails which hold them together were driven firmly home about the time that King George the Second ascended the throne of Britain. A famous old country house it is with its great rooms and spacious chambers, wide window seats, and ample fire-places and ghostly garret, and huge chimney-tops, and dearest and best of all, its lion-headed door-knocker—which never utters an uncertain sound or gives a wrong report. And look at its site and fairy-like surroundings! A rustic fence of gnarled trunks and boughs, every stick of which was cut and fashioned by the mystagogue himself—and proud indeed is he of his handiwork—encloses the manse and the elms which form a charming bower of velvet greenery in the summer, and a brave and stalwart defence from the cold and biting blasts in the winter. No one knows who planted these sentinel elms, but they were here in all their glory and loveliness long before the Rev. Peter Bulkeley arrived with his company of settlers from England in 1635. They overshadow the roof and the gables of the house, but they do not hide the grateful light which steals so softly into the hall and chambers. The view from the house takes in the whole country round. Broad meadows on one side, the Lincoln Woods on the south and east, the Willows by the Rock Bridge, Millbrook, the winding lane and the far-stretching hills beyond, and the ancient wood on the south-west are not a tithe of the rich and variegated scenery which meets the eye. And