

cept that the main building sometimes served as a sanctuary to the truant boys of the village, the ungainly stack of stone in front of it, poured with the purpose of a porter's lodge—yard some fifty feet deep!—afforded a convenient shelter for the horses of those who came to demand the doctor's services. And thus every body expected it would last for years longer, but that time every body was mistaken. The workmen of the neighbourhood were at last called into requisition by a letter from Captain Johnson, and, their task of duty completed, the Folly was one day found to be tenanted, and that, too, by a family whose estate, and even whose name, it not preceded them.

The first satisfactory intelligence that Doctor Witherton received relative to his new neighbours, was communicated by his female retainer, Sally, or, as he always scrupulously called her, Mrs. Eyeset, who, on the Sunday morning after their arrival, dealt out to him, in his tea, the amount of what she had achieved through a day of leisure.

"They are prodigious queer folks, these new people over at the Folly," was her first proposition.

"How so, Mrs. Eyeset?" asked the doctor, in the requisite degree of interest.

"They are English, real English, from over the sea, and talk our language quite broken. At least, the man does that drives their carriage for them. They call wheat 'corn,' their meadow, a 'paddock,' and their house 'hall.' I never like to hear the poor old barn called a Folly, but to call a whole house a hall, is much better."

"What is their name and occupation?" inquired the doctor, somewhat amused by her local acumen.

"Wharnccliffe is their name, but what they are going to follow nobody knows. The man who drives their carriage, calls the old gentleman the 'squire,' and from that, I suppose he intends to get into the law business; he'll probably make much by that, here. We have lawyers enough already, and people would not go to get to a stranger to prosecute their own neighbours."

The doctor rested his cup long enough to expect that the English and the American title 'squire,' though the same in sound, differed materially in sense.

"At any rate," pursued the housekeeper, "they ought to do a good business at something, to live as they do. They eat five times a day. The report is, that they eat seven

times, but I asked Nancy Jones, who cooks for them, and she says it's only five times.—They have what they call a luncheon, between breakfast and dinner, and a supper after most people have gone to bed."

"Very injurious to health, those late meals," observed the doctor.

"Yes, and Nancy thinks she ought to have nearly as much more wages, considering that she is obliged to cook nearly as often again as for other people, and they must be tremendous eaters, too, to be genteel people. For all that they eat so often, they sit three times as long at the table as would satisfy so many ploughmen. And they have all sorts of strange things to eat with. Their knives and forks are of solid silver."

"Not their knives?" said the doctor, smiling, and with a glance at the keen-edged and polished utensil in his hand.

"Well, I can't be sure about the knives, but their forks are for certain, and how they eat with such shaped things, is a mystery to me. They are nearly as broad as cake-turners. As if common sized forks could not hold as much as they wanted! And then they wash their hands at the table, after dinner, instead of going to their own rooms, or to the kitchen, for that matter. It does not seem to me to be over cleanly. And the young lady has a dog, that she sometimes keeps in her lap all the time they are at table, which looks rather nasty; but may be when they've lived in America a while longer, they'll learn more manners."

"Whom does the family consist of?" the doctor inquired, as he left the table.

"Only the old gentleman, and his son and daughter," concluded Mrs. Eyeset.

With this information, Doctor Witherton was not surprised to meet, the next day, on his professional round, and nearly every succeeding day, for two or three weeks, a lady and gentleman, of English physiognomy, taking surveys of the neighbourhood on horseback, but save by the slight bow which courtesy there demanded for every passer, he made no advance for nearer acquaintance. The sister, with her masculine habit, and bold equestrianism, had too much of the dashing air of which most diffident men are instinctively shy, to prove attractive to him: and the brother, whom, besides, he met sometimes with dogs and gun—a florid, athletic, rather handsome young man, appeared too much the mere sportsman to interest him more favourable. Nor did the red-faced, gouty-looking elderly gentleman, who sat yawning and stretching every evening on