

about him. Messrs. Hill and Hislop also thought they had better be going. Thus the army melted away. Everybody insisted on the Squire going home, and getting a good night's rest. When, with difficulty, persuaded to do so, he offered to leave Timotheus as his substitute, if that worthy were willing. Timotheus consented, whereupon Sylvanus and Rufus volunteered, it being understood that Ben Toner and Maguffin would do their work about the kitchen and stables, while Serlizer helped the Bridesdale maids. Two other volunteers were Mr. Terry and the lawyer; and two of the Richards offered to watch with Mr. Bigglethorpe on the lake shore. Thereupon, the three members of that gallant family withdrew to the lake, and, while one boarded the scow and helped his father and younger brother, under the Captain's directions, to paddle home, the others hailed the fisherman and asked if he was going to remain. "I'm here for the night, boys," replied the man of the rod. "I'll turn up that skiff against the wind and dew, light a fire by the water, and, early in the morning, have the loveliest bass fishing I've had for many a day. Oh yes, I'm here. D'ye see my gun lying about anywhere?" Mr. Bigglethorpe's gun was found, and deposited in the skiff. While this was going on below, Ben Toner harnessed up a team, hitched them to a waggon, for which he found seats by depriving other waggons of their boxes, and prepared to take the wounded dominie, his affectionate friend, the colonel, with Serlizer and the woman Flower, to Bridesdale. The last named person insisted upon going at once to see the dead body of Harding. The two stone-cutters also asked to be allowed to accompany the two props of the encampment boarding house. Mr. Hill rode the colonel's horse, and the Squire, that of the detective. Along the once masked, but now unmasked, road, the procession of waggon, horsemen, and footmen, passed, waving a farewell to the allies of Mr. Bangs who held the fort. It should be added that Sylvanus accompanied them as far as the Richards' place, to obtain the Captain's permission for his volunteering, and to bring the borrowed waggon back.

At Richards' the waggons were brought out. One was devoted to the two injured men, the dominie and the doctor, with their attendants, the colonel and the Captain, and Barney Sullivan as driver. The other was driven by Ben, with Serlizer beside him. It also contained the woman Flower, Mr. Errol, Mr. Lajeunesse, and Mr. Hislop. The cavalry, consisting of Squire Walker in command, Mr. Perrowne, Carruthers, Hill, and Maguffin, trotted forward, and the infantry and prisoners, comprising Tom Rigby, who turned up at the Lake Settlement, and the two masons, followed in the rear. The constable was angry; he had lost his prisoners of the morning. Having arrived at Mr. Newberry's hospitable house, and being asked to take some refreshments, which, esteeming the objects of his care to be simple souls, he had no hesitation in doing, he was amazed, on his return to the waggon, to find his captives gone. At once he started in pursuit, but, up to the time of his arrival at the Lake Settlement, he had seen no trace of the fugitives. Accordingly, the corporal made the present life of the two stone cutters a burden. He searched them for concealed weapons, and confiscated the innocent pocket knives with which they shred their plug tobacco; he forbade them to smoke; and, finally, tied the left hand of the one to the right of the other to prevent their running away, of which they disclaimed any intention. The cavalry came first to the gate of Bridesdale, and reported the casualties, Perrowne proudly relating that he and Coristine, who was "now end of a good fellow," had carried the doctor to the scow, which he called "the bowt." Ben Toner's waggon came next, having dropped Mrs. Flower at the post office, where, a little later, the constable landed his prisoners. Her companion Serlizer sought the kitchen with Ben, while Mr. Errol joined his brother divine; but Messrs. Hislop and Lajeunesse, with Mr. Hill, waited only for Sylvanus' appearance to take their homeward journey. At last the ambulance waggon drove slowly up, and tender hands lifted out the disabled and the wounded. Miss Halbert and Miss Carmichael relieved the Captain of his patient, who managed to hop cheerfully into the house, with an arm on each of their shoulders. The Squire and the colonel helped the dominie along, and up to a special single room which was to be his hospital, and which Mrs. and Miss Du Plessis and Mrs. Carruthers were prepared to enter as nurses, so soon as his bearers had put him to bed. Then the doctor came up with his instruments, cut off the colonel's improvised bandage and the shirt sleeve, bathed the wound, found and extracted the bullet, and tied all up tight. The meek dominie bore it all with patience, and apologized to his surgeon for giving him so much trouble while he himself was suffering. The three ladies brought the wounded hero all manner of good things that sick people are supposed to like or to be allowed to eat and drink, and Wilkinson was in a *dolce far niente* elysium. Little Marjorie, having knocked timidly at the door, came in with some square gaudily-covered books under her arm, and asked if Mr. Wilks would like her to read to him. She offered the victim his choice of "Puss in Boots," "Mother Goose," and "Nursery Rhymes"; but Miss Du Plessis, who, at the sufferer's request, was looking up in Wordsworth that cheerful theme, The Churchyard in "The Excursion," interposed, saying, some other day, when Mr. Wilkinson had grown stronger, he might perhaps be able to make a selection from her juvenile library. Marjorie told her cousin that she was sure, if it had been her Eugene who was sick, he would have liked her to stay and read to him. She had

told Eugene to marry Cecile, but she would never do so any more; she would give him all to cousin Marjorie.

The three squires sat in council, and agreed to dismiss the nominal captives on condition of their promising to appear when wanted as witnesses. This Serlizer at once agreed to. Mr. Walker rode to the post office and exacted the promise from Mrs. Flower and the masons, thus depriving the constable of his prey. He was compelled to untie their hands, and restore the confiscated pocket knives. The masons were invited to supper at Bridesdale, as was the woman; but the men proposed to go on to the River, as they had money to pay their way; and Mrs. Flower, who would not leave Harding's body, was given in charge to the post mistress. The supper tables in hall and kitchen were very different from those of the previous night. In the latter, Ben Toner, the constable, and Maguffin had each a lady to talk to. Their superiors missed the company of the lawyer, the detective, and Mr. Bigglethorpe, to say nothing of Mr. Terry. The doctor was stretched out upon a sofa in the office, where his daughter waited on him, assisted by Perrowne, who had to carry the other articles of food while she preceded him with the tea. Miss Du Plessis, similarly helped by the colonel, attended to the wants of the dominie. Consequently, the steady members of the supper circle were the three matrons and Miss Carmichael, with Squires Walker and Carruthers, Mr. Errol, and the Captain. All agreed that Wilkinson had done a very fine thing, and Mrs. Du Plessis was warm in his praise. "The only men that stuck to me," said the Squire, "were Mr. Errol and Bigglethorpe, and even Bigglethorpe went off fishing as soon as he came to the water, so that I may say Mr. Errol was my only faithful adherent." The ladies all looked with much approbation on the blushing minister, and Mrs. Carmichael showed her approval by immediately refilling his cup. Squire Walker whispered in his ear: "Fine woman, Mr. Errol, fine woman, that Mrs. Carmichael! Is she a widow, sir?" Mr. Errol did not like this whispering at table, especially on such a subject, but he replied affirmatively in as brief a way as possible, and went on with his repast. The Captain said that his mill was clean run out of gear with all these starboard and port watches and tacks to every point of the compass; and, when conversation lagged, Carruthers fairly nodded over his plate. Nevertheless, after supper, the occupants of the kitchen were called in and prayers were held, in which Mr. Errol offered petitions for the bereaved, the suffering, and the criminal, and committed the watchers at the post of danger and duty to the care of their Heavenly Father, to all of which Mr. Perrowne responded with a hearty Amen. Then, the parsons insisted on going home to their boarding houses, and Squire Walker mounted his horse for home. Anxiously, Mrs. Carruthers asked her husband if he anticipated danger where her father was, and Miss Carmichael asked the Captain the same question, without mentioning anyone, but having Coristine in view. Both endeavoured to reassure the minds of the half tearful women, after which they carried the doctor upstairs, and all went to bed. Fearing that the idiot boy might repeat his double attempt to fire the verandah, Mr. Perrowne had told Muggins to lie there and watch it, and there the faithful dog lay the whole night through, to the satisfaction of the inmates of Bridesdale, although happily nothing happened to test his quality as a watch dog.

In the kitchen, Mr. Maguffin considered himself, next to Tryphena and Tryphosa, the representative of the family, as the deputy of Timotheus and the servant of the colonel. Ben Toner was his ally in war, but had no local standing, and the pensioner was simply an intruder. Yet, with cool effrontery, the corporal sat in the place of honour beside Tryphena, and regaled her with narratives of warfare, to which she had listened many times already. Ben and Serlizer were still full of one another's society. He had comforted her heart, if it needed any comforting, over the condition of her father, whom he and Timotheus had treated so cavalierly, and urged her not to go home any more, but to come and help the old woman. With a bad example before her at home, and very far from improving ones at the Select Encampment, Serlizer was yet, though not too cultivated, an honest steady girl, and was pleased to learn that Ben had really turned over a new leaf. She gave her sweetheart to understand that she had kept her own money, not being such a fool as to let the old man get his hands on it, and that it was safe in the bundle she had brought from the boarding-house, whereupon Ben said she had better put that bundle away in a safe place, for you couldn't tell what kind of characters might be about. Mr. Maguffin heard these words, and, taking them to himself, waxed indignant.

"Ef yoh'se diloodin' ter this pressum comperny, Mistah Tonah, I wants ter say I takes the sponsability ob these young ladies on my shouldahs, sah, the shouldahs ob Mortimah Magrudah Maguffin, sah, Foh what remains ober ob the mascline paht ob it, I ain't no call foh ter spress mysef. It kin speak foh itsef."

The corporal glowered, and smote the table with his fist.

"Pardon my indignation, Miss Hill! This creature, with no military or other standing that I know of, calls me, a retired non-commissioned officer of the British army, *it*. In India, where I served, I called such things *chakar* and *banda*, the very dust beneath my feet, Miss Tryphena; and it was as much as their life was worth to call me less than *sahib*. And, now that I have retired on a pension, with my medals and clasps, and am an officer of the law, a black man, a *kali*, presumes to *it* me. I have known a *kali chakar* killed, yes killed, for less. 'Corporal,' said

the commanding officer to me, 'Corporal Rigby,' said he, many a time, 'order one of your men to call up that black dog of mine!' I assure you he did, Miss Hill."

"I doan' take no erbusse ner nigger-talk in this yere house, where I'm takin' Timothis' place, an' where my bawss is mighty high ercount, no, not fom consterbles nor no nuther white tresh. I didn't go foh ter call Mistah Rigby *it*, Miss Tryphosa, I swan ter grashus I didn't. I spressed the pinion as all the comperny as isn't ladies is it, and so it is it."

"Ef you go a ittin' of me Maguffin," struck in Ben, "I'm buzz-sawed and shingled ef I don't hit you back fer what you're mag-uvin us." Then he opened up his mouth and laughed, and Serlizer laughed, and the Hill girls. Even Maguffin displayed his ivories, and remarked: "Mistah Tonah, foh a gennelman what ain't trabbled none, yoh'se mighty snaht."

"Oh, Serlizer," said Ben, "we don't go traavellin' much; we ain't like the rollin' stones as don't gaythyer no mawss."

"When the cunnel and mo was ridin' ter Tronter, laast Sat'day," continued Mr. Maguffin, "the cunnel he begun egapashuatin' on the things he see. 'That there mawss,' says he, 'at Hogg's Holler, minds me ob two coloured men was habin' a counterbessy on they bawsses. Says one of the gennelmen, 'My bawss,' (the cunnel says massa, but that's a name I doan' take to) 'my bawss says he ain't like yoh bawss, trabellin' around all the time and gatherin' no mawss.' 'No,' said the other coloured gennelman, 'but my bawss gathers what yoh bawss want mighty bad, and that's a heap ob polish.'"

"For polish," remarked Constable Rigby, turning to Tryphena, "for polish, Miss Hill, commend me to an English army officer."

"My bawss," said Maguffin, "is an officer and a gennelman, and yoh cayn't beat him foh polish nohow."

"There are no officers and no soldiers in America," replied the pensioner.

"Oh, Mr. Rigby," interrupted Tryphosa, "I remember reading in my history that the American soldiers beat the British army many times in the Revolutionary War."

"Flim-flam, Miss Tryphosa Hill, garbled reports! The British army never has been beaten, never can be beaten. I belonged to the British army, Miss Hill, I beg pardon, Miss Tryphosa, and know what I assert from experience."

"Lass stop this jaw and have a game o' keerds," suggested Serlizer.

Ben seconded his lady love's proposal, and thought a game of euchre would pass away the time. The constable said euchre was no game. There was only one game at cards, and that was whist. The man or woman who could not play whist was uneducated. Sarah Eliza professed a preference for High, Low, Jack, and the Game; any saphead could play that. She wasn't a saphead herself, but there might be some about. Maguffin regretted that in the Baktis pussuasion cards were not allowed; and the Hill girls had distinctly promised their mother to play no games of chance. As, however, none of the parties owned a pack of cards, nor knew where to find one, further controversy on the subject was useless. Tryphosa, looking intelligent, left the room, and speedily returned with a little cardboard box in her hand, labelled Countries, Cities, Mountains, and Rivers, with which Timotheus had once presented her. She said it was an improving game, and that all could play it. The shuffling and dealing, of course, presented an almost unavoidable chance element, but, apart from that, the game was a matter of science, of geographical knowledge. Now the Hill girls were educated, as Mr. Rigby said; and he, having travelled far as a soldier, was not deficient in geographical lore; but what about the other three?

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss Newcome, "at them there keerds, I guess we jist are sapheads. Ain't that so, Ben?"

Ben said "I guaiss"; and Mr. Maguffin added: "joggrify, entermoligy, swinetax, and paucity was taught me, but I done clar forgit how they run, it's so long sence."

It was, therefore, agreed to play a triangular game, the pair having the most books to be winners, and have the right to shuffle and deal for the following trial of skill. The contending pairs were the pensioner and Serlizer, Ben and Tryphosa, Maguffin and Tryphena; partners were allowed to help each other. While the British Islands, Turkey, Russia, and India were being played, Rigby and Miss Newcome were triumphant, but when it came to any other part of the world, especially to America, with the exception of Canada, where Serlizer scored her one victory, that pair was helpless. Maguffin acquired a book by his own unaided wisdom, that of the Southern United States; otherwise Tryphena inspired him. Ben had an unavailing contest with Miss Newcome over Canada, and saw her make up the book and slam it on the table with mingled feelings of pride in her, and mortification for his own want of success. But, as he said, Tryphosa was "a daisy and parlyzed the hull gang." Laurel after laurel she took from the brow of the travelled pensioner; she swooped down upon Tryphena and Maguffin, and robbed them of books wholesale, till Mr. Toner remarked that she had "quayte a libery"; in her hands the strapping Serlizer was helpless as a child. Magnanimously, she allowed Ben to shuffle and Serlizer to cut, then Ben again to deal.

The second game was more exciting. Mr. Maguffin, naturally quick and possessing a memory cultivated by closely following the prelections of his coloured Baptist religious instructors, rapidly seized the hitherto unknown combinations, and astonished Tryphena with his bold independence of action. The constable's mind worked more