

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the fight came off, and the result ascertained, no Englishman's bones were safe in any of the restaurants or bars for many days, and I had more than one friendly warning to keep no appointment, and attend to no message, unless well armed, or in company. My pen-and-ink assailants were, of course, more bitter than before, and if Mr. D., of *Bell's Life*, knew the risks I ran, and the loss I sustained, in publicly upholding his conduct against American opinion, *en masse*, he would have long since made me a present of all the back numbers of *Bell's Life*, handsomely bound, at least.

I found continuing the Hope Chapel Entertainments out of the question, and, as at this time I received an intimation from England that my Theatrical Account had been accepted and approved, I turned my thoughts homeward. You will see, reader, by this, and the thinning of the unread leaves of my little volume, that our task of writing and reading draweth to a close.

We kept our promise of paying Troy a visit, and were very successful, the Sayers and Heenan fever not raging there quite so hotly as in New York. Albany is a charming little town, about five miles from Troy, and here, also, we did "*good business*;" here, also, we saw something so well worth seeing, that I must ask you a question—

Have you heard or read of "The Shakers?" No! Well, I will tell you all about them. They are a very queer lot, indeed. One Sunday morning—a very fine one—having on the previous night received all necessary instruction and information, off we went in a "*neat turn-out*" (the carriages for hire are better in Albany than I ever saw elsewhere, either in England or in America), and after an agreeable drive of seven miles over a hilly road, but through a highly-cultivated country, with charming views, we found ourselves at the "Shaker Village," which in itself, as an oddity, is worth seeing, being totally unlike any village