

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"Think, while thou swallow'st the capacious bowl,
Thou let'st in seas to sack and drown thy soul,
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And think how subject drunkards are to fall."

"Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

"HAVE you hearn from Holyday's this mornin'?" asked Mike Emerson of the crowd around him in Jenks's tavern, who had assembled for their drams.

"Why? What is *there* that your are interested in?" replied Sam Laraby.

"If reports is true, they had something of a time there last night, I should reckon," said Mike.

"What kind of a time?" asked Mose Whipple.

"Mose, seems to me you're mighty ignorant jist now," said Nate Fleming, who sat leaning back in his chair, with his legs spread apart, his hands in his pantaloons' pockets, and a short stub of a pipe in his mouth. "Why don't you keep posted up better on town business?"

"Well, if you are better informed than