

tianity. But the greatest of these is charity." Excellent theory!

Though some time had elapsed since the summons of the door-bell, and the cold November rain was coming down in torrents, the person outside had to wait on the slow motions of Betsey to get her hands out of the dish-water. What if the person outside should be drenched? It was thought better than to break the mushroom rules of etiquette.

The door was opened. The clerk of Mr. B. entered and announced the arrival of the boat and that his services were immediately wanted. The company suddenly rose to their feet, and for a moment gazed vacantly at the clerk, who stood within the open door-way.

"Well, can I believe!" exclaimed Mrs. S. "Mr. Abbott has arrived, and is among strangers in that dreary boat-house. Just think of him arriving at night, in this raging storm. Would it contribute to his comfort, I'd willingly walk through the mud and rain.

"Some conveyance must be immediately provided for him," said Mr. Sherwin.

"I will procure a hack and take him to my place," said Squire Hoskon.

A hack containing Mr. Sherwin and Squire Hoskon was soon on its way to the wharf. Mr. Abbott, previous to their arrival sat by the fire in a disconsolate mood, not noticing or being noticed by the bustling merchants and tradesmen. The warm reception given by Mr. S. and Squire H. seemed to revive his spirits. Mr. Abbott the next day was hospitably entertained in the family of Squire H. Every attention was paid him by the citizens and great inducements were offered him to locate his business in the place. Indeed, Mr. Abbott entered with renewed energy and enthusiasm in starting under such auspices. Let us see whether these loving friends remain constant; or, better, whether his money becomes exhausted.

#### CHAPTER V.

On the morning before Mr. Spark's and Mr. Abbott's families started on their

journey north, there might have been seen, at intervals, several well dressed women, each followed by a negro servant carrying a reticule and work-box, wending their way towards Mr. Abbott's residence to pay the family a parting visit. Let us peep into the sitting-room and put our ear to the underground telegraph.

"I presume when the war has closed you will all return to Newton," interrogated Mrs. T.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mrs. Sparks. "We would not exchange our Tennessee for the most enchanting clime. Where could we find a land more genial than this."

"I am sorry to say that I fear that we shall never return," said Mrs. Abbott, with a troubled countenance.

"Now, Mrs. Abbott, do not speak so hopelessly," said Mrs. T. Sympathetically. "It would grieve us to think that we should see the faces of your family no more. I have brought over a letter just received from Mr. Sherwin. If agreeable I will read it."

"Yes, indeed, with the greatest pleasure," said Mrs. Sparks.

After rummaging through her needle-work, she produced the letter and read as follows:

Dear Brother Tabet:—

It is great pleasure to hear from our old home and acquaintances; especially so, when we received yours of the 8th inst. But it grieves us more when we hear of your trials and tribulations.

In answer to your inquiry whether Brother Abbott and myself intend to return to Tennessee or not, I would say that when peace is restored I desire to live again in Newton. As to Brother Abbott, I think he has the same hopes and desires. He often speaks of the danger of his dwelling and grounds being destroyed and the expense to replace them. We often spend our evenings in discussing the project of reconstruction. We agree that when slavery is abolished it will be more pleasant to reside in Tennessee.

"There, you see what Mr. Sherwin says of Mr. Abbott's returning; and he is a close observer of the affairs of the world," said Mrs. T.

"Yes, but he does not see through the same media as myself," replied Mrs. Abbott. "Mr. Sherwin and Mr. Sparks will undoubtedly return but not so with us." (to be continued.)