

How this extraordinary news was received by household and wedding guests, by poor, disappointed Mrs. Orde, by the whole startled parish, we must leave to our readers' imaginations. Long before the ferment of excitement had subsided, a quiet marriage had taken place—so Agatha had willed it, and all yielded to her—and with his bride (not portionless, as, to his contrite surprise and his mother's comfort, he discovered) Geoffrey Orde was speeding away to the far East.

Till the hubbub of discussion was past, Agatha Temple deserted The Beeches, and, returning after weeks of absence, brought back in her brave serenity scarce a trace of the trial that had driven her away.

"Leonie is happy!" she says, and allows no tongue to blame her sister in her hearing.

Perchance her home, her people make up to her for what she lost. Perchance the very power to renounce what she did wakens mistrust as to her fitness ever to have filled the state she missed. Or perchance (and this way run many wishes) it may be dawning on her that womanhood's fair crown is yet waiting, if she will but wear it; that in her hands lies all the happiness of a man who has loved her from the first moment he saw her, and that the sure response stirring within her own heart promises her yet a glad future as John Murray's wife.

EXETER'S AMERICAN NAMESAKE.



IN the south-eastern part of the State of New Hampshire, where the granite peaks of the White Mountains slope away into low hill-ridges, and the dancing mountain brooks, sobered by lowland life, wind silently through green meadows or salt marshes, is Rockingham County, with its group of quiet farming towns, its staid little seaside city, Portsmouth, and its old county seat, Exeter.

Were an English traveller to journey through Rockingham County, he would think himself in some wonder-land of English geography, for, at brief intervals, he would see on the way-side stations the familiar names of Nottingham, Epping, Brentwood, and Kensington, and half an hour later would steam into the quaint little city of Portsmouth. Portsmouth was the colonial capital of New Hampshire, and is now the site of a United States navy-yard; it has a fine harbour, which can accommodate 2,000 vessels in water deep enough for the largest ships. In a suburb of the city is the old Wentworth House, long the residence of the colonial governors of New Hampshire.

The earliest Wentworth who settled in America, came from Lincolnshire, in the first part of the seventeenth century; several of his descendants were appointed by the Crown governors of the province of New Hampshire, and were men prominent for ability and for interest in educational work (two of them, at least, gave large gifts to Dartmouth College). The romantic story of Governor Benning Wentworth's marriage with his housemaid, Martha Hilton, has been celebrated in Longfellow's poem, "Lady Wentworth."

The traveller may choose between three routes from Portsmouth to Exeter: he may spin over the railway in half an hour; or may take a boat on the river, which winds through salt meadows; or, best of all, may drive over the old highway, on which, in former days, rolled

the stage-coach with its six prancing horses, and the merry sound of the guard's horn.

This road runs through a rich farming district; if it is early June, the way-side fields are waving with golden buttercups and white American daisies, and are fragrant with clover; the great apple-orchards are gardens in which hundreds of delicate pink nose-gays delight the eye and nose; large, comfortable farmhouses are seen upon every side, and here and there is a neat school-house or small white church. As we mount some rise of ground, we have a glimpse of the river; and, far away, the hazy Deerfield hills and the blue waters of the Atlantic, bordered by the white sands of Rye and Hampton Beaches, and the rocks of Boar's Head.

After climbing the last hill-slope, we see before us, lying in the river-valley of the Squamscott, the town of Exeter; the wide streets are bordered by great elms which throw feathery shadows in the green yards lying between the highway and the large wood and brick houses of the town; these houses combine with an air of stately old age an expression of gracious hospitality, shown in the wide doorways and the heavy knockers, which announce the arrival of a guest in hearty tones, far different from the querulous peal of a modern door-bell.

Beyond these old houses are streets of modern cupola'd and bay-windowed villas, while still farther out of town, fertile farms climb the gentle slopes of Kensington and Stratham Ridges.

Near the river and the railway station are carriage and cotton factories, foundry and machine shops, with their busy din and company of operatives.

On a small hill, near the Squamscott, stand the Town Hall and the old building of the First Church, which was organised in 1638; and in whose tower hangs the town-bell which nightly rings the curfew.

Opposite the *common*, on Front Street, are the handsome modern buildings of Phillips Academy. This school is, probably, the most famous college-fitting school in America; it has prepared for college or for business life nearly 5,000 boys. The course of study

is much like that of the great English preparatory schools, including work in English, French, and German, and, especially, in the classics and mathematics. Phillips Academy, which was founded in 1783 by John Phillips, counts among her sons many men of fame beyond the sea, as well as in America; among them are the historians Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, and George Bancroft, and the statesmen Edward Everett and Daniel Webster.

Near the Academy are the fine grounds and buildings of Robinson Seminary, a well-endowed institution for girls, founded by William Robinson for the purpose of giving girls "such instruction as shall fit them for the work of life, and enable them to compete successfully with their brothers in that work." Courses of instruction are given in English, science, mathematics, French, German, Latin, Greek, art, and music. This school is a noble philanthropy, since it is, in accordance with the founder's will, for ever free to the orphan and the poor girl.

The "Old Curiosity Shop," near Great Bridge, is a "thing of beauty and a joy" to the modern dame who has a taste for the antique: tall eight-day clocks look down upon ancient spinning-wheels, restored to daylight after a Rip Van Winkle sleep in shadowy garrets; blue and brown platters dream of old time Thanksgiving dinners, and real willow-ware tea-cups cherish fragrant memories of long-ago tea-parties; dusty shelves are piled high with leather-bound copies of old sermons, as dead as the men who preached them, and with little New England Primers which combine remarkable literary and theological instruction.

At the remote end of Front Street is the "Old Graveyard," beneath whose singing pines lie buried two early governors of New Hampshire, Jeremiah Smith and John Taylor Gilman; among the sunken stones with winged death's-heads and moss-grown inscriptions, is a slab sacred to the memory of a Rev. Mr. Rogers, who, as a preacher, followed in the footsteps of his famous ancestor, John, who was burnt at Smithfield, "in the presence of his wife and nine small children."

The best relic of the past in Exeter is the "Old Governor Gilman House," a mansion of early colonial days. The huge chimneys, the curiously sloping roof, the massive walls of brick covered with wood, and the small-paned, deep-set windows have all an air of "ye olden time;" and when we step into the square hall, and shut out the nineteenth-century world, we find ourselves in the atmosphere of 200 years ago.

The rooms are large, but low; there are wood panels in walls and ceilings, uncovered oaken frames, windows in recesses so deep that daylight becomes twilight, and great fire-places surrounded by richly-carved panels; there are closets in place and out of place, marvellous in design and mysterious in purpose; closets that penetrate the walls, wander behind chimneys, turn right angles, describe triangles, and suggest geometry run mad. The kitchen has a huge fire-place, where whole animals were roasted in the days of ancient state

banquets; the stairs are worn to smooth hollows by the footsteps of two centuries; in one of the chambers is a resounding panel behind which, perhaps, is a hidden escape to the cellar, and thence, by a secret passage, to the river-bank; the gaol-chamber is said to have been used as a prison, and traces of the whipping-post and narrow window-chinks bear evidence to the truth of this story; the rambling garret, dimly lighted by dormer windows, is fitly inhabited by decrepit chairs, ghostly spinning-wheels, long-armed warming-pans, and dust-covered, mouldering books.

The Squamscott River affords a fine practice-place for the Academy crews, and is the scene of many a moonlight row, and the pleasant country roads are excellent for driving and riding. About a mile from the Town Hall, is the Eddy, a beautiful natural park, which the young men and maidens of several generations have used as a trysting-place; various bridle and foot-paths run under the tall pine-trees, stray sun-beams flicker on the mossy banks and the groves of waving ferns, and the river ripples in blue waves at the *Eddy*, or bend in the banks; on pleasant afternoons the Eddy woods are gay with young persons, gathered to enjoy a woodland ramble in summer, or in autumn to pluck the wonderful white ferns, which are bleached by the first light frost to a delicate ivory tint.

In 1629, the Rev. John Wheelwright purchased from Passaconaway, the chief of the Pennacook Indians, a tract of land including the site of Exeter; in 1633, the little settlement was duly christened; and in 1638, the town was legally organised. During the first century of its existence Exeter suffered much from the depredations of the Indians, and many citizens were killed or led into captivity; in 1697, the savages formed a plot for the destruction of the town, and were lying in ambush near the settlement, when the reports of some guns caused them to retreat hastily, killing a few persons as they fled. To protect the towns-people from the Indians, a garrison-house was built, and this relic of the little frontier settlement remains in the midst of the large town.

Wheelwright, who had been driven from the Massachusetts colony because of his peculiar religious views, was, after a time, banished from New Hampshire also, but some years later he returned, and preached in a town near Exeter.

The manufacturing interests of Exeter, and its position as the commercial centre of a farming region, have saved it from the fatal stagnation of many of the older New England towns, while the fame of its schools brings a constant stream of young life and fresh thought to mingle in a wholesome way with the conservative elements of the place.

A town of Exeter's age in England is in the very hey-day of youth, but Exeter in America is old: yet gracefully old, like one of its own elm-trees, whose great trunk becomes rough and weather-beaten, but whose branches year by year put forth their delicate foliage, and make the old tree beautiful with the charm of new life and continuing growth.