way beyond his waistcoat, and a dickey of colossal height, surrounded by fold upon fold of a peculiarly checkered neckerchief, swathed his throat. The nose mounted a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, that added a particular richness and fierceness to this very red and prominent organ, the lower end of which was always powdered with the best Copenhagen, although a large red handkerchief, that would have delighted a matador, was continually mopping and extracting ringing reports that bore some slight resemblance to a naval salute. A tall silk hat, with the fur carefully brushed the wrong way, rested within reach and completed the attire. Tradition hinted that he had once held some official position, and had lived, as Falstaff swore he would, though with a different meaning, “more cleanly.”

As might be expected, celibacy claimed him as her own, although hidden away somewhere, there was the story of an affair that made that worthy’s sombre, and if report was true, dirty apartments in a small, dingy hotel a matter of some interest to the rising generation. *Vis-a-vis* to this gentleman stood a medium-sized man with a strangely-shaped head, high and thin, which looked as if during the plastic period it had suffered compression. A dickey encircled his throat, which, like his neighbor’s, was bandaged up to its extreme limit. A swallow-tail coat, black and buttonless, adorned his figure, with trousers of the same hue; a cambric ruffled shirt, immaculately neat, filled the space from the waist to the neck, the waistcoat being allowed to remain open for this purpose. From the back of his head rose an edifice whose prototype had flourished during the early days of 1700. Conical in shape, narrow-brimmed, made of plain black cloth, it looked more like an ant-hill, or some mathematical object for teaching, than a head-covering.

The blood of Provincial governors flowed in his veins, and traces of even a more exalted strain were to be found, if genealogy is to be credited. At an early age he graduated from Harvard, and since that time had become a vigorous deliver in Greek and Latin roots, which had so completely got him under their control that he could talk of naught but suffixes, affixes, and radicals. To quote from Walter Savage Landor, “he devoutly worshiped the heathen and their divinities,” and for many years would not enter a Christian place of worship, although careful to keep the family pew in the Episcopal Church free from debt. Sufficiently well provided with worldly goods, he had naught to do but suck in volume after volume as a sponge takes in water, absorbing, but not giving forth. For many years these two worthies had exchanged formal bows as they met morning after morning in search of their literary diet. But as the possessor of the bright buttons and swallow-tails confined all his attention to newspapers and kindred prints, the man of Harvard and buttonless swallow-tails looked down on him from over the edge of his Sallust, and loathed the “gazette reader,” as he was wont to call him. The dislike was mutual, and carried itself to such a length that, both being pedestrians, they had arranged a little plan of letting each other know the direction in which they intended walking, which at last settled down into a regular habit of Brass Buttons avoiding all roads with a northerly direction on alternate weeks, at which times Buttonless could pursue the even tenor of his way with no fear of the dread appearance of Gazette looming up before him. When his week was up, he carefully turned his attention and step toward the south until another Monday. It was quite a sight to see these fossils of a past age, with bent backs and coat-tails gathered under the arms, striding along the roads at a gait that would have put a youngster to his trumps; the one delivering anacreontics in the tongue he loved so well, the other, with his back set duly toward the offending pole, muttering and shaking his head as he spurned the earth behind him.

Behind a row of stately elms a well-kept lawn sweeps back from the street to an old-fashioned mansion, with many a gabled window and queer recess. A massive door that would do valiant service in a siege, holds out a ponderous knocker, over which the king’s arms are stamped.