

**THE STORIES OF THE
WADSWORTH CLUB. TEN TIMES
ONE IS TEN. NEITHER SCRIP NOR
MONEY. STAND AND WAIT**

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The stories of the Wadsworth Club. Ten times one is ten. Neither scrip nor money. Stand and Wait by Edward E. Hale

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TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.
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BY
EDWARD E. HALE.

NEW AND REVISED EDITION.

BOSTON:
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1887.

INTRODUCTION.

THE call for a cheap edition of this little book gives me an opportunity to answer questions which have been often put to me in correspondence.

HARRY WADSWORTH is described, in a faithful effort to represent to those who did not know him, FREDERIC WILLIAM GREENLEAF, who died at an early age, but after he had attracted to himself a circle of real friends much larger than is described here around HARRY WADSWORTH.

FREDERIC WILLIAM GREENLEAF was born in Williamsburg, in Maine. He died in Boston, Massachusetts. At the age of twenty-one he left Williamsburg for Bangor; and I think he once told me that he served as a fireman on the first locomotive that ran from Bangor to Old Town. But he took such work as this, only because he chose to do something rather than nothing. He was well-educated, with an inherited gift for engineering and the mathematics, which naturally brought him into connection with the newly created railroad interests of New England. He was soon after engaged on the Boston and Worcester Railroad as a clerk in the freighting department. I remember he used to say, that with his own hands he switched off, upon the Western Railway at Worcester, the first car of freight which passed westward upon it,—one four-wheeled car, which was the precursor of the countless miles of freight-trains which now pass over that highway. When I first knew him, he was at the head of the freight department in Worcester.

Most of the little stories told of HARRY WADSWORTH, in this book, are true of FREDERIC WILLIAM GREENLEAF. The practical influence of his spirited and spiritual life on all sorts of people is rendered here only too inadequately.

It was long after his death, that, with the memory of that extending influence in my mind, I suggested to the late Dr. Wayland the plan of this little book. It struck his fancy favorably, and he often asked me to try to work it out. But the book first took form in a

sermon, in which I distinctly referred to **FREDERIC GREENLEAF**'s life, and gave some illustrations of the extent of his hold on this world long after he had died.

One of my young friends — whom I believe I may count among the "ten" who are nearest to me in the work of life — remembered this sermon, and urged me to work out the statement in **OLD AND NEW**. When the first number of that magazine was ready for the press, it proved that it lacked a "*Serial*," and I wrote the first chapter of "Ten Times One" to meet that necessity.

Since the publication of the book I have been favored with letters from every part of this country, informing me of the establishment of "Harry Wadsworth Clubs." The "four mottoes" are the mottoes of the Chicago Christian Union, of the sabbath-school of the Ninth Presbyterian Church in Troy N.Y., and of some more private organizations.

It would be in my power of course, writing in July, 1874, to add some details to the history of the club, which I had not learned in 1870. But the reader will please take the narrative as it is, and work out details according to his own best ability, as he does the duty for the world that comes next his hand. I will add, that this note of introduction is printed, not so much for an indifferent public, as for those who regard "Harry Wadsworth" as a personal friend, and have asked with affection for some history of the man.

I know no book that could more interest young men and women, than a selection from **FREDERIC WILLIAM GREENLEAF**'s personal letters to his friends.

EDWARD E. HALE.

MATCOONOC BEACH, R.I., July 21, 1874.

TEN TIMES ONE IS TEN.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY COL. FREDERIC INGHAM.

CHAPTER I.
WHAT HAPPENED.

I SUPPOSE it was the strangest Club that ever came into being.

There were these ten members I tell you of. And they have never met but this once, nor do I believe they will ever meet again.

They met in the railroad station at North Colchester, waiting for the express train. The express train, if you happen to remember that particular afternoon and evening, was five hours and twenty minutes behind time. They knew it was behind time, but they had nowhere else to go, and it was then and there that the club was formed.

For they had all come together at Harry Wadsworth's funeral. The most manly and most womanly fellow he, whom I ever knew; the merriest and the freshest, and the bravest and the wisest; the most sympathizing when people were sorry, and the most sympathizing when they were glad. Thunder! If I were at home, and could just show you three or four of Harry's yellow letters that lie there, then you would know something about him. Simply he was the most spirited man who ever stumbled over me; he was possessed, and possessed with a true spirit, — that was what he was; and so he had guns enough, and more than guns enough for any emergency.

And Harry Wadsworth had died. And from north, and east, and south, we ten there had come to the funeral. And we were waiting for the train, as I said, and that is the way the Club was born. Then and there it had its

first meeting, and as I say, its last, most likely.

Bridget Corcoran may strictly be called the founder of the Club, unless dear Harry himself was. For Bridget Corcoran was the first person that said anything. I never can sit still very long at a time at such places. And I had sat in my chair by that overfilled stove, in that stifling room, as long as I could stand it, and a good deal longer, none of us saying anything. Then I had gone out and walked the platform, brooding till it seemed to me that anything was better than walking the platform. Then I went in again to find the air just as dead and stived and insupportable as it was before. And this time I left the door open and walked across to the back window, which looked on a different wood-pile from the wood-pile the front window looked upon. I need not say that the only variety in our prospects was in our choice of wood-piles; but we could look at the ends of sticks, or at the sides of them, as we preferred.

I walked to the back window, and began looking at the back wood-pile.

"You knew Mr. Wadsworth," said Bridget Corcoran, timidly. And it was a comfort to me.

"Knew him!" said I; "I did not know anybody else!"

"I like to tell you about him then," said she, with her pleasant Irish accent. "I like to tell every one about him. For, save for him, I do not know where I should be this day; and I do know where my boy Will would be."

"How is that?" I asked, roused up a little by her sympathy.

"Will, sir, would be in the State's

Prison save for him you carried to the grave this day; and for me, I think I should have died of a broken heart. You know, your reverence, that in the charge of the freight station, when he was first appointed here, it was for him to say who should have the chips, and who should not have them. And he was so good — as he always was — as to give me the second right in the wood-yard; Mary Morris always having the first, because her husband, who is now switch-tender, lost his arm in the great smash-up come Michaelmas five years gone by. He gave me the second right, I say, and though I say it who should not, I never abused my privilege, and he knew I never did, your reverence, as how could I, when he was always so kind, and often called me into his office, and always spoke to me as kindly as if I was a born lady, as indeed he was a born gentleman."

Ah me! if I only could go on and tell Bridget's story as she told it herself, with the thousand pretty praises of dear Harry, you would better understand what manner of man he was, and how the Club was born. But there is no time for that, and this was the story shortly. Harry saw one day that her eyes were red, as she passed him, and he would not rest till he had called her into the office and found why; and the why was, that her boy Will had "hooked jack," as the youngster said, — had played truant, and had done it now for many weeks in order, and had done it with Tidd boys, and the Donegals, sons of perdition as they always seemed, and nothing Bridget could say or do would put Will in any better way. Then was it that Harry sent for the little rascal, "talked to him," she said; but I knew Harry well enough to know what the talking was. He took the ooy up country with him one day, when he was making a contract for some

wood. He stopped, as they came back, at a trout stream, and bade the little scamp try some of the best hooks from his book. He sent him home, after such a glimpse of a decent boy's pleasures, as nobody ever had shown poor Will before. He sent for him the next day, and told him he wanted him in the office. He dressed the child in new clothes from head to foot. He made him respect himself in forty ways you or I would never have thought of. Before three weeks were gone, Will was ashamed of his bad handwriting. Before four weeks were gone, he was ashamed of his old company; in a fortnight more, he was the steadiest scholar in the "Commercial College" of the place. Before three months were over, he came to Harry with some lame duck of a Tidd boy whom he had lured out of some quagmire or other. And the upshot of it was, that at this moment Will was as decent a boy as there was in the country; while, but for Harry, he had as fair chance as any of them to be hanged. That, severely condensed, was Bridget Corcoran's story.

Now, I have no idea of telling how Harry had come to be the star of my worship, — worship which was not idolatry. Talking here at the head of the regiment, how do I know who might overhear me, and this is no story to get into the newspapers. But, while I was reflecting that Harry had rescued poor Will from one set of devils, and me from devils of quite another color, Caroline Leslie looked up; she had joined Bridget and me by the window.

"Do you mean the Caroline Leslie that gives the bird the lump of sugar in Chalon's picture?"

"Why, yes! that same Caroline Leslie. Did you know her?" She looked up. She thanked Bridget very cordially. "I thank you ever so much for telling me that. It has comforted me more than anything to-day. Will you not come and see me sometime in

Worcester? You will find me in 907, Summer Street. Let me write it down for you?" So Bridget was pleased. And then Caroline got up and asked me to walk, and took my arm, and we walked the platform together; and she told me what Harry had been to her. How, only three years before, when he first came to Colchester, or to that village, how her brother Edward brought him home, and made her mother say he might board there. How her mother said it was impossible, but consented the moment she saw Harry, when he only came in to tea. How she, Caroline, was a goose and a fool, and a dolt and good-for-nothing, when he moved into that house. And how the mere presence of that man in that family — or was it his books, or was it the people that came to see him — had changed the whole direction of her life, as an arrow's direction is changed when it glances on the side of a temple. Now, Caroline Leslie was no more in love with Harry than you are. Pretty girl, she had her own lover, and I knew she had. And he, far away across the sea, would shed tears as bitter as hers of that day, when he knew he was never to see Harry's face again.

But we were only three of the Club — Caroline, Bridget, and I. Count Will Corcoran for four if you like. If you count him, the Club is eleven.

But what I tell you will give you an idea. For as soon as we got talking, the bakers and the baked by the stove got talking; all telling much the same kind of story, how dear Harry had been a new life to them. Widdifield, who you would have said had no sentiment, quiet Mrs. Emerson, Mary Merriam, and her brother John, and even Will Morton. I must not try to tell the stories, though I could, every one. We all drew together at last, when something Morton said drew out George Dutton to "state his experience."

"Wadsworth and I," said he, "went

out in one of those first California colonies, — when the mutual system was tried in all sorts of ways, and people thought the kingdom of heaven was coming because they all put two hundred dollars apiece into a joint-stock company. On the voyage I did not see him much, and I know I did not like him. How strange that seems now! For there was no reason under heaven why I should not have found him out at the very first moment; and now it seems as if I lost so much in losing all the chance of those five months. Well, I lost it — for better or worse. We came to California, and the colony all broke up into forty thousand pieces. Little enough sticking by each other there! Each man for himself; and as always happens on that theory, the devil for us all, with a vengeance!

"I roughed through everything. Got a little dust now and then, and spent it a great deal faster than I got it. I have paid one hundred and eighty-six dollars in gold for a pair of miner's boots — and they were good boots, — when I had not a rag beside to put upon my feet. At last I thought my lucky time had come. We were up in what they then called the Cottonwood Reach, and a very good company of us had struck some very decent diggings, and had laid off our claims with something like precision, and order, and decency. Wadsworth, as I happened to know, was with some men who had got hold of a water-privilege three or four miles above us. Some of our men had been up to see about buying some water from him, and said he was quite a king in that country. But I had not seen him.

"Then there came in on us, just as we got well established, a lot of roughs, blacklegs, and rowdies of every nation and color under heaven. They wanted our claims; we all knew that well enough. And they hung round

as such devils as they will, trying all sorts of ways to get a corner of the wedge in. We were a pretty decent set, and none of our boys really liked them, but we were as civil as we could be. Some of the fellows were fools enough to lose dust to them, and I never heard that any of them won any. They pretended to stake off some claims of their own, but they never worked any of any account. They drank their whiskey, and put up tents and shanties for gambling; and swaggered round among the rest of us, and said they knew better ways for washing than we did; and so on. All the time we all knew that something was brewing, while they were about. And sure enough, at last it came.

"Watrous and Flanagan, who were a sort of selectmen to us, had to go down to Agnes City with some gold, and to buy some pork. And they took with them two or three of the best fellows we had. Watrous came to me the last thing, and said, 'Don't you get into a quarrel with these greasers,' for he knew I hated them. But, Mr. Ingham, a saint in heaven would have quarreled with those men. It all began about a shovel. One of these blackguards came up to me to borrow a shovel, and I let him have it. Then he came back for another, and I let him have that. Then came up three of them and wanted three shovels, and, to make a long story short, we came to words — they and I. They had come up for a fight; and they got it. At last, one of the most noisy of them, — to give him his due, he was half-drunk, — drew his revolver and snapped it at me. Lucky for me it missed fire, and in very short metre I hit him over the head with the crow-bar I was using. O, what a howl they made! They dashed at me, and I ran. The first of them tripped and fell: which stopped the others a half second. And then the whole tribe of them, who had

been watching the affair, came running after me, yelling and howling like so many wolves."

By this time, as I said, Dutton had the whole group in the station round him.

"Did you ever run for your life?" said he, with a funny twinkle of the eye. "I tell you that to put in the best stride you know, and to clear every log, and take no help at any ditch, but just to run, run, run, run, — half a mile, — three quarters, — and a mile, — to feel your heart up in your throat, your lungs pumping, and pumping nothing, — while you just run, run, run, — and know that one false step is death; — I tell you that is what a man remembers. That was the way I ran. I dared not look back. I knew I was well ahead of all but one man. But I could hear his steady step, step, step, step, — just in the time of mine. Was he taller than I, or shorter? I dared not look round and see. But I knew his stride depended on that. He was gaining nothing on me in time; was he gaining in length of pace?"

"Where was I running to? Why, to our poor little shanty, where I had left George Orcutt lame in bed. What safety would that be? These devils could tear it down in thirty seconds. I did not know, but I ran!"

"I ran — with the one man close behind, and the others yelling farther back. He did not yell. He saved his breath for running. But he did not catch me. I flung the door open. I crowded down the latch. I stuck a domino from the table in between the latch and the latch-guard, and with this as my poor fortress, I flung myself on the floor. The man dashed up after me, but did not so much as try the door!"

"An instant showed why; for in ten seconds the wolves, as they seemed, were howling round him. Then the man, whoever he was, said, 'The first