

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW:

A WHIG JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. II.—WHOLE VOL. VIII.

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PUBLISHED AT 118 NASSAU STREET.

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THE
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Contents for December.

CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS,	547
LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF GEORGE II. By N. S. Dodge,	561
TWO LEAVES OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY. By Lieu. John J. Hardin,*	577
MODERN IMPROVEMENTS: THE NEWSPAPER PRESS,	584
UNDINE: THE BIRTH OF A SOUL. By Henry W. Colton,	599
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF KEATS. By C. A. B.,	603
HUNGARY AND THE SCLAVONIC MOVEMENT. By John M. Mackie, A.M.,	611
GHOST STORIES. By G. W. Peck,	627
FOREIGN MISCELLANY,	646
CRITICAL NOTICES,	648

* Who fell in Mexico.

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DECEMBER, 1848.

NO. VI.

CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF THE WHIGS.

THAT the Whigs have gained the election,—not by management or corruption, but by the effect of free discussion and of the moral sentiment and enthusiasm of the people; aided by a conviction that the interests not only of the manufacturing classes, but of all who live by honest industry, either of the hand or head, required a change of policy; that it is a victory not of one section of the country, or of one class or interest over another, but of an equalized majority; that it was achieved in the face of an executive faction, proposing, as party watchwords, “the glory of our arms,” “the extension of our empire,” “the freedom of trade,” “democracy,” and other great sayings, fine catch-words in the mouths of demagogues; how and by what causes this has come about—by the operation of what sentiments, motives and convictions, is indeed an inquiry well worth the attention of every serious man, of every lover of freedom, and (for a warning sign,) of every opposer of the great course of liberty.

It will not, perhaps, be regarded as a speech of mere presumption, or of affected wisdom, to say that this remarkable victory must be attributed first to the

PUBLIC SPIRIT, the sincere patriotism of the WHIGS—exhibited in their opposition to the grounds of the war, and their advocacy of a just system of national economy and policy; and, no less, to the character of their candidates, in whom appeared those traits most admired by a free people, the traits of honor, of truth and of courage, and the wisdom of moderation, of economy and of prudence. By the joint power of their *principles*, their *measures* and their *men*, together indicating a public spirit agreeable to the bias and enthusiasm of modern and Christian freedom, the Whig party have achieved this great and singular victory.

A people of more than eighteen millions, of a temper and courage unsurpassed, richer than the wealthiest monarchy of the old world, more laborious and more enterprising than any; a nation founded like Rome by refugees, but not like Rome by robbers and assassins, composed of exiles from all lands in search of liberty and lawful happiness; such a people, self-educated, self-governed; such a people, without agitation or civil tumult, have ejected from their seats, under the forms of their constitution, a set of rulers whose policy it has been to misemploy that noble temper and manly

ner in which the people should be allowed to interfere in the government, the Girondins holding that the people delegated the right of sovereignty to their representatives, while the Jacobins, palliating the massacres of September, maintained that the people, meaning the Paris mob, through whom they expected to rule, re-

tained the right of controlling their representatives.

We shall be glad to see a continuation of this work. We do not say its completion, for judging from present appearances, it is impossible to anticipate that our generation will witness the end of the "*French Revolutions*."

GHOST STORIES.

WHETHER or not the evening on which I first heard the following narrative was the one succeeding that in which the schoolmaster gave us the history of Allison and Ellen, I cannot now remember. But it must have been some one of the evenings during that visit at uncle Robert's, for I well recollect his bringing home from the post-office a number of a monthly magazine, and Mary Horton's persuading the schoolmaster to read aloud a story which happened to strike her fancy.

The tale so much interested me that I have often since looked to find it among the bound volumes of magazines in libraries, but have never been able to light upon a set of the "Entertaining Magazine"—(for so it runs in my memory the periodical was entitled.) The endeavor to recall and reproduce it will please myself, though perhaps it may trespass upon the indulgence of some readers who may have met with the original. Certain circumstances, however, persuade me that their number cannot be many.

It is not so long since the railroad was cut through the heart of it, that the West-hill estate will have been forgotten by the inhabitants of Norfolk county in the Old Bay State. The mansion house, a large three story dwelling, with a square roof, and portico, used to be a conspicuous object for several miles along the —sford and Boston turnpike. It was situated on

the summit of a gentle rise of land; a wide smooth lawn left its western front exposed, while the swell of the ridge almost concealed the village of barns and out-houses which clustered behind it, so that by strangers it was often mistaken at a distance for a meeting-house. Near by, however, and from the house itself, the view was delightful; a famous orchard spread along the south-eastern descent, and over the north a patch of woodland extended nearly up to the kitchen garden. Altogether the site was very desirable, and it seemed almost a pity when the railroad was pushed through it, leaving the house on the edge of a fifty foot deep cut. But the estate has trebled in value, and as the family had moved to the city some time before, residing on it only during the summer, they have cheerfully submitted to what has proved so profitable.

The estate came into the hands of its present proprietor by marriage with the only daughter of Colonel Blanding, who bought it of old Mr. Dalton's heirs. Mr. Dalton was a Boston merchant, who after a long life spent in business, found himself compelled by increasing infirmities to retire from active pursuits. He was rich, but his wife had died childless several years before his retirement, and his only connexions were some distant relatives in the western part of the State. Left thus almost alone in the world, his solitude, combined with the restlessness of a mind

suddenly torn from its habitual toil, rendered him somewhat eccentric in his habits.

He had kept at his post in his counting-house till a shock of palsy almost deprived him of the use of his limbs. Upon his partial recovery from this, he caused his affairs to be wound up, and purchased this estate, whence after building the house, and domiciling himself within it, he seldom ventured. A favorite porter, who had been with him many years, an old house-keeper and a kitchen maid composed his whole household.

He was not a man, however, to let any property of his run to decay. The lands were kept under proper cultivation by an experienced farmer, who, with his family, occupied the original dwelling below the patch of woodland; and it was the old gentleman's chief amusement to give directions for the necessary annual changes and repairs. He was of a mechanical turn, and introduced many improvements in the implements of husbandry and the economy of the household. Under his superintendence the whole place wore an air of neatness and order. Out of doors, the fences were all in good keeping; the lawn was always well trimmed. Within, the floors were polished, the windows bright; rooms never opened for any other purpose, and beds never slept on, were kept well aired. The old man evidently had the art of being faithfully served. It was a fine sight to see him sitting in his portico of a summer evening reading the ship news in the Daily Patriot, which the stage brought him every afternoon from the city.

But as time went by he grew more solitary. At length, for nearly three years before his death, he was confined to his chamber, and latterly to his bed. He grew more subject to whims, and for some time before the close of his life it was said he would allow none of his servants to sleep in the house, nor any of them to approach him except John, the old porter, and even he was never suffered to remain longer than was necessary to attend to his master's wants and receive directions. The nature of his afflictions, aided probably by his constitutional tendencies, rendered him unable to endure the most minute annoyances.

At length he died, and the estate passed into the possession of his heirs; to whom, after making suitable provision for his faithful domestics, he had devised it in equal portions. There being several heirs, most of whom were in good circumstances and living many miles away, they at once agreed to turn the property into money, and thus it fell, within a few months, into the hands of Colonel Blanding, almost as it stood on the very day of the old gentleman's decease.

The Colonel was one of those middle-aged gentlemen common in New England who acquire titles of dignity, to which they have no legal claim, by their personal peculiarities. He had never seen any actual service; never even had he commanded a regiment of his fellow-citizens at an annual militia muster. Yet, owing probably to certain authority in his figure and bearing, the sense of propriety which is everywhere latent among mankind, had conferred upon him that particular rank. Not a colonel in fact, he was the embodiment of the common ideal in that part of the country of what a colonel should be in manner and appearance.

He was a rather portly, well-built old gentleman of fifty-five or thereabout, with a round bald head flanked by grayish locks which certainly had a very military aspect. His mode of speech was also abrupt and decided, like that of an officer giving the word of command. In complexion his countenance was inclining to red, which tint, if the truth must be told, deepened as you approached the extremity of his nose. He had all his life been accustomed to a free country style of living, having inherited ample means, and being a man of social qualities. Few men were better known in that region, or more popular with those whom he represented in the Senate of the Commonwealth, than "the Colonel."

At the time of his purchasing the West-hill estate, his family consisted of his wife, a comfortable old lady, his son Stephen, a sophomore at Cambridge, and his daughter Julia, whom it is necessary for the purpose of our narrative to describe more minutely.

Yet how to describe such a creature as was Julia Blanding in her seventeenth year, is a matter that might give any

chronicler pause. Even now, when she is the mother of one whom—even now, I should say, she is one of the most beautiful as well as the gayest ladies you can meet in society. But from what is remembered of her when she was in what Shakspeare calls “that unmatched form and feature of blown youth,” it is no wonder she was the pride of her parents and the talk of the country round. They say she was then the living image of Aurora, goddess of the morning. Her eyes were blue, her cheeks rosy, and her hair deep golden—the tints of sunrise; while there was that in her disposition which, had she been far less beautiful than she was, would have warranted the comparison. Her presence was like the opening dawn; it inspired all who saw her with fresher life. She was a perfect specimen of a “bonny country lassie,” capable, had she known it, of piercing a thousand hearts, but as innocent of that sort of knowledge as a young antelope. She laughed much, she ran faster than most city girls can, she talked, and sang, and danced with more zest and spirit—all because she could not help it. Yet she was not a romp, and what was singular, in the midst of noisy gaiety her eyes would sometimes fill with tears, and there would be much pointing of fingers because Julia was crying, “for nothing at all only that she was so happy.”

The truth is, extremes of feeling lie nearer together than is generally suspected. Excessive laughter will often lead to tears. The phase of mirth not infrequently ends in sadness. So in artless young girls, who seem to be compounded of more music and poetry than any other mortal creatures, we that are old may often discern a hundred shades passing over them in a few moments, according as they are touched by influences around them. They are so delicate that like harps played upon by the wind, they give out broken harmonies under the slightest impressions; whereas we men require rough blows, and then we answer only in coarse low notes that have in them no sweetness or beauty. But all these effects fall in and help to perform the one great dirge of fallen humanity.

Julia's cousin Henrietta (for so she was called, though in reality she was not related, being the daughter of the second wife of a

gentleman whose first wife had been Colonel Blanding's sister,) lived with her as a companion; her father and mother were both dead, and she was the ward of her uncle. She was as different from Julia as ever were two young ladies in a story. She was taller and thinner, with dark eyes and hair, and a more quiet manner; she had suffered affliction, and its traces more than counterbalanced the few months' difference between her age and her cousin's. But perhaps the very points of contrast in these two girls made each seem lovelier, by bringing what in each was peculiar into stronger relief. However that may have been, the two in combination imparted a cheerfulness and vivacity to the Colonel's household that only results to a family from the possession of similar attractions. To all the young people in that vicinity the Colonel's parlor seemed, they hardly knew why, the pleasantest place in the world.

It will not appear surprising, therefore, that when, after the family had moved to Westhill, the young ladies were permitted to give a little house-warming at their new home, they should have had, for the country, a numerous party, and a gay one. It was, as it happened, a thanksgiving eve; Stephen had come over from Cambridge and brought with him his classmate and chum, Harry Ide, the same lively fellow then that he is now, and a much better scholar, I fancy, than he is now that he gives all his time to his extensive practice. There were the Joneses, the Smiths, and the Browns, (for one cannot spare time to invent names for so many,)—even the minister of the parish came and staid till after the supper.

But as our story only concerns a few individuals, we will confine ourselves to them, leaving the figures in the background to be filled out as the reader may fancy.

Among the other guests was Fogger, John Fogger, the lawyer of the next village, a shrewd calculating chap, suspected by some of the better sort of being cunning enough to conceal petty dishonesties without having courage to involve himself in great ones. He was a thin, ill-made man, yet he fancied all the girls adored him, and only became an old bachelor because he waited to find one rich enough to marry. He talked constantly, and bored

every one with his conceit; still he flattered or endeavored to flatter all he spoke with, and if there were points on which any seemed a little tender, he was uneasy till he had cross-questioned and found out the secret; he was thus a great prober of wounds, but had no balm to pour into them. In brief, he was coarse-grained, wiry, hard and cunning. The Colonel, who, though he had his weak sides, had no sympathy with meanness, never liked him.

Still he must be invited, and he was sure to come, and *did* come. He not only came, but came wide awake, and more disagreeable than usual. To narrate how many unpleasant things he contrived to do and say in this single evening, would occupy more pages than ought to be filled with such details. But for so simple an accident as a change in the weather, he would only have passed as the most displeasing of the few bores of the party.

About eleven o'clock, as some of the guests were leaving, the front door was opened, and it was discovered, to the general surprise, that it was snowing fast and the wind high; for hitherto the old piano had been kept so busy with country dances and reels, the company had no ears for aught but that. But now in the lull which the intelligence created they could hear the noise of the storm around the house corner, and the snow driving against the the eastern windows. What was to be done? Many of the party had come from a distance; all had come unprovided with winter gear, for the night had been fine and this was almost the first snowstorm of that season. Harriet and Jane and Charlotte and Carry, &c., must not think of going; they had plenty of room; the house was large and every room well provided; they could stay as well as not, and they must, and their brothers. As for Emily and Sarah and Abby, &c., if they *must* go, as they lived so near, they should have old cloaks and hoods.

The up-shot was that when the company broke up, the half who lived nearest went away muffled up like Hudson Bay voyagers; while the other half, who came from more than five miles, when they went to look for their horses, found the Colonel had given orders to have them stabled for the night, and the carriages put under cover; so there was no resource but submission.

Among those who staid was Fogger, who did not reside more than three miles off, and might have gone without the least inconvenience, for he came alone in a chaise of his own. But he knew that his horse would be well taken care of, and thought on the whole it would be more pleasant to ride over in the morning. Besides, he began to think Miss Julia a "smart young lady," and thought he might as well throw out an anchor that way to windward; she was rather young yet, it was true, and there might be another heir: still it was well enough to "look over the ground," as the farmers say, "against you may wish to buy."

It was not more than twelve o'clock, for they keep early hours in the country, when all who remained had been snugly disposed of—the young ladies occupying the third floor, and their brothers the rooms on the second. Fogger thought himself lucky in securing a large corner room with a spacious old-fashioned bed all to himself, while Ide and young Blanding were obliged to precede an ex-president and a distinguished Whig member of the House, in a mode of sleeping, to say the least, extremely uncomfortable. He chuckled not a little as he sank into the depths of an unfathomable feather-bed and pillow, on his comparative comfort, and listened with satisfaction to the fierce dashing of the snow against the windows. He had partaken freely of the good things at the supper, the boned turkey, and the chicken salad—nay, he had even quaffed more than one glass of the Colonel's old Scotch whiskey in a private apartment, unknown to but few of the older guests, the younger ones being restricted to lemonade and coffee with a few rounds of grape after supper. Consequently he did not feel very sleepy, but rather disposed to pleasurable contemplation.

To this another circumstance might also have contributed, since it is a historian's duty to relate all the facts which give a turn to events. Our lawyer was a little advanced in life; all things about him were not what they seemed; in brief, since it must out, to supply the deficiencies of age or early sorrow—he wore—a wig. Now the taking off this article of harmless disguise, rubbing his poll with a cold towel and putting on his nightcap, (for he never

was without one and a small hair-brush in his pocket,) may have contributed to this wakefulness. At all events he did not pop off into a good ten knot an hour sleep, but thought over his cases, and got involved at last in a series of short dozes that left him doubtful whether he was asleep or awake, or whether he ever would sleep again, where he was, or which way was north, and the like.

Out of this demi-torpid condition he was roused suddenly by a strange voice in the room. He started up and leaned on his elbow. The snow-clouds had not so much obscured the moon but that he could make out the room quite distinctly. As he recalled his scattered senses, suddenly, almost in his very ears, there came a chorus of strange uproarious laughter:—

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! O—ho!"

It was not like human laughter or horse laughter, but fearfully grim and hollow like the voices of demons.

Hardly had it ceased when he, "distilled almost to jelly," heard the following words uttered in an awful measured voice:

"Ten—three—five—eighteen—twenty-eight—thirty-two—thirty-three—forty-three! Jack, you cheated—you can't cheat me! I'll do your business yet! YOU'RE A GONE KOON!"

This was too terrible. To hear the years of his life numbered, his name syllabled, his secret crimes thrown in his teeth, and his doom pronounced by devils, was too much. Poor Fogger groaned aloud as he groped for the door. The room echoed with a confused noise. He rushed into the hall and burst into the next room, which happened to be Ide and Blanding's, crying, "O dear! wake! help!"

The young gentlemen were roused in a moment, and Blanding, thinking the lawyer was ill, proceeded at once to light a candle. This done, the spectacle Fogger presented as he stood in his night-gear and night-cap, with his eyes half out of his head, along with his broken words, telling how the chamber was haunted, and that he had heard awful noises, was so horribly ludicrous to these college boys that as they looked at each other they could not restrain their mirth; Ide in particular, who always made more noise than any one else, actually roared, while Blanding ran up and down the chamber holding

his sides. The noise woke up several young fellows in the adjacent apartments, who suspecting some college trick, ran in to see what was the matter. Then came to light the mystery of the lawyer's raven locks, which one of the party, a red-haired man, had secretly envied; and what with his appearance and his fright, the effect was altogether so overpowering, he was glad to creep into the bed and cover himself with the comforter. As soon as they could compose their nerves, the young men whispered among themselves and very soon settled it that the lawyer must have paid too much attention to the whiskey, with which natural conclusion they retired to their chambers, reserving the full enjoyment of the jest till the morrow.

When they had gone, Blanding told Ide to jump into bed with Fogger, saying that he would go and occupy the couch Fogger had left. But Ide, whose real motive, as well as Blanding's, was to avoid their new bed-fellow, protested against this, saying that he had a passion for ghosts, and had always hoped to scare one up some time or other; Blanding, perceiving his object, thought it due to the character of host to yield at once. So Ide taking the light, touched the lawyer's shoulder as he lay bundled up in the clothes, and telling him he should make him join a temperance society in the morning, and bidding his friend good-night, left them and went to the lawyer's chamber.

There was nothing in the chamber at all remarkable, much less indicating the presence of supernatural visitors. The lawyer's garments were carefully deposited over the backs of a couple of chairs, and on the table under the old oval mirror were his watch and his wig. Ide was no Paul Pry, but he had never seen an isolated specimen of the latter article before in his life, and he thought it was no harm to avail himself of the unexpected opportunity to give this a careful examination. He was curious to see how the things he had read of, and which were once a necessary part of a gentleman's apparel, were put together. He accordingly held the light close, and stooped over to have a good view.

While thus occupied he was startled, though not alarmed, by a confused noise, similar to that which had frightened the

lawyer. It sounded like a mingling of hoarse voices in disputation, and seemed to come from behind the curtains at the head of the bed. He reflected a moment, and concluded it must be the creaking of the window shutters, though it was certainly an odd sound. Walking up to the window, therefore, which opened near the head of the bed, he examined the shutters by moving them to and fro, till he satisfied himself it could not be they. The wind howled piteously without, and the snow drove against the panes, but it could not be they. He stepped cautiously around the bed's head and harkened.

Presently (all this, by the bye, passed in a few moments,) there came another sort of noise—a loud whistling sound, very coarse and hollow, something like what one may make by whistling into the end of an empty cask. It was so very singular a sound that Ide, bold as he was, was not a little relieved to recognize in a moment a popular Methodist melody! He had begun to feel rather uncomfortable, but surely no stray current of air nor any restless ghost would entertain itself on such a wild night with the tune of "O how happy are they!"

But how was it that he heard it so distinctly? The room below was the parlor; beside him were Blanding and the lawyer; above slept the young ladies; the kitchen adjoined the house on the other side, being the first of the long range of out-buildings. While he thus busily surmised, the whistling was interrupted by speech, and he heard clearly pronounced, in the same voice which so astonished the lawyer, the following mysterious words:

"*The King is after you—look out!*"

And before he had time to recover from his surprise, the following, from different speakers:

"*One—eleven—fifteen—eighteen—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty-three—thirty-seven.*"

This was spoken in the awful monotonous manner which had so overcome Fogger, and it would, perhaps, have been too much for Ide, had he not listened more attentively while it proceeded:

"*—forty—forty-two—fifty-two—GAME! HURRA FOR JACKSON!*"

"*Don't swear—you'll raise the devil again.*"

"*Hush, Jim; hurra for Jackson aint swearing.*"

"*Game!—high—low—Jack, and the game; three and four are seven—WE ARE OUT!*"

This explained itself. Henry Ide was never a youth who kept low company, nor was he fond of low amusements; but what country-bred New Englander ever got through his teens without an initiation into the mysteries of the famous game of All Fours? In various parts of the country this game takes different names; on the western boats one may hear it styled "Old Sledge," a title which is probably a primitive root, since it is not easy to imagine aught from which it could have been a derivative; in other parts it is called "Seven Up," a name given it on account of the game being up when the winner counts seven.

But under whatever appellation this amusement passes, it must be indigenous to New England; there is not, it is likely, a hay-loft in that region that is unfamiliar with its technical phrases; and the sunny sides of many stone fences, if stones could preach sermons, might utter moving discourses respecting the time they had seen wasted in its excitements.

It was plain to Ide, therefore, the moment his ears caught the above words, that the mysterious voices, so far from having a supernatural origin, actually belonged to some rustic card party somewhere within hearing. But the accounting for their singular audibleness was still as much a problem as before. However, our young student was somewhat of a mechanic, and had read Sir David Brewster's *Natural Magic* enough to take an interest in the solution of such apparent impossibilities.

The reader must remember that what transpires in less than a minute may sometimes occupy several in relating; otherwise I should justly incur the severest penalties of criticism for having kept my hero, or as it may be, one of my heroes, thus standing on a cold night in his night clothes all this while we have been telling what happened to him. The whole affair, in fact, passed in five minutes by the watch; but as it is necessary to this narrative that it should be minutely recorded, and every circumstance fully explained, I take the liberty of using so

much space as is required for that purpose.

The voices did not cease with what has been here given; they kept on talking, and gave Ide ample opportunity to make his investigation. Finding that the sounds were more distinct the nearer he came to the head of the bed, it occurred to him whether the tall bed-post might not be hollow, and thus transmit echoes as if it were the tube of a huge bassoon, from some other part of the house—the cellar, perhaps. As he bent down to examine, however, he caught the sound more distinctly than ever in his right ear, which thus came within a foot of the wall. Turning that way, and closing the shutter which he had thrown back, he discovered just underneath the high wainscot that ran around the room, and at about a level with the head of the bed, a round aperture three or four inches in diameter, which on examination proved to be the funnel-shaped extremity of a tube set in the wall.

The mystery was now fully explained. Old Mr. Dalton, of whom and whose eccentricities he had often heard from his friend Blanding, had no doubt contrived this mode of communicating with his servant in some distant part of the house.

This application of acoustic tubes is by no means a new one; most large boarding houses in the city are now furnished with similar contrivances to save the time of attendants; and any reader who has heard in eating-houses the command,—

Hurryupthemcakes!

to the regions of below, and the response,

Komingrightup!

can form an accurate idea of the singular change in quality of tone produced on the human voice by the use of such an apparatus.

Ide, as has been stated, a young gentleman who had the organ of mirthfulness rather fully developed; indeed, most persons at his time of life, and particularly college students, are as little distinguished for a predisposition to melancholy as any portion of the human family. With them no occurrence comes amiss which can afford food for merriment.

It was but natural therefore, that Ide's first thought was how his discovery might be turned to advantage. To this end it was necessary to find the other extremity of the tube, for from the boisterousness of the players he could not suppose the apartment they were in to be in the main building.

With his ear close to the tube he could distinguish the voices quite distinctly, and at once recognized one of them as belonging to Wilber Wells, the Colonel's coachman—a harmless fellow, who might easily be frightened out of his senses. It appeared he and some others, probably servants, had got a small jug of "stuff" and were taking advantage of the night for enjoying themselves at their favorite amusement.

Ide listened to their talk till he began to grow cold, when he bethought himself it might be a good scheme to find out where they were, to frighten them into the belief that their card-playing had attracted the especial displeasure of the adversary of souls. There is still a latent superstition in the breast of a great portion of the Puritan descendants respecting the use of the "devil's Bible," and many a stout rustic has, after an evening spent in such sinful indulgence, paid dearly for his pleasure when the hour has approached that "Tam maun ride." I remember the house-carpenter, when the new shed was built, telling us children one day at dinner, how in crossing the Great Side-Hill Piece one pitch-dark night, he stumbled over an old black cow, who suddenly started up and "mooed," (as well she might,) whereupon he threw his cards away and fell on his knees crying "Spare me!"—and that though it soon came to him what had happened, yet those few moments of agony were enough to make him resolve never to burden his conscience with the sin again, and that he had "never touched a card from that hour."

Of course, through a tube constructed for the purpose, it makes no difference which way the sound passes. Ide, however, was so full of glee at the thought of what he was going to do, that he could hardly compose his muscles as he placed his mouth close to the aperture and gave a low prolonged groan. Instantly the conversation at the other terminus was

hushed into silence. Ide then called three times in feigned voice, distinctly and slowly,—

“*Wilber Wells? Wilber Wells? Wilber Wells?*”

He was answered by a real groan, evidently more heartfelt than the counterfeit one he had just uttered. He hastened to relieve the poor fellow :

“*Speak to Henry Ide—he can help you !*”

“*I will ;—oo—oo !*” was the tremulous response.

To end their sport, for it must be now near two o'clock in the morning, Henry then cried in a commanding tone,—

“*Depart hence !*”

Immediately he heard a clatter of boots and boards, and in a moment all was still. He blew out his light and jumped into bed shaking with cold and laughter.

Next morning, (and a bright snowy morning it was,) when all were assembled in the breakfast-room, there was much ill-concealed mirth when the lawyer made his appearance with red eyes and haggard cheeks, but with locks as glossy as ever. The story of his being tipsy the night before had got among the young ladies, and there was a vast deal of sly remark ; the conversation hung upon the subject of temperance, till some one asked the lawyer whether he believed in spirits ?

He was too thoroughly horrified by what he had passed through not to answer yes. This only provoked the query as to what sort of *spirits* he believed in, and there was then so much smiling and exchanging of glances that it finally attracted the attention of Mrs. Blanding, who would not have any of her guests treated impolitely.

But she was only able to restrain the young people within the limits of decency. The lawyer's disposition had never made him a general favorite, and now his having drunk too much in the presence of young ladies at a social party, and disturbed the house of his entertainer at night by hearing hobgoblins in his chamber, was an offence which his tormentors were not disposed to consider very venial. As to the wig, the young gentlemen found that little was to be made of *that*—the girls being already accurately informed respecting the fact of its existence. But

there was enough against him besides, and John Fogger was made pretty clearly aware by the time he got into his chaise, that his character was as well understood by his associates as it appeared to be by the beings Providence permits to infest the darkness.

This night did more to shake his inordinate conceit, and render him careful of wounding his conscience, than anything which had ever occurred to him in all his life before. Whenever he visited hereafter, he saw that he must, if he wished to retain a place in the esteem of his acquaintances, exert himself to be agreeable. Whenever, in the course of his practice, he was tempted to dishonor his profession by mean artifices, or acts of unfaithfulness to his clients, the terrible words,

“*Jack, you cheated—you're a GONE KOON !*”

seemed to ring in his ears and warn him of the danger of yielding.

In all these respects the incident had upon him an effect most salutary. He dared not mention the subject to any one. Once or twice he did so, but the absurdity of the words he affirmed that he heard, only confirmed the opinion of his inebriety, and he was obliged to beg, with tears in his eyes, that nothing might be mentioned of it, lest the “*Gone Koon*” should adhere to him and become a nickname.

When the company had mostly departed that morning, one of the housemaids whispered to Harry, that the coachman would take it a great favor to be allowed a word with him. This was what he had expected. He accordingly put on his hat and sauntered down to the stables, wishing to give Wells an opportunity to unburden himself, unseen by others. That individual, who appeared much agitated, was attending to his horses. In order to bring him to the point at once, and at the same time awe him into keeping the affair a secret, Harry began by saying, in a grave tone, that he believed there had been some *card-playing* about there last night. Poor Wells, seeing that Ide knew so much of the matter, became on the instant like a timid school-boy, who dares not speak untruth.

He said that seeing they were together, himself and the hired man, along with Squire Davis's and Mr. Hodgkinson's drivers, had thought to have a good time,

and had taken a little jug of "Stingo," which belonged to the hired man, and an old pack of cards he himself had in his chest, and had gone up into the room over the stable to play—only for fun. This room, he said, had been roughly finished off in Mr. Dalton's time, for the porter, who used to stay there; that it had a fire-place, and thus they could make themselves comfortable. There they were, after they had done waiting in the house, till some time after midnight, when they thought they heard a queer noise; however, they did not mind that much, but took another pull at the jug and went on with their game.

About an hour after—but I need not repeat what the reader knows already. The consternation and confusion in which they broke up can be imagined.

Ide listened to all this with the most solemn face he could assume, and then asked Wells to show him the room. This he readily did; but no persuasion could induce him to enter. Our young necromancer found it to be a small, roughly-plastered apartment, with a pine table overturned, and two or three old chairs, only one of which remained upright. After a little searching he soon discovered the extremity of the tube, which was just covered by the plastering, and was placed in a part of the room which might have been by the head of the old porter's couch, when he inhabited it.

He said nothing of this as he came out, but advised Wells, with an air of the most profound mystery, to give him the key; the room was not needed or used for any purpose, and there were "important reasons" why it had better remain closed. He also enjoined upon Wells the strictest secrecy; should it come to the ear of any but those who knew it already, "though he had learned many strange things in books, he could not be answerable for the consequences." As to card-playing, if it ever were repeated by Wells after what had occurred, let it never be done after ten o'clock at night, or on Sundays; on holidays, such as election days, and May trainings, it might be indulged in to a limited extent harmlessly; at all other hours, beware. The jug must be broken and the pieces buried that night, thirty paces from the corner of the barn, towards the North Star. Liquor, of the sort it

contained, could only be taken three times a week by those who had been *three times called*, and never, then, to excess. If he carefully followed these directions, Harry assured Wells no harm would come to him—but he must particularly avoid hinting of it to Sally, the housemaid.

So saying, Ide took the rusty key and left the coachman much relieved to find the condition of things no worse. As for the telling of it, Wells felt pretty secure, for he knew the others would never let out what would cost them their places. Indeed, two of them had already begun to fancy, either that one of the rest had played upon the others, or that it was but a freak of their tipsy imaginations; for no two of them had accurate memories enough to be able to agree as to the precise words they seemed to have heard.

Ide resolved to reserve his discovery till some favorable opportunity for having a frolic out of it, and therefore said nothing to his friend Stephen. They remained till the end of the week, two days after the party; and we may be sure that during their stay, the old mansion contained a merry household. The young folks told stories of evenings, sang, danced, played at forfeits, quarrelled, made up again, and amused themselves in general after this fashion, till Stephen, who was of a rather quiet temperament, like his mother, grew no more afraid of his cousin, while Ide and Miss Julia openly declared themselves lovers, in order to conceal that they were so in secret.

No opportunity occurred for his contemplated jest, and he forgot it entirely, till some days after, in his room, at college, he found the old key in a pocket and thrust it into his desk.

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Were I to follow the example of many great narrators, and preface the divisions of this history with mottoes from the poets, I might now use the words which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Gower, in the prologue to the fourth act of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* :—

"The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey
Unless your thoughts went on my way."

For the reader must now be requested to transport himself in fancy to a period three years later than events herein previously recorded.

During this time our fair demoiselles had become young women, and our gay cavaliers had graduated and were preparing, each in his own way, to enter upon the duties of manhood. Their youthful acquaintance had ripened into intimate friendship, and something considerably more. Harry Ide and Julia Blanding had long been what in sport they used formerly to style themselves, avowed lovers; while between Stephen and his cousin Henrietta there existed a mutual attachment which, though it had never expressed itself, except in slight pressures of hands, or, it may have been, a few stolen kisses, was perhaps quite as strong and tender as if it had found language.

Ide and Julia were of a free cheerful temperament. They could command their nerves, in situations which to others no less brave, would have been embarrassing. Nothing could shake their vivacity or shed a paleness over their glow of health. What they resolved they could accomplish; as for sentiment, though they had it in plenty, yet they would never confess so much to themselves. They were the life of all companies where they visited. Never was such a dancer as Julia Blanding, or so capital a fellow or "puffickly gemmly" (as the dandy students phrased it) a man as Harry Ide. But nothing was known of any engagement between them; they were quite competent to the management of their own affairs, in their own way. By the growth of their affection, each had, without being aware of it, exchanged some portion of original disposition with the other; thus Julia, without losing aught of her original feminineness, had acquired something of Harry's manly courage; while he, the most athletic of his time at the university, instead of turning out a boisterous merry companion, the hero of convivial clubs and anniversary dinners, had falsified prophecy by subsiding into a person of gentle thoughts and manners.

The same interfusion had taken place between Stephen and Henrietta. He who it was feared would injure his health by too close an application to study, had

found a worthier object in the world of real life; his reserve also, which it was supposed would always stand in his way, had vanished out and left him simply a plain business man of unobtrusive manners, but quite social and open in conversation. Henrietta also had passed safely over the great ocean of sentiment, upon whose dark heaving bosom so many tall young girls, like beautiful seaboats, founder and perish,—some (if the figure may be so hunted,) to sink into the fathomless depths of speculation, others to be riven and scattered by superstition and the many *cross* currents that make havoc of such poor wrecks. She had found rest for her heart, and thereby her pure mind had opportunity to expand and her delicate fancy to bloom and ripen. Both she and Stephen were constitutionally fond of music, and through the enjoyment of this congeniality they had a life and a language of their own. Though each still seemed to others, if anything, cold and formal towards the other, and though no words had ever passed between them, they lived in a world where their manners seemed to each most affectionate, and possessed a language through which they could express in a moment what poor halting speech would toil after in vain. Thus their hearts grew together as time went by, and thus the two whom even Julia was often puzzled about, sometimes holding to the opinion that they loved each other, and then (when in her *badinage* she had said something unwittingly which had alarmed her cousin's excessive privacy,) thinking herself deceived, each felt that life would be intolerable without the other.

But when did the course of love run smooth? When did youth ever pass to age without having previously suffered from its infirmities? It seems that the most critical part of this existence of probation is its latter end, and that more and more as we grow old, so long as we remain undecayed, does the good or evil that is in us come out and have its effect on those around us. How beautiful it is to see benevolent old men and women of enlarged hearts and minds, full of all charity, intent only on that which aims to nurse the life! But then the number of such is so few! By far the greater por-

tion of the old carry into age so much *profound knowledge* that they are a burden upon the succeeding generation. There is nothing that Youth need pray more heartily to be preserved from than Age clothed with brief authority, and wise in its own conceit.

Colonel Blanding was, as we have seen, far from being one whom, as the world goes, we ought to set down as a bad man. He had worthily maintained the reputation of an estimable member of society and a kind father. In disposition he had always been open and genial, hospitable in his housekeeping, and generous in his business. In all the contacts of life to which a country gentleman, the inheritor of wealth and respectability, is exposed, he had always borne himself so as to win and retain the position of a man of large influence; neither his integrity nor his ability was ever called in question.

But all of us have our failings, and a very little one will sometimes make itself the occasion of a great deal of mischief. The Colonel had, mixed with his good qualities, a certain self-complacency, which, while it made him only a more pleasant companion among his equals and superiors, was far from being so agreeable to those over whom he was called to exercise authority. With his inferiors among his fellow-citizens at large, this infirmity bred in him that peculiar shade of pomposity which had probably been the means of elevating him to the brevet rank of commander in some imaginary regiment; it was a mere personal weakness that his political opponents could just turn into jest—nothing more.

The bare power of one man over another, among that intelligent race of men called Yankees, is so slight that anything in a man which looks like an overbearing temper, whatever may be his station, is regarded purely as the harmless manifestation of a foible. The individual is sure to receive some fanciful title, but, except in extreme instances, he is not the less esteemed. The reason is, that there is so much innate impudence in your genuine Yankee, that he has never, from the time of George the Third until now, allowed any man, friend or enemy, to put him down by mere force of countenance; his visage is as good as anybody's, and

anybody's as good as his. He is quite willing to submit to what is reasonable, but there is not a drop of servile blood in his veins. Hence a man may grow up in New England easier than anywhere else, and have a little spice of the tyrant in him, which shall never display itself disagreeably until he has gained the dignity of gray hairs, and has a parent's cares or responsibilities, or until circumstances, by placing him over others, in the post of master or minister, for example, shall have concurred in its development.

Hence it often there happens, as happens everywhere, that a man has two phases; one a warm, hearty, out-door phase, for those who are not afraid of him, the other a grim, distant, in-door phase, for those who tremble at his frown.

Again, I have remarked that this devil of self-will, or self-conceit, or love of dictation, call it what we please, when it is by a man's own good sense kept in almost all respects under proper control, will still sometimes take refuge in a corner, so that its possessor shall be generally a reasonable, yielding man, but in one particular point as obstinate and impracticable as a "hedge fence." Thus one shall be clear-headed and able to reason on all topics except such as touch his religious belief; another shall fly off upon medicine; another upon politics; one lays more stress upon keeping Saturday night than the whole of Sunday; another has the first fire of each winter lighted on the fifteenth of October, howsoever cold it may be on the second, or fifth, or tenth of that month; and each of these peculiarities shall be as fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Smile not, gentle reader, for there are none of us exempt from such weaknesses! No amount of learning can save us from them; even I have my omens!

One of the Colonel's favorite hobbies was parental authority. He thought the discipline of the present age, especially in our republican country, much too lax; on this topic he was ever ready to converse, and had all the arguments at his tongue's end, including traditions of the Puritan family system, handed down from his great-grandfather.

And it must be admitted that his arguments were generally sound. They were

only incomplete in this, that they left completely out of the question, as all New England education does, *the proper training and degree of indulgence to be given to the social part of our nature.* They never took into account the fact that boys and girls came from their Maker's hand with *human affections*, which are to be guided and indulged under and along with the reason for their happiness. The question how far the heart must be thwarted or yielded to being a difficult one, the old system leaves it out altogether. Indeed, a large majority of fathers and mothers set to work with a direct determination to kill out the hearts of their children altogether, and feel never so proud of their sons and daughters as when they have brought them to that pitch of refinement when they have no more the power of preference. What must such children have left to take pleasure in? Where must be the secret life of their souls? Where but in some selfish passion, in the *auri sacra fames*, for instance, or in that awful Habit, by which man seeks to avoid the primal curse and eat his bread no more in sorrow—by which he narrows himself into a working-machine, and compels himself to find a constrained pleasure in the “sweat of his face.”

But this is considering too gloomily. The young dogs do contrive to break through sometimes and enjoy themselves after their own fashion.

Two years previous to the time at which this part of my story commences, it was the Colonel's misfortune to become involved in some stock speculations, which turning out badly, considerably embarrassed his estate and obliged him to mortgage a large portion of the lands of which it chiefly consisted. About the same time, also, Fögger, who since his failure among the better sort of people, had turned demagogue, ran against him for the Senate and was elected over him. But the worst misfortune to him was the death of his wife, which, as misfortunes never come singly, took place after a brief illness, that same winter. She had been his good angel; her evenness and gentleness of temper had softened his constitutional irritability and restrained his impetuosity.

But now she was gone; his lands upon which he had expended so much care, and

out of which he desired to make a handsome provision for his children, seemed to be slipping through his fingers; and what was to one of his temper a most unkind cut, his fellow-citizens had chosen a sneaking lawyer to represent them in place of a gentleman. Altogether it was not wonderful that the farmers in the vicinity, as he nodded to them from his gig, should remark that the Colonel “seemed to take it not so easy lately.”

It is hard when a merchant in the city meets heavy losses, and sees the accumulations of years vanishing from his eyes; but merchants are accustomed to constant risks and speculations. With country gentlemen who live upon the rents of land, their returns are so secure that they are little used to anxiety, and consequently, the loss of property is to them a blow from which they rarely recover. They only know how to manage the particular estate they have owned; of business education, which is a sort of profession or art, they have only so much as they have acquired in the course of life—in short, they are like trees whose roots lie deep in the soil: they seldom survive transplanting.

The Colonel began to dread the approach of want. True, he could manage for the present, though his estate was heavily encumbered; but in a few years the mortgages must be paid off, and how was this to be accomplished by barren certificates of stock which nobody would buy?

It was but natural that under all this present and prospective trouble, the old man's bad points began to come out in strong relief. He grew day by day more and more irritable and imperious. His head became a wilderness of schemes; and besides these, his old hobbies were his only themes of talk. While his wife lived there was never a better conducted household in the country; she did not govern but influenced him to forbearance. His hobby of parental authority had been then only a matter of speculation; he controlled his children without his or their feeling the relation irksome. So he would still, in all probability, had nothing occurred to set him on a wrong track.

Among his nearest neighbors, was a large farmer who owned an estate adjoining his own—Mr. Oliver Jones, a shrewd industrious old man, who understood how

to make bargains, and was held to be rather economical in his dealings. He, by a little of what country people call "sarching the registry," easily ascertained the extent of the incumbrances on the Westhill place; and then set to work upon the mortgagees, many of whom were city men, and by judiciously depreciating the value of the land, induced most of them to assign their deeds to him at a discount. He knew the Colonel's property well, and was confident the interest would be paid, or at any rate, that the lands were amply sufficient. In this way, by fair means, he became the Colonel's principal creditor, much to that gentleman's liking, for he had known Jones many years, and was more willing an old neighbor should hold his securities than that they should pass into the hands of strangers.

Mr. Jones and the Colonel having now in a manner identified their interests, were brought more together than they had been before. They frequently rode over to each other's houses, and talked over the value of lots, the prices of neat stock, wood, hay, and grain. In his visits to the Colonel, the old farmer could not but be struck by the beauty and elegant manners of the two young ladies—especially Miss July's, as he was wont to call her.

He was a pretty selfish old man, and next to himself he had an only son, Oliver Jones, Junior, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. This young Oliver, his father intended should be the pride of mankind; all that money could buy should in time be his; all that plotting and toiling could do to place him in an honorable station, should be done. Accordingly it began now to dawn upon the old man that Julia Blanding would make him a capital wife. She was, he considered, the prettiest and best behaved young miss he had ever seen; while Oliver, in his eyes, was the paragon of youths. The property lay together; the Colonel was a man above him in station; in short, the more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more desirable did it appear—and that especially, as he had a kind of suspicion which he would not confess to himself, that Oliver was a little wild, and spent money rather too fast, and it would be wise to marry him and settle him down. But the old man's estimate of

his son's perfections was far from being a correct one.

Of all creatures in this world there is none I hate worse than your country dandy—one who wears great plaid pants, and chews tobacco—whose clothes are cut in the extreme tailor fashion, and whose brains have nothing in them but conceit and mean ideas—who drives a buggy, and lounges and talks loud at grocery corners, or sits tilted back with a cigar in his mouth and his boots against the tavern balusters.

Such an one was Oliver, Junior. It may appear strange that when at length by distant approaches, the old man broached the project to the Colonel, it was not at once rejected. But consider the circumstances: here was a scheme which would make ample provision for his beloved daughter, and wipe away all his own losses. True, Oliver, Junior, could not have been educated like his own son, Stephen; but neither had Julia. As for the difference in rank, he flattered himself his daughter could gather around her what society she chose. The young man did not dress in the best taste; but what is there in dress? There was also much in his air and manner which, had he appeared to him under any other relations, would have been very disagreeable—but then the whole arrangement seemed so nice that all minor particulars would surely come out right. Thus the Colonel's ardent imagination so occupied him with the view of what after all could only be the means of happiness for his child, that he altogether neglected the end.

The old men came to an understanding. They talked it over and hob-a-nobbed success to the young couple one cold November day, with hot slings of Julia's preparation, while she was hinted out of the parlor by pretence of private business. The thing was fixed upon—decided; nothing remained but to put it into execution.

Accordingly, old Mr. Jones, the next time he came, brought over the Junior in his old fat chaise, and the two old fellows manœuvred to bring the young people into immediate intimacy. But they (like most old folks who attempt such games) opened too roughly, and showed their hands too soon; they forgot that Henrietta was by, with perceptions as delicate,

compared with theirs, as a fairy's; and they were incapable of suspecting that such a quiet creature as she had any resolution or any power. Herein they could not possibly have made a greater mistake.

For of the two, Henrietta was a far more dangerous witch than Julia; the latter might call up very potent spirits, but the first could waken the Love which dwells with Life and Death. She knew how Ide and Julia stood affected toward each other; and also how she esteemed them both, and more than all, how dear to her was Stephen. She saw, with the quickness of instinct, what were the Colonel's designs, and she had experienced enough from his growing infirmities to catch alarm. What she could never have done for herself she could not help doing for another. In her own nature yielding and reserved to the last degree, she could encourage her friend in resolution, which, had it not been for her, might have broken and melted away in tears.

Within an hour after the departure of old Mr. Jones and his young Hopeful from their first visit, the cousins had conferred together, and Julia had written a letter to Harry Ide in Boston, which Henrietta was to give Wilber Wells in the evening, for the post-office; that gentleman, by the way, having long entertained the profoundest respect for Ide, and hardly less for "the tall one."

I should have mentioned that Harry and Stephen were now both settled in the city, the former just working his way into a fair practice as a physician, the latter a head clerk and junior partner in a large manufacturing firm. Both visited West-hill every week or two, and they generally came together; their ancient friendship had remained unbroken, save by some little miffs, which, in bantering each other, occasionally served to turn a jest.

When Ide received Julia's letter, informing him what they had to fear, he went to a famous restaurant, and ordered a good dinner, as the first step in the business, and considered what was to be done. He loved Julia Blanding with all his heart and soul; but in order to do anything it was necessary to preserve his nerve. He thought her father a fine old gentleman, and had no desire to thwart or cheat him. But he held to that natural

and inalienable right of a freeman, to marry any lady who loves him, and the equal right of any free woman to choose her own husband. He regretted that necessity should force him into proceedings out of the common way, but he was willing to go far to sustain a principle; and, in short, he was no less fixed in the opinion that Julia Blanding should *not* be the wife of any but him, than were the old men to the contrary. To use a legal phrase, the pleadings had now reached a direct issue.

Harry was not a man to do things underhandedly. He was no intriguer, but one who wrought in the daylight. His first step, therefore, was, to go to Stephen and, open his whole heart to him, in a friendly and brotherly spirit. They had never touched the subject before, though each had a suspicion that his secret could not but be known to the other.

Stephen met his confidence by a frankness equal to his own; he had seen the Junior Oliver, and he now turned pale as he declared, that he would, rather than see his sister married to such a low-bred scoundrel, behold her pretty face beneath the coffin-lid. He saw the letter Julia had written his friend, merely a plain, brief one, informing him of the treatment she had reason to expect from her father, and urging him to come soon and pay them a visit. The truth was, the old ones had opened the campaign so vigorously, and young Oliver had been made a confidant by his father so soon, and was so sure of success, that the garrison were a little disposed to overrate the hostile force. The letter was superscribed in the hand-writing of Henrietta, and the slight flush which went across the face of Stephen when he saw it, was remarked by Ide; a little circumstance, but it made the latter smile. In conclusion, they agreed to go out together and spend thanksgiving at West-hill, which would be in about a fortnight. Wilber Wells was accordingly informed to that effect by the stage-coachman, who passed next afternoon.

The two weeks tardily wore away, and found our two friends, one dreary afternoon, seated on the box by the side of the same daily messenger. But they did not anticipate precisely such a reception as was in store for them.

For in the meanwhile, the Colonel ha

held a conversation with Julia, in which he disclosed to her his plans and wishes. She, in her guilelessness and confidence in her affections, had thought to overcome her father by frankly avowing the truth to him, and appealing to his tenderness for her; she thought when she told him how *long*, how *dearly* she had loved Harry Ide, how constant had been his regard for her, and all the bright hopes awakened in them by the strength of their attachment, that then her father would forbear and relent, and change his mind. In this she was wholly in error.

The old man, to do him justice, really wished and felt that he ought to yield, but he could not. For what, if he did yield, would become of his *parental authority*? The moment this notion took possession of him, all he underwent in going against his natural kind feeling for his daughter was set down by him as so much sacrificed to duty. Thus the more he felt he was acting against her wishes, the more determined was he to continue to do so. He accordingly put on a Roman firmness. His duty as a parent required him to overcome his feelings as a man. He regretted he was not more hard-hearted, and that it should cost him so much trouble to do what many men would go through with quite easily.

So have I seen a mother hector her child into disobedience, flog it therefor, and weep that she should be obliged to do it; and all really on account of there being a cold morning. So have I known a man who took credit to himself for spoiling his appetite, under a notion that the Christian religion required him to eat his dinner from a sense of duty. The disease of glorying in self-denial *for its own sake*, is probably older than the Puritan rigor, or than monkish penances.

The Colonel grew stern and awful. Under the impression that he was playing the martyr, he, in reality, was acting like a very foolish old man. He put on the magnificent, and wished to know if his only daughter was going to disobey her father, and marry a poor doctor, when an eligible match had been contrived for her advantage; things were come to a pretty pass if daughters were to undertake in this way, to provide for themselves, against the wishes of their natural guardians. He de-

sired to hear no more of it. He thought he knew what was best, and intended to be master in his own house.

He intended to be, but he was not, for there was a pair of dark flashing eyes worn by Miss Henrietta about this time, which he dared not look at. There was also in Miss Julia's manner anything but humility manifested. In fine, the self-sacrificing father only made himself and the house thoroughly miserable.

The two friends arrived just as the family were sitting down to dinner; they were received, Stephen cordially, and Ide grimly, by the Colonel, and we can imagine how by the young ladies. A few guests had been invited for the holiday, otherwise it is probable the Colonel would have proceeded to extremity, and forbidden Ide the house at once. Among others was Fogger, who had been engaged with the old gentleman all the morning in drawing papers, for he being the only man of law in the vicinity, political and personal considerations yielded to those of business. Oliver Jones, Junior, was also present, as a matter of course, seated next to Julia, on the Colonel's left flank.

That promising youth wore, on this occasion, a pair of De Meyer check pantaloons, and a beautiful gold breast-pin, with a short chain hanging to it. His hair had been frizzed that morning by the village barber, and altogether he was very fine, except his hands.

He did his utmost during dinner, seconded by the Colonel, to make himself easy and agreeable, but it was, as he himself afterwards remarked, "no go." He did not know exactly what to say, his range of conversation being chiefly confined to bar-room jests; he would have been much more at home, notwithstanding his pantaloons and chain breast-pin, seated on a beer barrel in a grocery, cutting a chip and flooding the floor, while the talk was of dogs and horses, and the same stale witticism was ten times iterated. He began to doubt whether he would marry Miss Julia after all; she was a kind of incomprehensible creature, whom he did not seem to get on with at all.

Stephen, on sitting down, put the old housekeeper into a side seat and took the foot of the table, but instantly remarking that Ide should be more familiar with

carving, made him take that seat and do execution upon a thanksgiving turkey. Ide, nothing loth, took the chair, and vis-a-vised the Colonel with such determined hilarity, that the old gentleman could have found in his heart to have kicked him out doors. With him and Stephen, and the young ladies, and guests, conversation went on smoothly, and all was high and bright; but whenever Oliver, Junior, would fain have joined in it, the chariot wheels of the young ladies' tongues were off, so that they drave them heavily. But a stranger at the dinner would only have thought it a merry occasion, where all was unmixed enjoyment. For when the wine came in, even the Colonel forgot, for the time, his duty as a parent, and yielded to the animation of the company.

But he bethought himself before the conclusion of the repast, and when they rose from the table after dark, he requested Stephen with an air of solemn authority to join him presently in the back apartment or sitting room, to which he usually retired for business. The rest of the company adjoined to the parlor, where by and by tea and coffee were handed round, and soon after they began dancing and other evening amusements. But before the tea, and after Stephen had only found time to stand for a few moments by the side of Henrietta, and mention with a meaning look that his father was expecting him, he left the parlor and joined the Colonel.

What passed in that conversation between the wrong-headed old man and his hitherto in all respects quiet and obedient son, was never accurately reported, and I believe is not now remembered even by the parties themselves. As far as Ide could judge when Stephen returned to the parlor, it had been of a very grave and important character, for he never saw on his friend's countenance so little expression in his life: the muscles of his face were like marble, only his eyes appeared actually burning. He observed him after a while in the corner of the room speaking in a low tone of voice with Henrietta, but of the purport of what they said he could tell nothing, except that in a few moments her face reflected the fixed expression of his and her eyes gleamed with a lustre almost supernatural. Harry paid little at-

tention to this, for he was dancing with Julia, and this, with what they were making opportunities to say to each other, left him no time for observation. He expected a quarrel with the Colonel, but he was secure in his love and had no doubt of ultimately winning the old man over. Hence he did not suffer himself to be very unhappy.

Thus the evening wore on. Fogger and young Oliver struck up a great friendship, the former being anxious to do business for so promising an heir, and the latter glad to talk with any one, since he made so little progress with Miss Julia. Stephen and Henrietta sang an old duet, rather tremulously but with great feeling; Harry and Julia said and did more things than there is here space to tell of; they danced till Anne Smith said she could play no more without resting her fingers. One old lady went about declaring they were the best looking and best appearing couple she had ever seen in her life, till the Colonel wished her where all sinners go to. At the same time he could not but secretly admit that she said nothing but the truth.

Late in the evening, just as happened three years before, it was all at once discovered that the weather had changed and blown up a storm—a violent sleety rain, pitch dark, and the wind a tempest—an unfit night to be out in. The same disposition was made of the company as had been on the former occasion; but no persuasion could induce Fogger to remain. Ide and Stephen both pressed him warmly, but much to the former's diversion, he was immovable, evidently determined not to tempt Providence again.

But as fate would have it, the unfortunate Oliver Jones became the occupant of the chamber where the lawyer had received that solemn admonition from the other world which time could not make him forget—and the heir of so much expectance was destined to a no less uncomfortable lodging than his predecessor.

Harry Ide, partly to relieve the poor fellow's superstitious apprehension, and because he was growing too old to take delight in such boyish jests, had long ago confided to Wilber Wells the secret of the talking tube, and showed him how he might use it if he pleased to play upon

the fears of Sally the housemaid. But there was a tender passion in that quarter which prevented our coachman from using his knowledge that way, and as the room was never occupied except on some accidental occasion like the present, he had no chance to play off the trick. But he thought he might as well keep his knowledge to himself, and accordingly threw the key of the stable room into the bottom of his chest, where it had remained along with his Bible, pack of cards and razor strop ever since.

But Wilber was not so simple in many respects as he was thought to be; he saw what was passing in the family, and knew very well "what he was about." Sally remembers how slyly he operated that evening to find who slept in that particular chamber.

A long while after midnight, and when all within the house was still, the doomed Oliver was torn from his balmy slumbers by the most horrible imitation of an Indian yell that ever saluted mortal ears!

What was that? What *could* it have been? He listened—broad awake. Nothing could he hear but the pelting of the storm. He lay down his head again and breathed more easily. Suddenly there came an appalling cry:—

"*Oliver Jones! Oli—ver Jo—nes!*"
He had no power of motion.

"*You've no business here!—marry Pol—ly Car—ter!—Cut them checkerboards!—go home! Be off!—out—oo—won!*"

The poor Junior screamed with terror. He found the door and rushed into the hall roaring in extremity of agony. The whole house was roused. Lights were brought; but by that time the sufferer had recovered his senses enough not to tell what he had heard. He only desired to *go home*—he could not speak—it seemed he could not get his trembling limbs into "them checkerboards" fast enough. Every one wondered, and thought the poor fellow subject to fits. Finally, seeing nothing could be done with him, the

Colonel sent for Wilber Wells and told him to go home with him.

When they were gone, and the house a little quieted, it suddenly occurred to Ide, who had retired first, that Stephen must have slept very sound, and on going back to the room he found that he had not been in bed at all! Hardly had he discovered this when there were loud inquiries from up stairs for Miss Henrietta.

We shall not fatigue the reader's imagination by attempting to describe what followed when it was clearly ascertained that these two birds had flown. How the Colonel stormed, worse than the storm outside; how his horse and chaise were gone; how Miss Julia was not afraid of him; the wonder of the guests; the general commixtion of the elements—all these are beyond mortal pen.

Suffice it that the next that was heard of the lovers was through a respectful letter from Stephen to his father, inclosing their card, and dated at the Astor House.

Poor Oliver Jones came near going off in a fever, and when he recovered, his aversion to the proposed match was so strong his father ceased to press it.

The two fathers again laid their heads together, and formed a new resolution, to let the young people have it all their own way, since it was out of their power to prevent them.

Accordingly Stephen and his bride came home and were forgiven in time to dance at Julia's wedding; and about the same time poor Polly Carter, who, as Wilber suspected, had an indefeasible title to the hand of Oliver, had her claim duly honored.

The stock in which the Colonel invested so largely has since risen in value, and the land has more than redeemed itself by the passage of the railroad through the estate.

The old gentleman suns himself up and down State street, and spoils his grandchildren, whom he thinks his sons disposed to bring up too strictly.

"Parental authority must be preserved," he says, "but there is reason in all things."

G. W. P.