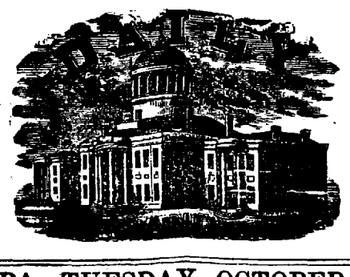
Patriot  Union.

VOL. 6.—NO. 36. HARRISBURG, PA., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1863. PRICE TWO CENTS.

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PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING

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BY O. BARRETT & CO

THE DAILY PATRIOT AND UNION will be served to subscribers residing in the Borough for TEN CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the Carrier. Mail subscribers, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

THE WEEKLY PATRIOT AND UNION is published at TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, invariably in advance. Ten copies to one address, *fifteen dollars*.

Connected with this establishment is an extensive JOB OFFICE, containing a variety of plain and fancy type, unequalled by any establishment in the interior of the State, for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

Business Cards.

DR. J. C. HOYER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE IN WYETH'S BUILDING,
In room formerly occupied by Dr. Carman,
CORNER OF MARKET STREET AND MARKET SQUARE.
sep1

C. D. WALTER'S,
CLOCK MAKER, CLEANER AND REPAIRER,
NORTH STREET, EAST OF THE CAPITAL.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Sep 26-d6m

WM. H. MILLER,
AND
R. E. FERGUSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE IN
SHOEMAKER'S BUILDINGS
SECOND STREET,
BETWEEN WALNUT and MARKET SQUARE,
ap-29w&d Nearly opposite the Buckler House.

ROBERT SNODGRASS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office North Third street, third door above Market, Harrisburg, Pa.
N. B.—Pension, Bounty and Military claims of all kinds prosecuted and collected.
Refer to Hons. John C. Kunkel, David Mumma, jr., and R. A. Lamberton. my11-d&w6m

DR. C. WEICHEL,
SURGEON AND OCULIST,
RESIDENCE THIRD NEAR NORTH STREET.
He is now fully prepared to attend promptly to the duties of profession in all its branches.
A LONG AND VERY SUCCESSFUL MEDICAL EXPERIENCE justifies him in promising full and ample satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call, be the disease Chronic or any other nature. m18-d&wly

THOS. C. MACDOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MILITARY CLAIM AND PATENT AGENT.
Office in the Exchange, Walnut st., (Up Stairs.)
Having formed a connection with parties in Washington City, who are reliable business men, any business connected with any of the Departments will meet with immediate and careful attention. m6-y

MILITARY CLAIMS AND PENSIONS.
The undersigned have entered into an association for the collection of Military Claims and the securing of Pensions for wounded and disabled soldiers.
Muster-in and Muster-out Rolls, officers' Pay Rolls, Ordnance and Clothing returns, and all papers pertaining to the military service will be made out properly and expeditiously.
Office in the Exchange Buildings, Walnut between Second and Third streets, near Omit's Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa.
THOS. C MACDOWELL,
je26-dtf THOMAS A. MAGUIRE.

SILAS WARD.
NO. 11, NORTH THIRD ST., HARRISBURG.
STEINWAY'S PIANOS,
MELODEONS, VIOLINS, GUITARS,
Banjos, Flutes, Fifes, Drums, Accordeons.
STRINGS, SHEET AND BOOK MUSIC, &c., &c.,
PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES. ALBUMS,
Large Pier and Mantle Mirrors, Square and Oval Frames of every description made to order. Regilding done
Agency for Howe's Sewing Machines.
☞ Sheet Music sent by Mail. oct1-1

JOHN W. GLOVER,
MERCHANT TAILOR!
Has just received from New York, an assortment of
SEASONABLE GOODS,
which he offers to his customers and the public at
nov22) *MODERATE PRICES.* dtf

J. COOK, Merchant Tailor,
27 CHESNUT ST., between Second and Front,
Has just returned from the city with an assortment of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,
Which will be sold at moderate prices and made up to order; and, also, an assortment of READY MADE Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.
nov21-1yd

DENTISTRY.
B. M. GILDEA, D. D. S.,
NO. 119 MARKET STREET,
Positively extracts teeth without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide. jan8-tf

RELIGIOUS BOOK STORE,
TRACT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOSITORY,
E. S. GERMAN.
27 SOUTH SECOND STREET, ABOVE CHESNUT,
HARRISBURG, PA.
Depot for the sale of Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views, Music and Musical Instruments. Also, subscriptions taken for religious publications. no30-dy

JOHN G. W. MARTIN,
FASHIONABLE
CARD WRITER,
HERR'S HOTEL, HARRISBURG, PA.
All manner of *VISITING, WEDDING AND BUSINESS CARDS* executed in the most artistic styles and most reasonable terms. dec14-dtf

UNION HOTEL,
Ridge Avenue, corner of Broad street,
HARRISBURG, PA.
The undersigned informs the public that he has recently renovated and refitted his well-known "Union Hotel" on Ridge avenue, near the Round House, and is prepared to accommodate citizens, strangers and travelers in the best style, at moderate rates
His table will be supplied with the best the markets afford, and at his bar will be found superior brands of liquors and malt beverages. The very best accommodations for railroaders employed at the shops in this vicinity. [a14 dtf] HENRY BOSTGEN.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
This pleasant and commodious Hotel has been thoroughly re-fitted and re-furnished. It is pleasantly situated on North-West corner of Howard and Franklin streets, a few doors west of the Northern Central Railway Depot. Every attention paid to the comfort of his guests. G. LEISENRING, Proprietor,
jd12-tf (Late of Selins Grove, Pa.)

THEO. F. SCHEFFER,
BOOK, CARD AND JOB PRINTER,
NO. 18 MARKET STREET, HARRISBURG.
☞ Particular attention paid to printing, ruling and binding of Railroad Blanks, Manifests, Insurance Policies, Checks, Bill-Heads, &c.
Wedding, Visiting and Business Cards printed at very low prices and in the best style. jan31

TAILORING.
GEO. A. KLUGH.
The subscriber is ready at NO. 94, MARKET ST., four doors below Fourth street, to make
MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING
In any desired style, and with skill and promptness. Persons wishing cutting done can have it done at the shortest notice. ap27-d

CHARLES F. VOLLMER,
UPHOLSTERER,
Chestnut street, four doors above Second,
(OPPOSITE WASHINGTON HOSE HOUSE,)
Is prepared to furnish to order, in the very best style of workmanship, Spring and Hair Mattresses, Window Curtains, Lounges, and all other articles of Furniture in his line, on short notice and moderate terms. Having experience in the business, he feels warranted in asking a share of public patronage, confident of his ability to give satisfaction. jan17-dtf

The Patriot & Union.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 13, 1863.

SURE TO WIN.

CHAPTER I.

From Chambers' Journal for September.

You wish to hear the old man's story, my dear, and how your mother and I first made acquaintance? Well, if it will give you pleasure, so be it. The circumstances are still fresh in my memory; but if I trip, there sits the other partner in the firm—God bless her comely face!—ready to amend the record.

Just thirty years ago, last Hilary term, Col. Josiah Stark, H.E.I.C.S., C.B., ex-commander of that famous regiment the Bogglywollah Fencibles, returned home from India. Age seventeen, he sailed away, with a smiling, ruddy countenance and a gleeful heart; age sixty-seven, he came back with a sallow, war-worn visage and a diseased liver. Truth compels me to admit that the colonel was neither prepossessing in appearance nor amiable in character. Tall, broad-shouldered, and grim, with large irregular features, and iron-gray hair bristling like bayonets, he did not strike you, even at first sight, as a man likely to do a kind action; you felt instinctively that he would have looked upon it as weakness. Woe betide the beggar who asked of him an alms! If a man, the colonel growled out a stern inquiry why a sturdy fellow like the applicant wasn't at work, or serving the king, and ominously twirled his cane; if a woman prayed assistance and bread for starving babes, he held her in conversation until a policeman passed, and then gave her in charge for vagrancy.

During his residence in India, Col. Stark had shaken the pagoda-tree to some purpose. Yellow sovereigns, bright and glittering with the effigies of the first gentleman in Europe; or pleasant, crisp papyri, bearing the signature of one Mr. Abraham Newland, were the fruit he had gathered. When the colonel considered he had amassed not enough—no sensible man ever does—but at any rate sufficient to live upon in comfort for the rest of his days, he turned his thoughts towards home. One crowning pleasure he reserved to be still enjoyed, and this consisted in setting up as the great man of the neigborhood into which he had been born.

So Col. Josiah Stark retired from the service, and returned to England, bringing with him, as appendages of his state—*item*, one shivering Hindu servant called Johtee Lall, attired in white garments, with the turban like unto the hues of the rainbow; *item*, one large and heavy bamboo, brass-tipped, many-knotted, with whose weight and calibre Johtee Lall was painfully familiar; and *item*, one red-eyed, handsome white cockatoo, reported well versed in oriental slang.

Finding, upon his return to Bayfield, a pleasant country residence called the Ferns, about two miles from the town, the colonel hired the place, furnished it with the luxuries long residence in the east had rendered necessaries, and installed himself and his household in this new abode. Then came a difficulty.

The colonel, after realizing his property in India, and laying out the plan of campaign for his future life, had overlooked the fact, that he must have somebody to superintend his household. A week's residence at the Ferns awakened him to the necessity. Why did he not engage a housekeeper? you will say. The idea did just flit across his mind, I admit, and with a lordly air he looked down the columns of the *Times* for the article he required. As he read, a vision uprose before him of an elderly female in black, with a sharp nose and vinegar aspect, who cast in her employer's teeth, when rebuked, the recollection of the dear departed.

'Never, no, never in all the years as we was married,' the colonel seemed to hear his housekeeper wail, 'did my Mr. Kenspeckle find fault with his victuals. Never would he have allowed *anybody* to say an 'arsh word to his Harabella. But alas! the dear saint has long been a hangel in 'eaven, and his poor lone widder must suffer in peace.'

To which the colonel caught himself replying: 'D——n it, ma'am, and I wish you did.'

Or, yet worse, he might engage a housekeeper with matrimonial views; and the colonel shuddered when he thought of what a terrible catastrophe this would be. He was rich, single, and elderly—not old; I should think not, indeed. What if the limit of man's years were placed at threescore and ten, and he only wanted three years to complete that period; age, after all, is only comparative, and should be reckoned by vigour and strength of constitution.

'There's many a youngster at five-and-twenty not half what I am at sixty-seven,' quoth the colonel grimly, as he tossed aloft his brawny arms. 'I should be a devil of a catch for some designing jade, I should. No; that would be worst of all.'

In short, the chances of comfort in engaging a housekeeper were terribly hazardous and dead against the colonel Whether he was wept at or married, the result would be equally fatal to happiness.

'And what can I do with a woman that don't suit me?' pondered Col. Stark. 'Not what I should if we were in India. There I should have a khansamaun to look after the house; and if he didn't do his duty, he'd be triced up at the halberds, and the drummer be laying on fifty before the nigger could squeak Jack Robinson. But what are you to do with a woman?'

And the colonel groaned again in utter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly, a bright idea flashed across him—his daughter Letty! Why, she was the very thing; open to none of the objections that had troubled him, his own child, who would naturally look after her old father's comfort—here the colonel grew pathetic—and smooth the passage of the few remaining years he yet might have to live. Besides, there was economy in this arrangement. For eight or ten years he had been investing capital in his daughter's education; she should now repay the outlay with interest by her affection and care. So Letty Stark, aged seventeen, was brought home from school to superintend her father's household.

There was one peculiar feature in Colonel Stark's character which rendered him a very difficult man to agree with—this was mistrust. The author of his own fortunes, compelled from early youth to keep a watchful eye upon his interests and expenditure, the habit had increased with age to universal suspicion.—He may have had cause. A long experience of men in an arduous profession has taught me that the majority will swindle you if they can. I don't mean to say there are not exceptions, but there being such only proves the correctness of the rule. Never give any one an opportunity to get the advantage of you, and you will be spared many vexations and much loss. This is my candid opinion as a professional man. I should charge a stranger six-and-eightpence for the advice; but I give it to you, reader, for nothing.

Still, there are limits to all things. Colonel Stark stepped over the limits, and distrusted everybody without distinction. His causeless jealousy poisoned his wife's existence. Meanings and intentions of which the poor lady was entirely innocent were attributed to all her words and actions, until, she being of frail and nervously susceptible organization, the colonel positively worried and suspected her into the grave. Nor did he entertain a more favorable opinion of her daughter or of the sex in general.

'Cats, sir,' he would designate those delightful creatures—'cats, nothing more. Always trying to dip their whiskers in forbidden cream, and purring meekly about you, to make you believe 'em honest.'

Coupled with universal distrust, the colonel entertained another unpleasant persuasion—this was, that all the world had entered into a conspiracy to hoodwink—or, as he expressed it, to 'do'—him upon every possible occasion, which naturally begat a strong determination upon his part never to be done. Successful evasion of various artful snares had produced its necessary consequence, an overweening trust in his own sagacity and clearness of sight; so that I verily believe there did not march up and down upon the earth's surface a more self-confident and conceited individual than he.

Now, at the time Letty Stark came to live at the Ferns, I, Caleb Stutely, was articled to my uncle Ferril, a solicitor in large practice at Bayfield, and the professional adviser of many of the county families round the town. He had acted as the colonel's agent for years. To his care Letty had been consigned upon her mother's death in India; by him she had been placed at the same school with my sister Grace, now in London, married; in his house the girls had always spent their holidays; and the inevitable consequence of all this was, that though both of us were children in the eyes of our sagacious elders, Letty Stark and I were very old and intimate friends indeed.

At what precise period of my acquaintance with Letty I first began to—to—well, to feel a *tendre* towards her, at this distance of time I am quite unable to say; I only know that, when the sentiment did manifest itself, its growth was marvellous. Like Jack's beanstalk, it sprang up in a night. The first symptoms were, an unusual diffidence, a strange embarrassment in Letty's presence, exaggerated by a painful sense of personal deficiency. Up to that hour, I had thought I was rather a good looking fellow than otherwise; thenceforth, I believed myself hideous; I depreciated my teeth, I abhorred my budding whiskers, I considered my figure anything but fine. Of a night I established myself before the looking-glass in my bedroom, with a candle on each side the mirror, and fell to abusing my perfections seriatim.

'Call this coarse, ropy fibre hair!' I would exclaim, holding up my hyacinthine locks—which, by the way, must be surely blue; 'Ah! look at Letty's curling around her delicate head like the tendrils about a sweet young vine. That a complexion, that mottled, sunburnt skin! Not for a second to be likened to my Letty's lovely red and white, blending so exquisitely that you cannot note the line where lily blushes into rose. And I to aspire to such perfection! I wonder at, and hate myself for the presumption.'

I made a great fool of myself, my dear, but I had taken the fever badly, and went regularly through all the stages of the disorder. However, in spite of my conviction of Letty's infinite superiority, I did somehow one day muster courage to enter my suit. Perhaps my pleading was too eloquent to be resisted; perhaps the judge was kindly disposed towards me; anyhow, the summing-up was entirely in my favor, and, to my extreme delight, the verdict also. Therewith, one step in advance was certainly made, yet not the most important one. It was all very well, and gratifying enough to the parties especially concerned, for Caleb Stutely, bachelor, and Letitia Stark, spinster, both of the parish of Bayfield, to exchange vows of eternal constancy and plight each other their troth, as these two rash young persons did upon various notable occasions; but they were not, after all, the chief parties to be consulted. What would the colonel say, when he came to hear of the matter? Ah! what *did* he say? Even after the lapse of thirty years, I still shudder at the remembrance. The event happened at a party given by my uncle Ferril at his house in Bayfield.—Hunting about with his customary suspicion, Colonel Stark observed that his daughter and I were absent from the room; he instantly proceeded in search of us. As ill-luck would have it, Letty and I, having just finished a quadrille, were at that moment resting upon a seat in the adjoining conservatory, my arm entwined about my charmer's slender waist, my lips in the act of imprinting a salute upon her tender cheek. When I subsequently raised my eyes, they encountered the wrathful orbs of the colonel, glaring through the blossoms of a passion-flower. Medusa's head could not have turned Perseus, if he had only happened to see it, into more sudden stone. Colonel Stark burst in upon us like a tornado.

'Come along, come along, you—you jade!' he shouted, hauling my poor girl by the wrist into the midst of the astonished dancers. 'I'll put a stop to this. We'll have no more billing and cooing behind the old man's back, I promise you. Be off this instant; toss on your things, and order the carriage. And as for you, young Parchment,' continued the colonel, turning to me, and thrusting his bony fist like a smelling-bottle close under my nose, 'damme, sir, I've a great mind to break every blank bone in your blank, rascally, pettifogging carcass.'

The commotion occasioned by this proceeding may be easily imagined. Letty rushed with crimsoned countenance to the door, followed by many of the younger ladies, who were indignant at the colonel's coarse violence, and stood by their order. The more severely virtuous and moral—wall-flowers these mostly, by the way—drew themselves up with an air of conscious rectitude, and frowned reproof upon the culprits. For my part, I was furious. I recollect making a rush at the colonel, with some vague intention of choking him summarily upon the spot, but was promptly collared and held off by my uncle Ferril. Others threw themselves between us, and edged me into a corner, while the colonel was half persuaded, half hustled from the room. In five minutes more, I heard the carriage which contained my Letty drive away.

This untoward accident broke up the party; gentility both dreads and loves nothing so much as a scene, and here had been a scene with a vengeance. One by one our guests pleaded fatigue, or alleged other pretexts for what was in reality desire to get away and talk over what had taken place; and in a short time my uncle Ferril and I were left alone.

'Well, nephew Caleb?' said my uncle calmly, raising his eyebrows into notes of interrogation, when the last visitor had quitted the house, 'This is a pretty business, truly. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?'

'Not a bit,' I answered stoutly. 'There's no shame in liking a charming girl like Letty, I should hope, uncle. The only shame in the matter belongs to her brute of a father, who called me a pettifogger too—confound him! If you hadn't stopped me, uncle, I'd have had an apology out of the old tyrant, or I'd have known the reason why."

'Pish!' replied uncle Ferril, leisurely taking snuff. 'You speak like a very young man, nephew. If you really felt offended at a hasty expression, the law affords the remedy. Col. Stark is a man of substance, and the epithet is no doubt actionable. See Skinnum *v.* Jagg, *Q. B. Rep.* 44, where defendant telling plaintiff he was no gentleman, plaintiff obtained a verdict upon the ground of being entitled by act of parliament to write himself Esquire. Again, Diachylon *v.* The O'Blatherum, M. P., *C. Pl.* xvi. 96, is even more in point. In this case, an Irish defendant refused to defray plaintiff's charges for plastering a broken head. Defendant, who had been bred to the bar, conducted his defence in person, and becoming excited, pleaded that plaintiff was only "a low thief of an apothecary," not a duly qualified practitioner; but Bluck, C. B., quoted high authority to show that the objection was shabby, and could not stand. Same plaintiff then brought a second action, arising out of the former, against same defendant, for the libel uttered in open court. Defendant pleaded license of counsel as a justification; but a verdict was recorded against him. He appealed, and carried the case before all the tribunals, until it reached the House of Lords, where judgment was finally delivered in original plaintiff's favor—Bruffum, at that time chancellor, opining defendant would have had a better plea if he had alleged irresponsibility from imperfect cure; as it was evident upon the merits, that all (if any of) the brains originally knocked out could not have been replaced. A full report of these interesting and important proceedings will be found in Platter and Clatter's *Remarkable Cases*, t. 87.—But with respect to Colonel Stark, I leave you to judge how far an action against the father would advance your suit with the daughter.'

'I should have brought a very different kind of action to that you hint at, to bear upon the colonel, uncle,' I retorted bitterly. 'I pass over the personal insult, however; I can treat that with disdain; but the cruel annoyance to which he has subjected Letty is quite another matter, and for that I shall certainly call him to account.'

And I paced up and down the drawing-room in great exasperation.

My uncle was a bit of a philosopher in his way. He leaned back in his chair, and watched me for a minute or two with some amusement.

'It's curious,' he said presently, 'to observe how completely passion blinds even tolerably sensible persons to positive fact. Here have you, by an ill-timed display of attachment to Letty Stark, provoked her father to exercise his legal authority as a parent over that infant, and you now feel immensely indignant at the consequences of your own act.—Have the goodness to pick up the chair you have just kicked over, if you please. The set is valuable. Thank you. You feel indignant, I repeat, and threaten Colonel Stark with personal violence—most reprehensible and unprofessional, I must say—because he rightfully rebukes his daughter for impropriety of conduct. Love, Caleb, appears strongly at variance with logic in your mind. May I trouble you to replace the coal scuttle?'

'Then you actually mean to defend the man's brutality, uncle?' I demanded, in greater anger than ever. My uncle had a most annoying way of putting things, which made him seem generally in the right.

'No, Caleb; there you mistake. Your usually clear mind is not apparently at this moment able to perceive the true gist of my argument. I do not excuse the manner in which Colonel Stark thought proper to exert his authority; I only assert his undoubted right, and your consequent unreasonableness; that is all. And now we will proceed to discuss what had better be done.'

So my uncle, having satisfied his forensic mind by placing the question in its correct legal bearing, yielded to his natural kindly heart, and sympathized with my unfortunate love-trouble as fully as an unprofessional uncle might have done.

The position was certainly awkward. But while it was simply unpleasant to me, for Letty it was really serious. To be the subject of comment for the sneers and inuendoes of the malicious and the spiteful, is bad enough in an extensive sphere; in the little circle that constituted the Bayfield world, it was social death. Letty must be rescued from this situation without delay. My uncle therefore undertook to proceed next morning to the Ferns, and propose in due form for the immediate recognition of our engagement.

This decided, I felt comparatively at ease. Sanguine and tolerably self-assured, I had little fear that the colonel would not consider me a fit match for his daughter. My uncle was wealthy, and I was his heir; I had property of my own even then; and when my articles expired I was to enter the firm. Some trifling difficulty might perhaps be raised upon the score of unequal rank, but the colonel had no ancestry whose names might be offended by a *mesalliance*, while I was the descendant of an ancient family. Even my uncle admitted that he did not believe this obstacle would be insuperable.

Alas! short-sighted lawyers that we were! Neither of us conceived in what direction the hindrance would be found.

CHAPTER II.

Were I to live to the age of Methuselah, which Heaven forbid, I should never forget the tremor of nervous anxiety in which I passed the time of my uncle's absence upon his mission to the Ferns.

Very sagacious people aver that whenever you have to wait for anything, time passes quickest in occupation. I am not prepared to deny the fact, but I do maintain that in this particular men are at a disadvantage. Ladies are more favorably placed. Many ways of employing time are open to them which are closed to the sterner sex. The excitement of recovering a dropped stitch, the absorption of rectifying a mistaken pattern, are exhaustless sources of feminine delight.

It will not seem singular, then, that I considered the two hours and twenty-five minutes of Uncle Ferril's absence at least thrice that period. When he finally returned, I sprang to meet him.

'Well, uncle,' I exclaimed, 'what news?'

Now, my uncle Ferril was a very methodical man. Nothing less than an earthquake, I think, could have moved him to omit a habit; so I was not surprised to see him deposit his cane in its accustomed corner, hang up his hat on its usual peg, slowly draw off his gloves, and folding one within the other, place them in his pocket, and sink into the comfort of his leather-backed chair, before he prepared to deliver his report. As for expecting to gain a clue to what had passed from the expression of his countenance, was he not a solicitor of many years' standing? But I was too eager now to give these circumstances due weight.

'Well, uncle?' I repeated hastily. 'What did old Stark say? What will he do? When can I see Letty?'

'Unfavorable. Very little—nothing. Not at all,' returned my uncle laconically, answering my questions seriatim.

'Good heavens, uncle! Why, what can you mean?'

'Just this—it is not Colonel Stark's intention to permit Miss Letty to marry.'

'Not at present, I suppose. Well, no matter. We are young, and we can wait. What time did he fix for probation, uncle?'

'The colonel mentioned no particular period, Caleb,' pursued Uncle Ferril. 'The impression he conveyed to me, in fact, was that he did not intend Miss Letty to marry at all.'

'What! never?' I roared. 'Why, the unconscionable old barbarian! Does he expect to keep the poor girl in single wretchedness all her days?'

'Such, I was given to understand from his own lips, is his anticipation,' returned my uncle gravely.

'Oh, preposterous, ridiculous, absurd!' I shouted.

'The thing's impossible, upon the face of it. Why, uncle, he can't. He surely never intends to seclude her from society altogether, to make her a female hermit, to shut her out from the world in the bloom of youth! He doesn't entertain such medieval notions of parental authority as that would argue, uncle?'

'Something very nearly approaching thereto, I am afraid, Caleb,' replied Uncle Ferril with a sigh. 'The colonel's line of argument, so far as I was able to follow it, appeared to be this. He has no especial objection to you personally, further than that you desire to take away his child—to rob him of her, was his expression. You seem a decent young fellow enough, he obligingly observed, and would probably make as good a husband as another. But he objects to any husband for his daughter, as I gather, at least, during his lifetime. Her first duty, he remarked, is to her father. He has had her educated and brought up at considerable expense; he has never yet reaped any benefit from the capital thus laid out, and he intends, again to use his own expression, to make his money of her now. He has no notion, he says, of some good-looking gawk—don't be angry—stepping in and carrying off his child, just when she is beginning to afford some return for what she has cost. In short, he considers that, as her father, he has the best right to her services. And really, Caleb,' concluded Uncle Ferril, offering me his snuff-box, 'the colonel's position is, legally, so entirely unassailable, that I do not see what can be done. Try the mixture; it's genuine blackguard, I assure you.

'Done, uncle?' I repeated, aghast at this unexpected turn of affairs. 'I'll tell you what's to be done. If I can't get Letty with her father's consent, I'll have her without it. I'll carry her off to Scotland, and marry her at Gretna. That's what's to be done, if we can't bring Colonel Stark to reason.'

'There's only one trifling obstacle to that course, Caleb,' returned my uncle, 'and it happens to be precisely the one the colonel expects you will adopt. His last words to me, in fact, were: "Tell your youngster, Ferril, I wouldn't advise him to beat up my garrison in search of the prize; I'm too old a soldier to be taken unawares. A lawyer's skin may be of parchment, but it won't keep out a brace of bullets."'

'The brute!' I ejaculated in dismay. 'Then, uncle, what on earth is to be done?'

'For the present, I should recommend nothing. Perfect quiet and apparent resignation. For a time, of course, the colonel will be upon his guard, but his vigilance will soon wear off. Time and a little patience will solve the difficulty, I make no doubt. I'll trouble you for Mr. Verney's deed-box, if you please.'

Therewith the subject dropped.

But it was impossible for me, however easy to my uncle, to bury my sorrows in Mr. Verney's deed-box; and, catching up my hat, I rushed away—out of the office, out of Bayfield, out of the world I half intended, in the madness of my rage. What might have occurred, I hardly know, if, turning a sharp angle of the road, I had not encountered and almost trodden under foot the colonel's Hindu servant, Johtee Lall. Ordinarily, I shunned this man. There was a writhing servility in his manner, so different to anything I had heretofore encountered in persons of a similar class in my own country, that I could hardly bear to speak to the fellow civilly. Even his color was a fault in my prejudiced eyes. But there were other circumstances which swelled the dislike I entertained. The Hindu was a coward and a bully; I had seen him frighten children, when he thought himself unnoticed, with hideous faces and uncouth gestures, until the little things ran shrieking for refuge behind their mothers' gowns. Let but a sturdy laborer approach, whose Saxon heart and strong right arm were ready to protect the helpless, and Johtee, fawning with obsequious grin, would try to attract the tiny creatures he had just repelled. The spiteful mischief of the ape, the sinuous, gliding motion of the snake, and the ferocious appetites of the tiger, where their indulgence appeared secure, seemed mingled in the fellow's nature. Thinking of Johtee, I have wondered sometimes at the siege of Delhi, but could thoroughly understand the horrors of the Indian mutiny.

In my present frame of mind, however, the sight of the Hindu was welcome. Two bribes he found it impossible to resist—his fingers always closed with an instinctive clutch on gold, and he could never withstand the temptation of a glass of brandy-pawnee or grog. From him, therefore, I knew I could obtain valuable information as to the colonel's proceedings at the Ferns; perhaps I might even persuade him to convey a note to Letty. Telling the Hindu to follow, I went straight to the bar of a country inn upon the Bayfield road, and administered a strong dose of the liquid bribe. It proved only too effectual. His weak head was unable to bear the liquor; and although I gained the intelligence I desired, I saw it would be too hazardous to intrust him with anything which, in his intoxication, he might easily betray.

That same evening, shortly after dusk, I set out to reconnoitre the enemy's position, for you may easily suppose I was not to be deterred by Colonel Stark's threats from attempting to gain an interview with Letty. I walked slowly down the road, and it was dark when I passed the swing-gate on the path leading to the Ferns. Treading very gingerly—partly from professional caution, partly from dread of man-traps—I approached the house. Lights shone from the dinning-room windows, lights streamed from the casements of the servants' offices. Cautiously I stepped up to the dinning-room, and breathing upon the rime-clothed panes, peeped in.

The enemy was seated at the table, alone, over his wine, big and burly. Behind his master's chair stood the Hindu with folded arms, his dark features glistening over his white robes and beneath his gaudy turban, the light falling upon the yellows of his gleaming eyes. Something had evidently put the colonel in high, good humor; perhaps he felt pleasantly replete with dinner; perhaps he was meditating upon the success with which he had that morning repelled my uncle. Whatever the cause, he laughed aloud, and called to Johtee to bring him the big bamboo.

The Hindu glided to the corner where this instrument was usually kept, raised it reverentially between his palms, and laid it, with a low salam, before his master. The colonel took the bamboo, poised it like a sceptre in one hand, and ordered his slave before him.

'Now, Johtee, you see this?' said the colonel.

'Iss, Sahib.'

'You know what I keep it for, eh, boy?'

'Iss, Sahib.'

'Well, then, now listen to me. If ever you come home drunk again, as you did this morning, or carry any messages, Johtee, or letters, Johtee, except for me, or break any of the rules and regulations of this garrison, Johtee, do you know what'll happen to you, you scoundrel, eh?'

'N-n-n-no, Sahib,' stuttered the trembling wretch.

'Why, I'll flog you within half an inch of your life first, then clap you in jail for five years, and have you blown from a gun afterward. D'ye hear, ye rascal?' roared the Colonel, as he brought down the big bamboo upon the table with a rap that made the decanters reel.

'Iss, Sahib,' stammered affrighted Johtee, with a lower salam than ever, as he received back the instrument of torture, and reconveyed it humbly to its appointed place.

Leaving the colonel to the magnanimous amusement of practising upon this wretched creature's fears, I slid on tiptoe around to the servants' offices, and looked in at the kitchen windows. The prospect here was not more promising than in the dining-room. The evening being cold, the servants were gathered about the fire in a group. How was I to gain speech of one of them alone? Fortune here stood my friend. The man I desired to speak with was the gardener. Letty was fond of flowers; she must be often in the greenhouses and garden; this man would have frequent opportunities of conveying a note. As I was thinking how to get hold of him, the man rose, grumbling that he must go out in the cold to look after his fires. He lighted a lantern, opened the door, and stepped into the garden—I followed. When he was a little distance from the house, I called him in a low voice. The man turned, held up his lantern, saw my figure looming large through the darkness advancing towards him, was seized with sudden panic, and fled with a shout back to the house.

'Thieve—thieves! murder! robbery!' yelled the gardener, as he burst into the kitchen, arousing a chorus of shrill screams from the terrified women. Anathematising his cowardice, I beat a hasty retreat, and retiring behind the shelter of a friendly bush, awaited what should follow. To the voices of the faightened women were speedily added the gruff tones of Colonel Stark, calling to Johtee to bring his pistols, and inquiring why they were making all this hubbub. Gazing from my concealment I saw the enemy's portly frame blocking up the doorway, while the women peeped timidly from under the shadow of his wing. Next moment he rapidly fired a couple of barrels right and left, one ball singing closely enough over my head to enable me to realize being under fire.

'What savages these old soldiers are!' was my involuntary exclamation, as I crouched closer than ever to the ground, and wished my protecting bush of twice its size. The house was now thoroughly alarmed, and further attempts at exploration useless. As noiselessly as possible, I regained the high road, and made the best of my way back to Bayfield.

Next morning I received the following characteristic note from Colonel Stark:

'YOUNG PARCHMENT—My house was disturbed last night. The ass of a gardener, whom I've just sent about his business, says by thieves; but it's my belief that you were the culprit. Now, mark this; I've just sent up to town for a couple of the fiercest bull-dogs that can be bought for money. They will be here to-morrow. Look out, therefore, for the safety of the professional hide.

'Letty knows I'm writing, and sends word she has nothing to say to you. Truly yours,

JOSIAH STARK.'

This was atrocious. I ground my teeth as I handed the epistle to my uncle, who perused it with a smile.

'Upon the whole, Caleb, not unpromising, I think,' he said, as he returned the billet. 'It is something to have made the enemy speak. Now, keep quiet for a little, and let us watch the effect.'

Well, I took my uncle's advice, and restrained my ardour, though Heaven knows it was a difficult task. I went about my ordinary duties, made no attempt to communicate with Letty, behaved as if there were no such tormenting little person in the world, for full a month; then also by my uncle's advice, I recommenced hostilities—in a clumsy way, however, and by channels sure to be detected, if the colonel exercised ordinary sharpness. I bribed the laundress to smuggle in a note with the house-linen, taking care to be previously seen talking to the woman by one of the servants at the Ferns. Next day, the colonel came down to the office in high glee, and with quite a polite air handed me my note, remarking he should be sorry to detain any property upon which I possibly set a value. Similar measures were met in the like manner, until at last sagacious Colonel Stark, convinced of the utter futility of any efforts of mine to break his blockade, and strong in the conviction of his excessive cleverness, came forward with a proposal which, at a given period, should terminate the strife.

'Uncle not in, young Pounce?' said the colonel, swinging one morning into our office with an easy air. 'No matter. It's you I want to speak to principally. Now, just listen to me. For the last six weeks you've been trying your utmost, in one way or another, to communicate with my daughter Letty behind my back. Letty's a good girl, and I don't believe she would have anything to say to you against my wish. However, that's not the question. The plain state of the case is this: you say you love Letty, and want to get her. I say I've got her, and I mean to keep her. Now, it's quite evident we can't go on playing hide-and-seek like this forever; either you must give in, yield all claim, and shake hands amicably, or I must carry Letty away somewhere—to town, or abroad, or even back to India—where you can't follow. Hey, what do you say to that; youngster?'

I could only reply that, much as I should regret to be the cause of Colonel Stark and his daughter, even temporarily, leaving the Ferns, I could not consent, in fairness to the lady, to give up the hold she had assured me I possessed upon her heart, save at her own desire.

'Very good. That's as much as to say you won't give her up. Now, look here. I've come to propose an arrangement. You have plenty of assurance, I know, and no doubt fancy you will ultimately win the day. I have a fair share of experience in strategy, and I don't think you can. Let us put the matter to the test. Try you, for the space of six months, to take me in, deceive me, clearly, plainly, in my own house, under my own nose, if you like, so palpably that there shall be no mistake about the matter. If you succeed, I'll surrender Letty. If, on the contrary, you fail to hoodwink me within those six months, you shall give me your word and honor—even a lawyer's got some, I suppose—to draw off your forces and raise the siege. You shall relinquish all right, claim, title, and all the rest of your jargon, to take advantage of any promise my girl may have given you, and leave her free and unmolested to marry or not to