The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS. HUNTINGDON, DECEMBER 5, 1855. VOL. 11, NO. 24.

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A Yankee Sketch.

FROM "THE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL."

JOHNATHAN IN LONDON.

BY M. A. DENISON.

IT was somewhere about the year 1778, and nearing the fourth of July, that Jonathan Melbourne resolved to go to London. Jonathan was a genius in his way, an oddity, a fine scholar, and a young man of wealth.—His father had been dead three years, and had left a splendid fortune to his only son.

The Melbournes resided in Boston at the date of our story. No mansion in that prim city was more elegant, both as regards outward finish and inward decorations, than lifted its noble front in the vicinity of the rural plot of ground then called "the commons."

Jack Melbourne sat listlessly in his mother's stately room. There had been company all day—beautiful girls with their dashing brothers; and Jack had kept them in one incessant roar—pardon, shades of the Melbournes—of laughter, until the last bright eyed coquette, throwing a reckless glance over her shoulder, and looking very roguishly out of her little blue hood and bluer eyes, declared, as she tripped down the steps, that Jack's wit had almost been the death of her; whereupon Jack looked commendably serious, thus eliciting a fresh burst of mirth.

But now, as I said, he sat listlessly in his mother's stately room. The setting sun and the hanging curtains, together, threw a wondrously rich glow of *crimson* over his fine features, and his contemplations, of whatever kind they were, made his face serious, and gave a shade of melancholy to his full brown eyes.

The room was very large, and filled with antique, but massive furniture. On its walls hung portraits of old time people, with ruffles and powdered wigs, and short waists, and enormous curls and ribbons. These pictured men and women were the ancestors of Jonathan Melbourne, some of them old English nobles, with haughty lips, and eyes that plainly said, "We look not on common things." Darker shadows, with stately steppings, moved over the great room; the sun was gone, the twilight was gone, and the servants brought in candles; still Jonathan never moved. At last, springing up with a bound that nearly brought his head in contact with a massive bronze chandelier, (Jonathan was very tall,) he exclaimed, "I'll do it, by Jupiter!"

"Do what, *my son*?" said a low, rather sweet voice, as at that moment a woman of noble presence entered the room.

Instantly going to her side, with a respectful salute, Jonathan offered his arm, and conducted his mother—who, by her haughty bearing and rich, rustling silks, might have been a fit companion piece, framed to the Lady Clara Melbourne, dead a hundred years, who hung in such state between the windows—to her favorite couch, and seated himself at her feet.

"Do what, my son?" she asked again, laying her white hand on his head.

"Go to London, mother, and hunt up some of our relatives," Jonathan responded.—"There!" he exclaimed, raising again, and brushing his hair straight behind his ears, assuming a look of wise simplicity and a drawling accent, "how shall I pass for a raw Yankee?"

"I am tired of laughing at your antics," said his mother, laughing nevertheless; "and as to your going to England, and leaving me alone, I shan't hear to it for a moment. Be sensible, will you? Marry little Clara Vernet, and become a good husband and a useful citizen."

"Come, mother, I'll tell you what!" exclaimed Jonathan, after some further remonstrance, "if I don't convert one of old Baronet what's-his-name's daughters into as demure a Yankee as you ever saw, I'll marry little Clara Vernet within a month after my return; but go to the old country I must, and have my fun out; come, confess now, it would be too bad to spoil a plan it has taken me just three hours, five minutes and fifteen seconds to mature; never thought for so much time consecutively before in all my life;" and he returned his gold repeater to his vest pocket, and, in his own irrisistible way, won his mother's consent, though it was given with great reluctance.

JONATHAN'S FITTING OUT.

His tailor asked no questions, but followed, with a rueful face, the young man's directions with regard to the cut of his cloth. It was a fine and very costly blue cloth, the very best in Mr. Snipshears' immense establishment; and it grieved that retailer of fashionable costumes, that admirable getter up of Parisian fashions, to fit such superb limbs, "so that the bottoms of the legs should stop short by a couple of inches" of his large but not unhandsome shoes.

"If I might suggest—" spoke Mr. Snipshears tremulously, his forbearance completely put to route by the young man's idea of a coat.

"I am to make all the suggestions this time," said Jonathan, quietly, his mouth imperceptibly curling; and the tailor measured away in despair, while great drops of sweat, drawn from the artist, not the man, stood on, or heavily dropped from his forehead.

"Ruin my reputation!" said he, standing with the measuring tape and shears in one hand, and the cloth in the other, and he gaped, with a silly paralyzed stare after Jonathan, who was going down street. Plague take him! I'd rather give a suit away than let such work go out of my shop;" and it was three days before the tailor recovered sufficiently to eat his breakfast. His wife saved it, however, on the third shelf of the kitchen pantry, where it was "found *devoured by the rats*," when Mr. Snipshears became sufficiently sensible to be hungry.

"Luckily," said Jonathan, "I have those shirts that Madan Neeker made, with the ruffles half as long again as I wear them, but which I paid her for all the same, poor woman, because she *was* poor; they'll be just the thing; and with this 'slick' new hat that sets so nicely on the back of my head, these collars, and my new blue suit, I hope I shall give my venerable relatives, on the other side, one opportunity to see the original singer of Yankee Doodle, as performed on fife and drum at a particular period of colonial triumph and Johnny Bull "flusteration.

JONATHAN IN ENGLAND.

The voyage proved very rough, very wearisome, and almost unsupportable long to our hero. Seven times he read through a package of neatly folded notes, tied up with all sorts of ribbons; three times, Robinson Crusoe; and, as he had promised the good lady, his mother, that he would read a chapter in the bible every day, he had finished the last of Revelations when they came in sight of old Albion. For some time, Jonathan indulged his eccentricity to the utmost in a public way; putting up at the best hotels, spending money lavishly, and always attired in his raw costume, until all London rang with the ways and sayings of the queer Yankee, who spent like a prince.

"And by the way," said the Marquis of L——to his friend, the Earl of M——, "it is said he boasts of a connection with the old Melbourne peerage."

"Psha!" returned the earl, with a dignified frown. "I'd like to have him claim kindred with me! I'd take the starch out of him." The Earl of M——was a relative of that distinguished family; any one might have known it by the manner in which he said "Psha!"

That very night, Jonathan and the marquis met at a great party, where all the former's little oddities were amiably forgotten, as it appeared, by his retaining the apparel that must have looked uncouth beside the splendid dresses of that period. But Jonathan was the lion. Standing where the light struck out his handsome, intellectual features, he looked an Apollo—till he spoke. Then—ye verdant nymphs of young America! how fashion opened her eyes, and nobility stared, dumbfounded, until some quaint conceit, inimitably expressed, provoked smiles, and sometimes laughter.

"What a splendid profile he has!" said the Duchess Langenold, agitating the atmosphere with her scented feather fan, as she passed him with a haughty look.

"Yes, but what a fool when he speaks! how can Lord Amien and Lord Bentley spend their time with the creature. What is he? one of the native curiosities of the new country!"

"I'll tell you," whispered a bright, fluttering little creature, "he's a specimen of American aristocracy;" and with a dear little titter, the young lady glided off to spread the information.

"And what, on the whole, are your impressions of England, Mr. Melbourne, now you have travelled so much of it over. Here of course you find more real splendor, more hoary antiquity, more historic interest, than in any other portion of the globe;" said the pompous Marquis of L——.

"Well—it's a nation fine place," drawled Jonathan, "but then I have my objections to it—oh, yes!" and he speculatively contemplated his boots.

"And pray what are your objections?" asked the other, graciously.

"Why," said Jonathan, drolly shrugging his square shoulders, as he pinched up his shirt collar, "my reasons, capting, seeing's you're sot on knowing 'em are the same ones the old hen gave for not liking the speckled chicken."

"And what were they?" asked the Marquis; "I see," he added, "you're a desciple of La Fontaine."

"No, capting, I 'aint a deciple of anybody—I'm a true blooded Yankee, and nothing else. But about old hen. You see she had a fine brood of chickens, two or less. One was a delicate white one, the other was speckled; and the speckled one seemed to be the old hen's abomination. One day Chanticleer, he took it up; says he, 'why in wondor do you treat our progeny so mightly onequal? Look at that poor thing,' he went on, with tears in his eyes—'I must read you a lesson on parental tenderness.'

Well, the old hen she looked up and turned an eye to where the speckled chicken scratched its way in solitary glory.

"I should like the thing well enough,' she said, with a toss of her comb, 'if it was'nt so peskily spotted;' so with me, capting" continued Jonathan, with the same droll manner, "I like the place well enough, but it's so peskily spotted."

The marquis laughed.

"True as nater, capting"—continued Jonathan—"there's some spots in that confounded tower of yours, big enough to cover the conscience of your whole aristocracy, and tuck under comfortably," he added, with a wink.

"Psha!" said the earl, who stood a little back—"I'll make him pay for his impertinence."

CHRISTMAS.

It was three days before Christmas, and Jonathan was still in England. So completely had he carried out his idea, that no one mistrusted he was other than that redoubtable Yankee—*Jonathan*—a type of American wit and American crudity—a green, grand-nephew of portly Johnny, whose surname is Bull. And yet they hardly understood him; they were afraid to measure humor with him, because he always turned the laugh upon them. The ladies thought him *so* handsome—and *so* comical—but then, poor thing, such an ignoramus, to be sure.

The Baronet Anytwell had five pretty daughters, and only one of them sensible. Not that the rest were idiots—by no means—only they were swallowed up so completely, brains and all, like thousands of our own fair countrymomen, in the fashions—in style and caste—that they were but little better in a certain sense. But Anna Anytwell was charming. Beautiful as an angel, she yet was modest, gentle and appreciative. Having said this much of her, I shall say no more—till I speak of her again.

Jonathan had "scraped" an acquaintance with the kindly old Sir Robert Anytwell, who was a good natured, happy soul, and "immensely" fond of curiosities. At this particular time, three days before Christmas, our Yankee chatted with the baronet in his old library.

"Well, what about Christmas?" exclaimed Sir Robert, rubbing his hands and holding them towards the blazing fire alternately.

"Well—Christmas is coming—at least they say so, down our way 'bout this time;" rejoined Jonathan.

"Will you be *round* by that time?" asked the other, a smile and the firelight together making his face ruddy.

"Well, I don't know, capting—can't tell;" replied Jonathan, surveying his slender proportions ruefully. "I don't grow on the principle of rotundity, anyhow—but Maypole fashion—no, rayther guess on the whole I sha'n't be *round* at Christmas."

The baron laughed—so did Anna, who came to say something to "papa"—but *she* laughed at the droll look in those magnificent dark eyes—and then blushed because they seemed glued to her sweet face.

"Then in plump, proper terms, where *will* you be at Christmas?" again interrogated the baron, his attention arrested by his keen visitor.

"Ah! colonel—that there ain't a possibility of knowing," was his answer, "I may be above ground—I may be below—but if I'm alive, I guess I'll be somewhere, where there's fat turkey and suitable fixings."

"Because I should like the pleasurs of your company on that day to dinner;" said the baronet.

"Many thanks, capting; much obliged all the same if I shouldn't be here;" and Jonathan took his departure, donning for a moment his own graceful, courtly mien, as he bowed particularly to Miss Anna.

She, all blushes and palpitation, ran to her sisters to tell them the news.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Nell, the eldest (the words are on record); "stars" cried the second; "mercy on us!"—said the third, aghast; "creation defend us," cried the fourth; "and the Earl of M—— to be here!"

"Pooh! he's ten times handsomer than the earl of M——," Anna protested with spirit; "such eyes you never saw" and he looked ——!"

"Right at you, you ninny; see her blush!" cried the four sisters; "ha, ha! Anna's in love with a Yankee who says 'fayther' and caeouw,"—and the poor little girl ran out of the room—they jeered her so.

Mem—She did love him.

However, Christmas day came, but no Yankee. The baronet failed in convincing the Earl of M——that Jonathan was not a boor; and after tea, the two gentlemen left the ladies and went out for a walk on the crisp lawn.

A burst of laughter almost rude, greeted the baronet and the Earl of M——on their return. The latter stepped back for a moment, while Sir Edward advanced and cordially offered his hand.

Seated in the chair of state, sat Jonathan, his long limbs drawn loosely together as he leaned towards the cheerful blaze. Enormous ruffles protruded from his bosom—he wore an awkward vest embroidered with gold, and his buttons, severely gilt, shone like so many oval mirrors, each with a Christmas fire in the centre. His pointed coat tails projected one over each arm of the great chair, and his fingers, spread in gesticulation, wore several cumbrous rings that blazed and sparkled, and were adorned with jewels of great value. His face worked in every feature; and it was doubtless his contortions as well as his witty anecdotes, that caused the clear, ringing mirth of the maidens. It ceased, however, after the earl came forward with a dubious face, speaking as plainly as the countenance can speak—"I'm doubtful about this sort of familiarity"—and the baronet introduced him.

Jonathan sprang nimbly up, and in true Yankee style offered his seat. The earl bowed low, with a mocking sort of way, saying in a voice acutely sarcastic, "I did not anticipate the honor, sir."

"Not at all—not at all;" exclaimed Jonathan, in quick, sharp tones—but not before the ladies had noticed an exceedingly graceful movement of the hand and inclination of the body, entirely foreign to his usual abruptness.

"Not at all; don't apologize;" he added, with a smile, "I'm accustomed to that honor—do be seated—and capting"—turning to the baronet, who enjoyed it all hugely, "take the chair of ceremony, sir; perhaps you didn't anticipate the honor. Nevertheless, I hope it won't overcome you."

This sally provoked a laugh that went the rounds, and the earl, too dignified to retort and quick enough to see the impropriety of which he had been guilty, contented himself with listening in kingly silence, not deigning to speak.

Again and again did the laugh ring out, as Jonathan, lengthening his mobile features, and making a panorama of his intelligent face, kept the tide of coversation flowing in his own channel. Things were spoken that night, that the jeweled ears of aristocracy had never listened to before; the nobility he dissected with the keen edge of his merciless satire—their follies lashed, their improprieties burlesqued, their immoralities whipped, with an unsparing hand, and all in such a way, that his dainty audience treated it as delectable wisdom, done up in sweets, like bitter pills coated with sugar.

"I expected you to dine with us to-day;" said the baronet, during a pause in the running fire of his wit.

"Wal, capting, I would a come," replied Jonathan, with a twang, "but I dined with his majesty, sir—may his shadder never be—wal, I was going to say, less; but on the whole it would improve him to lose a little flesh."

This was too much! the idea of Jonathan dining with King George, affected even the sensibilities of the earl; but Jonathan looked solemnly at the fire.

"And what did you think of his majesty?" asked the earl, with a supercilious sneer.

"Wal, he semed a purty reasonable sort of fellow, I thought, and to tell you my private opinion, I think he'll knock under."

"I do not understand your idiom, sir;" said the duke, his lip curling.

"Well, capting," rejoined Jonathan, in his driest manner, "I dunno as I can *help* your understanding *much*; as to my idiom—may be I'd better give it to you in Latin;" and to their astonishment he repeated his answer in good Latin—"now, if you don't understand that, will you take it in French or German, or Italian;" and he rattled off his reply in each dialect.

The earl fell an inch or two in his boots—I mean—his dignity—he respected intellect almost as much as rank; the rest were electrified—while little Anna's eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"And if that don't help your *understanding*, Mr. Earl," continued Jonathan, "will you hev it in Hebrew or Greek—Spanish, low Dutch, Cherokee, or *Yankee over again*;" he added, with a twang so nasal, that the old room echoed with laughter. "Gracious!" he continued, "the fact is, capting, you don't *hunderstand hour Henglish*; I meant to impress your farreaching mind with this fact, that King George had better not make a tour to the colonies, this year on account of his digestion; they eat cannon ball over there.—Good night, ladies, good night, capting," and without glancing at the crestfallen nobleman, he left the room.

JONATHAN UNMASKED.

"Dear! how this veil teazes me," cried little Anna Anytwell; and she threw the flimsy but beautiful fabric from her brow.

"How pettish Anna is growing lately; do you perceive it?" asked the eldest Anytwell young lady, of her tall, handsome sister.

"Indeed I do; even the anticipated pleasure of this ball does'nt seem to inspirit her much, replied the other; "she merely said when the invitation came, "well, I shall go—perhaps."'

The gorgeousness of the grand old apartment, the beauty of the dresses of that period, the glorious light flashing over all, and making the scene one of bewildering splendor, why describe minutely?

"See," cried Anna, clasping her sister's arm, "only see—Mr. Melbourne."

"Nonsense, child! what a fool—where? no—he would not be tolerated here."

"But yonder superb figure, dressed in the violet tunic—there—look to the right; he is talking with the Duchess of Montrose—oh! how graceful! He looks this way;" and Anna, all blushes, sank back on her cousin's arm.

"I tell you, no—no," added Bell, somewhat hesitating, "that splendid man—Mr.——I declare! he *does* look like him."

"Do you know what has become of our Yankee?" asked a merry young countess of the sisters. "Lo! look at his transformation—the most elegant gentleman, upon my word, I have ever met with; So courtly! so polished! The whole ball room is wondering; did you ever hear of such a freak? here he has been hoaxing us all this time; I declare it's sinful. But," and she clasped her hands, laughing archly, "won't those who have quizzed him get it now? They say he's a rich young American—oh! immensely rich, and descended from the old Melbourne family; see, the Earl of M——is shaking hands with him."

Jonathan soon gained the side of the girl who had charmed him. Her blushes made her ten times more radiant, and Jonathan *guessed* to some purpose, when he guessed he might easily win the baronet's gentle daughter. To get the cream of Jonathan's visit, read the following to—

"DEAR JONATHAN: I hear with surprise the singular sensation you are creating. My dear boy, will you never quit playing the monkey and put on the dignity that becomes you so well? What can our august relatives think of your course? as for me, I am blushing this moment for my dear, noble madcap son. Had I dreamed you intended to burlesque the country for which your father, Colonel John Melbourne, spilled his best blood, I had never consented to your departure. But I hope—I know there must be some ulterior object in your thus assuming so *outre* a disguise, and playing the innocent country clown. My dear boy, I regret to tell you that little Clara Vernet is married to that great Clement Davis; quite a rising lawyer he is, too. Ah! I had hoped—but regrets are vain; I only trust you may not feel the disappointment as I do. YOUR MOTHER."

And this—

"DEAR MOTHER: Glory! that means, how glad I am Clara Vernet is gone. I did use to hate to cloak her so, she was so far beneath me, so very tiny. I always felt as if she ought to be helpless, and I take her in my arms. But, mother—I'm coming home. Hurrah! get the parlors new papered, buy the costliest carpet in Boston city, for that sunny room up stairs, and exercise your inimitable taste in fitting it up into the most elegant boudoir—for my wife! Yes, mother, my own little (and here let me say I havn't any prejudice against Mrs. Clara Davis for being so tiny) Anna; just the sweetest, loveliest, and most loveable girl you ever saw. You will mourn no more for Clara when you see the angle I shall bring you;" and then followed a long description of the charms with which he had been so incurable smitten.

Jonathan brought his English wife home; and many a laugh the trio had together; sitting by their pleasant hearth, while Jonathan, not yet able to subdue his old propensities, related, with humorous look and gesture, his experience in the great city of London.

Making Himself Useful.

During the session of 1797-'7, a wealthy merchant—in comformity with the custom of the times—gave a dinner party to a few gentlemen, among whom was a member of Congress of that period. On the appointed day, however, the lady of the house was somewhat annoyed at an early hour by the intrusion of an old man at the door. Having been met by a servant, he inquired if the proprietor of the house—whom we will call Mr. Topham—was at home. Upon receiving a negative reply, and being furthermore informed that he would not be at home for some three or four hours, the old man said,

'Well, being as I am here, I may as well remain until he comes.'

'Please wait a moment,' said the servant, 'I will call Mrs. Topham to the door, and see what she will say.'

The servant then ran and called the merchant's wife, who made her appearance.—The old man then repeated what he had said to the servant—that being as he was there he might as well remain until her husband came.

'Well,' replied Mrs. T., 'if you will stay, just walk through the alley and go back to the kitchen and take a seat.'

Nothing daunted, the old man obeyed orders, and passed through the alley to the kitchen, where he found Mrs. T. and the servants very busily engaged in preparing dinner. Supposing him some old man seeking employment, Mrs. T. was free in calling into requisition his services in her work of preparing dinner, and he was equally willing and ready to render all assistance possible.

'Old man,' said she, 'suppose you take the bucket, go to the hydrant, and draw us some water.'

He at once and readily complied with the request.

'Old man,' again said she, 'suppose you assist us a little in preparing dinner, as we give a dinner party to-day, and are very much hurried indeed. Just peel a few potatoes if you please.'

No sooner was the request made than the 'old man' got to work peeling potatoes with a right good will.

After all things were sufficiently advanced to release Mrs. T. from further supervision, she went into her chamber to arrange her toilet to receive her husband's guests. At the proper hour her husband came in; and then, one by one, came those who were to dine with him on that day. In due time all arrived but one M. C. Mr. Tophan then began to express his surprise at the absence of the Virginia representative, as he thought he would certainly have been one of the first, if not the first, to make his appearance, knowing that his dinner at home was an early one.

When about coming to the conclusion that the Virginia M. C. would fail to make his appearance, Mrs. T.'s memory, which seemed to have proved rather treacherous, became effulgent, and she acquainted her husband with the fact that there was an 'old man' in the kitchen who had been waiting to see him for the last three or four hours. Mr. T. immediately repaired to the kitchen to ascertain the 'old man's' wants, when lo, and behold! who should he find but our M. C. himself! Astonished beyond measure, and with confused utterance, he exclaimed.

'Why how came you here?'

He simply replied,

'I was invited to the kitchen by your wife, and as I came much before your dinner-hour, *I have been making myself useful*.'

Mr. T. at once invited and accompanied him into the parlor, and introduced him to his wife and guests as the 'Hon. Robert Rutherford, of Virginia.'

The lady's feelings can be better imagined by the reader than described by the writer; but the balance of the day passed off pleasantly, saving the lady's abashment resulting from not recognizing the 'Virginia Member of Congress.'

A FARMER who had lately became a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it, the animal displayed extreme terror; whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom clothed in a white sheet rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate, "If you come from God, speak, if from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A. to whom you are making love; the only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom." This strange address from the gobling, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed to the ghostly visitor, and stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B. herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has had the bans published for his marriage with her.

☞ How does it happen that the most superficial orators generally make the longest speeches? The answer to this question (which is not a conundrum) appears to be that "those gentleman endeavor to give their orations in length that which they want in depth.

"MY DEAR," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?"

"No, I don't want to read it. "It is enough to have a plague in my own House."

THE biped who sows dissensions between a man and his wife, is very apt to reap axe-helves and mop-sticks—a poor crop, and not worth cultivating. Don't try it.

☞ Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.