

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Whole No. 158.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1836.

[Vol. IV, No. 2.]

## TERMS OF THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year if paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within six months, two dollars and a half. Every person who obtains five subscribers and forwards price of subscription, shall be furnished with a sixth copy gratuitously for one year. A subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until arrears are paid. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, post paid, or they will not be attended to. Advertisements not exceeding one square will be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged;—if no definite order is given as to the time an advertisement shall be continued, it will be kept in till ordered, out, and charge accordingly.



## POETRY.

### SWORD APOSTROPHE.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Sword! which sleepest in thy sheath!  
Hear'st thou not the trumpet's br. ath.  
Where the column, deep with death,  
T'arries for thy crest?

Know'st thou not the lot is thine,  
Glittering in the sun, to shine  
Foremost 'mid the forming line?  
Wake thee from thy rest.

Sword! which doth in darkness lie,  
Girded fast unto my thigh,  
Seest thou not 'gainst yonder sky  
Banners sweeping low?

Never thus may'st thou remain—  
Vile thee to my hand again,  
For the tear of crimson stain  
Down thy cheek must flow.

Sword! when first thy changing light  
Flash'd athwart my youthful sight,  
Playfully I call'd thee bright  
As an angel's form.

Years have past—nor yet we part—  
Thou art wedded to my heart,  
Tho' I often feel thou art  
Dreadful as the storm.

Sword! altho' thy bosom's sheen  
'Bordered by and polish'd keen,  
Whence'er its glance is seen  
Shadow'd 'tis with fear.

'The' thy smile seems mild and meek,  
Such as Love's own eyes might speak,  
Yet the smile will leave the cheek  
Where its light appears.

Sword! I deeply love thy ray!  
'Tis to me the light of day—  
Yet, oh! yet thou tak'st away  
Bridgroom from the bride.

Pointing onward to the star  
On the crest of Glory's car,  
Thou dost urge to fields of war,  
Breaking hearts allied.

Sword! tho' tearful be thy gait,  
Once again thy blade I lift  
O'er my steed—a met' or swift,  
Flashing shalt thou wave:

Thou shalt strike in many wars,  
Battle for thy country's laws,  
Thou shalt plead the orphan's cause  
O'er the Patriot's grave.

Sword of beauty! sword of fear!  
Shoutings mad are on my ear—  
Steel! where art thou?—THOU ART HERE,  
Faithful to the last,

'Mid the battle's heartless hum—  
'Mid the roaring of the drum—  
Cry, "huzza!"—I come—we come,  
Rushing like the blast.

### FAITH.

"There may be a cloud without a rain-  
bow, but there cannot be a rainbow without  
a cloud."

My soul were dark,  
But for the golden light and rainbow hue,  
That, sweeping heaven with their triumphant  
air  
Break on the view!

Enough to feel  
That God, indeed, is good! Enough to know  
Without the gloomy clouds he could reveal  
No beautiful bow.

Why is a handsome woman like bread?  
Ans. Because she is often toasted.  
Why is love like a potatoe?  
Ans. Because it shoots from the eye.

## SELECT TALES.

From the Dublin University Magazine

### THE DUEL.

How I became acquainted with the circumstances I am about to narrate, or when they occurred, the reader must not inquire. I have taken the liberty of arranging the incidents, so that their narration will afford no clue whatever to the solution of those questions. The reader must be content to accept of the assurance of an old friend, that the narrative of this chapter is a true account of events which, to my own knowledge, did actually occur.

Ellen Irving was the only child of a clergyman, well known and respected in the neighborhood of Dublin—a man distinguished in the church by every quality calculated to ensure popularity and command respect, he filled for many years a prominent position in the public eye. By the mysterious dispensations of that Providence which so often takes away "the excellent of the earth," just when earth seems to want their excellence most, he was removed in the very prime of his life, and the very height of his usefulness. A beautiful monument in the parish church of —, erected by his surviving parishioners, bears record that they felt his removal as a bereavement. Just over the costly memorial of his people's grief, a small marble tablet, plain and unadorned, except a deep sable border can be called an ornament, records in a few simple and expressive lines, the sorrow of his widow—a sorrow far transcending the grief, the tale of which is inscribed on the proud monument below.

I might have taken another and a shorter method of telling my readers that his wife survived him; but I confess I have never gazed on that tablet without feeling my heart touched—as if there was something in its erection that told better than many words the character of her that placed it there. In the monument below there was enough, more than enough, to satisfy the vanity of grief. The public tribute to public worth—the long inscription where the sculptured figures bear the storied urn, and art has chiselled with her choicest imitation the forms of mourning—near there was more than enough to satisfy the vanity of woe—the only sacred vanity of the heart—but over and above it all, more precious in its simplicity, more touching in its unpretending sorrow, is placed the simple tablet, which is the offering to the memory of the dead, of her to whom that memory was most hallowed. The heart of the widow demands for its memories a tribute peculiar to themselves—the grief with which no stranger can intermeddle, would not unite in its record with the sorrows of the multitude.

At the time of her father's death, Ellen was about seven years of age. With this child of many hopes and many prayers, Mrs. Irving returned to a secluded residence near the village of Clontarf. Her husband, unlike too many of the clergy, had left his family in a competence which amounted almost to affluence. Mrs. Irving was induced to select Clontarf as her place of residence, by the vicinity of her husband's only brother, a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune as a merchant. He had never married. His sister, a lady who had sometime passed the period when ill-nature attaches to unmarried ladies the name of old maid, had lived with him for many years. He made no secret of his resolution to die an old bachelor, and being warmly attached to his brother, he had declared his intention of leaving the great mass of his large fortune to Ellen. After Mr. Irving's death he had earnestly pressed Mrs. Irving to make his house her home. This offer, however, that lady had declined. With all that was amiable and upright in his character, the merchant united a deep respect for religion—neither he, however, or his sister seemed to feel its importance as Mrs. Irving had been taught by her husband to do. She knew that the first wish of his heart was that Ellen should be trained up with more than a respect for religion, and Mrs. Irving believed that she could better fulfil his wishes by keeping Ellen in a home, over all the management of which she herself should have the full control. A beautiful situated cottage, was procured for her in the immediate neighborhood of her brother-in-law's residence. This arrangement gave her all the advantages of his society and his counsel, while it left her still to bring up her child in a home where she should learn to see piety and regulating principle of every movement.

My readers must suppose some years to have elapsed, and time of course, to have brought its change on all parties. The old maid, Miss Irving, had become Mrs. — not by the regular title of matrimony, but by that unauthorized assumption

of matronly dignity, which some one has facetiously termed brevet-rank. The merchant had grown older and richer, and as his hairs grew whiter, his disposition appeared to grow still more kind. Ellen's mother was beginning to sink with years; sorrow had hastened on the steps of old age—and Ellen herself had become a woman, and without flattery, a lovely woman. Descriptions of female beauty are justly excluded from all narratives of which the writers desire to pretend to the reputation of common sense. Without any piratical interference with the peculiar property of fashionable novel writers: an interference which would be as cruel as dishonest—I may perhaps be permitted to say that Ellen was now about twenty-two years of age, rather low of stature with black hair, features full of intelligence and good humour, a very white and high forehead, and eyes through which "her soul looked," and that soul was full of softness and affection. My readers may fill up the description as they choose.

I must, too, introduce them into a new character; with whom it is desirable, for the progress of my narrative, that they should make acquaintance. Mrs. Irving's brother had been also a clergyman in the north of Ireland. He too had died, leaving an only child, but he left him nearly altogether unprovided for. Charles Wilson had just completed his first year in College, with distinguished success, when the unexpected death of his father left him parentless and almost penniless in the world. His mother was many years in her grave, and all he inherited from his father was a good name, and a few hundred pounds to struggle through a world where a good name is said to be but a poor inheritance, and merit and talents without wealth are but too frequently despised.

As Charles stood by the grave of his father, he felt the bitterness of all this. He heard the clouds of dust fall with a deep echo on the coffin of his parent, and it seemed like a knell to proclaim to him that he was alone in a cold and heartless world. In bitterness of soul he returned from the grave, which seemed to have covered all his hopes and prospects on earth.

It was necessary for him to remain a few days at his father's late abode. He was there a one; and during these days of solitude, it is easier to conceive than to describe the feelings that pass through his bosom. Few persons but those who have experienced them can ever conceive the mingled feelings which enter into the pride and the ambition of a young man, successful in his first entrance into College. Indistinct hopes of the future grow upon the imagination, and mix themselves up with the hallowed recollections of the past. Many a one that will read these pages will remember that the sweetest & most sacred ingredient in that honorable pride is the joy that success may bring to a parent's heart—the knowledge that a father's and a mother's eye will grow brighter at the news of the distinction of a son. Charles had felt all this. Many a time had his mind been excited in the labours of his father. Many a time had the satisfaction of his success been enhanced by the pride that glistened in his father's eye—it was a union in which the purest sympathies and emotions of our nature hallowed and beautified the pride of personal success. But his father was new gone, never more to be glad at the honours of his boy—he felt his heart to be stricken down—the stay of his pride and his ambition was broken, and the feelings that leaned upon it hung drooping on the ground.

The violence of grief subsided into the cold and cheerless feeling of desolation. He regarded himself as an outcast on the world. He was poor, and he fancied himself friendless. His pride could not bear the notion of struggling with the real ills of poverty, and with a thousand others which he imagined to belong to it. He had confidence enough in his own talents to believe that he might depend on them, but when he thought of raising himself by their exercise, he felt as if he was a penniless adventurer, and his spirit could ill brook the taking of a character which the proud ones of the earth regarded at once with suspicion and contempt. He was ready to give up all his prospects rather than meet the sneers and the repulses of a world which he pictured to himself all that was selfish and cold. A simple incident taught him a lesson, if not truth, certainly one of usefulness.

The evening before he was to leave forever the place of his birth, he went alone to take a last farewell of his father's grave. Unseen as he thought by any eye he threw himself upon his new laid turf, and he sobbed as if his heart would break. All the feelings which I have attempted to describe rushed through his bosom. In bitterness of soul he wandered from tomb to tomb, until he came to the low wall by

which the church-yard was separated from the parsonage where his infant days had been passed, but which never must be his home again. He had now no home. Every spot called back some recollection of former days—and the brown hues of a cloudy March evening, which was rapidly closing in, shed over each familiar spot a sober character, that was suited to his state of mind. The little stream still purled through the grove, where many a time he had searched for the blue-bell or the May-flower. The old thorn still rose in its rude and jagged antiquity, behind the rustic seat, where his father had often taught him the lessons of religion. Every shrub was familiar—he could tell almost every blade of grass within the precincts of the place that "should know him no more." No wonder that his heart was full; he leaned against the grave-yard wall and again gave vent to a flood of tears.

He was startled by a step close besides him—he turned round, unwilling that a stranger should have surprised him in his grief. It was a relief to him to find that it was old Robert Browne, sexton, who had known him from his childhood. He had been long a servant of his father's family; when appointed to the office of sexton he occupied a cottage on the glebe land, and still regarded himself as a servant of "his reverence." There was something in his appearance suited to his office. His dress was sombre, and, without being threadbare, its shape and fashion was of the olden time. In one hand he carried a shovel, in the other the huge key of the church-yard gate. There was a slight hobble in his gait, which was perceptible as he trod upon each of the grave mounds with which the yard was full. He transferred the key to the hand which held the shovel, and touched his hat to Charles with a respect that seemed accorded as much to his grief as to his station.

"Master Charles," said the old man, "I don't wonder that you should take this sore to heart; but it's God's will, and the poor master was ready for it. He is happier in his grave to-night than many are out of it."

Charles muttered an indistinct assent. "We must all submit to the will of God," continued the old man. "I ask your pardon, sir," he added, after a pause, "for being so bold, but let an old man that loved the poor master speak to you. I see you sir, when you was sobbing on the grave byant. I thought your grief was more violent than a Christian's ought to be—more than your father would like to see, we must all submit to God's will."

"It is not always easy," replied Charles. "You don't know, Robert, what it is to be left a lonely orphan in the world."

"Indeed, sir," replied the old man. "I knew it once," and a sigh escaped him as he spoke. "Just at your age I was left without father and mother in one week and what was more, I didn't know where to get my dinner the day after they were buried; and I thought my heart would sink in my bosom. But my mother's last words were to me, that God was the father of the fatherless; and they gave me comfort, and from that day to this I never knew what it was to want. And I have brought up a goodly family, and seen them well settled in the world but Sally, that's with me yet, and is a comfort to my old age, and her mother's. Thank God, Master Charles, you're good at the learning, and go on well in the College; there is no fear but you'll come to good, though I often heard the poor master say he had nothing to leave you but a good name; but, indeed, as I said to his reverence, that was better than riches with a bad one."

"But Robert," said the other, "the world does not think so—it's a cold and heartless world for a person to go through—a good name is little thought of without money. It's a selfish world, Robert," said Charles, bitterly.

"Master Charles," replied the old man, "it's not for an ignorant man like me to teach a College-bred gentleman like your self, but old men sometimes know things. Now, it's odd enough that a great many ladies and gentlemen, I've remarked, are fond of speaking that way of the world; but, in truth, I don't just think it's all out so bad; it's wicked enough, God help it, but there are many kind and good people in it; and as to selfish, why every one looks to their own, as it's only proper they should; but, indeed, Master Charles I believe that in the world there are plenty of people to do a good turn in reason to a neighbor. I never could understand them that was always complaining of the selfishness of the world, unless, may be, that they would expect that every one would put themselves out of their own way for them they might know nothing about, which to my mind would not be reasonable at all; but for kindness within reason, I think the world is far better than you might think, considering the wickedness that's in it."

There was something in the shrewd

common sense of the old sexton that jarred upon the gloomy philosophy in which Charles had been indulging. Still he felt that there was truth in what he said; he mused for some time; at last he replied.

"I'm afraid, Robert, it's but a poor world for one without either money or friends to get on."

"Don't say that, Master Charles. If a man will stay complaining of the world; it's the long odds but he'll make reason for himself to find fault with it; but, if one will only just think nothing about whether the world's good or bad, but see what, with God's help he can do for himself, and do it—and if he will trust, Master Charles, in One who is far better than any one on this earth, he'll find, I'm thinking, that the world's nothing to complain of, and wonder how ever he could have thought it so bad. Many persons, I'm thinking, complain of the world because it won't do for them that will do nothing for themselves."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sally, the old man's daughter, of whom he had spoken. She came bounding over the graves as lightly as if nothing of death were under the sod—her long black hair flowing down upon her shoulders, and her black eyes laughing with the glee of youth. It was impossible to avoid being attracted by her singularly handsome figure, which her slight steps showed off to great advantage. On perceiving Charles she stopped and seemed confused; her confusion appeared to proceed from the feeling that her levity of manner was inconsistent with his grief. With a natural propriety of feeling, which often in persons of a humbler rank anticipates the effect of those conventional rules which bind their superiors, she stopped and sobered down her manner to a suitable gravity. With a blushing hesitation she offered her simple condolence.

"Master Charles, I'm sorry for your trouble, sir."

Charles's reply was anticipated by the reproach of her father for climbing over the church-yard wall. Sally, it seemed, had been sent by her mother to call the sexton to his supper, and had found a short way to fulfil her message over a part of the wall which had partly fallen down.

"Indeed, Sally," said the old man, "you are too wild; you are getting a woman now, and must not be getting on with the ways of a wild girl."

His reproof, however, was delivered in a mild tone, and he could not conceal the satisfaction with which he looked on the sylph-like form of his really handsome daughter. She looked up archly and said, "Father, I'll get old and sober time enough, I'm only a wild girl yet; they say," she added thoughtfully, "that none know sorrow sooner than those that are born with a light heart, so I may make the most of mine."

"Sally," said Robert, "Master Charles is leaving us to-morrow, for good and all"—his voice faltered as he spoke, "the last of the old stock is going away;" and he struck the spade deep into the ground, and folded his arms across it, Sally's eyes filled with tears. "Well, God bless him wherever he goes. Master Charles," she added, "will you ever think of Glenvale, and the poor old parsonage here?"

Charles felt his emotions over come him; large tears streamed down his cheeks; the little party were silent for some time; Charles leaned with his back to the wall; old Robert still resting on his spade, and Sally standing, looking wistfully up into the boughs of an old hawthorn that shot out its garbled and straggling branches over the graves of the dead. The sexton was the first to break the silence; he spoke as if unconscious of the presence of his companions. "Well, many a grave I have dug in this churchyard, and many a one, gentle and simple, I have seen laid low; but never did I grieve for a mortal as for him that I last put in; I hope those that come after him may be like him."

He dropped the spade on which he had been leaning; he advanced towards Charles, and grasped both his hands; "Master Charles, God Almighty bless you, and keep you wherever you go; and maybe, when you are a great man in the College, you would be sometimes be coming back to look at his reverence's grave; and I'm thinking, Master Charles, you'll be a very great man before you're too proud to come to see old Robert Brown; it would do you in your father's pulpit, and yet, maybe I might live to see you made provost, or some other post as good, in the college."

"Sally," said the old man "bid Master Charles good bye; the old master was always fond of you, fonder nor one would think from your wild ways. I hope when Master Charles sees you next, you'll not be as wild as you are now." "I'm thinking maybe he'd see me wilder,—but I pray God, he may see me as light hearted, though indeed my heart is sore for the old master; but father," she

added thoughtfully, "they say that when a light-headed body comes under this old thorn they can see; so I heard the people tell. Maybe it was speaking of me, that put into my head; so mind, Master Charles, when next we meet I may be wilder, but not so light hearted."

She said these words in a half solemn half cheerful tone of voice; there was the superstitious she mentioned connected with the tree—that half-witted persons, when standing under it, become endued with the gift of speaking or prophecy. She took Charles's offered hand—"God bless you and keep you; and maybe," she added, looking up at the tree, "when next we meet you'd have much need of his blessing."

Her father rebuked her for what he deemed her ill-timed levity.

"Indeed, father," she said, "I could not help it. Master Charles knows my heart is sad, God help me, for them that's gone; indeed, father, there is no lightness in my words; they come into my head, as if I could not help to say them; maybe they have their meaning. God bless you again Master Charles."

Charles took her extended hand; he almost involuntarily imprinted on it a kiss—"Good bye, Sally, and God bless you."

As he grasped the rough hand of the old sexton he felt a warm tear fall on his own. "God bless you again," said the old man. "Mind, Master Charles, don't mind abusing the world, but see what you can do for yourself in it, and trust in God, sir. I'm like David, Master Charles, I have been young; and now an old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed; no, never, Master Charles, never—he did not finish the quotation; he could not bear to use an expression that would even imply the possibility of his old pastor's son being brought to beggary."

This conversation the reader must suppose to have occurred a few years previous to the time at which I have chosen to commence my narrative. Charles had taken the old man's advice. He had not abused the world, but tried what he could do for himself in it, and old Robert's words had turned out true. He obtained a scholarship in the university, and with the help of this, and a few hundred pounds which his father had left him, he was able to make his way to the bar; the profession to which he had chosen to devote himself. His prospects were now fair of advancement in life. He had made many friends, and had met with much kindness, and began seriously to wonder how ever he had believed the world to be so bad.

Other hopes too had come in to animate his efforts. When children, he and Ellen Irving had been playmates, and the recollection of her childish beauty had never wholly last their influence on his mind. When his collegiate pursuits fixed his residence in Dublin, it was of course natural that he should be frequently at his aunt's and in the society of his cousin, perhaps equally natural that he should form for her an affection which he persuaded himself was returned. Not that every word of love had passed between them; Charles's pride prevented this. He knew that Ellen was the heiress to a large fortune; he determined that he would not seek her hand until he could appear not altogether to seek it as an adventurer. With this natural enthusiasm of youth, he imagined that the attainment of his profession would immediately place him in a position in which he might honorably seek it. He knew that Ellen felt for him as he did for her, and on this assurance he was content to rest.

Mrs. Irving was not unaware of Charles's feelings towards Ellen, and she more than suspected these feelings to be returned. She did not, however, feel it right or necessary to discourage him. In Charles's principles she had the fullest confidence. She was not one of those who sought for her daughter a good match, or rather, she had different notions of what constituted a good match. She did not covet great wealth for her child, but happiness, and she believed that with a competence happiness might be found. She feared however, that her brother-in-law might entertain different feelings; and, although she was determined to act as she thought right whenever her daughter's happiness would be concerned, she rather desired that she might not be obliged to act contrary to the wishes of one who she naturally regarded as her protector.

Charles's father had been succeeded at Glenvale by a Mr. Leeson, who had been recommended to the appointment by the possession of some aristocratic connexions. At the time of Mr. Wilson's death, Mr. Irving had very kindly undertaken to settle some matters of business with the new incumbent. This created an acquaintance between these gentlemen, which was subsequently kept up.

Mr. Leeson had a nephew, a young man who had just succeeded to the family property, and was heir presumptive to a title now in the possession of some very distant relative. He had been educated