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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

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POETRY.

AM I A COLD COQUETTE?

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

They tell me I am volatile,
An adept in my art,
Because I've many spots to fill
Within my loving heart.
They tell me I am fond of change,
And, like thy' constant bee,
From sweet to sweet, I love to range,
All fetterless and free.
But would they look into my breast;
Where young fond thoughts have met,
See how their deep impressions rest,
They'd say I'm no Coquette.

My heart from childhood's early days
Hath in its uncheck'd flow,
Scatter'd the sunlight of its rays,
In a perpetual glow.
With gushing tenderness it clung
To all around, above;
To every bud and flower that sprung,
For it was made to love.
And if with an unsparring hand,
It gathers flow'rets yet,
And loves alike the mingled band,
Am I a cold Coquette?

There are deep tones within my heart,
They've slept the sleep of years;
Why should I wake them, but to start
The unavailing tears.
They are, as harps, too finely strung
For stranger hands to sound,
And careless fingers o'er them flung
Would probe an unheal'd wound.
If joyous realities are o'er,
Bright fancies glid me yet;
My bark of hope was wreck'd near shore—
Am I a cold Coquette?

But if to love the sunny earth,
The bright and glorious sky,
The summer buds that spring to birth,
In rainbow tinted dyes;
And joy in all that care beguiles,
And from the many claim
Affection's fond and cheering smiles,
And friendship's sacred flame;
To hold them to my heart, and still
Its sad but vain regret,
Is to be weak and volatile—
I am a cold Coquette.

From the Commonwealth.

LINES ADDRESSED TO S. C.

Can I forget thee while there's life,
Within my young and ardent frame,
My bosom burns with feelings rife,
I blush not now to name.

The tie that binds our hearts is one,
Misfortune ne'er can sever,
And when the task of duty's done,
We'll live in love forever.

Thy fate has now decreed that we
Must part to meet no more;
Yet on the page of memory,
As brilliant as before.

Shall be the hours that we have spent,
When pleasure's sunny ray,
Beamed brightly from her firmament,
And plenty led the way.

Then think of him whose destiny,
Is dreary sad and dark,
Without the star of memory,
My lonely path to mark.

If fortune ere again should smile,
And happiness once more,
Resume its wonted throne awhile,
Then sorrow would be o'er,
Philada. Sept. 1838

SELECT TALE.

From the Dublin University Magazine

(To be continued)

THE DUEL.

It was just then that the gay and fashionable Mr. Leeson presented himself as his rival. He was a young man of polished exterior, and of prepossessing manners. And having of course, tact enough to conceal his real character, he was a favourite with Mr Irving. Without much difficulty he obtained that gentleman's sanction for his addresses to his niece. Mr. Irving was flattered by the prospect of a coronet, and imagined that there would be but little difficulty in procuring Ellen's consent to become Lady

Mrs. Irving did not regard this matter with the same composure as she had looked on the attentions of her nephew. Her first wish was, that her daughter's husband should be a religious character. She told her brother-in-law, however, that she had made up her mind not to exercise any undue influence over Ellen's choice; she had great confidence, and justly so, in the judgment and feeling of her child; and if she thought she would be happy with Mr. Leeson, she would give her full consent to her marriage with him.

Leeson had been an open scoffer at religion, at Oxford he had narrowly escaped a heavy collegiate censure for his daring avowal of infidel opinions. His wonderful tact, however, he now accommodated himself to the feelings of those whom it was his object to conciliate. He professed a deep respect for religion; with great candour, however, he acknowledged that it had hitherto occupied but little of his attention. He assumed the attitude of an inquirer, and, if things must be called by their right names, he played the part of the hypocrite most admirably. On Mrs. Irving he completely imposed—on her daughter partially.

Ellen and Charles had never interchanged a word on the subject of their mutual attachment, and yet, in the inmost recesses of their souls, each had long regarded the other as the object of a conscious love. To Ellen's pure mind this feeling carried with it all the sanctity of an engagement; and, although she could not plead this in reply to her uncle's persuasions to encourage the addresses of Mr. Leeson, to her own heart it was in itself a sufficient reason why she should refuse them.

Not that she needed this motive to determine her. With that intuitive perception of her character which often seems an instinct of the female heart, she felt that there was an undefinable something about him which she could not like, and, with all his winning manners, and even his appearance of regard for religion, she distrusts him. She felt, or fancied, her dislike was an unreasonable, and, therefore, an unjust one, and, therefore, she tried to overcome it, but in vain; there are untaught and unreasoning antipathies of the heart, which are under the guidance of something higher than either reason or experience.

Charles, however, could not see what was passing in her mind. It was natural that he should feel a jealousy of the addresses of one who had over him so much advantage in external circumstances—in all that men regarded as calculated to bribe the female heart into regard. Born of a family far higher than his circumstances, Charles had all that sensitiveness of pride which such a position is calculated to nurture. He dreaded the character of an adventurer above all things. Had Ellen been destitute of fortune he would long since have pledged to her in words, those vows of constancy and love which he had registered in his heart.

Upon such a disposition; the sensitiveness of which was aggravated by a morbid nervousness of temperament, the result of sleepless midnight hours, and intense application to study, the presence of a rival like Mr. Leeson, produced effects almost amounting to madness. He fancied that Ellen encouraged his addresses, perhaps because he thought it most probable that any woman in her circumstances would do so. His pride could not bear the thought that ever he had offered the homage of his heart where it had been rejected. He determined to appear indifferent—he rejoiced that never had a distinct avowal of his affection passed his lips. He resolved to make Ellen believe that any past attentions had not been serious upon his part; he wished her to believe that he had trifled with her affections, so false is the passion which men call pride; he had rather that she should have a just cause for reproach, than an unjust cause of triumph.

And he almost succeeded in conveying to her the impression he desired, and he made her miserable; his visits gradually became fewer and fewer at the cottage until even his aunt remarked to him that he was neglectful of his friends. Occupation, and the necessity of intense study finished him with an excuse.

In the meantime her uncle, and even her mother, urged upon her the propriety of receiving the attentions of Mr. Leeson, which were so marked as no longer to be capable of being misunderstood. Mrs. Irving had been imposed on by the artfulness of his hypocrisy; she believed that he was such a man as her father would have chosen for Ellen; and, while she was not altogether dazzled by the worldly advantages of the match, so as to overlook high considerations, she certainly did feel proud of seeing her daughter occupy that exalted station which she knew she was qualified to adorn.

Poor Ellen was greatly perplexed; she feared that Charles, if he had ever loved her, no longer regarded her with feelings of affection. She could find no rational grounds for her dislike, or rather distrust of Mr. Leeson; but she felt that she could not love him. Had she been a girl of less high principles, she would not long have hesitated; but she shrank from solemnly pledging at the altar of her God, the tender feelings which her heart told her she could not fulfil.

She told her feelings to her mother; Mrs. Irving was not altogether capable of understanding their depth. "My child," she said, "if your heart tells you that it will not go with the vows you make, let nothing ever tempt you to make them; but Ellen my dear, do not be led away by the notions of a romantic attachment which young people so often believe should be the foundation of marriage. Esteem is the real source of the only love that will last; it is almost in itself the love that a wife owes to her husband. Do not, Ellen dear, refuse a man whom you esteem, because you do not feel that wild girlish sentiment which perhaps your education has not fitted you to form; but consult your own heart, and pray to God to guide you to what is right."

The mother affectionately kissed her child; Ellen made no reply. She might have answered her mother's argument by analyzing her feelings towards Mr. Leeson and questioning whether the distrust she felt for him was consistent with esteem. But her own heart suggested a more sufficient reply; she had but to compare her sentiments towards him with those with which she still regarded her cousin, to know that she did not love him.

In sadness and sorrow she went out alone to a favourite seat which overhung the sea. I have been charged in these tales, with forgetting that any persons were to read them but those familiar with the localities I described, and that, presuming upon this acquaintance in my reader, I have sometimes made my narrative unintelligible to distant readers. I ought perhaps to plead guilty to the fault, but it was a natural one. When I began to write I scarcely anticipated that my poor memoranda would be read beyond the narrow circle of those personally acquainted, not only with the localities but the writer. I have been agreeably surprised in finding that I have readers who know nothing of either. The best that I can do to manifest my feeling is to insert such explanations as may be necessary to enable them to read my poor tales with whatever little satisfaction their perusal is calculated to afford. Those of my readers who do not require such explanations, can easily pass them by.

For the benefit, then, of the unfortunate readers who may be so ignorant as to require such information, I may state that Clontarf is a little village on the sea-shore at the distance of about two miles from Dublin. The magnificent bay spreads its broad waters before it, far across them, on the opposite side, rises the romantic hills of Killiney, and farther still behind them the Wicklow mountains repose upon the sky, the city itself lies to the westward, like a German metaphysician, almost always obscured in the dun atmosphere of its own smoke; a little the north-east rises the Hill of Howth, and far away to the eastward you can discern nothing but the blue and apparently boundless billows of the Irish Channel; except indeed at eventide, when, like a solitary star on that wild waste of waters, you can see glimmering afar off, the lantern of the light ship, a vessel which is moored on a sand bank many miles out at sea; bearing even on the bosom of the perilous element itself or to speak more correctly, of danger to the mariner, presenting this really romantic object; and performing these important services under the unromantic and unpretending designation of "the Kish Light."

The residence to which Mrs. Irving had retired, was situated on the sea-shore, some little way farther down than the village of Clontarf. The grounds, con-

ned as they were, reached down to the beach. Just on the same rocks which breasted the billows of the deep, a rustic seat had been constructed, so as to command a view of all the scenery of the bay. It was a favourite retreat of Ellen's; and, in her present frame of mind, there was something attractive in its sequestered situation.

It was almost the dusk of an autumn evening; the clouds hung heavy in the sky and cast their dark shadows over the sea along which the waves were running in troubled and irregular succession. The tide was near its height, and the spray was dashed high upon the rocks. One or two leaves from the trees which grew down to the water's edge, were now and then whirled round and round in the eddies of the ebb blast. Ellen wrapped her cloak closed round her, as she walked rapidly along the gravel walk. There was a melancholy in the aspect of nature, suited to the state of her mind. She sat down on the seat and leaning her head on her hand she looked over the sea, where the wind was sweeping along the waves.

She had sat for some time; the shadow of the clouds were getting darker on the waters, and the Kish light, shining distinctly on the black horizon around, Ellen was just thinking of returning home, when her attention was attracted by a female figure that had been apparently making its way along the rocks upon the sea shore, and was moving up to the cultivated grounds about the cottage. The female stopped, and looked earnestly at the cottage, for a few minutes, not many yards from where Ellen sat; she had, therefore, concealed herself by the trelliced paling that surrounded her, an opportunity of scanning the singular figure that presented itself.

The figure was tall, and even amid the disfigurement of a large gray cloak that was wrapped around her, singularly handsome. The head was fastened round with a red band, and a profusion of the most luxuriant black hair streamed half way down the back, outside the cloak. Her feet and legs were quite bare; the cloak was manifestly intended for a shorter figure, and so indeed it appeared as the red petticoat which appeared under it, for the legs were uncovered nearly to the knee, and the skin, which was of a delicate whiteness, appeared torn by bruises. Her back was partly turned towards Ellen, so that she could not see the face; but the form appeared to have her finger in her mouth, and to be gazing intently on the cottage, and muttered to herself. Ellen thought she distinguished her own name.

"Ay," cried the figure in a louder tone, "ay, little she knows about him; little—little—little—!" The rest of the sentence was lost in muttering.

The beating of Ellen's heart was so loud as almost to prevent her from listening; she caught by the trunk of the beech tree which was close to her.

"Little she knows; little—little;" again resumed the stranger, "maybe, little she cares that he has forsaken one, and made the light heart a sad one;" again she fell into the low muttering. Ellen could distinguish nothing but the word "Glenvale." A mist came over her eyes; she thought she should have fallen. Her mind instantly reverted to Charles; she knew not what to fear; a thousand thoughts were in that moment. Her agitation made her move so as to attract the notice of her mysterious visitant. She turned round with a glance of fire from eyes of the deep black. There was an expression of wildness in the countenance. Ellen felt as if she had seen the features before. Indeed; even through its wildness, there was a beauty that made it not easy to have seen and have forgotten. She rushed or rather sprang, towards Ellen—Ay, then; Miss Ellen, I'm glad—glad to see you; it is for you I'm looking; maybe, darling, to save you from a sore heart—a sore heart, Miss Ellen, it's a sore thing. Maybe you don't know;—put your hand here, Miss Ellen; and the poor creature flung open her bosom, and placed Ellen's hand upon her heart.

"Miss Ellen, you don't know me," she continued looking up earnestly in her face, and in the earnest gaze Ellen recognized a face which she had not seen for years. My readers perhaps have before this recognized Sally Browne.

"I did not know you at first, Sally; I did not expect to see you here," replied Ellen, started in the manner and appearance of her old friend; still more startled at a thousand terrible thoughts; with which her appearance was associated.

"No wonder," replied the other; "no wonder. I'm not like what I was when I used to catch the lambs for you at Glenvale. I used to be light hearted. I am light hearted now—my brain's not right Miss Ellen dear."

It needed not these words to assure Ellen of the truth. The poor maniac put her hand to her head and tapped several

times with her finger on her forehead. "I might tap long, Miss Ellen," she said; "but they're in it—whirling about—say—over since the day I saw them both—the sod's over them—and white daises are on them—you know his hair was white—white, white, like the snow;" and she walked away apparently forgetting her companion altogether.

Ellen recalled her with a voice trembling with agitation, she raised its tone, almost to a scream, before the other heard it, she started.

"Who?" says Sally, "oh, ah, Miss Ellen dear."

"Did you not say, Sally, you had something to tell me," said Ellen, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Oh, Miss Ellen," replied Sally, "I have to tell you—look at me darling; you wouldn't like to be like me—you wouldn't like to wander the world—you wouldn't Miss Ellen, dear; now take care, Miss Ellen, don't trust him, he loved me too."

"Who?" interrupted Ellen, in violent emotion.

"Who?" exclaimed the other, looking with a piercing stare into her features, "are not you to be his bride; won't he make you a grand countess; didn't he say it to me?"

The maniac paused; Ellen breathed freely.

"Ah, Miss Ellen, he will put diamonds in your hair, but they will turn to serpents and they will get about her hearts so don't take them; they're here;" and again she bared her bosom and pointed to her heart.

She sat down at Ellen's feet, and seemed more collected.

"I've wandered far to-day, Miss Ellen, to tell you this story; and when I did come I wandered in my mind, I can't think of any thing."

"How is your father, Sally?" inquired Ellen, hoping that the question might recall the scattered recollections of the poor creature.

She looked up full in her face, and an expression of deep meaning passed across the wildness of her features; she clasped her long, lank hands; and her only reply was by a troubled moan; for some minutes she continued this low and dismal sound while she rocked herself backwards and forwards with a motion that kept a sort of time to her moans.

She continued this motion for some time; at last she started to her feet. She grasped her head wildly with her hands, and then caught Ellen's with a violence that made her shrink. A sudden fire seemed to light up the maniac's face. "Listen to me, Miss Ellen," she cried, while her voice appeared to assume new energy; "listen to me, I must tell it; a woman does not like to tell her shame; but the vow of the dead is upon me;" and as she continued to speak, her breathing rose higher and higher; "be warned, Miss Ellen; it was Edward Leeson that made me what I am; it was he that broke my father's heart; be warned Miss Ellen. He wants to marry you; I know he does; come, listen to me; there is no one near us, but them that you don't see; come, now, here give me your solemn oath that you'll never marry him." She paused—an unearthly fire lit up her eyes; she squeezed Ellen's wrist with a painful and convulsive grasp. "Swear it, swear it," she repeated, with a violence that was becoming alarming; "as you would miss the curse—the curse—the curse, Miss Ellen," she screamed—"they're here to curse you—do you see him—there, there—swear—look at him, he's beckoning me—his hair is all white—swear." Her eyeballs were straining on some point by the sea-side—a cold shudder passed over all her frame, while Ellen was literally compelled to give the required vow. The maniac became calm; "did you see him, Miss Ellen," she said, in a low and fearful whisper, "my father—he was there; and she pointed in the direction in which her eyes had been previously directed. "I saw him standing on that rock."

She paused for a long time, overcome by excitement; she resumed, in a subdued tone, "Poor old man—he was always fond of you, Miss Ellen. Do you remember, long ago, when you were at Glenvale; and we were both children; and I was then the bonniest child in all the country except yourself; and Master Charles used to vex you, saying I had blacker eyes than you, and the old man would take you on his knee, when you would begin to look downcast, and tell you that you had the sweetest face in all the country side; and that you would yet make a nice wife for Master Charles—even in death he did not forget you—you have all my story, Miss Ellen darling. My father and my child are in one grave; his white hairs are in it; but when he was cold under the sod he came to me in his winding sheet, and he sent me to you; and I have to tell you—he—he—Miss Ellen—he forsook me—he left me to die by the road side, if I choose, when my father put me out; ay, and the old man's heart was broke, and he never looked up more; bore

it all until I saw him die—and my child, too. I was with him when he died; I saw him as the breath went from him; and he forgave me, and he blessed me; ay, and he blessed the baby; but that, Miss Ellen, went hard with him; but he did bless it, and he died; and I sat day and night beside the corpse; I talked to it all night; they wanted me to quit it; and before the morning light the child had gone to him; the dead man's blessings was on it; and it took fits and died; then something passed through my head; and from that morning out—they say I'm mad; but I saw him that's gone. He came to me in his white shroud; and laid the vow upon me to come to you, and then I was to wander the wide world a desolate creature, to go near neither kith nor kin; to disgrace them; that was what he put upon me; but maybe there's good for me in the next world, there's none in this; but I've done one vow, and I'll keep the other, though it's a hard one too; to be desolate in the earth; desolate; desolate; desolate;" and repeating the word with bitter emphasis, she turned to depart down towards the sea.

It was now almost dark, and the tide had risen so high that there was no passage along the rocks. The mad girl stood just upon the edge of the water; her dark figure clearly discernible amid the white spray that was dashing round her. "Look Miss Ellen," she cried, "look," pointing out towards the light that glimmered on the horizon from the Light ship, "look; it's all black but the one star—all, all, all."

She stood for a moment gazing on the light; then turned round, having discovered that there was no egress by the way, she had come.

She once more advanced towards Ellen. "Good by, Miss Ellen; if I have said any thing queer don't be angry with me—remember my poor brain is turned. I've told you all, Miss Ellen; and keep your promise, darling, and sometimes think of me; maybe, Miss Ellen," she added, doubtfully, "you would sometimes pray for me; pray that my wandering may be short." She hesitated, as if it were almost impious in her to ask prayer for the only blessing she seemed to regard as possible for her.

"The tide's full in," she began again; and one might fall in along the rocks, but I'll be watched; my time's not all in yet; wouldn't I make a pretty corpse, Miss Ellen dear; if they found me with me long hair all wet with the salt water."

They were startled by the sound of Mrs. Irving's voice in gentle tones, exclaiming, "Ellen, my love, why are you out so late?"

Sally started; "I must be off," she cried, wildly; "my business was with you."

Ellen almost mechanically held her. "It is my mother, Sally—tell—tell her—tell her all."

Mrs. Irving was now quite close to them. She was surprised at the strangeness of the figure which she saw wildly held by her daughter; she had no time, however, for inquiry. The maniac suddenly disengaged herself with violence from the gentle grasp that had detained her. Her eyes glared with fire; she raised herself up with proud dignity to an elevation that gave her fine figure a look of commanding energy; and while she raised her voice to a shriek, expressing the mingled emotions of terror and triumph.

Ellen looked in the direction to which her outstretched arm pointed; there stood, motionless, and breathless, Mr. Leeson; her uncle was following a few paces behind.

There was, perhaps, fortunately for all parties, little time for thought or reflection. The maniac moved towards the object of her hate, as if she would have scorched him with her just indignation.

"Edward Leeson," she cried, "I have found you. Edward, do you know me; do you know the mother of your child? When last you saw me you told me I might go with it to hell; but it's in heaven where you'll never be. Listen to me, villain, listen; the very dead have come to warn me about you; the blessed dead don't come back for nothing. If there is a God in heaven, vengeance will overtake you; you broke my father's heart; let this lady ask what of the old sexton of Glenvale; well she knew poor Sally when she was a child; she would not know her now; but she's promised; and listen; the curse of the light heart that you have made heavy is with you wherever you go."

A wild peal of laughter, such as none but maniacs laugh, cleared its address, in which no one had ventured to interrupt her. She rushed down towards the sea, and disappeared apparently into the wave.

"Good God she'll be crowned!" exclaimed Mr. Irving, as he rushed to stop her; but her movements were too rapid; she had passed with a light step along rocks that seemed almost impassable; and