

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE No. 160.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1838.

[Vol. IV, No. 4.]

TERMS

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.

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 shall be inserted three times for one dollar for every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per square will be charged, if no definite order be given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered; but charge accordingly.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE OHIO.

BY THE LATE MRS. LOUISA P. SMITH.
The moon-light sleeps upon thy shores,
Fair river of the West!

And the soft sound of dipping oars
Just breaks thy evening rest.

Fall many a barque its silver path
Is tracing o'er thy tide,

And list the sound of song and laugh
Floats onward where they glide.

They're from light hearts, those sounds so
Whose home and hopes are here,

But one, whose home is far away;
Their music fails to cheer.

The woods of Indiana frown
Along the distant shore,

And they send their deep black shadows
Upon the glassy floor;

Many a tree is blooming there—
Wild flowers o'er-spread the ground,

And thousand vines of foliage rare
The trunks are wreathed around.

But through the summer robe is gay
On every hill and tree,

The gay woods rising far away,
Are fairer still to me.

Yonder cloudless moon to-night looks down
Upon no lovelier sight,

Than the river winding proudly on—
Yet beautiful, in night,

Onward still to the mighty West
Where the prairie wastes unfold,

Where the Indian chieftain went to rest
As his star was signal'd.

No—never arched the blue skies o'er
A wave more fair and free—

But the stream around my mother's door
Is dearer far to me.

SONG AT SEA.

BY J. RODMAN DRAKE.
Sleep, lady, sleep!—the planets weep
Their star-dew on the midnight deep,

The moonlight beam shines on the stream,
To light the water-spirit's dream;

Oh, softly thus shall slumber shed
Her lulling dews around thy head,

And fancy's beaming sparkling night
As brightly on thy dreaming eye.

Oh! favoring tides the vessel glide,
The sea-fire sparkles round her sides,

And in the sail the evening gale
Is whispering low a soothing tale.

Yet, lady, sleep! in visions sweet
A dreamy scene thy gaze shall meet,

And while the tall ship slowly moves,
Thy heart shall fly to friends it loves.

But hark! the cry from topmast high—
Its accents tell that land is nigh;

And dimly seen, the headland green
Is breaking through the midnight screen;

Then, lady, wake! our home is nigh;
Ah! ne'er can rise on fancy's eye
A spot beneath our azure dome
So lovely as the land of home!

SNATCHES OF SONG.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.
Sighs are unavailing,
Tears are vain;

Lovers, unlike drooping flowers,
Are not restored by rain;

Maiden! leave the fickle youth,
Grief will not bring his truth!

Words are idle breathing!
Cool reproches cure,
Never men would faithful be,
Never maids endure;

Woe not then the fickle youth,
Coldness may restore his truth!

"Harry, I cannot think," said Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick,"

"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a CALF they have to carry."

SELECT TALE.

From the Dublin University Magazine

THE DUEL.

(Concluded.)

Contrary to our expectations, we heard nothing from Mr. Leeson that night: I felt a kind of regret; I thought it would have all been over the next morning; there was a horrible suspense that was worse than the most terrible certainty; yet I could not but feel that it was a day's reprieve to the victim of the system, by which a coward first insults and then murders, and calls this satisfaction to injured society.

Next morning, however, a gentleman waited on Charles, from Mr. Leeson; there was no apology asked or offered; the gentleman was referred to once to Major Williams to "arrange" every thing.

The place chosen was the celebrated spot in the Phoenix Park, known by the name of the Fifteen Acres; the hour fixed was as early on the next morning as there could be sufficient light for the work of death. All these arrangements were made, and communicated to Charles before twelve o'clock in the day.

"I have the rest of the day to myself," he said, bitterly, as Major Williams left him, promising to call for him at five in the morning; and telling him that he would settle all other matters, so that he need think no more about it.

My readers have of course—that is, if I am bound to believe, they are possessed of an ordinary degree of intelligence—understood the results of the disclosures of the unfortunate Sally. It may be imagined that Mr. Leeson very speedily took his departure from the outrage, Mrs. Irving fervently thanked God that her daughter had been preserved from misery. Mr. Irving appeared hurt at his own want of discrimination; he consoled himself, however, by the reflection that "the rascal was a most accomplished hypocrite;" but he added, "I might have suspected him when he took so suddenly to religion."

Upon Ellen, the effects of the extraordinary scene she had witnessed were such as might have been expected from its agitating nature. An illness that confined her for some days to her room was the consequence. Charles had heard something of the occurrence from her uncle, who told him at the same time that Ellen showed more sense than them all. She never could endure the fellow, though she could give no reason for her dislike.

These few words excited a tumult of feeling in Charles' breast. His agitation could not escape the notice of the other.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, with the air of one who had just made a discovery, "maybe the secret's out—maybe she liked her cousin best, ho, ho!"

There was nothing of displeasure in the tone in which he spoke. Charles' heart beat too violently to permit him instantly to reply, and something having called off Mr. Irving, the conversation dropped.

Brief, however, as it had been, it had a deep import to Charles' heart. Ellen had rejected Mr. Leeson—how deeply had he wronged her by his unmeaning jealousy. Her uncle, too, had alluded to the possibility of her loving him in a tone that conveyed no disapprobation. How did he long to ask for forgiveness, and declare his own love—something told him that he could find it no hard matter to obtain the one, and induce her to accept the other.

It was in this state of mind that he had met with Mr. Leeson in the manner I have described. He had not yet seen Ellen, as she was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave her room. When he found that he had one day, perhaps his last day to himself—he almost mechanically bent his steps to Clontarf.

The face of nature wore a gladness that could not but throw its hues of cheerfulness over one who felt that he might never look upon that face again. The keen air of autumn gave a clear brightness to the sky and the sea—and the bright sunshine colored every object with a tinge of joyousness. As Charles passed along the shore, he paused to gaze upon the scene. The white sails of a hundred ships moved joyously along the little billows that danced in gladness on the bosom of the sea—the white clouds sailed slowly over the sky—and far away the mountains raised their summits standing out in unusual distinctness from the blue line of the horizon. All nature was in harmony with life—life and gladness—but that time to-morrow, what might be there—there was something sickening in the thought.

He thought, too, of her who had been the vision of his dreams—he felt assured that she loved him. Then could she bear his death—what right had he to scar the heart that was devoted to him? but it was now too late. It must be—and with this thought he quieted the emotions which despite of himself, rose in his soul.

The thought, too, of another world—and of Him, before whom, perhaps, he must shortly stand—the recollections of his childhood rushed back upon his mind—he thought of the act in which he was about to engage; a cold shudder passed through his frame, as conscience whispered that it was a violation of God's law.

"And yet," he reasoned with himself, "am I not risking my life in a cause, that conscience must approve; to defend the peace and sacredness of a happy home, against injuries perhaps as deep and deadly as those of which the law takes cognizance? The soldier on the field of battle may look for protection while he defends his home and his country from his foe, why may not he who singly defends the peace of society against the enemy that would invade it?"

His conscience distrusts the soundness of the reasoning—but it satisfied him.

On arriving at the cottage, he found that Ellen was so much better as to have altogether left the confinement of her room. A deep blush crimsoned her entire features when she met him; both their manners were embarrassed—persons are always embarrassed when each is conscious of their own acquaintance with a subject of common interest upon which they have never spoken.

Mrs. Irving insisted that Charles should remain there for dinner. Her brother and sister-in-law were to come and take share of a family dinner, and Mr. Irving would be glad to meet Charles.

Charles fancied there was some significance in the manner in which she spoke. He thought it might be his last day—he did not regret that it would be spent with Ellen.

Her cheek was pale from the effects of recent illness—when he gazed upon that pale cheek, and thought that before the morrow was over, sorrow might blanch it to a more ghastly hue, he felt as if his heart would break.

And yet, when he looked upon her, and thought of her so free from guile, so pure and upright, he felt as if she was not to suffer for his sake.

The Bible was lying open on the table, when he entered. His arm involuntarily rested on the sacred page.

"Charles," said his aunt, "will you finish for us a chapter we were reading when you came in?"

It was that chapter in the book of Genesis, in which Abraham prays for Sodom; when he came to the remarkable verse, "That be far from thee, O Lord, to punish the innocent with the guilty," his voice faltered; he could not go on.

Both his aunt and cousin fixed their eyes on him; he pleaded nervousness as an excuse for his emotion. He could not but remark the anxious glance his cousin cast at him, and the anxious tone of voice with which she told him to take care and not injure his health by study.

My readers must conceive an interview which I confess I am utterly inadequate to describe. He dare not allude to the feelings of his heart; indeed he had no opportunity, as Mrs. Irving remained constantly with him until the hour of dinner.

Mr. Irving came in great spirits, at the unexpected success of some mercantile speculation. "He rallied both Ellen and Charles on their paleness."

"Why, man," said he to the latter; "you look like a man going to be shot." Fortunately, he turned away too quick to remark the effect his chance words produced.

Dinner passed away, and Charles and Mr. Irving were left alone. Their conversation was on indifferent subjects, until just as they were rising to join the ladies, Mr. Irving said, standing—
"Charles, you never told me if I was right; there is something between you and your cousin, isn't there?"

"Indeed, sir," said Charles, "if ever we had spoken to each other as you seem to suppose, it would not be concealed from you?"

"Well, well," said the other, "that's very right; but I see plain enough you're a liking for each other." He moved off towards the door, and putting his hand on Charles' shoulder, he added, "She's my child, Charles, and believe me, I would rather see her married to you without a penny, than some we know of with a title and estates."

Charles' heart was touched; he felt as if he should communicate to Mr. Irving the perilous adventure in which he was next morning to be engaged—he attempted to speak, but his voice was choked in

his throat; and, while he was hesitating he other had passed on, humming a tune.

The state of feelings during the rest of the evening was bordering on agony, but he felt a mysterious assurance that he would be safe; the words, "thou wilt not punish the innocent with the guilty," rested on his soul. When he looked on Ellen, he felt that there were a safeguard in her interest in him. Even when taking leave, the only sign of emotion he manifested was, that he mechanically retained her hand and pressed it for some time. She reddened and withdrew, with something like an expression of anger.

Mr. Irving's carriage was at the door; he pressed Charles to accompany him, and remain all night. Charles pleaded business as an excuse.

"Well," said the other, "come out to breakfast with me; get up early, and do your business first. Nine o'clock," he shouted, as the carriage rolled off.

"Yes," answered Charles, and proceeded to make his way home with some rather gloomy reflections as to the probability of his keeping his engagement.

That night he addressed two letters, one to Mr. Irving, and the other to Ellen, both of which he entrusted to my care to deliver, in case he should fall.

The College gates had just opened next morning, when Major Williams, true to his appointment, came to Charles' room. Charles and I were both waiting for him. He was wrapped up in a military cloak, under which he carried a box, which, of course, I conjectured to contain a case of pistols.

"Make haste, Wilson," he said, "I have been kept waiting at these damned gates until the hour for opening came. Your college cloak is like every thing else about it, infernally slow."

Charles put out the candle which was burning on the table, and we moved down stairs. It was a rainy morning, a thick mizzling rain was drifted in our faces. As we passed through the college gates, two or three half-sleeping porters eyed us suspiciously, and yawned. Outside the gate, a hack car was waiting on one side of it a gentleman sat; beside whom the major desired me to get. Charles and he got up on the other.

"Where now, yer honor?" said the driver, touching his hat with a leer that implied that he anticipated the answer.

"Up Dame Street," said the major sternly, anxious to avoid the inquisitiveness of a porter who loitered lazily after us.

The driver applied the whip to the thing of skin and bones which supplied the place of a horse, and the animal dashed forward with a speed which his appearance did not promise.

"To the Acres, yer honor!" said the driver, when he had gone far enough to need fresh directions—the major nodded assent.

"Get up, my old play-boy," said the fellow to his horse; and he applied the lash with a zest that seemed to indicate that he expected some sport and good pay.

The first dawn of day was scarcely discernible. The lamps were all burning in the streets; scarcely any one was astir—it was altogether a dismal morning, and, wrapped up in our cloaks, on the crazy vehicle on which we sat, we seemed a dismal party; not a word was spoken; the gentleman who sat next me, I presumed to be a surgeon; but he had enough to do to keep the rain and foggy air out of our mouths, by keeping our mufflers close to them, and neither of us spoke.

We had reached that part of the Phoenix Park where the road winds at the bottom of the glen, the sides of which are thickly covered with hawthorn; I do not know whether it has any particular name. A lady of my acquaintance has assured me that it is called "the valley of thorns;" but I more than suspect that her own poetical taste has been the source of this appropriate name. About 100 yards above the Magazine, the major desired the car to stop. We were then just in the very heart of the valley of thorns; we struck off the road at once. The light was by this time so clear that we could distinctly discern objects. Just as we passed an old hawthorn tree, a most extraordinary apparition burst upon our sight. I need not tax my reader's patience by circumlocution—it was that of Sally Browne. None of the entire party knew her except Charles, and even he at first did not recognize her. She presented, certainly, a most singular appearance, standing in our path in that sequestered situation. Her long hair was streaming behind; the red hand could not confine it to her head. She rushed down, and looked from one to another of the party. She soon recognized the object of her search.

"Master Charles," said she, looking steadily in his face; "do you remember when last I saw you I spayed, Master

Charles, and my spaying is come true."

Even the coolness of Major Williams was completely disconcerted by this singular interruption.

"Sally Browne," said Charles, "what in the name of God brings you here?"

"What brings me here? I know what brings you here; did you not revenge me long ago?—and now, he's gone up there—he would have taken my life but for them that were with me, who said it was a sin to harm the mad girl. I stood in his road like his wraith, and I cursed him; and I trembled like that tree, that the wind's shaking. It's a morning, Master Charles, that one would fear to meet their conscience; I cursed him—here, cursed, cursed."

"What, in the name of heaven, is the meaning of this?" said Major Williams, in a whisper to Charles.

"The curse be upon him," said Charles earnestly; "this—his is doing."

"The spaying's come out, Master Charles, when they that heard it are with the dead. I'm wilder now, but not so frightened."

"Poor, poor soul," said the major, feelingly.

"Sally," said Charles, "we have not time to talk now; go back home again; this is no place for you at this hour."

"Home!" she cried with an hysterical scream, that was something like a whoop; "home! I have no home—I must wander the wide world till I meet with the old man—the dead man with white hairs—my home's the home of the wind; but I'll go; I'll not stop you as I stopped him—I tracked him these three days, and I found out that he was coming here, and I met him to curse him; and I saw his heart all wither up, and now I'm gone to wander for the dead man; the old man with the grey head—my father, father, father; and, still muttering these words, she passed us at a rapid step, and disappeared among the white thorns.

The delay had kept us so much that we had not time to ask for explanation of this singular occurrence. I heard Charles say to the major, "a victim of his perfidy." The major sighed heavily, and we walked on.

A few minutes more brought us to the ground. Mr. Leeson and his second were there before us; and a third person, whom I recognized as the gentleman to whom I had attributed the office of dog-stealer. Mr. Leeson had brought no surgeon. By this time the light was clear enough for all our purposes. The gentleman who was to act as Mr. Leeson's second stepped out to Major Williams—

"You have taken proper precautions; a professional gentleman, I presume," said he, in a tone that seemed to imply that his friend had no need of such precautions.

"I have done all, sir," said the veteran, "that I thought right, with a dignified tone.

"Very probably," said the other drily.

"We are now ready for business," said the major, in a tone approaching to haughtiness.

"Quiet," replied the other in a voice of imperturbable composure.

They moved a little farther from their principles to settle preliminaries.

"Twelve paces," said Mr. Leeson's second, with an appearance of sang froid.

"No sir," said the major, sternly.

"It's the usual distance."

"I believe, sir," said the major, "the challenged party has a right to some discretion; I wish fifteen."

The other retired to consult his principal; they talked awhile in visible agitation.

The major eyed him with a look, of which the scorn was not concealed.

"Major Williams," said the other, returning, "my friend seeks satisfaction for an outrageous insult—the distance you propose is too great."

"Then, sir," said the major, "you can have no objection to nine?"

I felt my blood run cold.

"It would be little better than murder," said the other.

"Nine, sir," taking no notice of what he said, said the major; "you have refused fifteen; I am anxious, on the part of my friend, to give you every satisfaction."

After some few words, the ground was measured at nine paces. When Mr. Leeson was placed, he became deadly pale—his coat was open; so as to expose a part of his line on his breast. He attempted to button it, but his hand trembled so violently that he could not. The dog-stealer remarked it, and buttoned it for him.

The seconds loaded the pistols, and handed each to his respective friend. Some few words had previously passed between Major Williams and Charles, at which I moved off, that I might not overhear. He now handed his pistol, and we all moved off.

The word was given—there was first one report—an instant afterwards the other. I trembled to look round—I heard some one exclaim, with an oath,

"he's killed!" I looked towards the spot where Charles stood, certain that my eyes would be blasted by the sight of his bleeding corpse. But he stood, just in the attitude in which he had fired. Opposite to him, his friends had raised up his unfortunate antagonist.

I ran towards him. Our surgeon was beside him—the wounded man had his hand upon his left side, indicating the direction that the ball had taken. He had opened up his coat and waistcoat to search for the wound—the ball had carried in a portion of his dress into the wound. The surgeon shook his head.

The dying man perceived it. "I knew it," he cried; "I'm done; damn it! I wanted his blood, and he has mine; damn him," he cried, as he clenched his fist. "Nine paces, it should have been three; then we would have gone together; damn that mad banisher; damn you all," he roared with a fiendish energy. A few more terrible imprecations, a few dashes of his teeth, and that ferocious spirit had passed away. There was a silence for some seconds; the surgeon was the first to break it.

"Fly gentlemen," he said, "it's all over here."

The admonition to fly was quickened by the appearance of a party rapidly moving towards us. All dispersed in different directions; Major Williams almost dragging with him his unheeded principal. There was something terrible in thus leaving the corpse of a fellow creature, who, but a few minutes before, had come with us in health and strength; I felt I could not fly; I was amazed when I found that the party approaching was that of Mr. Fortescue.

"It's all over," I said, pointing to the spot where the dead body lay.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Fortescue, "is it Leeson?"

I answered in the affirmative. He walked over where he lay stiff upon the sod—he gazed upon the dead body with a strange expression of features; I thought there was something of satisfaction in the consciousness that he had himself escaped. He said nothing, however, but merely asked the distance they had been placed.

"Ah," said he, "he had a second up to his business; he saved his life; perhaps mine too. Leeson would have hit his heart at twelve; but he was unaccustomed to nine; besides, he was at heart a coward, and he got afraid."

He turned away from the corpse, apparently well satisfied that he was not occupying its place.

"It's a nice morning's work," he said, with an expression, half of gaily, half melancholy, he took his intended second's arm—they walked off.

Charles kept his appointment with Mr. Irving that morning. "He had gotten up early and done his business." Of course he communicated to him the transaction. Mr. Irving was greatly shocked. The entire matter, however, raised Charles in his estimation—when he had a little recovered from the shock, he began to question Charles about the particulars of the quarrel.

"Did the fellow say I wanted to hook him in—had luck to his impudence; did he dare to say it? Well, Charles, you might take it. Maybe, Charles, you might take it yet," he added, significantly.

"You must hide, Charles, for a little while. I suppose there will be a coroner's jury—you will not be prosecuted, but you had better keep out of the way just now. I know no better hiding-place than just where you are; you must not let yourself be seen by daylight; you can take out one of the horses, and have a gallop by moonlight for exercise. The search will not be very diligent for you; and this, very likely, is the last place they will think of looking. I remember the old woman in the farm-house in the country, used constantly to put you in the chimney corner to avoid the smoke, when the whole house was full of it. And some times you may avoid danger by staying near to it. Even if you are taken, the worst is a few weeks in jail, and of course a verdict of not guilty."

Thus lightly did he talk of a transaction in which a fellow-creature had been sent to his last account.

"With all his imperfections on his head."

The coroner's jury, after examining one or two witnesses, found a verdict—

"That deceased came by his death by a shot fired by Charles Wilson, Edward Williams and another being assisting thereat, and that the value of said pistol was twenty shillings." The coroner, on this very grammatical verdict, issued his warrant for the apprehension of Charles Wilson, and Edward Williams.

It was generally said that there was gross mismanagement in allowing a coroner's inquest at all. I could not help