

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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THE GARLAND.



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

From the Lancaster Examiner and Herald
TO JOSEPH RITNER:

BY MISS LYDIA JANE PEARSON.

Go, then, to thy calm home in peace.
As the bright sun goes down at night,
While shadowy earth and darkening seas
Are mourning the departing light.

The fresh plants droop, & the bright flowers
Fold up their soft and fragrant leaves;
The birds sit silent in the bow'rs,
And the sweet evening songstress grieves.

And every sportive thing grows sad,
As the bright orb withdraws his ray;
And Nature, late so bright and glad,
In tears puts on her robes of grey.

Yet, though in tears and mourning clad,
A hemisphere is bathed in light,
The sun forever bright and glad,
Retains his majesty and might:

So, though from our politics
Thy glorious presence pass away,
Thy spirit's innate majesty
Around these sheds immortal day.

Thou art as happy, and as great,
Within thy own domestic bow'rs,
As in the august Halls of State,
Cloth'd in the panoply of power.

No glittering pomp, or titled name,
Could add to native worth like thine:
So no reverse can quench thy fame,
Or bright the brows thy brow that twine.

While the immortal mind endures,
And Genius bends at Learning's shrine,
Her native gratitude ensures
A wreath of blossom'd laurel thine.

Thou hast unbar'd with liberal hand,
The portals of a world of light,
Whence beams upon this shadowy land
The dawning of celestial light.

And as the day grows broad and clear,
And spirits drink the quickening light,
Thy memory shall become more clear,
The record of thy fame more bright.

Malignity shall strive in vain
To blot her annals in her rage;
Truth shall efface her every stain,
And pour her radiance o'er the page.

And Genius, rising in her might,
Erom all the chains of darkness free,
Shall on that page of glory write
Eternal Gratitude to thee!

And thou, in thy dear rural home,
Shalt feel a god like happiness,
While on the fragrant breezes come
The peans of a people's bliss.

The tribute of a nation freed
From ignorance's degrading thrall,
Must be the dearest, holiest meed
That to a good man's lot can fall.

Go, then, to thy glad home in peace,
With everlasting garlands crown'd;
Which science, from her holy bays,
Shall thine thy worthy temples round.

Thou'lt labor'd for thy country's good!
And serv'd her faithfully!
And she in generous gratitude
Shall evermore remember Thee!

And when from dear domestic joys
Again she call her RITNER forth,
We'll hail with joyful heart and voice,
The Sunrise to our shouting earth!

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD MAN.

We gather from the Cleaveland, (Ohio) papers, the following interesting facts, tending a venerable relic of the Revolution, who has seen 110 winters, and who was present at, and joined in, the festivities of the celebration in that city, of the Anniversary of Washington's birth-day, on the 22d of February.

The Mayor, Clergy, and Orator of the day, had ascended the pulpit, and were listening to the opening exercise by the choir, when there entered the Church, an old man who walked up the aisle with a firm and unflinching step, and being recognized by the Mayor, he descended and conducted him up to a seat by his side.

He had the appearance of a man of 70, though he was born three years previous to the birth of Washington, by whose side he fought through the whole of our revolutionary struggle, and was with him at "Baddock's Defeat."

These facts were briefly communicated to the orator who, in the course of his oration, turned and thus addressed the time-honored veteran:

"Father, we welcome you to an honored seat among us, and to a participation in the joys and the pleasures of this day. Your children are not unmindful of the debt of gratitude they owe you and your brothers in arms, for the many blessings which your youthful valor and patriotism have conferred upon them.

You are an old man. You see before you many whom we call old men; but you were old before they were born.

With the honor of five score years and ten upon your hoary head, Providence has kindly sent you down to us as the ambassador of a past generation.

You can tell us of scenes which your own eyes have witnessed more than a hundred years ago; for you have seen the stupendous changes that have converted a howling wilderness into a garden of beauty and of plenty. You now behold thousands of busy cities and villages, printing to Heaven their temple-spires, as in proud and solemn mockery of the towering forest-oak, beneath which you have seen gathered together the wigwags of the murderous savage.

You now listen to the sound of the church-going bell, commingling with the voice of civilized man, where you once heard the hoot of the boding owl uniting with the horrid yell of savage revelry. You heard the roar of cannon which announced the anniversary morning of the birth-day of your departed and beloved chief, by whose side you stood in the dark day of your country's strife, but it came not to your ears as the fearful precursor of the battle storm; and you heard the chimes of the deep toned bells, but they called not the people to extinguish the fires of the enemy's rocket.

The burnished arms and the glittering uniform which you now see before you, contrast but too strikingly with the half-clad peasantry that composed the army of the Revolution; whose arms were the rusty firelocks that had long reposed upon the resting hooks of their own dwellings, but which, when the voice of their country called, they hastily snatched, and, flying from camp to camp, were tracked by the blood of their footsteps.

But, father, where now are those brave and heroic men who fought with you through that long and bloody drama which secured the liberty of your country? Alas! but few remain to count their scars and tell the tale of their early sufferings.

Most of them have gone to their long home, and soon, too soon will be toll'd the knell of the last Hero of the Revolution.

But the memory of your noble doings shall not go down with you to the land of silence. The monument of your fame shall endure when the marble that points the spot where you slumber shall have moldered into dust. Centuries may roll on to the long night of forgetfulness; ages may come, and dwell, and go; kingdoms

may rise, and flourish, and fall; but while Freedom has a votary, and Liberty a name, the "record of your deeds shall not perish from the remembrance of man."

And that master-spirit of the storm—though no adventitious attractions mark the spot where the Hero sleeps; no gorgeous statue rises to mock his memory; no cenotaph to inspire reverence, but the simple inscription of his name; yet, like the Romans at the grave of Germanicus, a whole nation weeps over his dust, and tears of generations yet unborn, shall nourish the laurels that now droop above the tomb of Washington.

Time is rapidly flying, and the scenes of this day will soon have passed. You will depart for your distant home, and we shall never all again be permitted to behold your aged form, and to gaze upon those care-worn and furrowed cheeks. And may He who watched over and preserved you in the day of battle, sustain and comfort you in that sad hour which must shortly terminate your days upon the earth."

*Seth T. Hurd, Esq.

From the American Museum.

The Handsome Stranger. AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was on a fine spring morning, some years since, that I found myself in one of those nuisances which, for the convenience of the patient public, so long plied between New York and Long Island: I mean an old Brooklyn steam boat—now thanks to the enterprise of a few individuals, replaced by commodious and neat ferry-boats. As it is my disposition to seek always for the hidden good in every apparent evil, and from the most uncomfortable situation to extract, at least, amusement, I turned my attention to the study of human face divine as exhibited in the dirty, crowded cabin. In such an assemblage as is usually found in such places, there must be, of necessity, a large proportion of insignificant, inexpressive, and disagreeable countenances, but the eye that seeks for the beautiful and the good, can seldom roam through a crowded circle without finding, at least, one brow on which it may rest with pleasure.

On the morning in question; I was struck with exceeding beauty of a head immediately opposite me. A group of two or three persons stood between me and the individual that had attracted my attention, so that I could not see nothing but the head—and I certainly never saw a more exquisite specimen of male beauty. It seemed like a vivification of one of Vandyke's magnificent portraits. The dark clear complexion—the finally chiselled features—the superb curve of the criniplosities; the broad arch of the expansive forehead, and the full, dark eyes lighted up with an almost dazzling brilliancy formed a combination of beauty, such as the old Italian masters may have sometimes beheld, when Venice was the ocean queen, and her children among the fairest as well as the noblest of the earth. The eyes were apparently fixed on the glimpse of blue sky visible through the narrow window, while the marble stillness of the countenance, and almost rigid tranquillity of the features, made me feel as if I was, in very truth, gazing on some wondrous triumph of the painter's art.—While I looked, a sudden turn of the boat brought the full glare of the morning sun directly upon those singular eyes but the radiance, which fell with almost blinding power on the faces of those around, seemed to be to him but as the light of a farthing candle; his glance quited not for an instant, even when it met the blaze of the meridian sun. My imagination was busily engaged in weaving a fancy web, of romantic history, for this rarely gifted individual. But I was suddenly recalled to every day life by the arrival of the boat at the ferry; and the usual scramble to get on shore. I then perceived that this magnificent head had actually been wasted upon a miserable, shrunken, crooked figure that might have personated Richard the third, as Stephen Kemble is said to have played Falstaff "without stuffing."

He was, evidently "an unfortunate gentleman." His habiliments had certainly not been "made to order," and had long since lost all claim to the gentility they might have possessed when he first received them in all the gloss of a Chatham street rificamento. Altogether he was an anomaly. If a whimsical sculptor should have joined the god-like head of Apollo to the distorted body of Vulcan, the effect could scarcely have been more grotesque. I amused myself as I walked up Fulton, with endeavoring to form some idea of what possible use the rare gift of beauty would

ever be to this stray waif upon the world; but I could fancy it of no other utility than to excite the sympathy of some good natured serving wench, when at some future day its possessor accompanied *Old Hays* to Bridewell.

About two years afterwards, I was spending a few weeks at the springs, when the little community of fashionables was thrown into commotion by the arrival of a splendid carriage, with outriders, said to contain Son Altesse the Duke del Piombino. Any one that has ever spent a week at Saratoga, will not easily forget the almost insane passion which is there exhibited for foreign fashions, and, above all, foreign titles. In fact I have heard it seriously asserted, that a well trained outrider, furnished with a title as a passport, and a meerschaun as an excuse for his silence, might obtain access to the "best society" of even our own proud city of Gotham, without much difficulty. The arrival of the Duke del Piombino created of course a very great sensation; and many an old-fashioned papa was teased into a promise of making an effort to compass the Duke's acquaintance in the course of the day, that their daughters might have the honor of his hand in the evening dance. Never had Saratoga beheld a more splendid galaxy of beauty than that which graced the ball that night. But alas! the blaze of charms was powerless. The Duke was not present. Indeed his highness seemed determined to disappoint all calculation. For three days he was too unwell to leave his room; and innumerable were the stone bottles of Congress water that were carried to that honorable apartment. For three days his own six servants, and about half a dozen others belonging to the house, were kept constantly employed in attending upon him. In the meantime curiosity was excited to an almost painful degree. The *femmes des chambres* belonging to the establishment endeavored to learn something from his servants but with little success. His coachman and outriders were mere Irish hostlers picked up in New York, and his valet the only one capable giving any information, a stiff, formal Englishman with a strongly marked Jewish physiognomy, only stated that his master had left Europe incognito to avoid notoriety.

On the evening of the third day he appeared at the tea-table. Every eye was fixed upon him as he entered the room, and even the gentlemen acknowledged that he was well worthy of attention. He was attired in the rich uniform of an Austrian Colonel of Hussars and a short Spanish cloak of black velvet, such as we often see in the theatrical costume, was flung carelessly over one shoulder; while the ladies did not fail to observe that the clasp of his cloak, together with his breastpin of fine were diamonds. But picturesque as was his dress, it was scarcely noticed by those who were enabled to obtain a view of his countenance. The soft, lustrous eyes, the superb forehead, the exquisite mouth and the Byronic chin of the noble Duke were exhaustless themes of admiration. His whiskers were quite unexceptionable, his mustache was the very bow of Cupid, and when some one ventured to hint that if his features were examined critically his nose would be found to be a little too aquiline, a little too nearly approaching to the Jewish confirmation, the suggestion was treated with such merited scorn as envy should always receive. I gazed on him a long time with that dubious feeling of half-recognition which sometimes haunts us like a remembered dream. I could not recollect that I had ever been in company with the Duke and yet I was sure his face was not unfamiliar to me.

Great were the heart-burnings that night in the ball-room. His highness did not dance, but amused himself with watching the many lovely forms that floated amid the mazes of the bewitching waltz. Many a bright eye grew brighter beneath his glance—many a fair cheek blushed "celestial rosy red" as the dancer's gossamer robe brushed the velvet trappings of the noble stranger.

The next day the Duke exhibited himself on horseback and thus afforded us an opportunity of observing his small and beautiful foot. His form was evidently diminutive, but the graceful cloak which seemed his constant companion forbade us to discover its proportions, and all were willing to believe that where the head was so fine and the extremities so well shaped the figure also must be good. As he rode slowly away the same vague feeling of recognition passed through my mind, and as he dismounted after his return I discovered the mystery. His horse, alarmed by some unwonted sound, turned short round as he was about alighting, & to avoid an appearance of awkwardness he was compelled to dismount with the sun full in his eyes. He raised his head and met the full blaze of light, without a momentary dropping of the eyelid; and this simple incident at once dissipated all my doubts. He was the strange individual I

had met on board the steamboat—the handsome stranger.

My suspicions once aroused, I determined to watch the noble Duke very narrowly, and discover, if possible, the meaning of this surprising metamorphose. I found him gradually making himself acquainted with the loveliest among the females, and the richest among the men. His equipage and servants were always at the command of the ladies whom he honored with his admiration, and their brothers could not be so unreasonable as to object to an acquaintance with a man who displayed the decorations of innumerable orders of knighthood—who hinted his consanguinity with the blood royal of France; and above all, who lost his money at billiards with so much grace and dignity.

Among the belles of the season, Matilda Easton, the orphan heiress of a Southern planter, was conspicuous. She had visited the Springs under the protection of her aunt, a sentimental spinster of the old school, who doated on the production of the "Minerva Press," and expected all kinds of romantic improbabilities from the charms of her bewitching niece. Matilda was certainly a splendid creature, and with a little more self-distrust would have been a very lovely woman; but, born at the South, and surrounded by slaves from infancy, she had learned to look upon herself as a sort of earthly divinity whom men ought to worship rather than presume to love. She was just twenty, and in actual possession of her immense fortune; it was no wonder, therefore, that the Duke singled her out as the object of special attention. The undisguised delight with which Matilda enjoyed the triumph over her rivals, first made me doubt the better qualities of her nature. I, using the privilege of my years, endeavored in vain to awaken her to a full sense of the danger she was incurring in this intimacy, but she was too self-willed to listen to an old man's caution, and nothing was left to me but to look on while the game was played.

In the course of a short time the billiard players found that the stranger could win money as amiably as he once lost it, and many a precipitate retreat from the summer abode of Fashion, might be attributed to the grace with which the noble Duke presided over the table of Fortune. Many a young dandy, who had dealt out the highest ecumons on his Highness' affability, was obliged to add his regrets that a republican purse was quite insufficient to support so aristocratic an acquaintance. In the meantime the singular beauty of his countenance seemed to serve him instead of a letter of credit, and wherever he went he was sure of being well received. "Why does he always wear that cloak?" I asked of Matilda, to whom he professed to have narrated many incidents in his life. "Oh, there is a very romantic story connected with it," replied she, "but it was related to me under a promise of secrecy; I can tell you enough, however, to account for his always wearing it. While travelling through Calabria he was fortunate enough to rescue a Spanish Prince from the hands of a banditti; in the sudden impulse of gratitude the Prince threw his own cloak, with its splendid diamond clasp, on the Duke's shoulders, and exacted from him a promise never to appear without it until they should meet again."

"How long since this romantic adventure occurred," I asked. "About three years." "The Duke has been extremely careful of his royal gift, if he has been able to retain its first gloss so long," said I; but Matilda declined to reply to my inuendo, and I questioned her no farther. I remained an anxious, though not an interested spectator of their proceedings until I learned that Matilda had broken off an engagement of a year's standing with her cousin, a promising lawyer in Charleston, and then in disgust I quitted the Springs.

I had been but a few days at my old winter lodgings in the City Hotel, when I found the Duke of Piombino was among us. Matilda had returned to her splendid house near the Battery, and the Duke took up his abode in the vicinity, determined to follow up his advantage. Living in the house with him, I could not but observe the admirable manner in which he conducted his manoeuvres. His fine horsemanship—his skill in music—his vast erudition—all were topics of praise in the circles where he visited, but I could not divest myself of the belief that equestrian skill was all that he actually possessed. The picturesque beauty of his attitude as he flung back the drapery of his short cloak; and striking a few chords on the guitar, breathed in a low sweet voice, some simple French or Spanish love song, was enough to disarm all criticism, and many a sensible girl, charmed by the magic of his tones, forgot to ask whether they were the gift of nature or the effect of cultivation. His reputation for learning he was careful not to endanger. Allusion to strange personal adventures were much more common in

his mouth than philosophical discussions, and he had a tact seldom equalled in turning the conversation from books to things, from actions to persons.

At length I received a card to attend the wedding of the rich and beautiful Matilda Easton. How shall I describe the fairy-like beauty with which her magnificent abode was invested on that festal night? The rooms were converted into Turkish pavilions of unequalled splendor, hangings of silk and gold covered the walls, cushions of eider down, covered with the costliest satins were piled upon the floors, the staircases were crowded with the richest exotics and every thing wore the appearance of an Oriental festival. The guests were attired with proportionate richness, but murmurs of admiration echoed through the rooms as the bridal party entered. Six bridesmaids attended the stately bride, who in her rich robe of white velvet, embroidered with silver, and looped with diamonds looked "every inch a queen." The ordinary splendor of the Duke's attire left no opportunity for greater display that evening but the almost radiant beauty of his countenance, flushed as it was with triumph, was noticed by all.

The next morning the happy pair left the city for Washington, but before dinner time all the Broadway loungers were whispering some strange story about the Duke's cloak. It was said that it had been worn less to produce a graceful effect than to hide a most ungraceful deformity—in short the lady's *femme de chambre* had discovered that the noble bridegroom had a hump-back.

A few months after, Matilda's vast property was converted into bills of exchange, and they departed for Europe, intending to make the grand tour, while the ancient palace of the Ducal territory of Piombino should be newly furnished to receive its republican mistress.

Poor Matilda! she has been for some time a boarder in a convent in the south of France. Her pride will not allow her return to her native land, and the remnant of her fortune has enabled to purchase a home among strangers. The discovery that she made of his personal deformity was the first shock she encountered; but, to reconcile her to this he had shown her a *fleur de lys* stamped deeply on his shoulder as with a hot iron, which he informed her, under a solemn injunction of secrecy, was an indisputable proof of his Bourbon blood, as all members of royal family received that impression immediately after birth. This served to console the ambitious wife for many sorrows. She saw her money wasted at the gaming table—she heard her husband spoken lightly of, among his servants—she felt his estrangement from herself, but still she ceased not to pride herself in the thought that she was the wife of a prince of the blood. But the final blow came. A party of *gens d'arms* one day entered their magnificent hotel and seized him as a felon escaped from the galleys. The *fleur de lys*, the proof of his royal birth, was in fact the badge of merited infamy!

His history may be told in a few words. He was a French Jew, whose original employment had been the never failing resource of the poor Israelite—dealing in old clothes. Five years previous he had been branded and condemned to the galleys for swindling, but having succeeded in making his escape, he determined to push his fortunes in America. "Ce n'est oue le premier pass qui soute." A run of luck at the gaming table gave him funds to commence his grand experiment, an accomplice less favored by nature assumed the station of his valet, while he played to perfection the noble Duke, and we have already seen how he succeeded.

Whether his career is yet ended I cannot say, but my last meeting with the noble Duke del Piombino was during a visit to France a few months since, when I saw him chained by the neck to a fellow scoundrel, and busily employed in mending the road near Paris.

The fate of the lovely Matilda is a melancholy one; but who of the loungers in fashionable life can recall a somewhat similar case? When we shall cease to ape foreign follies, and foreign vices; when we shall learn to value the title of "American citizen" above the proudest peerage that Europe can boast, then, and not till then, shall we cease to hear of such things.

A greenhorn lately took a notion to get married. After the ceremony was concluded, young Jonathan took a *quarter dollar* out of his pocket, deliberately walked up to the parson, and handed it to him, saying, "Parson, keep the whole, you needn't give me back any change."

To preserve a friend three things are required; to honour him present, praise him absent, and assist him in his necessities.