

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE GARLAND.



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

From the N. Y. Weekly Whig.
AUNT BECKY.

Aunt Becky led a single life—
That is she ne'er became a wife;
But always lived a sad old maid,
Folks often wondered why she chose
To pluck the thorn and leave the rose;
(Or rather said it to perplex her,
As that was just the thing to vex her.)
But here's the truth, Aunt Becky would
Have married if she only could.
With love her heart did often burn,
But no one sent their love in turn;
She longed in vain to taste the honey,
That flowed from blissful matrimony;
For none, excepting Billy Snooks,
Dared meet her very ugly looks;
Nor even he his visits paid,
Unless to borrow, chat, or trade.

Aunt Becky's nose looked queer enough—
A little snub, and up to snuff;
And then she had a head of hair
Whose red locks shone so bright and fair
That many a self conceited cox
Gave her the name of Sorrel top.
Her eyes were grey—her teeth were white
But only two e'er came in sight;
Her skin was of the saffron dye
Which which Aurora tints the sky;
In short when she was in her prime;
Saw twenty-five—and at the time
When she enjoyed her happiest hour—
She looked just like a rank sunflower!
She owned a snug and peaceful cot—
A pig, a cow, and garden spot,
Besides a distant tract of land.
Fit emblem of her dreary fate,
In such a dry unfruitful state.
The hens and chickens, great and small,
Run always at her morning call;
For every fowl she had a name,
And each one answered to the same,
As, Long-legs, Short-legs, Duck legs creeper,
Old Rumple, Croptail, L. ngtail, Sweeper.
All things were straight, out door and in,
And neat and tidy as a pin,
The pewter cups were kept as bright
As stars that shine in cloudless night;
And o'er the nicely sanded room,
O, 'twas a glorious sight to see
Trifles arranged so tastefully!
A fly-trap from the ceiling swung;
And here and there real peppers hung.
Around the glass was neatly tied
Paper of white and blue combined.
A dream book lay upon the shelf,
Likewise the History of an Elf,
For she believed in dreams and witches;
In fact, she often found the stitches
Of her late knitting work let down,
When e'er the rascal came to town.

Aunt Becky kept a dog and cat—
She'd talk to this and then to that,
Upbraid them when inclined to fight,
And told them not to scratch and bite,
For 'twas a naughty thing to see
Kittens and puppies disagree.
The way Aunt Becky drank Souchong
Was said to constitution strong;
I've known her sip two gallons up—
Then tell her fortune from the cup,
And finish off by stepping o'er
The leaves that had been steeped before.

She's gone, poor creature! she is dead,
And wild weeds grew above her head;
No lover bends his knee and weeps
Upon the grave where virtue sleeps;
And not a stone is raised to show
That Becky rests in peace below
The moaning wind and distant surge

Nightly repeat a mournful dirge,
While gathering thorns and thistles wave
Their branches o'er her lonely grave,
And memory ought to cause a smart
Of sorrow in each falling heart;
Since she was not my Aunt alone,
But unto one and all was known,
As 'Old Aunt Becky Underhill
That lives down in Timberville."

Miscellaneous.

THE FAITH OF WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS,"—
"CROMWELL," &c.
"Two things there be on earth that ne'er
forget—
A woman! and a dog!—where once their
love is set!"
OLD MS.

It was the morning after the extermination fight of Hastings. The banner blessed of the Roman pontiff streamed on the tainted air, from the same hillock whence the Dragon standard of the Saxons had shone unconquered to the sun of yester-even! Hard by was pitched the proud pavilion of the conqueror, who, after the tremendous strife and perilous labors of the preceding day, reposed himself in fearless and untroubled confidence upon the field of his renown; secure in the possession of the land, which he was destined to transmit to his posterity, for many hundred years, by the red title of the sword. To the defeated Saxons, morning, however, brought but a renewal of those miseries, which, having yesterday commenced with the first victory of their Norman lords, were never to conclude nor even to relax, until the complete amalgamation of the rival races should leave no Normans to torment, no Saxons to endure; all being merged at last into one general name of English, and by their union, giving origin to the most powerful, and brave, and intellectual people the world has ever looked upon, since the extinction of Rome's freedom. At the time of which we are now speaking, nothing was thought of by the victors, save how to rivet most securely on the necks of the unhappy natives, their yoke of iron—nothing by the poor subjugated Saxons, but how to escape for the moment the unrelenting massacre, which was urged far and wide, by the remorseless conquerors, throughout the devastated country. With the defeat of Harold's lost, all national hope of freedom was at once lost to England—though to a man, the English population were brave and loyal, and devoted to their country's rights—the want of leaders—all having perished side by side on that disastrous field—of combination, without which, myriads are but dust in the scale against the force of one united handful—rendered them quite unworthy of any serious fears, and even of consideration to the blood-thirsty barons of the invading army. Over the whole expanse of level country, which might be seen from the slight elevation whereon was pitched the camp of William, on every side might be descried small parties of the Norman horse, driving in with their bloody lances, as if they were mere cattle, the unhappy captives; a few of whom they now began to spare, not from the slightest sentiment of mercy, but literally that their arms were weary with the task of slaying, although their hearts were yet insatiate of blood. It must be taken now into consideration by those who listen with dismay & wonder to the accounts of pitiless barbarity, of indiscriminate slaughter on the part of men, whom they have hitherto been taught to look upon as brave, indeed, as lions in the field, but not partaking of the lion's nature after the field was won, not only that the seeds of enmity had long been sown between those rival people, but that the deadly crop of hatred had grown up, watered abundantly by tears and blood of either, and lastly, that the fierce fanaticism of religious persecution was added to the natural rancor of a war waged for the ends of conquest or extermination. The Saxon nation, from the king downward to the meanest serf, who fought beneath his banner, or buckled on the arms of liberty, were all involved under the common bar of the pope's interdict—they were accused by God, and handed over by his holy church to the kind mercies of the secular arm! and, therefore, though but yesterday they were a powerful and united nation, to-day they were but a vile horde of scattered outlaws, whom any man might slay wherever he should find them, whether in arms or otherwise, amenable for blood neither to any moral jurisdiction, nor even to the ultimate tribunal to which all must submit hereafter, unless deprived of their appeal, like these poor fugitives, by excommunication from the pale of Christianity. For thirty miles around the Norman camp, pillars of smoke by day, continually streaming upward to the polluted heaven, and the red glare of nightly conflagration, told fatally the doom of many a happy home! Neither the castle nor the cottage might preserve their male inhabitants

from the sword's edge, the females from more barbarous persecution! Neither the sacred hearth of hospitality, nor the more sacred altars of God's churches might protect the miserable fugitives—neither the mail-shirt of the man-at-arms, nor the monk's frock of serge availed against the thrust of the fierce Norman spear. All was dismay and havoc, such as the land wherein those horrors were enacted, has never witnessed since, through many a following age.

High noon approached, and in the conqueror's tent a gorgeous feast was spread—the red wine flowed profusely, and song and minstrelry arose with their heart-soothing tones, to which the feeble groans of dying wretches bore a dread burden, from the plain whereon they still lay struggling in their great agonies, too sorely maimed to live, too strong, as yet, to die. But, ever and anon, their wail waxed feebler and less frequent; for many a plunderer was on foot, licensed to ply his odious calling in the full light of day; reaping his first, if not his richest booty, from the dead bodies of their slaughtered foemen. Ill fared the wretches, who lay there, untended by the hand of love or mercy—"scorched by the death-thirst, and writhing in vain"—but worse fared they, who showed a sign of life to the relentless robbers of the dead—for then the dagger—falsely called that of mercy, was the dispenser of immediate immortality. The conqueror sat at his triumphant board, and barons drank his health. "First English monarch, of the pure blood of Normandy," "King by the right of the sword's edge," "Great, glorious, and sublime!"—yet was not his heart softened, nor was his bitter hate toward the unhappy prince who had so often ridden by his side in war, and feasted at the same board with him in peace, relinquished or abated. Even while the feast was at the highest—while every heart was joyous and sublime, a trembling messenger approached, craving on bended knee permission to address the conqueror and King—for so he was already schooled by brief but hard experience to style the devastator of his country.

"Speak out, Dog Saxon," cried the ferocious prince—"but since thou must speak, see that thy speech be brief, and thou would'st keep thy tongue uncropped thereafter!"
"Great Duke, and mighty," replied the trembling envoy, "I bear you greeting from Elgitha, herewith the noble wife of Godwin, the queenly mother of our late monarch—now, as she bade me style her, the humblest of your suppliants and slaves. Of your great nobleness and mercy, mighty King, she sues you, that you will grant her the poor leave to search amid the heaps of those our Saxon dead, that her three sons may at least lie in consecrated earth; so may God send you peace and glory here, and everlasting happiness hereafter!"

"Hear to the Saxon slave!" William exclaimed, turning as if in wonder towards his nobles, "hear to the Saxon slave, that dares to speak of consecrated earth, and of interment for the accursed body of that most perfidious excommunicated bar! Hence! tell the mother of the dead dog, whom you have dared to style your King, that for the interdicted and accursed dead, the sands of the sea shore are but too good a sepulcher!"

"She bade me proffer humbly to your acceptance, the weight of Harold's body in pure gold," faintly gasped forth the terrified and cringing messenger, "so you would grant her that permission?"
"Proffer us gold!—what gold? or whose? Know, William, all the gold throughout this conquered realm, is ours! Hence, dog and outcast, hence! nor presume e'er again to come, insulting us by proffering, as a boon to our acceptance, that which we own already, by the most indefeasible and ancient right of conquest! Said I not well, knights, vassalours, and nobles?"

"Well! well! and nobly," answered they, one and all. "The land is ours—and all that therein is—their dwellings, their demesnes, their wealth, whether of gold, or silver, or of cattle—yea! they themselves are ours, themselves, their sons, their daughters, and their wives; our portion and inheritance, to be our slaves for ever!"

"Begone! you have heard our answer," exclaimed the Duke, spurning him with his foot, "and hark ye, arbalastmen and archers, if any Saxon more approach us on like errand, see if his coat of skin be proof against the quarrel of the shaft."
And once again the feast went on—and louder rang the revelry, and faster flew the wine-cup round the tumultuous board. All day the banquet lasted, even till the dew of heaven fell on that fatal field, watered sufficiently, already, by the rich gore of many a noble heart. All day the banquet lasted, and far was it prolonged into the watches of the night, when, arising with the wine-cup in his hand, "Nobles and barons," cried the Duke; "friends, comrades, conquerors—bear witness to my vow! Here, on these heights of Ha-

sings, and more especially upon your mound and hillock, when God gave to us our high victory, and where our last foe fell; There will I raise an abbey to His eternal praise and glory; richly endowed it shall be, from the first fruits of our land. BATTLE, it shall be called, to send the memory of this, the great and singular achievement of our race, to far posterity; and by the splendor of our God, wine shall be plentier among the monks of Battle, than water in the noblest and the richest cloister else, search the world over. This do I swear; so may God aid, who hath thus far assisted us for our renown, and will not now deny his help, when it be asked for his own glory."

The second day dawned on the place of horror, and not a Saxon had presumed since the intolerant message of the Duke, to come to look upon his dead. But now the ground was needed, whereon to lay the first stone of the abbey, William had vowed to God. The ground was needed; and moreover, the foul steam, from the human shambles, was pestilential on the winds of heaven; and now by trumpet sound, and proclamation through the land, the Saxons were called forth, on pain of death, to come and seek their dead, lest the health of the conqueror should suffer from the pollution they themselves had wrought. Scarce had the blast sounded, ere from their miserable shelters, where they had herded with the wild beasts of the forest, from wood, morass, and cavern, happy, if they might escape the Norman spear, forth crept the relics of that persecuted race. Old men and matrons, with hoary heads, and steps that tottered no less from the effect of terror, than of age; maidens, and youths, and infants, too happy to obtain permission to search amid those festering heaps, dabbled their hands in the corrupt and pestilential gore which filled each nook and hollow of the dinted soil, so they might bear away, and water with their tears, and yield to consecrated ground the relics of those brave ones, once loved so fondly, and now so bitterly lamented. It was toward the afternoon of that same day, when a long train was seen approaching, with crucifix, and cross, and censer, the monks of Waltham Abbey—coming to offer homage for themselves, and for their tenants and vassals, to him whom they acknowledged as their king; expressing their submission to the high will of the Norman pontiff, justified, as they said, and proved by the assertion of God's judgment upon the Hill of Hastings. Highly delighted by this absolute submission, the first he had received from any English tongue, the conqueror received the monks with courtesy and favor, granted them high immunities, and promising them free protection, and the unquestioned tenor of their broad demesnes, for ever. Nay! after he had answered their address, he detained two of their number, men of intelligence, as with his wonted quickness of perception he instantly discovered, from whom to derive information as to the nature of his new-acquired country, and newly conquered subjects. Osgad and Ailric, the deputed messengers from the respected principal of their community, had yet a further and higher object than to tender their submission to the conqueror. Their orders were at all and every risk, to gain permission to consign the corpse of their late King and founder, to the earth, previously denied them. And soon, emboldened by the courtesy and kindness of the much-dreaded Norman, they took courage to approach the subject, knowing it interdicted even on pain of death; and to their wonder and delight, it was unhesitatingly granted. Throughout the whole of the third day, succeeding that unparalleled defeat and slaughter, those old men might be seen toiling among the naked carcasses, disfigured, maimed, and festering in the sun toiling to find the object of their devoted veneration. But vain were all their labors—vain was their search, even when they called in the aid of his most intimate attendants, ay, of the mother that had borne him! The corpses of his brethren, Leofwyn and Gurth, were soon discovered, but not one eye, even of those who had most dearly loved him, could not distinguish the maimed features of the King. At last, when hope itself was now almost extinct—some one named Edith, the Swan-necked. She had been the mistress, years ere he had been, or dreamed of being King, to the brave son of Godwin. She had beloved him in her youth, with that one, single-minded, constant, never-ending love, which but few, even of her devoted sex, can feel, and that but once, and for one cherished object. Deserted and dishonored, when he she loved was elevated to the throne, she had not ceased from her true adoration, but quitting her now joyless home, had shared her heart between her memories and her God, in the sequestered cloisters of the nunnery of Croyland. More days elapsed, ere she could reach the fatal spot, and the increased corruption denied the smallest hope of his dis-

covery; yet, from the moment when the mission was named to her, she expressed her full and confident conviction that she could recognize that loved one, so long as but one hair remained on that head she had once so cherished. It was night when she arrived on the fatal field, and by the light of torches, once more they set out on their awful duty. "Show me the spot," she said, "where the last warrior fell," and she was led to the place where had been found the corpses of his gallant brethren, and with an instinct that nothing could deceive, she went straight to the corpse of Harold—it had been turned to and from many times, by those who sought it. His mother had looked on it, and pronounced it not her son's, but that devoted heart knew it at once and broke.—Whom rank, and wealth, and honors had divided, defeat and death made one;—and the same grave contained the cold remains of Edith the Swan-necked, and the last scion of the Saxon Kings of England.

AN ANECDOTE IN POINT.

Extract from a Speech of Mr Underwood
On a motion for an inquiry into the de-
falcations of Public Officers.

The conduct of the late and present administrations in respect to Watkins, and the host of defaulters, reminds me of an occurrence in the far west. I tell the story, but conceal the names of the party. Pity shields them from presentation to public scorn.

An old man was always extolling his own virtues, and decrying those of other people, and who was above all concealment, according to his repeated avowals, was passing his way home after running the noblest buck in the forest, by a cornfield of a neighbor remotely situated from the dwelling house. His sons and dogs were along, much fatigued by the recent chase. The old man discovered in the field a single hog—a runt—engaged in breaking down the stalks and eating the corn. He immediately swore by "the Eternal," that he never could witness such a sight without feeling the greatest indignation against the guilty brute, and he instantly ordered his son to set the dogs on, declaring at the moment, that if the fore him to pieces it would be a good thing, inasmuch that by such means the neighbourhood might get clear of a bad breed of hogs. The boy obeyed, and the dog reluctantly engaged in the less noble work and being the more furious and savage in consequence of fatigue, mangled the animal until his life was in danger. The youth not wholly destitute of compassion, even towards a hog, at length seized and threw him over the fence, and called off the dogs. The old man said it was useless to go around the fence and stop the holes, as he was certain the lesson would effectually teach the hog never to enter again. So they went on home without repairing the fence, taking care however, to pass by the owner of the field to let him know how kind and neighborly they had been in turning out the hog. Not long afterward, the old man, his son, and dogs were going by the same field, and in it, instead of one, they discovered a large gang of hogs of all sizes, variously engaged. Some were breaking down the stalks and cracking the corn with voracious appetites; some apparently surfeited, were napping at the heels of those stimulated by hunger, and a goodly number had husks and fodder in their mouths, some frisking, and others deliberately marching to the pannels of the fence, to make themselves pleasant beds with the spoils. As the old man saw what was going on a distance, he said to his son, "Now my boy the dogs shall have sport." Indeed, the prospect of a continual uproar fighting, and comminglement of shouting, yelping and squalling in a neighbor's cornfield, was a scene by no means agreeable to the old man's taste. He therefore mounted the fence with alacrity, intending to post himself and witness the feats of his son and the dogs while sitting on a rail. But he no sooner straddled the rider than his aspect changed suddenly. He turned to his son who was climbing up after him and said, "why these are our hogs." The boy gazed in silence a moment, and then with an arch look, replied, "as I live, 'tis true; but I reckon though I must dog them a little." The old man took a second sober thought, and after a minute's gaze, he said, "perhaps, my son, it would have been better for the owner of the corn, if we had stopped the hole the other day. We broke down a good deal of corn, and did mischief in getting out a single runt with dogs, and we shall not leave a stalk standing if we serve all my gang that way. I know too, your mammy will not like it; for I have often heard her say she could not bear to make soup out of 'f' hogs' ears that had been torn by the dogs. I will therefore, take the dogs off, and leave you to tote the hogs out as peaceably as you can." The boy ventured to ask, "what will the owner of the corn say, if he finds out that we did not treat our hogs like

those of other people? The old man put his finger upon his lip, gave his son a significant look and departed with the dogs in silence. But unfortunately for his reputation, he had not more than got out of sight of the field, when the owner on his way to it, met him. Their conversation was very brief, as the old man said he was in a hurry. His son was found in the field toiling and coaxing the hogs to the gap. The circumstances were so plain that the owner of the corn ever told the story as I have related it, and no one doubted its truth.

ABSURDITIES

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty. To lose money at play and then fly into passion about it. To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week. To ask a wine merchant the age of his wine. To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that no body visits you unless they gain some palpable advantage by it. To get drunk and complain the next morning of a head ache. To spend your earnings in liquor, and wonder that you are ragged. To judge of peoples piety by their attendance at church. To make your servants tell lies for you, and then get angry when they tell lies for themselves. To ask others to keep your secrets, when you can't keep them yourself. To expect to make a poor man pay a debt by putting him to jail.

THE BITER BIT.—A noble lord a short time ago applied to a pawn-broker to lend him one thousand guineas on his wife's jewels, for which he had paid four thousand. "Take the articles to pieces," said his lordship, "number the stones, and put false ones in their place, my lady will not distinguish them." "Your are too late, my lord," said the pawnbroker, "your lady has stolen a march upon you; these stones are false, I bought the diamonds of her ladyship a twelvemonth ago."

THE HANGMAN AND JUDGE.

"Did your lordship never attend a killing time at the Old Bailey? If not, pray favor me with your company, not on the gallows, but standing in the street, amidst a crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you and the Sheriffs. Perhaps it will add to the zest if you come when I have a young woman to stiffen supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of her petticoats as she swings in the air produce a pleasant sound in your ears, my learned master? Fail not to watch the people; the men, women, and children—good, bad, and indifferent, who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law. You will see such flashing of eyes and grinding of teeth, you will hear sighs and groans, and words of rage, and hatred, with curses on yourself and me; and then laughter, such as it is, of an unnatural kind, that they will make you start; jests on the dead, that will make you sick! You will feel, no, why should you feel any more than your faithful journeyman. We shall go to our breakfasts with good appetites; and a firm conviction that every hanging-lout changes my sneaking pilferers into savage robbers, fit for murder.

A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy with malice aforethought. If guilty he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of business; a beautiful child he was too, as you may have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes, and golden hair. I have no heart, no feelings; who has in our calling? But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster have hearts and feelings as we once had. Have! no, had! for what they saw was fit to make them as hard as you servant, or his master.

They saw that stumbling, lifted fainting, on the gallows; his smooth cheek of the color of wood ashes, his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving a sigh, as if his body and soul were parting without any help. This was a downright murder; for there was scarce any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his baby-face he pressed his small hands together (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body) and gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick the butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; this creature muttered, "pray, sir, don't hurt me." "My dear," answered I, "you should have spoken to my master, I'm only the journeyman and must do as I am bid." This made him cry, which seemed a relief to him, and I do think I should have cried myself, if I had not heard the crowd shout, "poor lamb! shame—murder!" "Quick," said the sheriff. "Ready" said I. The Rev. gentleman gave me the wink, the drop fell—one kick, and he swayed to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed, some swearing,