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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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POETRY.

SUMMER'S GONE.

Thou art gone, Oh! glorious summer,
With thy sunshine and bright flowers;
Thou hast left the hearts that lov'd thee,
With thy merry, laughing hours;
The pleasant sounds that dwelt with thee,
Will soon be heard no more,
And the sky wears not as bright a blue
As yesterday it wore.

Thou hast not met a lingering fate,
Like some consumptive one,
Nor seen thy beauties all decay,
Before thy race was done;
The leaves are still almost as fresh
As in their early prime,
Yet thou hast pass'd away from earth,
Oh glorious summer time.

The glossy maple leaves begin
To wear a tint of brown,
And now and then a dying one
Comes slowly sailing down;
But thou art fled—thou wilt not see
Thy lov'd ones all decay—
Oh! thou hast faded gloriously,
Sweet summer's latest day.

LIKE AND NOT LIKE.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife,
'Twas drawn by some enchanted hand,
It seemed so much like life.

He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the picture still;
And was delighted and amazed
To view the painter's skill.

"This picture is just like thee, Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
'Tis so very much like you."

"And has it kissed thee back, my dear?"
"Ah, no! my love," said he;
"Then, William, it is very clear,
It's not at all like ME."

From the New York American.

ON A FAIR LADY.

She shone upon the bright saloon
Mid mirth and music's sound,
Like moonlight, on the glimmering,
Of tapers dim around.
And when she walk'd 'twas wonderful
How all our hearts she bow'd,
And how she tamed the manliest,
And how she awed the proud.

Some shapes there are, tho' dear and rare,
By grudging Nature given,
To teach us here, how beautiful
The angels are in heaven;
And such was she, the queen of all,
The fairest of the fair,
The lady of the gentle heart,
But soul-subduing air.

My Aunt Honour.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

My Aunt Honour was for eight years the reigning beauty of her native village; and even at the end of that period, though the opening charms of early youth had gradually ripened into the more dignified graces of womanhood, and she was a girl no longer, no one could say that the change had caused that diminution in her personal attractions which could afford just reason for the loss of the title. It was but the seasonable expansion of the bud into the flower, and in the eye of every person of taste and sense my Aunt Honour was a beauty still. How, indeed, could she be otherwise, with her graceful contour of form and face, her noble line of features, brilliant yet reflective; eyes of rich dark hazel; serene brow; coral lips; and clear brunette complexion? But unluckily for poor Aunt Honour, she had two younger sisters in their teens, who, as soon as they were emancipated from boarding-school, began to consider the expediency of making conquests; and finding that very few gentlemen paid much attention to them when their eldest sister was present, they took the trouble of making every one acquainted with the precise date of her baptismal register; after which kind disclosure Aunt Honour lost the title of beauty, and acquired that of an old maid.

This change of style was, I should apprehend, rather a trial of patience, in the first instance, for Aunt Honour, though she had never exhibited the slightest degree of vanity or presumption, on account of the general admiration she had excited, was nevertheless pleased with the homage paid to her charms—and it was hard to feel herself suddenly deprived of all her flattering privileges at once, and that without the reasonable warning which the faithful mirror gives of the first indications of the sure, yet silent progress of decay in those who are not so wholly blinded by self-conceit as to be insensible to its ravages. Time had dwelt so gently with Aunt Honour, that when the account of her takings and leavings were reckoned, it scarcely appeared that she stood at discount—I am inclined to think the balance was in her favor; but then I had so much reason to love her, that perhaps I was not an impartial judge. How, indeed, could I forget her tender cherishing care of me in my bereaved and sickly childhood, when by the early death of my parents, my brother and myself being left in a comparative state of destitution, were thrown upon the compassion of my mother's family. This was regarded in the light of a serious misfortune by my two young aunts, Caroline and Maria, who might have instructed gray hairs in lessons of worldly wisdom, and both possessed what is vulgarly termed a sharp eye for the main chance. They calculated with a clearness and accuracy truly wonderful at their age—for the elder of the twin had not completed her eighteenth year at the period of which I speak,—the expense of our board, clothes, education, and the general diminution of their comforts and chances of forming advantageous matrimonial settlements, which would be occasioned by our residence with my grandfather; and they did not of course forget the great probability of his providing for us in his will, which would, naturally, take something from their portions of the inheritance. Under the influence of such feelings, they not only used every means in their power to prevent our reception into their father's house, but after we were, through the influence of Aunt Honour, admitted, they treated us with a degree of unkindness that amounted to actual persecution. All our little faults were repeated by them in the most exaggerated terms to my grandmother; and, but for the affectionate protection which Aunt Honour extended toward us, we should have experienced much harshness in consequence of these misrepresentations, but her tenderness made up to us for all deficiencies in other quarters. She was to us in the place of mother, father, and every other tie of kindred; she was by turns our nurse, preceptor, and playfellow. Our love, our duty, our respect, were all lavished on her; she was our kind aunt, our dear aunt, our good aunt; and well do I remember being tied to the leg of the table for a whole morning by my grandmother, as a punishment for exclaiming, in the fulness of my heart, "that she was my pretty aunt, and aunts Maria and Caroline were my two old, ugly, cross aunts." The rage of the injured junior, by twelve years, may be imagined at this rash reproof of my devotion to their eldest sister; nor could Aunt Honour, with any degree of prudence or propriety, interfere to avert the castigation which my young aunts bestowed upon me in the shape of boxes on the ears, too numerous to record, in addition to the penance of being confined to the leg of grandmama's work-table. Considering me, however, in the light of a martyr in her cause, she

made me more than ample amends in private for all I had suffered, and loaded me with the most endearing caresses, while she reproved me for having said such improper things to aunts Caroline and Maria.

My grandmother, who, for the misfortune of her husband, was married long before she knew how to conduct a house with any degree of propriety, was one of those foolish women who occasionally boast of their own early nuptials to their unmarried daughters, with ill-timed remarks on their comparative tardiness in forming suitable matrimonial alliances, which has too often piqued and mortified maidens into contracting most unsuitable matches, that they might avoid the reproach of celibacy, the fruitful source from which so many ill assorted and calamitous marriages have proceeded.

My grandfather, who had formed a very just estimate of his eldest daughter's merits, was wont to observe, in reply to his wife's constant remark, "that Honour would never marry now, poor girl!"—"Those women who were most eminently qualified to prove excellent wives, mothers and mistresses of families, and who were, metaphorically speaking, the twenty thousand pound prizes in the matrimonial lottery, were generally left in the wheel, while the blanks and tickets of trifling value were drawn over and over again; but, for his part, he knew so much of men, that he would recommend all his daughters to remain single." Notwithstanding this declaration of the old gentleman, it was evident enough that he was inwardly chagrined at the unaccountable circumstance of his lovely Honour, his sensible, clever girl, the pride of his eyes, and the darling of his heart, being unmarried at thirty years of age; or as her younger sisters, in the insolence of their only attraction, youth, called her an "old maid."

No! that he would not allow—"thirty"—she was in the prime of her days still, and, in his eyes, as handsome as ever—certainly wiser and better than when she was in her teens—far more likely to be the choice of a sensible man than either of her younger sisters—and he would bet a hundred guineas that she would be married now before either of them.

"Certainly, papa, if wedlock goes by turns, she ought to be," would aunt Caroline rejoin, "for you know she is twelve years older than I."

"She might, however, make haste if she thinks of getting married now," would aunt Maria add, with a jolly giggle, "for she is getting quite venerable; and for my part, if I do not marry by the time I am one-and-twenty, I am sure I shall consider myself an old maid."

"There will be some wisdom in accustoming yourself to the title betimes, since it may very probably be your portion for life, young lady," retorted my grandfather one occasion; "at any rate, no man of taste and sense will be likely to prefer you to such a woman as your sister Honour." But here my grandmother, who always made a sort of party with her younger daughters interposed and said, "It really was quite absurd that Honour should put herself so forward in engaging the attention of gentlemen, who might possibly fix their regards on her younger sisters, provided she would but keep a little in the background, and remember that her day was gone by. She had, from some unaccountable reason, permitted several opportunities of forming a good establishment to slip by, and now she ought to allow her sisters a fair chance in their turn, and submit to her own destiny with a good grace."

And Aunt Honour did submit, not only with a good grace, but with a temper perfectly angelical, not only to a destiny of flighted hopes and wasted feelings, but to all the invidious taunts with which it was embittered by those to whom she had been ever ready to extend her generous kindness, whenever it was required. She never hesitated to sacrifice her own pleasure, if she thought it would be conducive to theirs. Her purse, her ornaments, her talents, and industry, were at their service on all occasions, and though it was far from pleasing to her to be either artfully manoeuvred, or rudely thrust out of her place by the juvenile pair, who had formed an alliance offensive and defensive against her, yet she did not attempt to contest with them the usurped rights and privileges of eldership, or to struggle for the ascendancy she had hitherto enjoyed in the family; nor did she boast of her youthful charms, or the multiplicity of her former conquests, in reply to the insolence with which she was daily annoyed. She was too dignified to appear to regard these things; yet doubtless she felt them keenly, her heart knew its own bitterness, yet suffered it not to overflow in angry, useless retorts. She kept the quiet even tenor of her way, under all provocations, with silent magnanimity; and sought in the active performance of her duties, a resource from vain regrets and fruitless repinings, and if a sigh did occasionally

escape her, it was smothered ere it fully breathed.

The village in which we resided was one of those dull, stagnating sort of places in which years pass away without any visible change appearing to be effected. The inhabitants were few, and these, for the most part, beneath us in situation; for my grandfather was a man of family, though his fortune was inadequate to the expense attendant on entering into that society with which he alone would have permitted his wife and daughters to mix. Latterly however, my two younger aunts contrived to engage in a general round of expensive visiting with the surrounding gentry, without paying the slightest regard to his disapprobation. Their mother upheld them in this line of conduct, and had recourse to many painful expedients, in order to furnish them with the means of appearing like other young people, as she termed it, and we had all to suffer the pains and penalties of a stinted table in consequence. Aunt Honour was of course excluded from all these gay doings, and her allowance was very irregularly paid, and sometimes wholly diverted from its proper channel, to supply her younger sisters with ball dresses, or to satisfy the milliner, who would not depart without the payment of at least part of the bills my grandfather had imprudently permitted her selfish favorites to contract, when ready money to procure some indispensable piece of finery, to be worn at places of more than ordinary attraction, could not be obtained.

Our house, in former times so quiet and respectable, was now the resort of the thoughtless, the gay, and the extravagant. Our peace was broken by the domiciliary visits of duns, to get rid of whom, a system of falsehood, equivocation and blandishment, was made use of, which rendered our family despicable in the eyes of servants, and mean even in our own. Aunt Honour reasoned, entreated, and represented the evil and moral injustice of these things in vain. Her mother told her she was mistress of her own house, and would do as she thought proper; and her two sisters informed her, that they had no ambition to become old maids like her, which would infallibly be the case if they were confined to the dull solitude which their father preserved, and she appeared inclined to enforce it.

Aunt Honour represented, in reply, that they were not pursuing a course very likely to lead to the desired goal of the temple of Hymen; and received, in return, a reproof of more than usual aggravation. She was accused of malice, of envy, and an unsteady desire of depriving the youthful maidens of pleasure belonging to their time of life; and, worse than all, of the opportunity of becoming happy wives and useful members of society. Aunt Honour would have smited at the folly of the latter imputations, had she not felt inclined to weep at their unkindness.

In the midst of one of these scenes, of now almost daily occurrence, the whole party received tickets of invitation to a ball, given by Sir Edward Grosvenor, in honor of having been chosen after a contested election, as one of the representatives of his native county. Sir Edward Grosvenor, who had passed his youth in India, where he had greatly signalized himself under the banners of the Marquis of Hastings, had only recently returned to England, to take possession of his estates on the death of his elder brother without male heir. Nothing could exceed the exultation of my grandmother and two youngest daughters, at the prospect of a flattering introduction into the house of so distinguished a character as their wealthy baronet neighbor, of whom fame reported noble things, and who was a very handsome man in the prime of life, not exceeding, as the date of his birth in the baronetage of England stated, his six and-thirtieth year.

Visions of a title equipage, and wealth, floated over the brains of aunts Caroline and Maria, as their delighted eyes glanced over the tickets.—"There was but one drawback to these felicitous anticipations—the difficulty of procuring dresses suitable for such an occasion."

They looked in eager inquiry at their mother; she shook her head, "I cannot do anything to forward your wishes," she said, "for reasons too obvious to you both; but after a pause she added, 'Your sister Honour can assist you if she pleases.'"

They both turned to Honour with imploring glances.

"In this instance it will not be in my power," observed Honour, gravely.

"You have only just received your quarterly allowance from your father," said her mother.

"I have already appropriated part of the sum to the purchase of a few necessities for my orphan nephew and niece," replied she, "and the residue, which would be quite inadequate for your purpose, will be barely sufficient to supply me with a simple dress of book muslin, with shoes and gloves requisite for this occasion?"

"For this occasion!" echoed both her

sisters in a breath, "surely you do not think of going to the ball?"

"Why not?" demanded Honour, so calmly.

"You are so—"
"Old, you would say, Caroline," continued Aunt Honour, coolly, finishing the sentence for her; "only as you happen to want money of me to-day you are rather more cautious of wounding my feelings than is usual with you."

"Well, but really, Honour, I do not see what good your going to a ball would do."

"None," interposed her mother; "and I thought you had given up these sort of things long ago."

"Is it not your intention to accept the ticket which Sir Edward Grosvenor has sent for you, mamma?" asked Honour.

"Of course it is; your sisters could not, with any degree of propriety, go without me."

"Then I shall do myself the pleasure of accompanying you," said Honour, quietly.

The elder sisters of Cinderella never said more insulting things to that far-famed heroine of fairy lore, to prevent her from trying her chance in fitting the glass slipper, than were uttered by Caroline and Maria to deter Aunt Honour from going to the ball. She listened to them with her usual mildness of temper, yet persevered in her resolution.

I think I never saw her look so beautiful as on that eventful evening, when attired in modest, simple elegance, she was led by my grandfather to the carriage, in spite of all opposition from the adverse parties. I, of course, was not included in the party; but I can readily imagine that the surprise and envy of the mortified sisters of Cinderella, on entering the room where the hitherto despised victim of their persecutions was dancing with her princely partner, did not exceed that of the hero of the night—the gallant and admired Sir Edward Grosvenor—greeted old Honour, as they disparagingly styled her elder, with the differential yet tender air of a lover; and passing over, not only themselves, but many others of the young, the fair, the high-born stars of the evening, and entreating to open the ball with her—a distinction which was modestly declined by her, with equal sweetness and propriety, on the plea that there were others of high rank present, who were, according to etiquette, better entitled to that honor.

"Honour!" exclaimed the gallant knight of the shire, gently possessing himself of her reluctant hand; "the honor, I trust, is mine; I have long," he added, in a whisper that was meant for no other ear than hers, sighed to possess this honor, of which the cold considerations of rank and etiquette can never possess sufficient power to deprive me."

Can one believe that Aunt Honour was fastidious enough to examine too critically the merits of the pun which a faithful lover, under such circumstances, ventured on her name?

There was not, perhaps, one lady in the room that would not have been proud of being the woman to whom Sir Edward Grosvenor addressed that whispered compliment; but there was none to whom it was so well due as to her whom he delighted to honor; for she was the love of his youth, who for his sake, had faithfully endured years of expectation and delay, with no other assurance of his remembrance and constancy than that hope which keeps alive despair, and survives all the fading flowers of youthful affection—that fond reliance on his regard, which would not suffer her to imagine that he could be false or forgetful.—Nor was the object of such devoted love undeserving of feelings like these. He too had had his sufferings; he had endured paternal wrath, expulsion from his home, years of exile, of poverty, and of suspense.

"But it is all over now," he whispered, as he dashed an intrusive tear from his sun-burned cheek. "I suffered for Honour! I fought for Honour! and the residue of my days will I trust, be passed with Honour!"

It was a proud day for my grandfather, when he bestowed his daughter on Sir Edward Grosvenor at the marriage altar; and he did not fail to take due credit to himself on the verification of his prediction. As for my aunts Caroline and Maria, I think I had better say nothing of their feelings on the occasion; but, for the warning of such of the juvenile readers of these pages who may feel inclined, in the thoughtless presumption of early youth, to brand the elder—and, perchance fairer females than themselves—with the contemptuous epithet of old maids, I feel myself compelled to record the mortifying fact, that these two luckless sisters of my honored mother remain at this moment spinsters of forty and forty-two years standing, and both have acted as bridesmaids to Lady Grosvenor's youngest daughter, without one opportunity having offered to either of them of changing their forlorn condition.

So far, however, from voluntarily assuming the name of old maids, if unmarried at one and twenty, as they engaged to do when in the fulness of their self-conceit they imagined such a circumstance out of the bounds of human possibility, neither of them will acknowledge the title of forty; on the contrary, they endeavor to conceal the ravages of time under the affectation and airs of excessive youthfulness.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

NEW SERIES—NO. LXVII.

On the Logquacity of Women.

TEXT.—

Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest
In Justice, then, to make amends
Made woman's tongue the longest.

TEXT.—

My HEARERS.—Keep your nut cracks closed, and be tongue tied while I tongue it for a few moments on the subject of tongues, if you please. As regards the utility of the tongue, it is needless to say that it is one of the most important appendages of the human system. It is designed for other uses than licking, molesting and carrying grub from one grinder to another during the pleasant, but sometimes tedious process of mastication. Its principle offices to form or finish words as they bubble up in the chaotic state, thro' the thorax, from the well-spring of the heart. In society the tongue is both a useful and pleasing member—as it not only imparts information to the unlearned but serves in beguiling many a weary hour, and aids in digesting sorrows, that sits as heavy upon the soul as stewed horse nails upon a dyspeptic's stomach.—In its operation it should be guided by prudence and moderation, else it becomes a bore instead of a blessing. Some People have naturally so much loquacious steam in their boilers, that when they once get the clappers to their corn mills in operation, they never know when to stop them. Such folks, generally speaking, are as empty as egg shells and softer than soap fat. A dam with a gate that's always hoisted can hold but little water, and a man who leaks at the mouth, can't have much in him excepting that gas with which the bladder of vanity is ever inflated.

My friends—my text implies that Nature made woman with a longer tongue than man in order to compensate her for what she lacked in physical strength—that, whenever the science of justification might fail in her purpose, she might have recourse to the worst of all weapons—a long tongue; and I feel bound to say, with regard to the delicacy of the feminine gender, that women's tongues are often too extensive for their own special good, and for the benefit of the community at large. If they would only bring them into play when necessary required, I wouldn't say a word; but the fact is, they are too apt to keep up a continual clack-clack, for the sake of the music alone; and often, too often, they upset their own tea-pots while leveling a kick at their neighbor's. Why, my friends, I know several of the sex in this city who have knocked out all their front teeth and worn away part of their gums by the continual and everlasting working of their scandal distributors. I know it is the nature of the beautiful animal to indulge in meddlesome garrulity, and when she becomes so expanded with gossip as to be in danger of bursting her apron strings, I am willing she should let off her surplus steam, provided she doesn't blow it in the face of innocence, and to the detriment of social peace. I admire, respect and love a woman whose looks are as mild as the moon beam, and whose words are as gentle as the zephyr which disdains to brush even a dew drop from the mountain daisy; but I don't like to meddle with one whose disposition contains the essence of lightning, vitrol, cream of tartar, and hartshorn—who manufactures words by the mile, and measures their meaning in a thimble. I don't care whether their be any meaning in them or not. I don't like it, and that's enough. All talk and no cider—as is the case with some women and the locofocos—is unreasonable; and all talk with too much cider—as with the whigs—is equally as bad. Those are my politics. As the rain falls the gentlest from the clouds when unattended by thunder, so, give me a tongue that can silently shake off the particles of speech and let them drop through the ear into the heart—there to moisten and refresh the young plants of virtue, and cause them to flourish, like hog weeds in a barnyard.

My friends—The Dutch governor thought wisely when he advised the girls to wear short tongues and long petticoats, but his advice was as water spilt upon the ground. They will persist in wearing long tongues and short petticoats; and when I came to take measure of the different makes in their moral characters, I must confess that I feel a disposition to prosecute them with my preaching till I can let out a hem