

THE JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Vol. VI, No. 48.]

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1841.

[Whole No. 308.]

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.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, nor any paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

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POETRY.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Oh! Am I Then Remembered Still.

Oh, am I then remembered still?
Remembered too by thee!
Or am I quite forgot by one
Whom I no more shall see?
Yet say not so for that would add
Fresh anguish to my lot.
I dare not hope to be recalled—
Yet would not be forgot.

Had they who partal us but know
How hearts like ours can feel,
They would have spared us both a pang
Beyond their power to heal,
I know not if thy heart retains
Its wonted warmth or not,
Though I'm forbid to think of thee—
Thou'lt never be forgot.

May'st thou enjoy that peace of mind
Which I can never know;
If that's denied, my prayer shall be,
That I may share thy wo.
Where'er thou art, my every wish
Will linger o'er that spot;
My every thought will be of thee;
Though I may be forgot.

If we should meet in after years,
Thou'lt find that I am changed;
My eyes grown dim, my cheek grown pale
But not my faith estranged.
From memory's page the hand of death
Alone thy name shall blot;
Forget, forsake me, if thou wilt—
Thou'lt never be forgot.

TEMPERANCE SONG. Written for the Huntingdon Washington Temperance Society, Nov. 20, 1841.

AIR—Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

Adieu—a long and last adieu,
Intemperance—to thy slavish chains;
Thou'rt burst us once your charms you threw,
We've round them, and are free again.
And tho' we may, in after years,
Look back upon thy slippery way,
'Twill be with joy, and grateful tears,
That we have torn ourselves away.

No more amid the revel-throng,
We'll quaff the poisonous liquid down—
No more the bacchanalian song,
Shall call the steaming goblet round;
But pure draughts, and holier rhymes,
Shall please our taste and charm our souls,
Where social brothers all conjoin
To break the tempter's strong control.

Unceasing let our efforts be—
Eternal duty leads us on—
No pause until a world is free,
"The battle fought—the victory won."
Till Temperance flings her banner high,
In golden folds to fan the air—
Till throbbing joys shall check the sigh,
In bosoms wreck'd and worn with care.

Until the night-gloom shall have fled
Before the breaking moral morn;
Until the peace and hunger-worm—
Shall glad the care and plenty shed,
Until the drunkard's squalid child,
Shall press a sober father's knee;
A wife's torn heart in transports wild,
Receive a husband's liberty.

SELECT TALE.

From the London Metropolitan. ACTING UPON SUSPICION.

BY MISS ABBY.

"I have often thought that I could make a very amusing volume upon the serious and comic consequences of acting upon suspicion."—*Memoirs of Charles Matthews.*

Mr. Stanfield of Elbury Hall, married his first cousin. Many objections have been made to such matches, but in Mr. Stanfield's case, the result was marvellously satisfactory. Mrs. Stanfield was very like her husband in person, more so in mind, and most of all in temper and habits. Her twenty thousand pounds in the funds made an agreeable addition to his two thousand a year landed property; they neither of them required, or fancied they required, watering places; and they lived on their own acres, happy in themselves and respected by others. Their house was not above half a mile from the populous and gossiping town of Westford, but even Miss Sowerby, the most scandal-loving and fault-seeking spinster of the place, could say nothing worse of the Stanfields than that "they were imposed upon by their servants, duped by the poor and had a great deal too much good nature to be burdened with much good sense."

Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield had been married about ten years before they had any prospect of a family; and quite in keeping with their usual character, although they had been very happy without a child, they prepared themselves to be still more happy with one.

The child was a daughter, and was named Amelia. Mrs. Sowerby predicted it would die within a year; the apothecary of the village confided to a few chosen patients his opinion that it might live three years; and the father and mother deemed it such a prodigy, that they feared it would never live at all. However at ten years of age, Amelia Stanfield was alive, and likely to live, although far from healthy, and having very moderate claims to beauty. Intellect is sometimes thought to descend on the part of the mother, and some times on that of the father. In Amelia Stanfield's case, the point might be easily settled; she had no right to the inheritance on either side, and accordingly, she gave no indication of possessing it.

It was considered that a governess would be very useful in developing the dormant intellectual organs of the young heiress, and here again Mrs. Stanfield enjoyed wonderful good fortune. She took no pains about the business, and yet it was as thoroughly well done as if she had called in a committee of conductresses of a dozen finished schools to manage it for her.

Mrs. Stanfield did not advertise her in the "Times," or even read the advertisements in it; she simply wrote a few lines to an old-fashioned acquaintance in Soho Square, saying that she wished to obtain a gentleman of competent attainments, good temper and sound principles, to undertake the education of her little girl, and the very next post informed her that Mrs. Rivers awaited her pleasure. Mrs. Rivers proved to be a young widow of five and twenty, who had married for love and been rewarded by ill treatment and poverty. She was now obliged to exercise her talents for a subsistence; and as though clever and well read she could not sing like a prima donna, or draw like a Royal Academy artist, she felt inclined to accept a hundred a year, the care of a very backward common-place child, and a home with kind-hearted, well-meaning people, who literally fulfilled their promise of considering her as one of their own family.

A year passed on with great tranquility Amelia's progress in knowledge, although slow, was sure. She was an affectionate child, and became truly attached to her governess. Mr. and Mrs. Stanfield respected and admired her; and although Miss Sowerby repeatedly made known her opinion, that Mrs. Rivers was far too hard some to be governess, the accusation fell harmless to the ground, for Mrs. Rivers was propriety itself in manner and demeanor, and Mr. Stanfield, whether from habit, taste, or principle, I do not pretend to say—considered that the whole regions of fancy and reality did not supply so delightful a person as his own wife.

This year of peace was closed by a melancholy event. Mrs. Stanfield, after a short and severe illness, died, and her husband lamented her as deeply and truly as if she had been (what indeed he always thought her) a marvel of attraction and excellence.

Miss Mitford says, "there is no running away from a great grief," and the observation is very true, but change of scene, although it may not cure our affliction, cer-

tainly diminishes its intensity. So thought the friends of Mr. Stanfield. They persuaded him to travel; and although it was useless to mention France and Italy to so home-keeping a personage, a tour through Wales and Scotland was of essential service to him. He was accompanied by Mrs. Rivers and his daughter. They stayed a few days at each of the principal places they visited, and returned to Elbury Hall just a year after the death of his mistress.

The popularity of Mrs. Rivers now drew to a close. Mr. Stanfield was a rich widower; his spirits had recovered the death of his wife; he was tolerably well looking, not much turned of fifty, and deserved the epithets liberally showered upon him of "so amiable, such a temper, and such a heart," &c., much better than the generality of persons do on whom they are bestowed. Many a lady, old and young, spinster and widow, felt herself inclined to become the second Mrs. Stanfield; and happy would they have been to have had any pretext for asserting that Mr. Stanfield's servants wanted a mistress, that his daughter wanted a companion, but alas! Mrs. Rivers filled each and all of these characters, and filled them so admirably well, that it was very difficult to suggest any improvement in her discharge of the duties annexed to them.

Miss Sowerby was at the head of the lovelorn damsels pretending to the hand of Mr. Stanfield. She had heard said that persons generally become enamoured of those who are most the reverse of themselves in character, and consequently she imagined that Mr. Stanfield, whom she always designated as "mild to a fault," would inevitably succumb to the fascinations of a shrew. Mr. Stanfield, however, showed no symptoms of captivation, and the spinster changed her plan of attack—became soft and sentimental, talked of moonlight and poetry, and actually revived the practice of several of the songs of her youth. All, however, was in vain. She sang in a shrill and high-pitched voice "Dinna, ask me why I love thee," and "I want those eyes to gaze on me;" but Mr. Stanfield complied with the request of the first song, and disregarded that of the second, and to complete his enormities, asked Mrs. Rivers to sing Italian—a piece of absurd affectation; Miss Sowerby observed, "since every body knew he did not understand a word of it," Miss Sowerby next endeavored to enlist Amelia on her side, but completely failed in the attempt. Children are not only good physiognomists, but are also, if I may be allowed the expression, voice-fanciers, and they invariably shrink from a sharp, dogmatical tone. Miss Sowerby, too, like most people who are not naturally fond of children, had only one way in which she could talk to them—that of cross-examining them respecting their studies. Now Amelia had just begun to know enough to feel rather ashamed of not knowing more, and Miss Sowerby's anecdotes of little girls younger than herself, who played the harp, sketched from nature, and studied German, had not the effect of amusing or edifying her, but generally led her to steal to the side of the patient and judicious preceptress, who allowing for her early deficiencies, carefully watched the slowly opening bud of intellect, without attempting to force it open by premature development. Miss Sowerby, therefore was obliged to relinquish the hope of gaining Amelia as an ally, saying to herself that "the child was shockingly spoiled, and that good could be done with her till Mrs. Rivers was fairly out of the house."

How to get Mrs. Rivers fairly or unfairly out of the house, however, appeared a difficult matter; but none knew better than Miss Sowerby the power of scandal to wound and annoy, and she tried its effects in the present instance. She called on every family in Westford, and expressed her opinion that it was highly incorrect that so remarkably handsome and attractive a young woman as Mrs. Rivers (Miss Sowerby could employ praise when it was for the purpose of subsequent depreciation) should be domesticated in the family of a man in the prime of life, like Mr. Stanfield, and that it was really the duty of some kind friend to represent to him the sad outrage he was committing on the established usages of society. Many of the ladies to whom she had addressed herself were single, others had single daughters, sisters or nieces, and all agreed that Mr. Stanfield's conduct was perfectly horrible—that it would be a kind but very delicate office to admonish him—and that nobody was fit to undertake it as Miss Sowerby.

Miss Sowerby thanked her friends for their favorable opinion of her, professed her readiness on that and every other occasion to do anything, however repugnant to her own feelings, that might conduce to the good of others, and forthwith walked over to Elbury Hall, and requested a private interview with Mr. Stanfield.

Her host looked horror-struck at her communication. The idea of either com-

promising the fame of the affectionate preceptress of his child, or dismissing her from his house, was equally distressing to him.

"I must have time to think of it," said he, in a nervous hurried tone. But Miss Sowerby did not take the hint to depart. She turned over several volumes on the table, chose Mrs. Opie's *Detraction Displayed*, which she went to call a most excellent book and very much wanted, since there was such an abundance of scandal in the world, and evidently prepared herself for a long study of its contents. Mr. Stanfield, meanwhile, walked up and down the room for about ten minutes, much as if he were perambulating the quarter deck of a ship, and then stopped short and spoke.

Mr. Stanfield had but a small share of intellect, but it did for him what a much larger share often fails in doing for its possessor—it always came to his assistance when he most wanted it. He spoke without his usual nervous hesitation, and looked his "fair foe" full in the face.

"I see the justice of what you say, Miss Sowerby," he replied, "I should be very sorry to give any room for censure, and I promise you that the cause of it shall soon cease to exist. I am very much occupied this morning, and beg you will excuse me for leaving you."

Miss Sowerby excused him very readily; she had gained her point, and returned to Westford in high spirits, praising Mr. Stanfield as "the most persuadable man in the world, always ready to reason." Two days afterwards, the inhabitants of Westford were surprised to hear that Mr. Stanfield, Mrs. Rivers, and Amelia, had gone to London—but Miss Sowerby easily accounted for it. "Mr. Stanfield was such a good creature, that doubtless he wished to consider the feelings of Mrs. Rivers, by dismissing her from London rather than from Elbury Hall, where she had been so long domesticated."

Mr. Stanfield, however, was still more considerate of the feelings of Mrs. Rivers than Miss Sowerby had supposed. Before the month was at an end, the newspapers announced the marriage of Mr. Stanfield and Mrs. Rivers, and the servants at Elbury Hall had received instructions to prepare every thing for the reception of the bride and bridegroom.

The bells rang merrily, the wedding party were welcomed by children strewn with flowers, the inhabitants of Westford were bountifully supplied with wedding cake, and returned the favor by duly paid morning visits. Some few disinterested people (solely, however, among the gentlemen) said that "Mr. Stanfield had done very well for himself," and the judgment of the disinterested was, as it generally is, not worth listening to. Mrs. Rivers had not acted unwisely; she respected Mr. Stanfield's excellence of character, and had an affectionate regard for his daughter; she had known his ill of poverty, and was thankful to be preserved from them in future; she resolved to recompense Mr. Stanfield for his choice of her by making an excellent wife to himself, and a kind mother to his child. And she gave every indication of meaning to keep her word. Miss Sowerby was so enraged by Mr. Stanfield's marriage, and so vexed with herself for having been the unintentional means of bringing it about, that she had almost resolved not to call on the bride and bridegroom, till she thought that she might probably do some mischief by going, and could do none by staying away.

She encountered the house keeper in the hall, and addressed her in a tone of whining condolence on the subject of her new mistress; but the housekeeper would not submit to be pitied. "Mrs. Stanfield was a lady whom any body might be happy to serve," she replied; "so very liberal in her ideas, and so very mild in her temper." Miss Sowerby passed on without any rejoinder; she probably thought that so satisfactory a report would not be given of herself by her maid of all work, whose complaints of scanty living were about on a par with those of the inmates of the Westford poorhouse, and who had given to half the town a lively delusion of the fury of her mistress when she carried to her the tidings of Mr. Stanfield's marriage—fury which, like that of Cleopatra on a similar occasion, could only find adequate vent in giving a box of the innocent messenger, thereby inducing the very natural assertion, "I do not bring the news, made not the match!" Miss Sowerby was more successful in the drawing-room, she made Mrs. Stanfield flushed by talking about dependants and mercenary marriages, and Mr. Stanfield a nobleman and his lady, who lived at some distance, were, however, fortunately announced, and their unaffected courtesy and attention restored the spirits of the bride and bridegroom, and left Miss Sowerby no alternative but that of stepping out from the French window on the lawn to join her "dear young friend Amelia," whom she had desecrated watering flowers in the garden.

Miss Sowerby attempted to make her

dear young friend very unhappy by enlarging on the miseries in store for her, but Amelia was unaffectedly and warmly glad of her father's marriage.

Mr. Stanfield, in fact, had married principally for the sake of his daughter. I know that this assertion is often made by fathers when introducing to their house and hearth a virago, at whose first searching eye-beam the poor little trembler destined to experience her tender mercies quails in well-founded horror of its future doom. The present case, however, was widely different; Mr. Stanfield really meant what he said, and really effected the object at which he aimed, and Amelia's answer to Miss Sowerby's remark did credit to her grateful affectionate disposition.

"I always loved Mrs. Rivers dearly," said she; "and it would be strange if I were to love her less now that she is papa's wife."

"It is to be hoped, Amelia," said Miss Sowerby, clasping her hands and looking up theatrically to the skies, "that your poor dear mother knows nothing of this terrible business!"

"I am sure if she did," replied Amelia, "she would be very much pleased, for she often said how earnestly she hoped that Mrs. Rivers would never leave her till I grew up."

"Poor child," said Miss Sowerby, applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "you will grow up to no inheritance. I dare say your unprincipled step mother will have a son to dispossess you of your ancestral acres."

"I do not know what ancestral acres are," answered Amelia, "but I should like to have a baby in the house of all things, and papa told me that he had made over to me all mamma's fortune, so I am never likely to be very poor; see, Miss Sowerby, what a beautiful nosegay I have gathered for you!"

The spinster, who made it a rule never to refuse anything, took from the hands of the child a fragrant bouquet of roses and geraniums, in return for the rue and wormwood which she had been unsuccessfully endeavoring to administer to her and return home, declaring that the despot happiness of the Stanfields had too much of display in it to be lasting; and that Amelia was more spoiled, and a greater simpleton than ever! The domestic happiness, however, of the newly married pair seemed to increase instead of diminishing; in fact Mr. Stanfield had never been so happy at any other period of his existence; the good fortune to which I have alluded as his lot through life, shone brighter instead of growing dimmer, and although he was perfectly satisfied with his first choice, he had still more reason to congratulate himself upon his second. His present lady had all the sweetness and mildness of disposition possessed by the former, adding to it that which she wanted, a strong cultivated mind. Mr. Stanfield was not clever himself, but he could judge of cleverness in an other, just as a person without musical knowledge can judge of the style of a first rate singer, unable to appreciate every little ornament, but admiring the general effect of it, and feeling that it is different to the performances of ordinary people. The intellect of his wife gave him consequence in society, and was accompanied with so much good taste and good feeling that she never assumed superiority over her husband on that account, and she was rewarded by his devoted and grateful affection.

My readers will suppose that Mrs. Stanfield, thus idolized by her husband, must have attained the summit of felicity; but such was by no means the case, Mr. Stanfield was nervous, sensitive, or, to use a plain but expressive term, "fidgety;" these qualities seldom decrease with age, and they had much increased since his second marriage; loving his wife so fondly, he thought that his greatest proof of affection was to make himself very unhappy about her every hour of the day; if she sat near an open window, he dreaded all the horrors of consumption, if she seemed out of breath, he anticipated a complaint of the heart; and if she returned from a walk a little later than usual, his fancy, not generally very vivid, conjured up a terrific phantasmagoria of foot-pads; mad bulls, gipsies, and runaway horses. Mrs. Stanfield was annoyed by the very natural assertion, "I do not bring the news, made not the match!" Miss Sowerby was more successful in the drawing-room, she made Mrs. Stanfield flushed by talking about dependants and mercenary marriages, and Mr. Stanfield a nobleman and his lady, who lived at some distance, were, however, fortunately announced, and their unaffected courtesy and attention restored the spirits of the bride and bridegroom, and left Miss Sowerby no alternative but that of stepping out from the French window on the lawn to join her "dear young friend Amelia," whom she had desecrated watering flowers in the garden.

Miss Sowerby attempted to make her

Stanfield evaded them all—she would not confess herself to be ill. Strange to say, Mr. Stanfield, with all his nervous anxiety, did not feel uneasy about her when there appeared real cause to do so; perhaps, however, this inconsistency is not very remarkable; those who waste their attention on trifles of any description, usually deaden their energies to a degree that renders them indifferent to matters of real importance. All that Mr. Stanfield feared was that his wife had caught cold, and as this verified his constant predictions that she would do so, he felt some self-satisfaction in his own wisdom, and contented himself with anatomizing his dear Sophia's thin shins, and loading her with presents of sable boas, petticoats, and mantillas, which would have qualified her, had private theatricals been the fashion at Westford, to have taken the part of the heroine of a Russian melodrama, dressed quite in keeping with the character. Mr. Stanfield might be blind to his wife's illness, but Miss Sowerby was not; the quick apprehension of hate far exceeds that of love. Mrs. Stanfield would not have recourse to medical advice; it was evident, then, that her disorder was on the mind, and Miss Sowerby was only anxious to find out the precise nature of it. She knew that her troubles could not proceed from disagreements with her husband, for Miss Sowerby had luckily a spy in the Elbury establishment. Soon after Mr. Stanfield's marriage, his household followed his example; her place was vacant in consequence, and Miss Sowerby's laundress was anxious to see her daughter promoted to the situation. Miss Sowerby promised her interest, but, like many patrons of higher posts, made it a condition that her protégée's little services should be at her command, or in other words, that every little dispute, trouble, or misunderstanding which might occur in Mr. Stanfield's house from the basement to the attics, should forthwith be conveyed to Miss Sowerby to disperse all over Westford, or not, as it seemed best to her discriminating judgment. Nothing, however, occurred; and as Martha Wilson was not a fashionable novelist, or a penny-a-line contributor to a newspaper, she could not make an interesting story without any materials for it; at length, however, she paid a visit to Miss Sowerby's parlour, and poured a welcome tale of scandal into the ears of her delighted patroness.

Two months ago, it appeared, Mrs. Stanfield's own maid began to receive letters with the London post-mark, directed in a free, bold, manly hand; she was taxed by the servants with having a lover, and like most ladies in high or low life, denied the accusation. A few days ago she happened to be from home when a letter arrived for her; it was only secured by one of the modern wafers, which are so easily removed that honor alone renders them any security at all. The honor of Martha Wilson was not proof against the temptation; under the pretence of taking care of the letter for its owner, she conveyed it to her room, and carefully removed the wafer—it was only a blank cover; within was a letter directed to Mrs. Stanfield, but the writer, more careful of that than of the enclosing sheet, had sealed it with a crest, and Martha, afraid to examine it, folded it up again, replaced the wafer, gave it to the lady's maid when she returned, and proceeded to Miss Sowerby to enlighten her with the news. Miss Sowerby immediately, of course, placed the worst possible construction on the mystery; in fact, the circumstance did appear rather suspicious, for Mrs. Stanfield had frequently mentioned that she had no relations living except a family of cousins, who were settled in London in independent circumstances, and with whom she was in habits of regular and recognised correspondence; the letters could not be from any petitioner for her bounty, for the generosity of her husband rendered it quite unnecessary that such communications should be made in private. "They must come from a lover," said Miss Sowerby, and her heart beat with rapture at the thought. She gave Martha five shillings, a donation of unexampled prodigality on her part, and told her at all risks to open the next letter that came, read the contents, and secure it again with a plain seal; but, alas! the next letter was taken in by the lady's maid in person, who stood in the hall evidently on the watch for it, and Miss Sowerby could only console herself by assuring all her friends at Westford, in the greatest confidence, that she had ascertained that Mrs. Stanfield was in habits of correspondence with a lover, and that she should immediately disclose her conduct to the poor injured husband did deem it prudent to wait till matters came to a more decided crisis; consequently the whole female population of Westford looked on Mrs. Stanfield with horror, as being something of a mixed personation of Calista in the Fair Penitent, and Alicia in Arden of Feversham, and longed as a child for the beginning of a pantomime,