

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. IX, No. 46.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., NOVEMBER 20, 1844.

Whole No. 497.

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. CREMER.

TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.

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

Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

HOW TO DRAW.

BY TOM HOOD.

I can tell you, good people, there's none,
Not one—
Be his nation, profession, or trade,
Or grade,
What it may, but will still have some paw
Or claw
To draw.

There's the painter, he'll draw out your eyes
Full size,
And take off the ears and the nose
Of those
Who hold up their *je ne sais quoi*
Of a jaw
To draw.

Then the fiddler can draw a long bow,
You know,
Play such chords with his strings, that the ear
Feels queer;
And, oh! then such sweet sons d'accords
Like Spohr—
He'll draw.

And the doctor draws too, for such things!
He brings
As a blister and plaister. If fool'd,
He'll bleed
You with leeches, black things you abhor,
That gnaw
And draw.

Common Pleas are uncommon pleases,
Though teasing,
To a lawyer, and chance-woy suit
To boot,
But his brief is as long as his claw,
Yes! Law
Can draw.

In the army are blades keen for death
Beneath
Cracking shells, there are colonels all round
And sound,
Their good swords, at the heads of the crops—
In war—
They'll draw.

And the sailors draw too in their turn
You'll learn—
Like their ships, though they draw little water
Or quarter—
But quick up in line for the war—
Hurra!!!
They'll draw.

There's the actor with smirks and with smiles,
And wiles,
And gesture his *jest-sure*, he'll give,
To live,
Draw the scene, and he's seen with eclat:
Encore!!!
He'll draw.

Tradesmen all draw those worst of all ills,—
Long bills,
The professor draws cash where he can,
Poor man,
To the bank, others drive in landau,—
What for?
To draw.

E'en the dandy, to make himself thin,
Draws in
What the tapster, to make himself stout,
Draws out,
'Tis the waste that I mean—but pshaw!!!
No more,
For la!
Every jackass can draw.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FAIR CLIENT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I tell you once more," said Frank Morton to his pretty little cousin Dora Leslie—"Mrs. Leslie," indeed, she ought to be written, for she was not only a wife but a widow—"I tell you once more, you might as well talk to a stick or a stone about justice or mercy, as to old Fred Linch. A stick or a stone," he repeated—"better—better ten times talk to *them* on the subject than to *him*, for they were no semblance of humanity. You expect nothing from stones and sticks—and—"

"I beg your pardon, Frank," interrupted the pretty widow, "I expect the stick you are twirling about so vehemently will break my looking-glass."

"Psha!" exclaimed the young man; "you may expect that—but what can you expect from a pettifogging attorney?"

"A great deal, Frank—an amount of costs—a multiplication of falsehood—a perversion of truth—a perplexing of facts—a discoloration of objects—ruin as the

result—an ignorance as to common honesty—a proficiency in dishonesty—in short, a combination of evil which no other human being could gather together—by which *he* lives and *we* die. You have only to tell me that a man is a petty-fogger, and I vanish; and as to old Linch, in addition to his bearing the plague-spot of his 'profession,' forsooth, about with him, smelling of parchments, of looking latitats, he is old and ugly; so spare your invectives, Frank, abridge your censure, and just tell me what I can do in the matter—paint, law in soot, and shall I swear it to be snow?"

"Upon my word, I believe I had better leave it to you, my dear Dora, to paint it—your colors will not be over delicate, nor your sketch *coulour de rose*. What in the world has made you so bitter against the men of law?"

"Psha!" she replied, laughing; "don't you know? 'A suit in chancery' bequeathed me by my grandfather, and another in 'the Pleas,' besides the disputed 'will cause.'"

"But you triumphed in the two last, and surely there is a prospect of the chancery suit being brought to a conclusion."

"As to the triumph," replied Dora, "the triumph simply was, that my lawyers were greater rogues than those employed by my adversary, and so—I triumphed! I have not the least objection to continue the chancery suit; I really think it contributes to keep me in health—it gives me excitement, something to think of and to do; something to vent my spleen upon when I am splenic, and my laughter when I am mischievous. But you are not so easily circumstanced. You, my dear Frank, are of a peace-loving, gentle nature, and so seek peace, even with law—nay, I think you would go a little farther, and expect—love!"

"Really, Dora, you are too provoking," answered her cousin, while his cheek flashed and his eyes sparkled. "You know it is a matter of life and death with me; you know that I love his niece with my whole soul; you know that by the terms of her father's will, she cannot marry before she is of age without having her uncle's consent—for if she does she forfeits her inheritance, and she is now only—"

"Nineteen," said Mrs. Leslie.

"No, Dora, only eighteen and three months," replied the lover.

"What a wicked thing of fathers to prevent their daughters becoming the prey of mercenary spendthrifts," observed the lady, jerking off her netting stirrup and rolling it up with great deliberation.

"You know I am not mercenary; nor am I a spendthrift," he answered seriously.

"You look sharply after your fair one's fortune, at all events," persisted Mrs. Leslie.

"My own means would not give to Anna the luxuries or even the comforts she has been accustomed to," said Frank Morton, still more seriously. "And I should, indeed, feel ashamed of myself if I induced a young and affectionate girl to abandon her birth-right and embrace comparative poverty for my gratification. No—if her uncle persist in refusing his consent, I have made up my mind to wait until she is of age—three years and nine months!—three centuries of a lover's life. I shall be an old man by that time."

"Nearly eight-and-twenty!" laughed his cousin; "and Anna an old woman."

"Besides, there is no knowing what may happen between this and then."

"Very true—you may fall in love with some one else—nay, with half a dozen."

"Impossible—quite—quite impossible," replied the lover, fervently.

"Ah, Frank," said his cousin, with one of her most mischievous looks, "so you told me about twelve years ago, under the cherry tree at Burnwood. You were a great, lubberly boy, a week escaped from a jacket, high shoes and nankeens, and I just going to be married, and my head divided between love of my *trousseau* and love of poor, dear Leslie. You said then, while the tears ran down—a down your fat cheek, that you were miserable, and should never love any one but your Cousin Dora; and you wrote some verses comparing my heart to a black-heart cherry. I think I have them somewhere, and will show them

to Anna as a specimen of your constancy. You are certainly greatly improved since then."

"I am sorry I cannot return the compliment," said Mr. Morton, bowing; "and as you only seem inclined to laugh at what I fancied you might have sympathized with, I will wish you good morning."

"Nay, cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. "I did but jest. I thought you knew me too well to mind my jesting. There—I will not tell Anna, lest she should be jealous of the first love-fancy of a boy of fourteen for his cousin of four-and-twenty—twelve years ago to boot! But this Linch—this grit of granite in the wheel of love, this hunk, this sweep-faced, hard-hearted curmudgeon—how shall I manage him?"

"He knows you very well. If you were only to go and tell him how much we love each other."

"You mean Anna and you, I suppose?" said Mrs. Leslie, unable to conquer her desire for jesting.

"To be sure I do," he replied. "Just tell him how devoted we are to each other."

"No—that he would not care for."

"How respectably I am connected."

"That is nothing to him."

"How happy we should be."

"Destruction at once to your suit. Those who are not happy themselves never promote the happiness of others."

"Well, then, how grateful we should be."

"Gratitude bears no per centage. That won't do."

"I am sure I do not know what to say, Dora, answered her cousin, who was any thing but fruitful in expedients. "He can make us happy, if he will, at once—if not, we will wait, and when the time comes, be happy in spite of him."

"You throw me completely on my own resources," said the widow; "but the first step is for me to become *his client*."

"A fair client, most certainly," answered her cousin. "But you have no law-suit at present. You would not surely turn your chancery business over to his hands?"

"No—certainly not."

"But you are not engaged in any law suit?" persisted Frank.

"No; but I may be if I like, I suppose, cousin mine. We manufacture our own misery, why not our own law?"

"But I confess I do not see what that has to do with my marrying his niece."

"I do," she replied; and wishing her perplexed cousin good-morning, the lady withdrew—returning the next moment to add—"Now keep up your spirits, Frank; do not do any thing desperate; do not even take an over dose of champagne. I remember when your love for me took a despairing turn—you, boy-like, *eat it off*."

Your mother declared you spent a fortune in cheese-cakes. I feared you might, in a spirit of manliness, endeavor to *drink this off*. But do not, Frank; rely upon me—I will put every thing *en train* before the sun sets." And again she vanished, leaving Frank Morton half offended, half amused, and most anxious as to the result—comforted, nevertheless, because he believed in the contrivance and spirit of Mrs. Leslie.

There are a great many amiable, gentlemanly men, who get through life to their own credit and the comfort of others by the aid of a fortune which places them beyond the necessity for thought or exertion; but if any event occurs, any obstacle is discovered which cannot be at once overcome—in which something more than money or connection is requisite; where tact is even more necessary than talent—it is in vain they turn to their banker's book or seek precedents for conduct in a like extremity. They are utterly at sea, dashed from one billow to another, helpless as infants, and very apt to consider themselves placed under circumstances of strain and difficulty in which no one was ever placed before. Poor Frank Morton was perfectly amiable and gentle-hearted, and ought to have been raised above the necessity for exerting his wits—for certainly his wits never would have exalted him. He once considered "Cousin Dora" the most lovely creature in the world, and

only changed his opinion to believe her the most astonishing; and like those who never manufactured a project or have what may be considered a genuine idea of their own, was perpetually wondering "how such odd things could come into Cousin Dora's head;" frequently indulged in reveries as to "how she came to be so clever;" could not devise "what her brain was made of;" wished he "knew the world but half as well," and so forth; and then remained content with wishing, satisfied in his own mind that, do what he would, he should never have the head of Dora Leslie. In truth, the widow had run away with the ready wit and invention of the whole family, and in return was always willing to exercise it for their benefit and her own amusement; besides, she really loved Frank as a brother, and desired his happiness with more earnestness than she usually bestowed upon any single object or person. A woman is always interested in the fate of a cidevant lover, particularly if she understands human nature sufficiently not to be displeased at a man's forgetting a first love in a second, a third, a fourth, or even a fifth! She could not have forgiven a mere coquette—but Frank, poor fellow, quite in earnest with the sentiment as long as it lasted, and this made her esteem him far above the love-seeming men of fashion, who never feel, or if they do, whose feeling is affectation. She thought that a union with Anna would make him happy, that money is always an advantage in a family, and she most particularly desired to set her wit against what she called "English Linch law."

Mrs. Leslie drove up to Mr. Linch's office in her carriage, and having learned that he was at home, she took sundry letters and a parchment or two tied with the "professional red tape" from her servant's hands, and entered his sanctum. Nothing could be more unpromising than the opening of the campaign. It was evident that the old man expected she came to press her cousin's suit; and upon every wrinkle of his face was written "denial." His mouth drawn into a hooting "No," his brow contracted, his feet firmly set upon the ground, his hands rigid to the very tips of his fingers, he looked as if steeped in the very essence of perverseness; and not even when his fair client commenced explaining the business upon which she came did he change; nor was the change sudden, despite her desire to draw him away from his suspicions. He seemed to consider her the embodiment of a proposal for his niece and her money, and she had gone a long way with her "statement" before he forgot the uncle in the attorney, and at last became oblivious to all considerations save the prospect of a "suit at law." Slowly the muscles of his mouth relaxed; his features fell into their usual places; his monosyllables extended into penetrating inquiries—every expression was set on the keen, cutting, investigating edge of the law. He rubbed his hands in perfect ecstasy when Mrs. Leslie pointed out what, if not weak points in her adversary's cause, might, by the usual inverted proceedings of a "good man of business," be turned into such; and absolutely pressed her arm with his vulture-like fingers, when he assured her that nothing was needed but to bring the cause into court. She felt as if her wrist was encircled by a viper; but she remembered her cousin, and her desire to free Anna from the domination of such a master increased tenfold.

It was at once evident to Mr. Linch, that if what his fair client stated was true, she would be entitled to a vast addition to her income. As the very anticipation of such an event trebled his respect, she became—his "dear lady;" and this feeling rapidly increased when she treated him to keep their interview a profound secret, particularly from certain members of the profession whom she named, stating that she would leave the entire conduct of the suit in his hands without further anxiety. She managed the interview with the skill and the grace of an accomplished actress; and the shrewd attorney accepted an invitation to dine with her the next day. Of course Frank was not of the party; and the idea that Master Linch turned over and over

in his mind as he panged his receding chin into his red comforter and journeyed homeward, was—"I wonder how she came to think me honest? I never was thought honest before! She certainly thinks me very honest," and he nestled his chin still more deeply in the warm red wool, and chuckled like a fiend over the prospect of pillaging the fool who could think him "honest." He let himself into his hall with his own latch key, and struck a light; but he had strange dreams that night, and more than once the bright eyes of the fair widow flashed across his slumbers, and he felt as if struck by lightning; and then he thought that strange reports had gone abroad concerning him—that rogues considered him "honest," and honest men called him "rogue;" and that he lost all his practice, scouted alike by both.

Frank became desperately impatient. An entire week had past, (a year of a lover's life,) and to all his inquiries the widow replied with badinage and laughter. Her intimacy with Mr. Linch grew into a nine days' wonder. On the tenth day, the miser made a feast, and she dined with him. Again he dined with her, and the next morning the fair and faithless client presented Frank with Mr. Linch's written permission for his marriage with his (Mr. Linch's) niece. The following day it was determined that the lawyer and his niece, Frank Morton and a few select friends, were to form a reunion round the widow's hospitable board.

Mrs. Leslie would answer no questions; she confided the secret of her influence to the most faithful of all counsellors—herself; and received Mr. Linch with a graciousness—if the expression be permitted—peculiarly her own. A most strange change had passed over the attorney's outward man. But for the twinkling of his cold, gray eyes, that glittered like stars in frosty weather, and the croaking of his hard voice, you would have scarcely recognized him as the brown-coated, shrivelled dweller of the inns of court. His features had expanded; he was dressed by a skilful tailor, and his wig might have been envied by the royal wig fancier of past days. The incorrigible widow leaned almost lovingly upon his arm; and after dinner, when she withdrew, consigned her table to his care—Frank could not make it out; but that was not much to be wondered at—he had not what people call a "discovering mind." Anna was almost as mystified as Frank; but women, if they do not understand at once, are given to regard each other rather through a microscope than a telescope, not drawing the object much closer, but getting at its exaggeration. And little, gentle Anna, who knew nothing of the world, thought she could see through the veil of the woman of the world. Quiet little Anna, much as she had suffered she did not like her uncle's being made such a fool of. Her eyes filled with tears more than once when she noted the arch looks of her lover's cousin, and heard the half-murmured derision that trembled on her lip—

When she spoke to her of her nearest living relative, she owed him neither love nor kindness, and when Frank was present, she was too happy to moralize; but still, she thought that he was an old man; and when her father lived, and she was a little child, she had often sat upon his knee, while he cut her soldiers out of old parchments. She remembered he was kind to her then—never since, certainly; but then he was, and she dwelt upon that, forgetting his unkindness until the harsh tones of his grating voice, or the coldness of his eyes when they looked on her, forced her to remember how much that harsh and cruel can be forced into a few short years.

It was evident to Frank Morton that his cousin was wearying of the toils she herself had woven. The novelty of her position bewitching what she loathed; the metamorphosis that witchery had wrought on the old man; the necessity for bringing the matter to a speedy termination, rendered her more restless, more capricious, more teasing and tormenting than usual; and when she withdrew her cousin into one of those shut-up sort of obscurities, half room, half closet, which ladies in their fantasy drape in pink calico and coarse muslin, and then pronounce it a boudoir, he thought the spell would have been broken, the mystery explained to his entire satisfaction—but he was quite at fault.

"Frank," said Mrs. Leslie, "You must manage to marry Anna within a week—within three days, in fact. I am tired to death of Linch, and want to get to Brighton. He may revoke, so get married at once, and then you have his consent to plead; but it must be within three days. It was vastly amusing at first, but I can-

not keep it up. I must avoid seeing him again until the knot is tied."

Mrs. Leslie yawned and remained silent. Frank took her advice, and pleaded his cause—the cause of both—so successfully with Anna, that the ceremony was performed, and confessed, a few hours afterwards, on bended knee to the lady's uncle. Mr. Linch was very angry. His fair client had not received his visits or replied to his notes during the last two or three days; and, determined to be both heard and seen, he almost forced his way into the little pink boudoir. She held out one hand to greet him, and covered her face with the other in a half-coquetish sort of way, as if ashamed of her "naughtiness."

"I knew you would forgive them," she said. "And after all, it could not make much difference to you, for they could have waited; and you only lose the turning of the money for three years."

The old man shuddered at the loss, but endeavored to turn it off with a complimentary phrase or two, that came out very slowly. He evidently determined to avoid that subject, but cling to the other, and rushed into the intricacies of the projected suit at law, with as much zeal and activity as if it had been the opportunity of his life for legal distinction.

"He had," he said, "taken counsel's opinion upon the statement she committed to his care, preserving the secrecy she had enjoined as to name, and avoiding those in the profession whom she had desired him to avoid. From all that passed, he felt assured that in a short time he should have to congratulate her on a splendid addition to her income; and he hoped she would remember the gratitude which she had said must be felt towards him who had the good fortune to advise and direct her proceedings."

The speech was set and clear enough, but the positive faltering of the old man's voice, the memory of a blush—of a purple tone, certainly, but still a blush—that overspread his features, and the earnestness of his last words, would have led to the belief that Cupid had really been at his pranks, and added another to his list of ancient fools—hard, world grubbing, musty fools, surprised into a feeling whose very existence they had disbelieved for three-score years, and which revenged itself by pranking the withered tree in the mocking garlands of sunny May.

It really was something to make Mrs. Leslie feel embarrassed: something to see her pause for a reply; something to perceive that perplexity was as new to her as was love to Mr. Linch; and for once that to her capricious nature novelty failed to be delightful. At last she said—

"I hope, my good sir, you will forgive the little jest I ventured to practice upon you, just for the purpose of making those young people happy. I told you I had a suit at common law, and a disputed will cause, and you were so good as to feel greatly interested therein. You saw at once how just my causes were."

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Mr. Linch.

"The documents I showed you were the documents that accompanied my suits into court. Upon them I received my verdicts, and I have the satisfaction of seeing that you quite agreed with what has been done. The fortune you promised me *I have enjoyed these ten years!*—I sought to interest you in my own affairs that you might—in short, that you might take pity upon your niece, or rather, I should say, *render her justice!* Frank's eloquence and her tears had alike failed to produce the desired effect, and I sought to gain a temporary influence over you by the temptation of a double law-suit."

Mr. Linch trembled from head to foot. At last he exclaimed—

"Worse than that, madam, worse than that. There was another temptation you did not disdain to hold out—the possession of that hand, madam; of that hand, upon which, the very last time I saw you, *I counted eleven rings, and all of value!*"

The widow could not resist the climax. She laughed mightily, and became quite herself when the old gentleman threatened to sue her for breach of promise of marriage. Instead of endeavoring to dissuade him from it or showing its absurdity, she did all she could to urge him to bring the action immediately. "I really," she said "did not think you were half so great a darling as you are. If you will do so at once, I will put off my journey to Brighton. It would be a fresh celebration, a renewal of my youth;—and then the evidence, and the cause of my boasting you—so romantic! And you pleading the excess of your tender passion for me to the positive loss of the use of Anna's fortune for three years, and being induced to give your consent in exchange for the pickings of two lawsuits. Only fancy!"

But Mr. Linch did not bring an action—he did not even charge the widow with the fee he had paid for counsel's opinion. He abandoned his new finery, resumed his old suit, withdrew his forgiveness from his niece, and registered a vow in Westminster Hall to have nothing more to do with FAIR CLIENTS!