

Huntingdon Journal

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THE TWO PURSES.

LIFE AMONG THE BOSTON ARISTOCRACY.

It was a cold winter night, and the wind whistled shrill through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the wall. The ground was covered with snow, upon whose surface the light of the moon fell with dazzling splendor, studding the incrustated ground with brilliant diamonds. As the "old south clock" struck nine, a young man wrapped in his cloak, sought the shade of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of the numerous carriage loads of gaily dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the princely houses on Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a steady flood accompanied by the thrilling tones of music from a full band; the house, illuminated at every point, seemed crowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated the scene—his cloak, which until now had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, discovering a face of manly beauty—a full dark eye, with arching brows and short curling hair, as black as the raven's plumage, set off to great advantage his Grecian style of feature—a becoming moustache curled about his mouth, giving a decided classic appearance to his whole face. The naval button on his cap showed that he belonged to that branch of our national defence.

"Shall I enter," he said thoughtfully to himself, "and feast my eyes on charms I never can possess? Hard fate that I should be so bound to iron chains of poverty—yet I am a man, and claim a scull as noble as the best of them. We will see," and crossing over he entered the hall. He cast off his over shoes, handed his cloak and coat to a servant, and unannounced, mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the rooms. Gradually making his way through the crowd, he sought a group in whose centre stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen in loveliness of that brilliant assembly. The bloods of the west end flocked about her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes; half abstracted, she answered or spoke upon the topics of conversation without apparent interest. Suddenly she started, and blushing deeply, dropped a "half curtsy," in token of recognition to some one without the group. Her eyes, no longer languid, now sparkled with animation; as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny gloved hand in his, saying—

"Welcome, Ferris—we had feared that your sailing orders had taken you to sea, this bleak weather."

"We should not have lifted anchor, without first paying tribute to our queen."

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance among them, but when the lady appeared, there was no room for complaint.

The gay scenes of the night wore on, several times had Ferris Harvard completely put at fault the shallow braided fops around him, placing them in any thing but an enviable light.

Ferris Harvard was a Lieutenant in the Navy, and depended entirely on his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and younger sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father was a self made man—had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left the port of Boston, but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sunk in the grave, leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life. Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and entered the Navy as a Midshipman, had raised to a Lieutenancy, by reason of his superior acquirements and good conduct. His profession had led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages—though constrained by reason of limited means, to the practice of the most rigid economy.

He had met with the only daughter of Harris Howell, one of the wealthy citizens of Boston, at a fete given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had immediately become enamored of her, but he well knew in his own heart the difference in their fortunes formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a casual visitor for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, at the house of the Howell family.

"I must think of her no more," said F. to himself—"If sneered at by her friends for offering her common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for

her hand, from one so poor and unknown?"

Harris Howell was, indeed, a stern old man, yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty for the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man; he seldom spoke to those around him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his only child, and Anne, too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His delight was to pour over his library, living, as it were, in the fellowship of the old philosophers. On several occasions, when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Anne, he had observed the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, and his heart would sink within him, and he would wake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street at the house of Mr. Howell, where, in spite of the cold reception he received from those he generally met there, he still enjoyed himself in the belief that Anna was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience with different national characters with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenes of different countries. Anne sat near a sweet geranium whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris bending close to her ear, said:

"Anne will you pluck me that rose, as a token of affection?—you must know how ardent mine is for you—or stop, dearest, behind it blows the conditit. You know the mystic language of both, will you chose and give me one?"

"Hush, hush, Ferris," said the blushing and trembling girl, plucking and handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Anne's love save from her tall-tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the apartment. He had proceeded but a few steps from the house when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the night to the inclemency of the season.

"Pray, sir," said the beggar to Ferris, "can you give me a trifle? I am nearly starved and chilled through by this night air."

Ferris, after a few moments conversation with the beggar, for he had not the heart to turn away from the suffering of a fellow creature, and handing him a purse, containing five or six dollars, urged him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occurrence he was again at her father's house. Mrs. Howell, Anne's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors, with somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no great conversational powers, she always retired early, conducting her intercourse with society in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. Howell had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his house, for he seldom saw him, and when he could, the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him, in anything but a friendly and inviting spirit. In this dilemma, he was at a loss what course to pursue, since Anne's acknowledgement of her affection for him, and now he had succeeded in this, he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgment told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained. On this occasion he had taken his leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night, who again solicited alms, declared he could find no one else to assist him, and that the money he had before bestowed upon him had been expended for food and rent of a miserable cellar where he had lodged.

Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hand, at the same time telling him that he was himself poor, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent, Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. Howell, and fortunately found Anne and her father alone, the former engaged upon a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter pouring over a volume of ancient philosophy. On his entrance the old gentleman took no further apparent notice of him than a slight inclination of the head and a "good evening, sir." He took a chair by Anne's side, and told her of his love in low but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject.

"Oh, he will not hear a word of the

matter, I know," said the sorrowing girl. "No longer ago than yesterday, he spoke to me relative to a connection with Mr. Reed—I can never love but one man," said the beauty, giving him her hand.

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer. In fact, the hint relative to her alliance to another, spurred him to action. He proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. Howell sat and after a few introductory remarks, said:

"You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attention to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it might not be altogether against your wishes. May I ask, sir, with due respect, your opinion in this matter?"

"I have often seen you here," replied Howell, "and have no reason to object to your visits, sir."

"Indeed sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune or rank to offer your daughter, but still, emboldened by love, I ask for her hand."

The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked:

"Does the young lady sanction this request?"

"She does."

"And you ask—"

"Your daughter's hand."

"It is yours!"

Ferris sprang in astonishment to his feet, saying—

"I hardly know how to receive your kindness, my dear sir; I had looked for a different treatment."

"Listen, young man," said the father, "do you think I should have allowed you to become intimate in my family without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given this precious child (and here placing her hand in Ferris') to you, before I had proved you? No, sir; out of Anne's suitors, from the wealthiest and highest in society, I long since selected you as one in whom I could feel confidence."

The world calls me a cold and calculating man; perhaps I am so; but I had a duty to perform to Him who had entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to perform that trust faithfully—the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first—she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits, your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife, you receive an ample fortune; the dutiful son and affectionate brother, cannot but make a good husband. But stay, I will be with you in a moment," and he left the lovers together.

"The story of your marriage with Reed was only to try your heart then, and thicken the plot," said Ferris to the blushing girl.

At this moment the room door opened, and the beggar whom Ferris had twice relieved, entered, and stepped up to Ferris solicited charity. Anne recoiled at first at the dejected appearance and poverty-stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he had gained entrance into the house. In a moment the figure rose to a stately height, and casting the disguise aside it had worn, discovered the person of Anne's father, Mr. Howell.

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

"I determined," said the father, addressing Ferris, "after I had otherwise proved your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest—Charity! Had you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this purpose of marriage. You were weighed in the balance, and not found wanting. Here, sir, is your first purse; it contained six dollars when you gave it to the beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand; and here is your second, that contained five dollars, which is also multiplied by thousands. Nay," said the old man, as Ferris was about to object to it; "there is no need of explanation—it was a fair business transaction."

This was of course all mystery to Anne, but when explained, added to her love for her future husband.

↳ Mrs. Spriggs, will you be helped to a small piece of the turkey?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins I will."

"What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spriggs?"

"I will have a couple of wings, a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, some filling, and a few dumplings, as I feel very unwell to-day."

Wilkins fainted.

↳ Never quarrel with a lady, if you are in trouble with her, retreat; if she abuse you, be silent; if she tears your cloak, give her your coat; if she box your ear, bow to her in return; if she tears your eyes out feel your way to the door and—fly.

An old Joker in a Bad Fix.

In travelling through the western country, one can hardly step on board a steam boat, either lake or river, without finding one at least among the passengers whom he will at once set down as a character; and there is often more real fun to be secured up in a trip of a day or two on one of these boats than a month of Sundays any where this side of the Allegheny Range. "Old Steele," as he was called by every one who knew him, was what might emphatically be called "a case" of the first water. He had no ostensible means of support, nor was there much known about him, except that he was a hardened old rascal—would cheat the eye-teeth out of you in less than no time if he could; and was rather fond than otherwise of beguiling the time and money of any green one he might, by a "game of keards," shoemaker, loo, poker, old sledge, or anything else agreeable it was all one to him; he was generally sure to win, provided he could find a customer, which was not always the case. He had a peculiar way of consoling any one who was unfortunate or foolish enough to sit down with him, by saying that "when they'd got used to his play" they wouldn't mind it, and would do well enough; but somehow they never could "get used to his play" until it was too late, unless they were right smart themselves.

On one occasion he was speculating up and down the Ohio river, and having had a poor run of luck in the Social Hall, where he found some who knew "keards" as well as he, and others who knew him too well to be induced to "take a hand," he thought he would try the lower deck, and accordingly he went below, where for a time he was pretty busy playing high, low—whistle Jack—loo, &c., &c., seated upon an old trunk or straddle a barrel, or any thing convenient, and as he was smart property changed hands briskly enough.

Among his other customers were the firemen and deck hands, and before the boat reached C—he had skinned them all; not only of what funds they had in hand, but of sundry watches, breast pins, and one or two orders upon the clerk for wages due. These last he did not see fit to present at the counter, for fear of consequences. But one day as he was seated alone counting his profits, the Captain, who had been informed of his operations, came to him and told him he must restore what he had won to the rightful owners.

"Why so?" said S: "I won 'em fair."

"Can't help it," said the Captain; "the main deck ain't the place for you to open in; besides you shant speculate out of my crew, any how—so just give back what you've won quietly and peaceably, or I'll know the reason why."

Old Steele was deaf to all the Captain's entreaties, and to the questions, "Ain't you ashamed of yourself for robbing folks in this way? Haven't you got any bowels for them?" answered very coolly, "Not a bowel!" The Captain finding there was no virtue in words, determined, like the old man in the fable, to try another expedient. He accordingly called upon three or four of his hands (willing ones, of course), to bring the old sinner forward, and ordering the engineer to "stop her," he had him tied to one end of the piston-rod, which was horizontal, allowing him two or three feet of rope, and then ordered the engineer to go ahead. For a few minutes it was short turns and a good many of them for Steele; still he kept his feet and seemed not to mind it much; but as the fireman kept poking in the wood, and the engineer gave her a turn or two ahead—out of revenge for his having lost a watch which had cost him a month's wages in "Orleans," the old fellow at last found it no child's play to come to time every time, without being subjected to a sudden and unceremonious jerk. The captain and passengers (many of whom had collected to see the sport) were dying at the fun of the thing, and occasionally asked him if he would deliver; but Steele, without answering, only kept his eye upon the piston, seeming intent upon finding out how many feet stroke it had. At last he began to feel easier. The captain said to him again—

"Come, old boy, you may as well hand over first as last."

"Hand over!" said Steele; "see you—first; I'm just getting used to the critter's play!"

This was too much—the passengers interfered; even the hands thought the thing had gone far enough, and he was accordingly loosed from his travelling companion, and soon after went ashore at a wood yard—having first invited all hands to "step up and licker," and wondering "why folks never could learn to git used to his play!"

N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

Practical Jokers.

We remember hearing a story of a fellow who called a venerable doctor one winter night, and on his coming to the door coolly inquired, "Have you lost your knife Mr. Brown?" "No!" growled the victim. "Well, never mind," said the wag, "I thought I would just call and enquire, for I found one in the street yesterday!" We thought that rather cool, but the following story of Neil McKinnon, a New York wag, told by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Saturday Post, surpasses in coolness and impudence anything within our recollection. Read it, and speak for yourself, good reader.

When the celebrated Copenhagen Jackson, was British Minister in this country, he resided in this city, and occupied a house in Broadway. Neil, one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of his rough riders, while passing the house, noticed that it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hello," said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the company remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party, and me not invited. I must see to that!"

So stepping up to the door, he gave a ring which soon brought the servant to the door.

"I want to see the British Minister," said Neil.

"You will have to call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed."

"Don't talk to me in that way," said McKinnon, "but go directly and tell the British Minister I must see him on special business."

The servant obeyed, and delivered the message in so impressive a style as to bring Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well, sir," said Jackson, "what can be your business with me this time of night, which is so very urgent?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?" inquired Neil.

"Yes sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British Minister?"

"Yes sir."

"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume."

"Yes sir, a large party."

"Playing cards, I understand."

"Yes sir, playing cards."

"O, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I merely called to inquire what's trumps?"

A word to Boys.

BE POLITE.—Study the graces, not the graces of the dancing master, of bowing and scraping; nor the foppish infidel etiquette of a Chesterfield; but benevolence, the graces of the heart, whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. The true secret of politeness is, to please, to make happy—flowing from goodness of heart—a fountain of love. As you leave the family circle for retirement, say good night—when you rise, good morning. Do you meet or pass a friend in the street, bow gracefully, with the usual salutation. Wear a hinge on your neck—keep it well oiled. And above all, study Solomon and the epistles of Paul.

BE CIVIL.—When the rich Quaker was asked the secret of his success in life, answered, "Civility, friend, civility." Some people are uncivil—sour, sullen, morose, crabbed, crusty, haughty, really clownish, and impudent. Run for your life! "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

BE KIND TO EVERYBODY.—There is nothing like kindness, it sweetens everything. A single look of love, a smile, a grasp of the hand, has gained more friends than both wealth and learning. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind." NEVER STRIKE BACK.—That is, never render evil for evil. Some boys give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and kick for kick. Awful! Little boys, hark! What says Solomon?—"Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife." "Recompense to no man evil for evil." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you."

IN REPLY TO A QUESTION, avoid the monosyllables yes and no—thus "Is your father in good health?" instead of saying, "Yes, sir," say "Very good, sir, thank you."

AVOID VULGAR, common-place or slang phrases, such as "by jinks," "first rate," "I'll bet," &c. Betting is not merely vulgar, but sinful—a species of gambling. Gentlemen never bet.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.—Think twice, think what to speak, how to speak, when to speak, to whom to speak; and

withal hold up your head, and look the person full in the face, with modest dignity and assurance. Some lads have a foolish, sleepish, bashfulness, shear off, hold down their heads and eyes, as if they were guilty of sheep-stealing!—Never be ashamed to do right.

"Madame not in."

The Home Journal relates the following good anecdote, to illustrate the advantage of coolness under difficulties:

One of the most chattering women of Paris, not long since, happened to receive an untimely call, when her confidential maid chanced to be out upon an errand. Never suspecting the person at her door to be a gentleman whose attention had of late somewhat pleased her, she herself answered the door. But Madam was of those who never show themselves to the world till Heaven's original work upon them is entirely redone—re-painted, re-performed, and alabastered.

"Ma—dame!" stammered the unexpected comer as the door opened, and the apparition of the face, *au naturel*, was revealed to his half recognizing vision.

"Madame is not in!" said she, with the greatest coolness, suddenly shutting the door without further parley, and leaving the intruder to retire upon his suspicions.

The difference was so great between the lady done and undone, however, that he departed, speculating on the gradual resemblance which even an old dressing maid may acquire to her young mistress and convinced that Madame was not in—a simple fact which the lady herself assured him of that same evening, with her infinite regret that it should have so happened!

Beautiful Extract.

The influence of Christianity on society is not exerted through the cannon of the warrior, and the despatches of the statesman, but in the sweet breathings of truth that come on the opening petals of the breast of infancy, like spiced-laded zephyrs from the land of the blest—in the gentle words of love that fall in dewy freshness on the wondering ear of childhood from the gray haired sires and the sweet-voiced matrons—in the nameless tellings of high and holy things, wrapped in the deep unutterable voicings of the ancient eternities, that come to the silent ear of youth, before the din and strife of the babbling world have stunned these inner senses of the soul, in the longing and wistful thoughts of things of deep, abyssal mystery that steal into the soul in its lonely musings in the solitary chamber—in the deep hush of the moaning forest—in the effort of gloomy doubt and frantic endeavor to scale the prison walls of mystery and darkness that rises and closes in encircling silence around all—in times of heart sickness and disappointment, when reaching forth the hand of warm, confiding trust, it grasps the cold and slippery skin of the adder—it is then that Christianity, with its wonderful tellings of infinite things, comes with apocalyptic splendor and power, and revealing itself to the soul, creates those martyr spirits that stamp their lineaments on the enduring rock.—Rev. T. V. Moore.

Do something.

The idler is a sponge on society, and a curse to his own existence. He is content to vegetate merely—he springs up like a toad stool, and is about as useless. He never troubles himself to produce a single thought, and his hands are never concerned in the fashioning of a single article of use or ornament.

The most important principle in life is a pursuit. Without a pursuit—an innocent and honorable pursuit—no one can be ever really happy and hold a proper rank in society. The humble wood sawyer is a better member of society than the fop without brains or employment. Yet many young men of our great cities strive only for the distinction awarded to fools. They are content to exist on the products of other hands, and are in truth little better than bare faced rogues. They live on ill-gotten spoils—go on tick—lie and cheat rather than pursue a pursuit which would render them useful to themselves and mankind generally. None can be happy without employment, mental or physical. The idler becomes a fit candidate for the penitentiary or gallows.

↳ "Now, Patrick," said the Recorder to a modest son of Erin, the other day, "what do you say to the charge, are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, but that's difficult for yer honor to ax, meself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

↳ Chief Justice GIBSON, who has been dangerously ill at his home in Carlisle, is rapidly recovering.