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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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POETRY.

From Frazer's Magazine for October.
Old Friends.

"We took sweet counsel together,"
Where have ye stroll'd ye friends of old,
Companions of my youth? [book,
Each walk, each nook, each dream, each
Brings back the bitter truth;
I call to mind, but cannot find
The forms I once loved well,
Where have ye fled, ye vanished,
I ask, ye do not tell!
I search, I roam—abroad at home—
I seek each much loved spot;
My labor ends, but ye dear friends,
Like Rachel's babes, "are not!"
I ask the deep, if there ye sleep,
Like sea-nymphs in a shell,
And echoes sweet, my words repeat,—
But Ocean will not tell.
I ask the sky if there ye fly
With angels "bright and fair;"
Each silver star, that shines afar,
If ye are singing there;
I ask each stream, whose glancing beam
Makes glad each flowery dell;
Each bird, each wood, each crag, each flood,
But none of these will tell!
I ask the crowd, so gay and loud,
If in its maze ye hide;
The city's throng, which floats along,
If down its course ye glide:
From hallowed ground, the solemn sound
Of distant "Passing bell,"
Attracts my mind, and then I find
The truth its tidings tell.
Friends of my youth, I know the truth,
No longer need I ask,
My conscious heart, tho' keen the smart,
Tears off the selfish mask;
The greedy tomb; in its dark womb,
Conceals your forms from sight,
And now all-blest ye are "at rest,"
In realms where friends are not night!
'Tis sweet to dwell in hawthorn dell,
And rove the groves among;
To climb the mount, to haunt the fount,
And catch each warbler's song;
To mark the grace of Nature's face,
In foliage, flower, or sod—
But oh! how great, how sweet their fate,
Who dwell with Nature's God!
'Tis sweet to while with friendly smile,
Life's troublous hours away;
From earth appears "a vale of tears,"
And hastens to decay.
But oh! to Heaven much more is given!
Eye hath not seen its glory!
The joy of saints no poet paints!
Ear hath not heard the story!
Old friends, and true! adieu—adieu—
'Twere sin to wish you here;
In love ye dwell, beyond the spell
Of earthly woe or fear;
No mortal man your bliss may scan
'Mongst angels "bright and fair!"
Then may I rise to yon blue skies,
And share your glory there.
A FARMER'S CHOICE.—A little house
well fill'd, a little land well till'd, and a
little wife good will'd.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine for Nov.

THE KING'S BRIDE.

BY J. H. DANA.

There is no scenery in England more beautiful than that to be found in portions of the New Forest. Huge gray old oaks, gnarled, and twisted, and aspiring to heaven; deep glens, overshadowed by canopies of leaves, through which the light but faintly struggles; vast arcades, stretching far away in the distance, and buried in religious gloom; wild wood roads, that wind hither and thither among the giant trees in fanciful contortions; and open, sunny glades, intersected by sparkling streamlets, waving with verdant grass, and now and then disclosing a fairy cottage nestled in the edge of the forest, are to this day, the characteristics of this favorite hunting ground of the conqueror and his immediate successors. There is a solitude about this old labyrinthine chase, which is perfectly bewitching. You may travel for miles in the more secluded parts of the forest, without meeting a human being, or seeing the smoke of a single cottage curling among the foliage; but on every side you will behold trees growing in the wildest luxuriance, and tread on a sward as soft and thick as the richest velvet. You will, for a space, hear nothing but the sound of a nut rattling to the ground, or the song of some wood bird down in a brake; and then you will rouse the deer from their retreat, a rustle will be heard down in the under-wood, and you will catch a sight of a noble herd, perchance, as they go trotting away into the darker recesses of the forest.

Such is the New Forest now, and such it was eight centuries ago, on a bright sunny morning, towards the end of summer. The hour was still early, for the dew yet sparkled on the grass, or pattered down from the foliage as the wind stirred among the forest branches. The scene was one of the loveliest the chase afforded; a bright glade embosomed in the most silent depth of the forest. The whole of this open space was carpeted with the thickest and greenest pasture, varying in hue, at every breath of the balmy wind over the undulated surface. On one side, the glade was bounded by a gentle elevation, covered with stately oaks, whose giant branches, spreading out far and wide buried their trunks in the obscurity of a constant twilight; and on the other three sides the ground either extended itself in a plain, or sloped so gently off, that the descent was nearly imperceptible. Thousands of wild flowers spangled the surface of the glade, some flaunting proudly on the air, and some modestly hiding under the long grass, yet all sending forth the most delicious perfume; while innumerable birds of every variety of plumage, hopped from twig to twig, or skimmed across the glade, filling the air with untold harmonies; and high in the heaven, a solitary lark, lingering there long after his fellows had departed, poured forth his lay with such heart-calming, such liquid harmony, that a stranger, unaccustomed to his airy song, and unable to distinguish his tiny form far up in the sunny ether, might well have fancied those unrivalled notes the breathings of an unseen cherubim.

Such was the scene on which there now gazed two beings, both beautiful, but one surpassingly so. The elder of the two might have been one and thirty, and both his face and figure were moulded in the noblest style of manly beauty. His broad brow, chiselled features, and commanding port, bespoke him one born to rule, although the simple and somewhat mean garb he wore argued that he was not rich in this world's goods. The attire of his companion was richer, but less gay, and she wore the veil of a novice. Her face, however, made up in symmetry and loveliness for whatever absence of ornament there was in her dress, and indeed she might have well challenged the world to produce her rival. The fair delicate skin through which the blue veins could be seen meandering, the snowy brow that seemed made for the temple of the loveliest thoughts, the golden hair that lay in wreaths upon the forehead, and the blue eye whose azure depth seemed to conceal mysteries as pure and rapturous as those of heaven, made up a countenance of overpowering beauty, even without that expression, so high and seraphic, which beamed at every word, and threw over each lineament of her face a loveliness almost divine. Her figure was like that of a sylph, yet full and rounded in every limb; and beneath her dress peeped forth one of the most delicate feet that ever trod the green sward. She was perhaps eighteen, though she might have been younger. She sat now on a low bank, at the very edge of the forest, while her companion reclined at her feet, holding one of her tiny hands in his broad palm, and gazing up into her eyes with a look of the deepest, yet most respectful passion.

Nor were the maiden's orbs averted from his gaze, for ever and anon she would twine her fingers playfully yet half sadly in his locks, and return his look with all a woman's tenderness.

"Yes, sweet one," said the hunter, as if in continuing a conversation, "I have sometimes, during our separation for the last six long months, almost desponded, especially when I heard how urgent my brother was that you should wed his favorite Warren, and when I reflect that your aunt, the good abbess Christiana, was so hostile to my suit. But I did you injustice, dear one, and thus," and he kissed the hand of his companion again and again, "I sue for pardon. God only knows," he added in a sadder tone, "whether I shall ever have my rights.—They sneer at me now as a landless prince, and that proud Surrey hath no better name for me than Deer's foot, because I am not always able to follow the hunt with a steed. But so long as thou art true to me, sweet Maud, these will be as nothing; and the time may come when we shall yet be happy."

"Fear not, Beauclerk," said the princess; for it was Matilda of Scotland who spoke, and he whom she addressed was the younger son of the conqueror, the penniless dependant of him whom men called the Red King. "Fear not; all, as you say, will be well. I feel it, I know it. Do you believe in presentiments, dear Henry?" and pushing aside her lover's thick locks, she held her hand on his forehead, and looked with her sunny orbs full into his eyes, as if she would playfully read his very soul.

"Presentiments trouble me not much, despite what the books say thereof," answered the frank hunter, "I trust rather to my scimiter and my good right arm, though forsooth, they availed me little when I was cooped in St. Michael's Mount by my two kingly and loving brothers.—Aye! presentiments and prophecies, and such things, disturb me but little, or I would've had consolation now, in all my troubles, in calling to mind the words of my father; the saints assoilzie his memory, since dying, he said that I should be king of the West, and should exceed both Robert and William in power. By St. George, the riches had best come soon, for I gave my last mark away this morning. No, kind Maud, I place but little faith in presentiments. But you sigh. If it pains you that I credit them not, why, then I am the most devout believer in all England," again he pressed that fair hand to his lips, "why do you ask the question?"

"Because," said the princess, blushing at his eagerness, "I have had a presentiment that you should yet be happy, and that fall soon. I know not how it is to happen; but of this I am assured, we shall live for brighter days. The abbess threatens me with the veil if I do not wed Surrey, and even now forces me, in her presence, to wear a tisse of horse hair; but though I can as yet see no escape from the alternative, I am not the less certain that it will never be mine to choose. So now, despond no more, dear Beauclerk."

"Thanks, thanks, for your cheering homily," said the young prince, laughing, for her sanguine words had effected him with unusual gaiety. "I can hunt now with some spirit. Little does Surrey think, while he is getting ready for the chase, and perhaps sneering at me as a laggard for not being up to set out with the rest, that I have stolen out into the forest to meet her for whom he would give the whole of his broad lands."

What answer the princess might have made to this somewhat vain-glorious speech we know not, but at this instant a party appeared on the scene; one, in the guise of a knight, and somewhat advanced in years, approached first, and said: "You must forgive me, my dear lady, if I urge you to go on horse back, the abbess knows your journey will have consumed but a day, and that you should have arrived at Wilton last night, and I shall have a hard task to excuse your protracted stay without betraying you. The men-at-arms are drawn up but a little space off, and although they are all my servants, it is best that they should know nothing to reveal. The prince here will understand me."

"Assuredly, Sir John; and if he call Beauclerk ever attains power he will not forget those who befriended the landless prince. I will bring up Maud in an instant."

The knight bowed, and retreated into the wood. A few parting words were exchanged between the lovers, a few tears were shed by Maud, which were kissed off her cheeks by the prince, and then, with one long, last embrace, they tore themselves assunder, and in a few minutes the princess had rejoined her train. Prince Henry stood looking vacantly in the direction where she had disappeared, until the sound of her beast's tramp had died in the distant forest, when slowly minding his steed, that had awaited its master in a neighboring copse, he entered one of the

forest roads, and proceeded leisurely onwards. He had journeyed thus about half an hour, when he heard a hunting horn close by him, and directly he beheld approaching the gallant array of his brother.

"Ha! my good cousin Deer's foot, well met," said the Earl of Surrey, "we have been looking for you. I told your friend here, who swore you were yet abed, that we should meet you afoot in the forest before the day was over; and thereon we have had a wager. I trow we have neither won. It would be but fair to give you the bet, would it not?" said the gay Earl with a half concealed sneer, as he glanced from his own rich suit to the prince's garb.

"You may both want yet, fair sirs, all you can spare," answered the prince; "but let us see who will be first in the death. You were always apt at that, my lord," and he turned to the royal treasurer.

"Ay, and shall maintain my reputation, your highness," said Breteuil, recollecting he addressed almost a beggar; "and if I may judge by your steed, even against yourself."

"We shall see—we shall see," said the prince. "I lay you a new steed, my lord, I distance you to-day."

"Done," said the treasurer, laughing—"you may throw away your horse. But here is the king, and lo!" and as he spoke the horn announced that a stag had been killed; "the game is afoot."

At the word the eager sportsmen gave the spur to their steeds, and the cavalcade swept gaily off in the chase.

Never had a more gallant array than that which now followed the royal stag, woke up the echoes of the forest. Knights and squires, priests and pages, warriors and ecclesiastics, princes and blood royal, and high officers of state, pressed forward in the chase, now scouring along the level plain, now dashing away through the arcades of the forest, and now plunging recklessly through the brake and dell, as the hounds dogged the flight of the noble animal into his once secure retreat. Yet it is well worthy of note how compactly the hunters kept around the king, none venturing to outstrip him, and only a few of the oldest maintaining an even rein

Ofien, during the chase.

Breteuil passed and re-passed each other, and at every recognition Henry would gaily remind the treasurer of his wager. At length, however, the pursuit became more hot, the king gave rein to his steed and pressed on, and in passing some broken ground the party became separated, and those who were younger or better mounted than the rest swept on ahead.—Among these was prince Henry, who, though his steed was none of the best, kept up not an ignoble pace, until at length his arbalast caught against a tree, and he was nearly thrown from his horse. He checked his steed at once, and recovered his crossbow, but the string was broken, rendering his weapon useless.

"Ha! my gallant prince," said the treasurer, as he swept by "you can scarcely hit your game now, even if you keep on. I trow your steed is mine."

"A malison on the string," said the prince bitterly; "there is nothing left for me except to sneak back to Winchester. But, no! I bethink me now there is a forester's hut somewhere nigh here. Ah! yonder is its smoke curling over the tree tops. I will hie me there, and get a new string. If the stag turns at the dell below, he will head up this way, and I may yet win my wager, for the saints know, I can ill afford to lose my only steed."

With these words the prince again gave spurs to his horse, and was soon before the forester's hut.

"Ho! there, within," he exclaimed; "a string for the prince. Marry, old mistress, have they never a keeper here better than you?"

These words were addressed to an old woman who met him at the threshold of the hut as he dismounted, and who appeared to be the only human being inhabiting the cabin. And she was one who might well occasion the prince's exclamation of surprise. Her skin was like that of a corpse; her eyes were sunk deep into her head; her hair was grizzled and gray; her long, bony fingers might have been those of a skeleton, and when she spoke, her hollow, sepulchral tones made even the courageous prince shudder. She seemed to pay no regard to her visitor's inquiry for a string, but fastening her basilisk-like eyes upon him: she said or rather chanted, in Norman French, a rude lay, of which the following is a translation:

"Hasty news to thee I bring,
Henry, thou art now a king;
Mark the words, and keep them well,
Which to thee in sooth I tell,
And recall them in the hour,
Of thy royal state and power."

For the space of almost a minute after she had ceased, the prince gazed speechlessly on this novel being, awed alike by her singular demeanor, and her sepulchral eye. Nor were the words she sang with-

out effect on her hearer. It was a superstitious age, and few men of his day were less influenced by the supernatural than Henry; but there was something in the sybil's look which chilled his heart with a strange feeling—half fear, half awe.—He had not recovered from his surprise, when a horseman rushed wildly up to the hut, and the prince had scarcely recognized one of his warmest friends, Beaumont, when that gentleman breathlessly exclaimed:

"The king is slain!—Tyrell's arrow glanced from a bow and struck your royal brother to his heart!"

The words of Beaumont acted on the heart of the prince like the charm which dissipates a spell. He started, as if aroused from some strange dream—looked a moment in wild surprise at his companion, and gradually comprehending the strange and sudden transition in his fortunes he sprang with a bound into his saddle, and plunging his rowels up to the hilt in his horse's side, exclaimed:

"Then this is no place for me—follow to Winchester, Beaumont; and now for a crown and Maud!"

The next instant his horse's hoofs were thundering across the stones, as he galloped furiously to the capital.

History relates how he reached Winchester, with his steed bathed in foam, and, without slackening his pace, dashed up to the door of the royal treasury a few minutes in advance of Breteuil. History also tells how the energy of the young prince broke through the meshes of the wily traitor, and secured for Beauclerk the crown; but it does not add that, after the unwilling treasurer had surrendered the keys of the regalia, his new master said, half laughingly and half ironically, to the haughty peer who had so often neglected him when only a prince—

"Ah, my lord! did I not say I would win the race? I trow your steed is mine!" The discomfited Breteuil bit his lip and was silent, but that night his best charger was sent to the royal stables, while the rest of the hunters who were now pouring in fast from the chase, with the populace, which at the news of the Red King's death had begun to shout "King Henry;" gathered in crowds around the young monarch.

"Maud is right," said the king to himself, as he beheld the enthusiasm displayed by his people, to say nothing of the old sybil. "Ah! what will my sweet one think when she hears this?" Three months later and all the chivalry of the realm was gathered in the church at Winchester, while the populace without, thronged every avenue to that princely cathedral. Never indeed had a prouder assemblage met at any royal ceremonial. The church blazed with jewels; nobles in their robes of state; bishops and archbishops with mitre and crozier; countesses whose beauty out-dazzled their diamonds; knights and squires and pages of every rank; burghers with their chains of gold; men-at-arms enchained in steel; halberdiers and archers; yeomen with quarter-staffs, and foresters with arbalasts; men of every situation of life, and bright ladies, whose loveliness was beyond compare, were gathered in the gorgeously ornamented church, amid the waving of banners, the sounds of music, the rustling of costly robes, and the smoke of ascending incense, to gaze on the marriage of their monarch to his fair and blushing bride.

And there she stood before the altar in all her virgin beauty, her fair blue eyes suffused with tears of joy, while her manly lover stood at her side, the proudest cavalier in all that bright array. And when the archbishop ascended the pulpit, and demanded if any one there objected to the union, the whole audience shouted aloud, "that the matter was rightly settled;" then again pealed forth the anthem, and again the incense rose in clouds to the fretted roof. The music ceased, the words were said, the crown was placed on the brow of the princess, and the hunter of the forest, amid the acclamations of his people, pressed to his heart the KING'S BRIDE.

"Do you believe in presentiments now?" said the young queen, half laughing, to her royal husband, when they reached the palace.

"I am a convert to your faith, whatever it may be, sweet one. Nay! you shall preach no sermon over my retraction, for thus I forbid the homily," and the king drew the blushing Maud towards him and fondly kissed her.

Many an iron monarch has, since then, sat on the English throne, and many a fair princess has been led by her lover to the altar, but never has a happier or more beautiful pair wore the regal crown in the realm of our ancestors.

"Pa, nobody shan't put corsets on me, shall they?"

"No, my son, they shan't; but what put that in your head?"

"Why, Mr. Green says as how if I kill any more of his chickens, he'll give me the darndest lucin' that ever was."—Perry Eagle.

A GRACEFUL DUN.—Said a pretty woman to a friend of ours a few days since, 'husband has made me a present of the little bill that you owe him? Wasn't that capital? Who could resist such a polite invitation to pay up?

A WISE PROPOSITION.—It is proposed in the Legislature of Indiana to lay a tax on lawyers, doctors, old bachelors and old maids.

The Picayune says, 'if a man endeavors to come to the giraffe over me, am I to be blamed for coming the hippopotamus over him?' Certainly not, Mr. Pic.

Temperance Convention.]

22ND FEBRUARY.

A Convention of Delegates from a number of the Washington Temperance Societies of the county of Huntingdon, convened at the Presbyterian church in the borough of Huntingdon, on Tuesday, the 22d ult.—the anniversary of the immortal WASHINGTON.

The following persons were appointed officers for the temporary organization of the convention: James Walker, of Dublin township, President, Leonard G. Kessler Secretary.

The convention being temporarily organized, on motion,

Resolved, That the convention go in procession and escort the Alexandria delegation to the church, which was accordingly done. Upon re-assembling in the church, "The Farewell Address" of Washington was read by ALEXANDER GWIN, Esq.

A splendid banner (bearing the portrait of Washington, and the motto "The good of man our only aim,") having been prepared by the Ladies of Huntingdon, was presented to the society by T. P. CAMPBELL, Esq. in the name of and in behalf of the ladies, in a brief but feeling address, to which D. BLAIR, Esq. responded in the name of the society, in an appropriate manner.

On motion, the following named persons, being one from each delegation, were appointed to nominate officers for the permanent organization of the convention: D. McMurtrie, William R. ter, A. Sangree, J. G. Lightner, E. Urrouso, Jonathan Cree, John Porter, (Alex.) H. Seeds, H. Foss, and J. Zentmire, to report in the afternoon.

Adjourned to meet at 1½ o'clock, P. M., 1½ o'clock, P. M.

Convention organized.

The committee appointed for the purpose in the forenoon reported the following persons to act as officers for the permanent organization of the convention, to wit:

ALEXANDER GWIN, Esq. President.
John Porter, W. D. Shaw, J. A. Campbell, Geo. Fee, W. Mills, J. Cree, T. T. Cromwell, E. B. Orbison, John Westbrook sen., W. R. Hampson, W. McCoy, H. Knode, A. Sangree, H. Foss, John Bum-baugh, Michael Green, Thomas Read, R. Alexander, Benjamin Leas,—Vice Presidents.

M. McConnell, Leonard G. Kessler, John G. Stewart, (Alex.) James G. Lightner,—Secretaries.

The officers having taken their seats, the meeting was opened by prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Keefer.

On motion, convention formed in procession in following order,

Chief Marshal,
Music,
State Standard,
Vice Pres't, President, Vice Pres't,
Vice Presidents, 3 deep,
Secretaries,
Executive Committee,
Members, 2 deep,
Banner,
Marshal,
Members,
Music,
Banner,
Orators and Reader,
Clergy,
Members,
Marshal,

and after passing through the principal streets of the borough, returned to the church. A "Eulogy on the Life and Character of Washington," was then delivered by T. P. CAMPBELL, Esq.

Music by the Band.
Letters from the following persons having been received, were read, viz: JOHN TYLER, PRESIDENT U. S. HON. G. W. WOODWARD, HON. B. A. BIDLACK, HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, REV. WILLIAM ANNAN, HON. JUDGE HUNTINGDON, JAMES H. RANKIN, Esq. JOHN WILLIAMSON, Esq. Song—"Little wot ye wa's coming."

On motion of E. V. EVERHART, Esq. a committee was appointed to draft a preamble and resolutions, expressive of the sense of the convention, on the Temperance cause.