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"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The Cottage Home.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

Thy cottage home! my dearest!
With its waving linden tree,
With its flowers, and its foliage,
And its bounding rill I see,—
Thy father, in his old arm chair,
With his watch dog at his feet,
Is listening to the wood bird wild,
That trolls his carols sweet.

Thy gentle sister! hand in hand,
She trod with thee the green,
Or sported with thy brothers gay,
Blithe as a May day queen;
Ah! swiftly, when she sang to us,
The happy hours few past,
Or wore the flowrets that she twined,
To crown our gay repast.

Our bridal eve! my dearest!
Ah! can we ever forget,
With tears of joy, and grief, our eyes
That holy hour were wet,—
They're gone—our old companions,—
Thy mother and thy sire—
They sleep beside the village church,
In the shadow of its spire.

The early violets blossom
Above thy sister's grave,
But o'er thy gallant brothers,
Deep rolls the ocean wave.
The melody of other days,
Their memory recalls—
Thou' silent waves the linden tree
Above the cottage walls.

Thy cottage home! my dearest!
With its waving linden tree;
It's warm true hearted inmates,
In memory's glass we see.
And, hand in hand, we'll tread the path,
And on the lesson given,
And guard the faith that tells us hope,
To re-unite in heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Ladies Companion.

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"Mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred."
[The Prisoner of Chillon.]

In one of the apartments of Windsor Castle, remote from those occupied by the royal family, sat James, the son and heir of Robert III, King of Scotland. Books of classic lore, and those containing the productions of the most celebrated poets of England and other countries were arranged on shelves, while a few favorite volumes lay on the table on which he leaned. He held a pen in his hand and a piece of paper lay before him, on which were traced a few poetical lines, but the free and joyous song of the birds, borne on the summer breeze through the grated windows, by reminding him that he was a captive, smote upon his heart and banished the bright dreams that fancy had summoned up.

Having been made a prisoner by Henry IV, at the age of eleven, while on his way to France, whither his father had sent him that he might escape the danger to which he was exposed by the ambition of the Duke of Albany, he was not only retained in captivity the remainder of that King's life, but during the whole reign of his successor, Henry V, in order to prevent the alliance of Scotland and France. Henry IV having had the generosity to bestow on him an excellent education, and possessing a taste for poetry and music which he successfully cultivated, the young prince was enabled to beguile many an otherwise weary hour; yet, with all these mental resources were there times when the chains of captivity galled him to the quick, and he would have given worlds to have ex-

changed his lot with that of the meanest peasant.

He rose and went to the window. The prospect of the Thames and the surrounding country, dressed in its summer garb of verdure and bloom, was beautiful, and there were times when he could gaze on it with the loving eyes and impassioned feelings of the poet; but now his heart was far away amid his native hills where in childhood he used to rove at will, and his eyes grew dim with tears. As he lingered at the window to catch the coolness of the breeze on his burning brow and throbbing temples, he succeeded in gradually subduing his feelings to that stern and determined composure learned only in the school of adversity and attained only by those who have the power and will to submit uncomplainingly to its iron discipline. The royal gardens lay below, but owing to the iron bars that crossed his window, that portion nearest the buildings was concealed from his view, and all at once he became conscious that a soft female voice occasionally mingled its melody with that of the wild bird's carol. Notes of so much sweetness, he imagined could proceed only from the loveliest of lips, he earnestly desired to obtain a view of the songstress. His wish seemed likely to remain ungratified, as she continued in that part of the garden which he was debarred from beholding. At length, however, she emerged to view, and approaching a large rose-bush, commenced plucking some of the half-blown flowers. The Prince had never before beheld a face and form so perfectly beautiful. It was at so early an hour that she probably imagined there were no watchful eyes to observe her, and her rich chestnut hair, unrestrained by golden bodkin or jeweled braid, fell in long, glossy ringlets over a neck of almost dazzling whiteness, at every motion sweeping the dew from the glittering leaves of the rose-bush as she bent over it.

It is singular how the lineaments, the voice, and peculiar air, even after having been long lost, are sometimes revived in a descendant. The features of this lovely creature were almost the same as those which have so long since been made familiar by the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. The rich, ripe lips, wore the same expression of pensive tenderness, the soft brilliant eyes were shaded by the same long and silken lashes, and the outline of the exquisite chin and throat melted as harmoniously into that of the snowy neck. Gathering a few other flowers valuable for their great perfume, she arranged the whole into a bouquet, which having tied with a band of silk floss, she left that part of the garden and was lost to the Prince's view. Reseating himself at the table and taking the pen, which a few minutes before, he had abandoned, he rapidly sketched one of those little songs which have since been attributed to him under the name of Scottish Melodies. He then took a harp which sat in one corner of the room, and soon adapted the lines to a simple and beautiful air, with which he resolved to greet the fair lady of the bouquet, should she again appear alone in the garden. By means of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, he ascertained that her name was Joanna Beaufort, and that she was of the blood of royal England. He soon had the opportunity which he desired to try the effect of his song, the words of which were so pointed, that she could not be at a loss to know that she was the person addressed. The Prince could even discern the deepening of the rose-tint on her cheeks as she slowly turned away, but the high grated windows of his prison, sunk deeply into the heavy walls, precluded her from obtaining even an indistinct view of his person, which she gladly would have done by stealth through the flowery hedge behind which she retreated. She only knew that the minstrel was prince James of Scotland, whose fate had frequently been the private theme of conversation among the ladies of the court. Strongly was she tempted, the following morning, to visit her favorite rose-bush, but she resisted the inclination, although, while she was gathering some roses far less beautiful, where she could not obtain even a glimpse of the prisoner's window, she would hear him singing the same song to which she had listened the morning preceding.

Each day, by early dawn, did the Prince repair to his window, in the hope to again behold her who had inspired him with such lively sentiments, of admiration and love. It was his fate to be disappointed. One day, near its close, when on her way to the apartments of the Queen, Joanna Beaufort encountered a minstrel, who, lowly bowing, requested her to inquire of her grace, if she would listen to a few Scottish songs. She conveyed the message, and Catharine who might find the English court somewhat dull, in comparison with that of her own country, ordered him to be admitted. He was tall and finely formed, and wore the plaid of his country with much grace. As he entered, he lifted his bonnet from his brow, which he carefully consigned to the floor, displaying a profusion of glossy raven

curls. Having respectfully greeted the Queen, he ran his fingers over the strings of the harp by way of prelude, and then in a clear manly voice commenced his song. At the sound of his voice, Joanna Beaufort started, and to conceal her agitation from the Queen, sunk back into the recess of a window. As he sang, the minstrel kept his eyes fastened on the floor. Once only he ventured to raise them to the face of the fair girl who stood opposite to him, and then his voice faltered, and his fingers roved over the harp-strings, with an unsteady and doubtful touch. It might have been the reflection of the heavy crimson curtains that shaded the window, but as she turned from its gaze, a color broke over her cheeks deep as the half-blown rose that nestled in the snowy folds of her handkerchief that shaded her bosom.

"Sir Minstrel," said Queen Catharine gaily, as he closed his song, "thou art master of thy art, and if Harry of Monmouth had not already won me, and borne me from my dear sunny France, I would refuse to listen to his suit till he could win me with a lay as sweet as thine. Now sing us a somewhat merrier ditty, and then we must dismiss thee, for the long shades which began to be cast upon the floor, would remind me, did not my heart do so, that the hour is at hand for me to visit the young Prince."

"Your Grace's commands shall be obeyed," he replied, "though I have little cause, and still less heart for a merry song."

"Ah," said Catharine, "thou must go to France, where the sons of Appollo find favor as well as those of Mars."

The minstrel was about to commence his second song, when a stir was heard in the passage. The door was thrown open, the King announced, and the next moment Henry V entered the apartment. At the first intimation of the King's approach, the minstrel had obtained permission from the Queen to withdraw, and had sunk back into the shadowy part of the room that he might glide thence unnoticed, as soon as the passage through the door should be unobstructed. He was in the act of executing his intention, when he caught the eye of the King, who commanded him to remain. He obeyed, retreating still further into the gloom. Joanna Beaufort turned pale and without knowing what she did, plucked the leaves from the beautiful rose in her bosom, and then bent over the lifeless stem, as if the bloom and perfume still remained.

"It is only a poor minstrel from Scotland," said the Queen, "whom I suffered to enter for mine and Mistress Beaufort's diversion."

"It would better content me," replied the King, to entertain one soldier, than a dozen minstrels, and I would prefer to see a parcel of right active lads play a game at leap-frog, than to hear a song from each of the dozen."

"Ah, your majesty never heard this minstrel. If you would only please order him to sing, you would surely alter your mind."

"Thy sweet voice, Kate, and the prattle of the infant Prince, are music enough for me. But I will not cross thy desire. Stand forth, Sir Minstrel, where thou canst catch a glance of light from yonder window, and sing us a soldier's song."

He stepped forward with a reluctant and embarrassed air, and commenced singing with a fluttering voice. Gradually his embarrassment subsided, and as he finished, with a look of majesty and grace of which Henry himself might have been proud, he turned to the King and requested leave to withdraw. Henry waved his hand in token of assent, and kept his eyes fixed upon him till he had quitted the apartment.—He sat a few moments, apparently absorbed in thought, and then abruptly addressing Joanna Beaufort, demanded if she knew the minstrel's name.

"I never saw him till this evening, please your majesty," she replied.

"I shrewdly suspect he is no more a wandering minstrel, than the wandering Jew. Alfred?" A lad in waiting stepped forward a few paces.

"Go to the hall," said Henry, "and if the minstrel be there, say that I command that he receive liberal entertainment, but a guard must be set over him for the present."

Joanna Beaufort made a movement as if she, too, intended to leave the room soon after the departure of the page.

"Nay, Mistress Beaufort," said Henry, in a playful yet decided tone, "we shall not permit thee to leave us at present. A handsome lass should not be trusted in company with one of those minstrel boys, or ten to one there will be some love passages between them."

Thus rebuked, with cheeks glowing with mingled shame and indignation, she sunk back again into the recess of the window. Having, in truth, suspected that the minstrel was no other than his royal prisoner, for, although many years had passed since he had seen him, the last and only time being long before his accession

to the crown, the grave and thoughtful, yet handsome countenance of the captive Prince, made an impression on his memory which the jovial and reckless manner in which he spent his time, had never the power to efface. Though naturally of a frank and generous disposition, the King seems to have been actuated by a narrow and illiberal spirit with regard to the Prince, for he refused to liberate him after the alleged cause of his capture no longer existed, Scotland having already entered into an alliance with France.

In a short time the page returned with the information that the minstrel, before he had descended to the hall, had departed, no one could tell whither. However quiet and composed Joanna Beaufort might be in her general demeanor, at this intelligence, had not the increased gloom prevented, a marked change might have been seen to pass over her countenance, and there was certainly a slight excess of gaiety in her manner—so thought Catharine—when directly afterwards she invited her to accompany her to the apartment of the young Prince. Henry immediately sent to assure himself that Prince James was in his own room, and then, instead of visiting his infant son, as was his custom at that hour, he took opportunity to speak to Sir Anthony Darley, relative to the prisoner, and caution him to keep a strict eye upon his movements.

Several evenings afterwards, as Joanna Beaufort was passing from the Queen's apartment to her own, she was met by a person whom she did not recognize by the imperfect light, who in passing her slipped a piece of paper into her hand. When she arrived at her chamber she found it was a note addressed to herself.

"If the benevolence of your heart has led you to feel the least interest in the fate of the unhappy Prince who is a prisoner in the castle, repair at eleven o'clock to the little wood, which skirts the royal gardens on the east. Lady Hester Darley, wife of the Prince's keeper, who will not betray the confidence reposed in her, is willing to accompany you, and will call at your apartment for that purpose at the hour proposed. Think of the eighteen years which he has passed in captivity and exile, and your heart will not permit you to refuse."

Trembling with agitation, which had in it more of pleasure than of pain, she seated herself by the table, resolved to consider the matter coolly and deliberately. But how could a young and lovely girl think thus upon a subject which afforded such scope for imagination, romance and sentiment, when her love and pity were already so warmly enlisted as regarded the Prince. Every objection which presented itself to his mind was overcome by those powerful pleadings, and before the arrival of the specified hour, she had fully resolved on repairing to the wood. Entwining a few rose-buds which had been kept fresh in a vase of water with her beautiful hair, she awaited the arrival of Lady Hester Darley. Soon a light tap was heard at the door. It was Lady Hester, and slipping on a short silk cloak with a hood, which she drew over her face, gave her hand to her conductor, and they proceeded with hasty and light footsteps along the corridor, at the extremity of which Lady Hester unlocked a door which admitted them to a more private passage, and here not a solitary lamp was burning to enlighten their way, nor did they dare to take one lest it should gleam through some crevice or flash through some window or door. But they were too familiar with the way to be bewildered, and in a few minutes they found themselves in the open air. Although the beams of an unclouded moon lit up the heavens with a brilliant little inferior to the light of day, and wreathed with silver the ripples that broke over a small irregular lake, which formed a beautiful boundary to the garden for a short distance, the shadows of night lay heavily on each leaf-embowered covert and flowery recess, so grateful during the noontide heat. Often did they cower in the deep shade of some copse as they mistook the breeze murmuring among the leaves for the whispers of a human voice, and more than once they shrank back with terror as some bough swayed by the winds cast its shadow across their path. As they entered the wood, Joanna drew more closely to her companion's side, who led her to an opening. A man muffled in a cloak advanced to meet them. As he drew near he suffered the folds that shrouded his face to fall, and at the same time taking off his cap he revealed the features of the Minstrel.—The moonbeams fell brightly on his high and noble brow, round which his dark and waving hair luxuriantly clustered, and the somewhat haughty expression of his handsome mouth was now softened by one of those melancholy and winning smiles.—As she listened to his deep musical voice breathing eloquence and poetry of passion, she remembered not that he was a captive; she forgot even, that could he be by any chance regain his liberty, he might claim a crown—she beheld only one of the most fascinating and noble of men, to whom she felt a pride in yielding the whole trea-

sure of her affections. The Prince raised his eyes to the sweet blue sky, which seemed spread like a banner of love over the opening where they stood, which at this hour was as silent and appeared as lonely as if in the heart of a deep forest. It was the first time for many, many years, that he stood in the open air with none near to guard him, and by their presence remind him of his bondage. Calmer and more reflective thoughts succeeded the delirium of joy which he felt at finding that his love was returned.

"To what end," thought he, "should I seek to link the destiny of this lovely and innocent girl with mine, say to make her feel the weight of the chains which are daily dragging me to the earth?" and he offered to release her from the promise which he had sought to obtain with so much ardor.

She replied—"While my heart is yours my promise remains. When I take back the one, you may be assured that you no longer possess the other."

At this moment, Lady Hester stepped forward and directed their attention to a light which gleamed from the Prince's window. It was the signal which Sir Anthony Darley had promised to display at midnight, the hour at which his prisoner had promised to return. It shone with a calm, unwavering light, and seemed to the lovers like a star, which though it hovers near the cloud, pours beams of peace and promise on the tempest-tost mariner. Its influence may appear strange, but they parted from each other full of happy thoughts, and buoyed up with hopes, which, to them, that serene and lonely light gleaming from the prison room was an emblem.

As Lady Hester and her youthful companion were about to emerge from the wood, a man darted across the path wound along by the shore of the lake, and couched beneath the shelter of a neighboring copse. They stopped, greatly alarmed, for they feared that their interview with the Prince had been discovered. They could not proceed without passing directly by the copse, and after considerable hesitation they retraced their steps and took the path by which Prince James had just made his egress.

It proved as they had feared. The King who, as has already been mentioned, suspected that the Minstrel whom he met in the Queen's apartment was his royal prisoner, had issued orders that the proceedings of Sir Anthony Darley, his keeper, should be strictly watched, and early the next morning Sir Anthony received information that another keeper was appointed in his room.

When the prisoner was informed of the change, he uttered no complaint, he did not even speak, but he felt that the thoughts, which a few moments before were teeming with hopes and anticipation, which though vague and half formed, had passed over his spirit a soothing and most blessed power, must henceforth be the darker for one bright and solitary gleam of that sunshine had flitted across his path.

It was August. Two months had passed away and the country was in mourning for her King. Henry V, the "star of England," was dead. Henry VI, being only nine months old, the kingdom was placed under the protectorship of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, who was likewise, by the will of his late brother, appointed Regent of France.

It was a delightful evening—as lovely as the one in June when Prince James and Joanna Beaufort, accompanied by Lady Hester Darley, met for the first time in the wood. Autumn had planted a few touches of decay on the then fresh foliage, and spread a somewhat fainter hue over the heavens, but they were no less beautiful and serene, while a star less evanescent than the light that gleamed from the window, hovering near the crescent moon like a messenger of love, seemed to regard them with a look of benignity as they now stood on the same spot. The Prince had not now by the indulgence of his keeper, stolen from a prison; the council of England, through the influence of the Duke of Bedford, had granted him his freedom.—By the same influence Joanna Beaufort was now his wedded wife, who listened with delighted attention as he clothed in glowing language the host of old memories which from childhood had been garnered in his heart, and were still fresh as the first sweet flowers of spring.

In a few weeks the Prince hailed his native land, where he and his consort were crowned King and Queen of Scotland.

OBADIAH STUCK.—"What do you ask for this article?" said Obadiah, to a modest young Miss in one of our shops.

"Fifteen shillings, sir—it's a superb article."

"You are a little dear, are you not?" said Obadiah.

"Why all the young men tell me so," she replied, dropping her eyes and blushing. Obadiah came straight away.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.—Below we give the fruits of some years industry in collecting useful receipts. Many of them will be found exceedingly important.—Try them.

In preparing for a ball, it is better to put on the coat before buttoning it. Gentlemen who adopt this course will find that the job can be much sooner finished than by adopting a mode directly the reverse. If particular despatch be desired, at the same time, never attempt to draw on the boot over the head. One half the time that operation will be found exceedingly difficult to accomplish.

After joining the temperance society, great care should be observed in the choice and quality of drinks. Brandy, if taken in moderate quantities, will be sure to cause intoxication, much sooner than cold water. The temperance man should not be seen in the street very drunk in less than two or three weeks after he has taken the pledge; when he finds "too heavy a brick in his hat," he should remain at home.

Immediately after purchasing an umbrella, be careful to have the initials of your name engraved upon the handle, as that is sure to prevent it being stolen.—Nobody would think of erasing your initials.

It is an excellent notion when you fall down in the street, to pick yourself up before going much further. If a person wishes to make rapid headway, the perpendicular position is infinitely preferable to the horizontal.

If badly bitten by a surly cur, turn instantly and bite the dog, in illustration of the maxim "the hair of the dog will cure the bite."

A very good way to cure yourself of a habit of snoring in your sleep, is to sit up all night playing cards.

One of the most effective means to preserve shoe leather ever tried, is to walk upon the head.

These are but a few of our receipts.—We will furnish the public with more of them anon.—Pic.

THE DULLNESS OF HIGH LIFE.—The following passages in the Memoirs of the Duchess of St. Albans, contain a sad and home truth:

"Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects, I may say of the two extremes of life, as myself; and few persons, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great wealth; but after all, this does not, by any means, constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and low states. No—the signal, the striking contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite minds of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness, all high spirits—all fun, frolic, and vivacity; they cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasure of the present hour, and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move; can any thing be more weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the treadmill as toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which, in fact, is very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, are declared to be vulgar. There can be no cordiality where there is so much exclusiveness and primness; no! all its coldness, reserve, and universal *ennui*, even where this starchiness of manner is unaccompanied by any very strict rigour in matters of conduct. Look, now, at those quadrille-dancers in the other room; they have been supping, they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked; the band is capital; the men are young and the girls are pretty; and yet, did you ever see such crawling movements, such solemn looks, as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world? Oh! what a different thing was a country dance in my younger days?"

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.—"Bible dictionary class, come up," said our schoolmaster.

"Who was Lot's wife?"

"The pillow of salt what Moses laid his head on when he went up to Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up; coz he had no sheep but himself to do otherwise."

"What is said about Jonah?"

"Jonah swallowed a whale, and was vomited up the third day, with a passel of gourd seed, which he gave to the Queen of shebe for mending his trousers, which he burst in strainin' to get out of the lion's den where Daniel had eatin' Pulse and Pease's Candy."

"Patrick—how, if you had to die, would you prefer dying? Drowning by water, to be sure. 'Why so?' 'Faith, was it not Jim Barney, a friend of mine, who had a thrall of it, and told me it was the easiest death he ever felt?'"