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Poetical.

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE!"

BY MARY HOWITT.

The moon beams on the billowy deep,
The blue waves rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The low that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The stars at midnight's calm repose:
These praise the power that arched the sky,
And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with its thrilling notes,
The peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats,
Or sinks in dying ecstacy there;
These all to Thee their voices raise,
A fervent song of gushing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows fit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew-drop gleaming on the spray—
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all Earth's fair and lovely things,
Doth living praise ascend to Thee:
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father, Thy hand hath form'd the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea;
Thus had'st it ope at summer's hour,
Its hues of beauty speak of Thee,
Thy works all praise Thee; shall not men
Alike attune the grateful hymn?
Shall he not join the loftier strain,
Echoed from heart of seraphim?
We tune to Thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

Miscellaneous.

Female Influence and Energy.

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and relieved by domestic endearments and self-respect, kept alive by finding that, though all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is a monarch; whereas a single man is apt to run to self-neglect and waste; to fall to ruin in a deserted mansion for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of the husband under the misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant has been riddled by the thunderbolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up his broken heart.

Russia and Turkey.

The great point of interest in the intelligence brought by the Arctic, is the complication and alarm connected with the presence of Prince Menchikoff, the special Russian Envoy at Constantinople. We some time since called the attention of the public to the peculiar character and position of this Statesman in Russia, and to the fact that an embassy entrusted to him must be of the gravest kind. Above all, the Emperor would not have sent him to Constantinople without putting into his hands full powers for either peace or war, or without preparations to back up the ultimatum he was instructed to proffer to the Ottoman Government. His appearance and conduct since his arrival there, as well as his progress thither, show that whatever fears other powers may have about making war, Russia is ready for it. On his way the Prince held extraordinary reviews of the land forces in the Southern Provinces, and of the fleet on the Black Sea, as if he were about to lead them into an actual campaign. He was attended to Constantinople by a suite worthy of the Czar himself, and was received by the Greek and Russian population of the city with the pomp of a sovereign. Then, on his first interview with the Grand Vizier he took care to be especially insulting, and even went so far as virtually to dictate the resignation of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was at once complied with. At these insolent proceedings the Turks took fright, and the Grand Vizier prevailed on the British Charge d'Affaires to send to Malta for the fleet there stationed, to come immediately to the Dardanelles—a summons the Admiral in command did not see fit to comply with. The French Government have also ordered a fleet into the Archipelago to observe the progress of events. At Paris stocks have fallen, while at London they were less, but still sensibly affected.

The nature of Prince Menchikoff's demands is variously, though nowhere officially stated, but it is clear that they relate mainly to the question of the Holy Sepulcher, and to the respective privileges of the Greek and Latin Churches in Syria and other parts of the Turkish Empire. Some time ago the French Ambassador, M. de Lavalette, acting on the command of Louis Napoleon, bullied the Porte into granting to the Roman Catholic Church certain advantages with respect to the Sepulcher which had not before been enjoyed by it. The Porte resisted, but, though Lavalette was less arrogant than Menchikoff, he was sufficiently imperious, and the Sultan gave way. Prince Menchikoff now comes to insist on the retraction of those advantages, and doubtless adds to that demand the recognition of a certain protectorate over the Greek Christians of Turkey, to be exercised by the Czar, with other conditions no less unpalatable.

It is striking to observe the patience with which events so interesting are watched in England. The *Times* suddenly turning right about from its late incitations to filibusterism and the partition of Turkey, now calls on Great Britain "by an example of moderation to preserve peace, and to check that cupiditv which may threaten at any moment to tear the Turkish Empire asunder." The *Morning Chronicle* thinks that "too much stress cannot be laid upon the consideration that any thing like a division of the Ottoman Territories could never be accomplished without a long and costly war"—and that so far is Turkey from the impossibility of becoming civilized, which alone could justify her destruction, that it may really be hoped "that the Sultan may one day succeed in giving his people a Government almost as civilized and enlightened as is enjoyed by the Polish subjects of the Czar, or by the equally contented Italian subjects of the Emperor of Austria."

Meantime, while the journals thus moderately debate the matter, the funds suffer no great decline, and the public gets into no excitement, contenting itself with blaming Lord Stratford for his prolonged absence from his post as Ambassador at Constantinople.

Nor does the French Government manifest any such irascible disposition as was to be expected from its share in the preliminaries. Having brought this Russian Envoy upon the Sultan, Napoleon was at least bound to sustain the latter in reducing Menchikoff to civility, if not to face the necessity of war in his behalf. But he has done no such thing, notwithstanding the terror of the Paris stockjobbers. And as the affair cannot have come upon him unawares; we may take it for proven that when he does go to war, he will not begin with Russia.

Ardent political prophets hold us the entire deglutition of the Ottoman Empire by Russia and her allies as immediately at hand. This seems to be an exaggerated expectation. The process will be slower and less apparent. It was already reported that Paris, the day before the sailing of the steamer that the question would be peacefully settled. Such a settlement is possible only on the submission of the

Porte to all that is essential in Menchikoff's demands. Such submission is highly probable, but it implies a profound conviction on the part of the Sultan and his Ministers, that in a war with Russia, England, and France would not support them, in other words that those powers practically abandon the Ottoman cause. Thus will they prove the most efficient laborers for the establishment of permanent Russian domination in Turkey. Provided that he really gained, the Czar is too shrewd to peril it by grasping at more. For the moment, it is of little consequence to him whether he rules at Constantinople through a Russian Governor, or through a Mahometan satriap with the title of Sultan. And this promises to be the result of Menchikoff's mission. If he achieve such a triumph, it may restore him to that full favor with his imperial master to which his talents and integrity entitle him, but which a jealousy dislike of his ambition on the part of the Czar has lately in a measure deprived him of.

Paris Thieving.

The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, has the following amusing account of the manner in which the thieves of Paris do up their work:

"Friday evening last some intimate friends were in my parlor, and among them an American lady, who, the day before, had this adventure. She went to visit the show rooms of Giroux—well known to all Parisians and all curious strangers, as the most splendid, fashionable, and expensive of the entrepots at this season. She wore a side pocket in which was the sum of 300 Fanks in bank notes, and in the same a porte monnaie with thirty coin. She had destined the money, not to the purchase of knick knacks, but to the payment of sundry small debts elsewhere. On retiring from the moodish throng, she found that her pocket was missing; it had been cut in the nearest manner, from under her robe. In the afternoon, a package was delivered by an unknown person, to the porter of her residence, to her address, containing the pocket, in which were the handkerchief, needlebook, visiting cards—all but the money. Recovery is out the question, as she had not attended to the numbers of the notes.

A distinguished Catholic priest of the company related the following kindred anecdote. In the beginning of this month, on the Sunday, a marriage in high life was celebrated at the church of St. Louis d'Antin, about 10 in the morning. Our Abbe happened to be in the Sacristy with a few others of the clergy who had just performed religious service in the chapels. Suddenly the door opened, rather violently, and a lady entered grasping by the wrist a gentleman dressed in extreme style, with new straw colored kid gloves, &c.—She stated with some agitation that she was of the bridal party, and that her prisoner stood next to her. As she turned her head to look at some one who was entering the church she felt a twitch at her neck, and instantly perceived that her gold watch, chain and seals—all of considerable value, had been clatched. She seized her neighbor saying, "You have stolen my watch, come with me to the Sacristy, if you do not prefer to be exposed here in a more public way."

He protested his innocence while he suffered himself to be dragged. The priest sent for the police officer, stationed outside, and meanwhile were almost persuaded by the polite manners and earnest pleas of the dandy, that he was wronged and hardly treated. The functionary arrived, and the moment he cast his eyes upon the accused, he exclaimed—"Ah, you again, my boy, (*Mon Garcon*)—Now, do give the lady her watch at once." The watch was produced and gracefully restored, and the *Serjeant de Ville* marched off with his old acquaintance. The reverend gentleman added, about a year previous, at similar nuptials in Saint Roche, the church in which he regularly officiates, five lady females, fashionably attired, were apprehended by the police officers at one swoop. They were of a combination of filchers especially assigned to grand espousals, of which it is always easy to get sufficient information beforehand.

SURE ENOUGH.—"Mother," asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin, "why don't the book never mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it spoke of her, but it has not once spoke it."

"Why, she has no other name, child."

"Yes she had, mother, and I know it."

"What was it?"

"Why, Topsy—Topsy Turvy."

"You had better go to bed, my dear," said the mother. "You are as bad as your old grandmother, for she can't say pork without beans, for the life of her."

The best proof of force of mind, is the position that some men occupy in society. According to a late statistician, the number of asses annually elected to Congress, outnumber the men of sense by twenty-three per cent.

The Marriage Altar.

Judge Carlton, in a recent eloquent address, at Augusta, Georgia, thus sketches the marriage scene, before the Young Men's Association:

"I have drawn you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage altar. A lovely female clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth. See the trusting heroic devotion which impels her to leave her country, and parents, for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and noble heart. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wing shall flap,
O'er the false hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
Ere life be parted;
Shame shall dishonor it,
On his grave ever,
Blessings shall hallow it,
Never! Oh never!

We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few months before united her fate to his, "If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your happiness." "And will you give me back that which I brought to you?" asked the despairing wife. "Yes," he replied, "all your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not." "Alas," she answered. "I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my maiden affections—of my buoyant hope—of my devoted love, can you give these back to me?" "No!" said the man as he flung himself at her feet.

"No! I cannot restore them, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and unstained—I will cherish them through my life, and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and cherish her, who gave up to me, all she held most dear."

Did I not tell you that there was poetry in a woman's word? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man.—Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how many of Woodcock's fiercest battles would be unfought; how much of unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!"

Washington.

The following Indian legend, relative to the spirit-home of Washington, is extracted from Margan's league of the Iroquois. It is curious, as showing the estimation in which the Father of his Country was held by this singular people, and their idea of future felicity:

"Among the modern beliefs engrafted upon the ancient faith of the Iroquois, there is one which is worthy of particular notice. It relates to Washington. According to their present belief, no white man ever reached the Indian heaven.—Not having been created by the Great Spirit, no provisions was made for him in their schemes of theology. He was excluded both from heaven and the place of punishment. But an exception was made in favor of Washington. Because of his justice and benevolence to the Indian, he stood preeminent above all other white men. When by the peace of 1783, the Indians were abandoned by their British allies, and left to make their own terms with the American Government, the Iroquois were more exposed to severe measures than the other tribes in their alliance. At this critical moment, Washington interfered in the behalf of the protector of Indian rights, and the advocate of a policy towards them of the most enlightened justice and humanity. After his death he was mourned by the Iroquois as a benefactor of their race, and his memory was cherished with reverence and affection. A belief was spread among them that the Great Spirit had received into a celestial residence upon the plains of Heaven, the only white man whose deeds had entitled him to his heavenly favor. Just by the entrance of Heaven is a wall enclosure, the ample grounds within which are laid out with avenues and shaded walks.—Within is a spacious mansion, constructed in the fashion of a fort. Every object in nature which could please a cultivated taste had been gathered in this blooming Eden to render it a happy dwelling place for the immortal Washington. The faithful Indian, as he enters heaven, passes the enclosure. He sees the illustrious inmate as he walks to and fro in quiet meditation. But no word passes his lips. Dressed in his uniform, and in a state of perfect felicity, he is destined to remain through eternity in the solitary enjoyment of the celestial residence prepared for him by the Great Spirit."

An Ugly Editor.

A recent number of the Democratic Review contained a likeness of Bennett, of the New York Herald, which Prentice thus hits off:

"Bennett's portrait is terrific. Such a thing ought never to be painted or daguer-typed. It ought to be considered a penal offence to make anything so revolting to all our ideas of propriety. No man has a right to monopolize so much ugliness.—If Bennett's ugliness could be distributed over a thousand faces, it would make each of them intensely, hatefully ugly. He ought not to be permitted to go into the street without a blanket over his awful frontpiece. No wonder that so many of the New York children die of convulsions, since Bennett is permitted to walk abroad with uncovered face. We once heard of a man's face that was so ugly that it was placed on andirons for the purpose of frightening children from the fire, with much effect. No child dared approach the andirons, and the liability to combustion from such a case was greatly lessened. If Bennett's ugly likeness were stamped on fire-places, the child would be decidedly bad, for the children would not dare to go near enough to the fire to keep warm, and would become frost-bitten and perhaps frozen to death. We cannot conceive of any reason why anything should be as ugly as Bennett. He is ugliness perfected. There is a thoroughness about his ugliness which defies competition. When Mirabau described himself as a tiger that had had the small pox, he placed a very ugly idea in everybody's mind, but it was beautiful when compared with Bennett's face. When Appelles made his beauty, his Venus, he took an eye from one woman, a nose from another, a mouth from a third, and so on until the Venus was complete in her more than earthly beauty. Now, if any Appelles, or artist of any appellation, wishes to make the most indubitably perfect representation of ugliness, he would not be compelled to take features from several very ugly persons, but all he would be compelled to do would be to get Bennett's face, and the enterprise would be accomplished."

The Sabbath.

The New-York Times very happily discourses of the day of rest in this wise:

"The rest of the Sabbath, is as necessary after the engagement of the week, as is the night's rest after the work of the day. To the one we go instinctively, forced by fatigue. It is well if we observe the other, impelled by moral considerations, before suffering the penalty attached to its violation, of which no instinct gives us warning. After six days of labor our strained muscles need a season to renew their elasticity—our irritable nerves to recover their normal state—our fretted spirits to resume their equanimity. A simple change of necessary labor does a great deal; the entire cessation of all that is unnecessary does still more. The fitting devotional exercises of the day are calming and soothing, and productive of that healthy state of mind with which it is desirable to enter upon the duties of the succeeding days. The influence of the Sabbath on the week's tumultuous cares is like oil poured on a stormy sea. Stretched out over the hurrying crowd of daily engagements, like the rod of the Prophet over the Red Sea, it piles the waves up on either side, and we pass through them dry shod.

"Oh day, most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of the supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and day—
The week were dark but for thy light;
The torch doth show the way."

What Hope Did.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance.

It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its hand upon the arm of the poor man, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and it saved her from desolation, and the "care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

No, hope! my good brother. Have it. Beckon it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best—but hope shall lead thee over its mountains and sustain thee amid its billows. Part with all beside—but keep thy hope.

Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

Slaves of Fashion.

There is much truth in the annexed article, from the New York Times, but fashion is too powerful and despotic nowadays, to be in any degree shaken by such assaults:

We are slaves in the matter of dress.—Where is the man who is independent enough to dress to suit himself to dress just as well, and no better, just as warmly and no more so, in just such style and fit, as his own sound, unbiased judgment dictates? We wear finer cloth than is serviceable, of colors that do not suit us, and of shapes that call out maledictions—because others do. We wear stiff, wood-like hats, that one uneducated to their use would deem only fit for instruments of torture, because everybody else does. Some bold hatter, by way of experiment, issues a new and comfortable style of head-gear, and by good fortune it is acceptable. The public adopt it greedily. All consent that it is becoming, pleasant and appropriate. But at the expiration of six months it has gone out of vogue, and where is the man of standing who dare be seen with it on! Once in a long while there turns up a garment that just suits us. It answers a purpose that we feel should answer. We adopt it and are loud in its commendations. But with the circle of the year our favorite garment rolls out of date.—

We struggle a six-month against the Fates, but at last our wife's importunities, our daughter's implorations, and our own sense of propriety, lead us to lay it aside, though only half worn out. And when it has been thrown off for a season, how shockingly bad it seems, even in our eyes! how out! how ridiculous! We cannot look at our old friend without laughing, and in our soberest moments we smile if we think of the figure we should cut with it on. Shall we speak of the ladies? how their vestments are beautiful to-day and outrageous to-morrow! how shawls and cloaks that were their pride last season will be scorned next, though not a thread has started nor a seam opened! how bonnets must be cast away because cap-crowns are replaced by flat-crowns! costly furs have lost their value, because shop-keepers say a different color or a different grain is now worn."

Men are blessed in that their fashions change less frequently than those of the ladies. But when they do change, they do it as some men die—"die all." It is of no use to try to retain a favorite. A hat two years of age is as old if it were made in the year '76. A coat that has outlived a fashionable era, will not grow more antiquated if it is kept forever.

We can see the costliness of our slavery every time we chance to be caught out in a shower without an umbrella. A lady thus surprised comes home a perfect wreck.—Scarcely an article that meets the eye, of all her external accoutrements, but is utterly ruined. And a gentleman in such a predicament, is not fit to associate with gentlemen, until he has replaced his spoiled "surroundings," at the cost of cash enough to carry a good old Yankee clergyman through three months of the year. In our enslaved condition, nothing is more ridiculous than to hear our merchants talk of an article's durability. Just as if durability were of any consequence to an article which in two years, whether sound or tattered, worn or unworn, is worth only a pair of five shilling vases to the crockery pedlar. Hatters talk of durability!—as if the buyer would dare to wear one after the four or six months' use—the time allotted before a new shape must be given to the blocks—has ruffled its nap and dimmed its original lustre. We should like to see the young man of standing in this city who would pull out a silver watch, though it be an unerring time-piece, and an heirloom in the family, without an effort to conceal the comparatively mean metal in which it is encased. Very few gentlemen in the city are rich enough to afford to be so eccentric, and those in the country who would venture it, are getting old and scarcer every year. In this matter we are certainly slaves. A few adventurous spirits turn fugitives and run out of this bondage—into another, to wit, the bondage of a reputation for eccentricity—a horror of barber's tools, and a commitment to wear nothing that other people wear.

There is a gentleman connected with the Iowa Legislature, who gets so hot when talking politics, that they had to call out a fire company, the other day to prevent a spontaneous combustion. He has two great hobbies—the principles of ninety-eight and a statue for the "more early development of ganders."

If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school-mistress scented him with the girls.

Bursting—the buds.