The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

VOL. 18. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1853. NO. 43.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

If paid in advance.....**$1,50**

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 16 lines or less

For 1 insertion	$0,50,	For 1 month,	$1,25
" 2 "	0,75,	" 3 "	2,75
" 3 "	1,00,	" 6 "	5,00

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, not exceeding 10 lines, and not changed during the year.....$4,00

CARD AND JOURNAL in advance.....5,00

BUSINESS CARDS of the same length, not changed.....$3,00

CARD and JOURNAL, in advance.....4,00

☞ Short transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at treble the usual rates.

On longer advertisements, whether yearly or transient, a reasonable deduction will be made for prompt payment.

POETICAL.

The Day is Gone.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The day is gone; and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem—
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thought of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wondrous melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And comes like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read the treasur'd volume,
The poem of my choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like Arabs,
And as silently pass away.

On a Young Lady Wearing a Cross.

BY CAROLINE CHESSEBORO.

She wears it proudly, for it shines
With costly gems, a radiant thing!—
A worthier emblem of the times
To Fashion's court she could not bring.

Made fast with chains of precious gold,
She dons it with her gala-dress:—
It shines amidst the silken fold—
Sin clasps it with a bold caress.

She clasps it in her vainest mood,
(That awful symbol lightly worn,)
Forgetful that 'tis stained with blood,
And has the Prince of glory borne!

Oh! strange forgetfulness! She sees
No circling Crown of Thorns hung there!
Droops ne'er beneath it to her knees!
Is never driven by it to prayer!

It lies no weight upon her breast—
It speaks no warning to her heart—
It lends no guiding light—at best
Is but a gaud in folly's mart.

Go! hide the glittering thing from sight!
Go! bear the cross in worthier guise!
The soul—worn crucifix sheds light
That in no paltry bauble lies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

The Sister's Reward.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Frank, sweet brother, I wish I had some charm potent enough to dispel those shadows on your brow;" and the young lady bent over the chair, and laid her hand carelessly on the dark hair that shaded the pale, intellectual forehead of the young man.

"And your words have done so, already, Kate," was the reply, while the brother drew his arm around his sister, and looked up fondly in her face. It was a picture of exceeding loveliness, and the summer sunshine floated, softly in through the vine-girdled window, and set it in a frame-work of gold. The scholar-like contour of the thin and eranest face of the one, contrasted finely with the soft girlish features of the other, while the bright, brown curls floated over her black dress, in that summer sun-set, like a tide of wavy gold.

"But Frank, something is troubling you—something which I may not share. You cannot deceive me. I know there is a heavy weight lies upon your heart, which our father's death and our recent misfortunes have not lain there. Have I not been a good sister, and true to you, from the time we lisped our prayer at our mother's knee in childhood! By the trees beneath whose shadow we played in sweet, by-gone time, by all the memories that cluster around the bright hours which sleep in the shadow of the past, and oh, by that grave over which the long grass of this summer's day is sighing, tell me what thus troubles you?"

The pleading, pathetic voice of the girl speaker ceased, but the glow which had kindled, and the light which had flashed in her brown eyes went not out, and the boy-student drew his head down closer to that loving sister's heart, and answered her—

"I meant to have struggled manfully against it, Kate, and have buried all my sorrow in my own heart, but your watchful eyes have defeated my intentions. You shall know all. I must leave college and enter a store as an under clerk. There is no possible way of defraying the expenses of the next three years' tuition, and so all the bright dreams of my boyhood all the ambitions of my youth are vanished!" and the boy rose up, and continued pacing the floor with agitated steps. I cannot be brave, Kate, when I think of this, for I shudder when my eyes look down the long dreary perspective of the fortune, with its years of weary and uncongenial work; and sometimes, Kate, when these thoughts crowd thick and fast upon me, I have gone down to the grave yard, and stood under the willow tree, and the faint pallid fingers of the broken sunlight have floated soothingly over the mound there, and I have said (God forgive me, for I was half maddened,) "would I, too, were slumbering here!"

"Oh, hush, hush, Frank! Did you not think of me and mama when you said that?" and Kate Clifton's sad voice sounded half reproachfully, as she lifted her excited brother, and laid her hand on his lips. Then she drew to a chair, and seated herself by his side; and spoke fond, soothing words to him—words of sweet hope and trust in the father of the fatherless. The pink and blue robes of the sunset faded out of the crimson, and the stars crept into the "sky-meadows," and when Kate Clifton pressed her lips to the brow of her brother, and left him, he was calm and hopeful once more.

"What is to be done?" With folded hands and anxious forehead, Kate Clifton paced her room at midnight, and asked her this question. Before another week had taken its passage, they were to leave the home of their childhood, and the furniture which it contained was all the rapacious creditors had left their widowed mother. Fair was the Southern home which had been so cordially offered Kate Clifton, by a distant relative of her father's, and the same friend had secured for her brother a situation, and with interest and assuidity in his new employment would eventually make a remunerative one, a large mercantile firm.

"But shall I be happy in that fair, far off home, among whose green savannahs I passed the happiest winter of my life, and knowing that he, with his poetic temperament, and sensitive scholar-organization, will be daily, hourly called upon to encounter so much which is distasteful to his mind and heart? Oh, Francis, Francis, can I do nothing to aid you?" murmured the loving sister in her perplexity and helplessness. And Kate Clifton sat down in the pleasant little chamber which was hers no longer and buried her fair face in her hands, and thought until her brain ached; and at last a plan suggested itself. She could teach school, and thereby defray the college expenses of her brother.

Now comes the ordeal, Kate; and alone in that midnight chamber you must meet it. Before the grey light of another morning lays its pencilings on that eastern sky, whose meek seraph stars glanced in softly at your casement, your spirit will have come out of the furnace-fire a noble, heroic woman; or a weak, yielding mortal, incapable forever afterwards of high moral achievement, or sublime self-abnegation.

Great is the sacrifice, and grand will be the victory. Girl, with the light of eighteen summers on your brow, and their rose-hues on your cheek, your young heart still unused to the world, how will you meet the trial?"

The lamp shed a faint light over the carpet, and the bright gilding of the paper, and the low, quick foot-falls of Kate Clifton echoed through the room, as with clasped hands and contracted brow she paced back and forth.

On one hand a gorgeous panorama floated before the young girl, reared in the lap of luxury. A stately mansion beneath southern skies, with its long vista of gorgeous parlors, and graceful forms, and, dear well-known faces gliding through them, rose in misty, phantasmagoria to her mental vision. By those pleasant shores she saw her life-barque sleeping peacefully, and then the dark eyes and tall graceful form of the Southerner, whose memory lay so deep in her heart, and who had told her father's friend "he should pass the summer in P——, if Kate Clifton was to brighten it with her presence," rose up distinct and foremost, and the young girl buried her face in her hands, and the tears gushed through her fingers. And then came the other picture—dark and dreary enough, the three brightest years of her life sacrificed in such a manner. The uncongenial school room; the dull patience wearying children and sad heart-sick teacher, all unused to the burdens imposed on her, rose up on the other side, rendering by the contrast still darker and more dismal.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot do it," said the young girl, and her heart grew faint.

And then came before her the pale face of her poet-brother hardly a year her junior, and it seemed as if his dark eyes looked pleading and reproachfully upon her. She thought of his agony that afternoon, of his wasted future, and back to her heart came the heroic resolution to sacrifice all things for him.

"I will do it, the God of my fathers helping me," said Kate Clifton.

Softly through the embroidered curtains streamed the morning sunlight. Softly its pale wired fingers, gilded over the white forehead of the sleeping girl; but a smile born of lofty resolves and dauntless purpose parted the rosy lips. Kate Clifton had been tried and not found wanting.

"Kate, do you think I will hear of such a sacrifice on your part? The bare suggestion of such a thing from other lips than yours had been an insult;" and the young man's eyes flashed and his lips curled scornfully at his sister's offer. And the pale-faced woman, upon whose forehead lay the shadow of recent bereavement and suffering lifted her eyes and shook her head sadly as she said.

"Kate you must not think of it."

And Kate drew her mother from the little breakfast table to the easy chair in the bay window, and Frank, and she sat down by it, and the young girl talked long and earnestly to both her auditors. She told them that her days would not be bright, nor her pillow peaceful in that far-away home, haunted as she would surely be by the thoughts of her brother's sufferings, and she drew a pleasant picture of a little shady school room, and a happy teacher with a smiling cottage home, under whose vine-draped portico her mother and herself would sit in summer evenings, and when dear Frank should come in the vacation; and and at last won by her earnestness and eloquence, her auditors assented to her proposition, and Frank drew his arm silently around her waist and a tear dropped from the proud boy's eyes on her finger, and her mother placed her thin hand in the shining curls, and murmured in tremulous tones, "May God bless you, my child!"

The next week the furniture of the Cliftons was disposed of. Through the influences of some friends, Kate procured a school in a flourishing country village, some twenty miles from the city. Frank bade them farewell for Yale, and Kate repaired with her mother to the scene of her new duties.

Two years rolled into the past. Much of trial and little of pleasure, save that which the persevering fulfillment of every duty always confers, had they brought Kate Clifton. Nobly had her promise been redeemed; heroically had she gone through her self-imposed task, with no wavering of heart and purpose; and all this was incentive to her brother. Very pleasant to his sister's heart was the story of her brother's distancing all his classmates in their college race; and always after receiving information of the prizes which had been awarded him, her work seemed lighter and the burden easier to be borne.

It was a summer sunset. The broad golden folds of the twilight lay bright and massive in the west, like great force flags hung out by angels in the horizon. The summer wind sighed low and melodious through the long grass on the narrow lawn, and stirred up the leaves of the honeysuckle, which draped the portico of the cottage where Mrs. Clifton and her daughter had made their home. It was a plain one, and yet it looked very pleasant, very like a nest perched in a dense mass of shrubberry.

Mrs. Clifton sat by the window of the little parlor, and her hand rested acressingly on the bright curls of the face which had grown a shade paler since we last looked on it, for Kate has drawn a stool to her mother's feet, and her large brown eyes are lifted anxiously to her parent.

"Do you not see, mamma, there will be no other possible method of defraying the expense of Frank's last term, except by disposing of the piano? The money which the sale of our furniture procured is nearly exhausted. Indeed, I cannot imagine how we have managed to exist upon it so long. Frank, poor fellow, would sadly miss it during his visit, so I shall not send it away until his vacation is over, and you, dear mamma, will love my songs almost as well without any music. But I must go down this very evening to the office, and request Mr. Bernard to look out for a purchaser," and the young girl arose.

There had been an unusual amount of excitement and gossipping at the hotels throughout the village of A——. A large company of visitors, among whom were several distinguished Southern families, sojourned in A——, attracted thither by the beauty of the scenery, had created this tumult in the usually quiet, social atmosphere. But a faint rumor of this had reached the cottage of Mrs. Clifton, as she and her daughter mingled very little in the society of the village.

"Your flowers are very beautiful my child," said a handsome young Southerner, who had excited the ambition of all the village maidens, and he paused and looked admiringly on the chioce boquet which the fair blue eyed child was holding. "For whom did you gather them?" he continued.

"For Miss Clifton, my teacher," answered the little girl,

"Miss Clifton!" repeated the stranger, "where does she live?"

"In the cottage by the brook; you can't see it here sir," replied the child,

At that mement several other children attracted by the Southerner, joined the little girl and unwilling to make further inquiries concerning a stranger, he slipped some silver in the child's hand and departed.

"Can it be that I have at last found her?" mused Edward de Forest as he retraced his steps. "She, the fair Northern lily, who shed her fragrance around may pathway for a little while, to leave it so cold and cheerless ever after. That bright girlish face—how it beams on me at this moment! I always had a suspicion that misfortune came upon her family, for her Southern friends either could not or would not tell me of her whereabouts. Well, I am resolved to walk down to the cottage of which the child spake, at nightfall;—perchance I can catch a glimpse of the teacher, and one glance will satisfy me whether she and Kate Clifton are identical.

"Miss Clifton!"

Kate had closed the little wicket, and was taking the road to Mr. Bernard's for the purpose of making some arrangements with that gentleman, for the disposition of her piano, when her name spoken in that deep, well remembered voice, broke upon her ear. She turned hastily, and the graceful form and dark eyes of the stranger met her gaze. For a moment her heart stood still, and a mist gathered before her eyes; but with a stong effort, she recovered from her agitation, and gave her hand to the gentleman.

The young Southerner accepted Kate's invitation to walk in. She thought of the spacious halls where last they met, and it seemed to her that their little parlor had never looked so shabby as she ushered the stranger in and presented him to her mother.

The evening was wearing very late when Edward de Forest close, the wicket gate of Mrs. Clifton's cottage, and yet the young man started, as he drew out his watch, and wondered where those three hours had gone to.

Kate Clifton wondered what had come over the school room, that it looked so bright and cheery next morning. She asked herself the question, but she did not answer it.

Great was the surprise, and loud and frequent the exclamations of disappointment with which Edward de Forest's intention of remaining several weeks in A——, was received by the party with whom he was traveling. He listened with that imperturable demeanor which so effectually baffles curiosity, to all their hints and inuendoes respecting some bright-eyed, rosy cheeked "village lassie," whose spells chained his heart and his thoughts in A——; and with much regret that they had lost the most accomplished and agreeable gentleman in their company, the party left the village.

Another week rolled away, during which the widow's cottage was several times brightened by the presence of the "handsome Southerner," as the villagers called him, and then Kate Clifton was folded to the heart of her brother once more.

The young teacher always appointed her vacations so that they should be concurrent with her brother's and very happily rolled away those fair August days, with their sweet sunshine flitting around the cottage parlor, where Kate nestled close to the side of her brother, and looked up fondly and proudly in the pale, handsome face of the student, and the mother sat in her easy chair, and blessed them through her tears.

In the evening, Edward de Forest joined the little company, and Kate sang to the gentlemen, or listened to their conversation. She had grown strangely averse to talking, her mother said.

It was an August afternoon, still and very sultry. Mr. de Forest and Frank had gone into the woods for a ramble, and Mrs. Clifton and her daughter sat by the window, where the faint breath of the breeze hardly stirred the leaves of the jassamine which draped it.

"Here's a letter for you, ma'ma," and the post boy stood in the door and held out his soiled hand to Kate's

The seal was hastily broken, and a roll of bank bills fell to the floor, while, with a shriek of mingled joy and surprise, Kate's eager eyes read the brief epistle, requesting her to appropriate, in what manner soever it should please her, the enclosed two hundred dollars.

"Who can have sent it, mamma?" said the astonished girl.

"I cannot imagine, unless it be some former debtor of your father's" was the reply.

"And now, mamma, I can keep my piano—do you not rejoice? I have thought it would almost break my heart to part with it, for it seemed the only connecting link between the present and the past. Two hundred dollars!—it was just the price for which I agreed to dispose of it to Mr. Bernard. How very singular;" and with a sob born of a heart overflowing with gladness, Kate Clifton burried her face in her mother's lap. Perhaps neither of the ladies would have thought it so very singular, had they known that Mr. Bernard as agent for its disposal, had solicitad Mr. de Forest to become its purchaser.

"But why (pardon the question which your story has just given me the privilege of asking) did not Miss Clifton accept the frequent invitation of her Southern friends to make her home with them?" asked Edward de Forest of Francis Clifton, as the two gentlemen wound through the deep heart of the woods, after the latter had related to him the story of their broken fortunes—for a singularly warm friendship had sprung up between the student and the Southerner.

"*Why*, indeed!" answered Frank; he paused a moment, and then he spoke in a lower tone, but very full of feeling. In his own poet language, pouring into every sentence the fervor of his deep, grateful heart, the young man told his companion of his sister's heroic resolve, of its long, patient fulfilment. "And for me," he said, "she is wasting the best, brightest years of her life; for me, she is growing on in the faithful performance of a duty which is paling the roses on her cheeks, and dimming the light of her brown eyes; for me, she has descended from that social position which (forgive a brother's fondness) her mind and heart so preeminently fit her to adorn, and burried herself in yonder—" the speaker paused, overcome by his words, tears were filling his eyes, and he looked up, half apologetically, to his companion, but the dark eyes that met his were humid also.

His hand was warmly grasped. "Among women there is none like unto her," said Edward de Forest.

"Miss Clifton, will you walk out this evening? it is a peculiarly fine one;" and the young man closed the leaves of the book, for Kate had been singing some of his favorite songs. It was the first time he had made such a request, and she was somewhat surprised, although she immediately assented.

A bright still night had succeeded the sultry day. The star host looked out from the blue battlements of the night skies, and the pallid streamers of the moon floated down through the fragrant air, and thin veils of silver gray lay on the dark August foliage. For awhile the gentleman and his companion walked on in silence, for the strange beauty of the evening laid a hush upon their hearts, and it was long before the gentleman broke it. But at last he drew the hand that rested lightly upon his arm, within his own, and spoke words to Kate Clifton which sent the blood to her brow and the quiver to her lips. But she recovered from the agitation which his words had induced, and answered him:

"Edward de Forest, the stranger, sits by the hearthstone of my father's home; and his widow, and his orphan children, have not a house of their own under whose roof they can lie down at night, and she whose hand you solicit can bring you neither lands or gold for her dowry. In your Southern home I have stood upon the lands of your father, and they stretched farther than my eye could reach. What will they say if the bride be portionless you bring to those fair halls?"

And Edward de Forest answered her thus: "Little will I care for the speech of others.—Kate I would not barter the knowledge of being beloved of you for the hand of any other woman, though her dowry were the wealth of the world."

That night when they entered the cottage, Kate Clifton was the betrothed of Edward de Forest. Just before Frank's vacation closed there was a wedding at the cottage. It was a very simple one; but few of the villagers were present, and yet one of the wealthiest of America's sons led forth his bride from that little cottage parlor.

Another year numbered with the past. In that fairest of New England's cities, which sits as a Queen by the blue waters of her sound, and beneath one of those sanctuaries which rise almost beneath the shadows of "the spires of Yale," a large audience was assembled to witness the closing exercises of one of its most promising classes. A hush gathered along the lofty galleries and over the long cloister-like aisles, as a young and pale classical featured man arose on the temporary rostrum erected for the speakers. It was evident that much of expectation had been awakened in the minds of most of the audience; and when the deep pathetic voice of the young poet rose and filled the spacious building with its melody, they listened with breathless attention. Bright eyes grew dim at the magic beauty and thrilling pathos of that poem, and old men closed their eyes and listened as though some echo from the past floated through the long silent cloisters of their spirits. When the young poet concluded, a shower of summer roses fell at his feet.

A little later Francis Clifton was descried making his way to a portion of the building where seats had been reserved for the accommodation of relatives of the speakers.

A gentleman and two ladies—the younger of whom had attracted many glances of admiration even in that assemblage of youth and loveliness, occupied the pew which the young man entered.

"Mother, Edward, Kate, what is your verdict?" asked the son and brother, as he looked into the eyes beaming with love upon him.

"My boy, I am proud of you," said the mother, with a quivering lip.

"Frank, you have surpassed yourself," was spoken in the deep voice of Edward de Forest.

The young lady did not speak, but she grasped her brother's hand and gazed upon him with her tear-blind eyes, for the memory of a midnight struggle and heroic triumph was busy at her heart.

"And I owe all this happiness to you," said the poet, as he grasped the small ungloved hand, and his dark, dreamy eyes looked with more than a brother's fondness into the beautiful upturned face. "Kate, my sister, how shall I ever repay you?"

"I have had my reward meted out to me, good measure, pressed down and overflowing," answered the low, earnest voice of Kate de Forest.

Extra Toll.

The strict honesty of Bob Simpglass deserves to be recorded as an example to his brethren of the Happy Good Fellow Society. The other night, having walked over Cambridge Bridge in a zig-zag course, curious and wonderful, he he hove up against the toll-house, and giving the toll-gatherer two cents, exclaimed:

"Here, ie's, my contribution to the support of the bridge."

"Yes, and is one cent over," said the toll-man.

"One cent is the regular toll—hic—ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I owe you two, any way; for if I have not walked every plank in this bridge twice over, then—hic—I'm a barber's pole. So keep the change, old feller.

He reeled away, and the admiring toll-gatherer lost sight of him in the darkness.

☞ Let a woman be decked with all the embellishments of art and nature—yet if boldness is to be read in her face, it blots out all the lines of beauty.

The European Contest,

There can no longer be a doubt, we think, of what the Russian Autocrat means in his present assault on Turkey. He has now blankly rejected the only terms of settlement to which the Turkish Government and people could possibly be brought to agree, and that in a manner which would seem to preclude further negotiation. Had this rejection been accompanied by any statement of reasons, or new proposals, an opportunity for additional mediation would have been opened to the pacifying powers. They might then have argued the case, or suggested new terms and new forms of language more agreeable to both Muscovite and Moslem. But this it seems he has not done; his rejection is haughty, unconditional, uncompromising, shutting every decent avenue against the attempt to peaceably end the controversy. On the other hand, the reports are unanimous in representing the exasperation of the Turks as almost uncontrollable; something of the fanatic ardor of their ancestors burns again in the nation; a long score of insults is to be wiped out, a long epoch of weakness and degeneracy obliterated—the crescent, long humbled, must again drive the cross before it in defeat; while their fatalistic reliance on what they call the will of Heaven, renders them indifferent to all odds and circumstances that would make a more civilized people long hesitate before plunging into war. Such is the general state of feeling among them; but it is in the religious and the fighting classes—the inspiring soul and the executive hand of Turkish policy—that the enthusiasm for attacking the Russians is most powerful. The priesthood and the soldiery vie with each other in their warlike desires. The former carried through the Divan the modification of the Vienna propositions, and the army of Omer Pasha on the north, whose outposts are within cannon-shot of those of Prince Gorchakoff, is reported by that able general to be almost beyond restraint. And if it is with difficulty that peace has been maintained until now, what is likely to be the result of the present news from Russia? Evidently, it cannot be anything else than war; and if the Ottoman Porte does not declare it at once, the Ottoman people will.

It is deeply and sadly instructive to recall the varying phases of this business, and to reflect how each turn of diplomacy has served only to aid the policy of Russia. So sure, so steady has been the advance of that power from the first demonstration of Prince Menchikoff at Constantinople down to the present hour, that we are astounded as at the march of resistless destiny. Every attempt at negotiation, every hour's delay, every protocol, every acceptance and every refusal has turned out for her exclusive benefit as certainly as if all were controlled by some supreme and unvarying necessity of things. And what is most remarkable of all is, that the Porte is now going to war not merely alone, but under the warm displeasure of its allies, for doing even less than they urged it to do at the outset, with the pledge of their entire support. The modifications made in the Vienna propositions—whose rejection by the Czar can, as we have shown, hardly fail to be followed by war—approach considerably nearer to a concession to the Russian demands, than any reply which the Porte had made to Menchicoff or Nesselrode, when it acted in perfect harmony with the advice of France and England. If the independent sovereignty of the Sultan is to be preserved at all, nothing more could be granted than was admitted by these modifications. And yet, for not giving up everything, and consenting to become substantially a Russain province, Turkey is to be left in the lurch by these valorous allies, who a few months since were loud in their blustering promises of assistance, and who not only anchored their fleets in Besika Bay, but by way of corollary bravado held pompous reviews and warlike raree-shows on land and sea.

This is one of the lucky hits made by the Russian Cabinet in the course of this affair.—Though Russian armies long since occupied Turkish provinces, yet the responsibility of actually making war is thrown upon the Porte. And though England and France did their best to get the Sultan into this position, they are now not only alienated from him, but there is even talk in their journals of joining to compel him to accept the very terms they once so zealously encouraged him to resist. So say all, in a word, and without any exaggeration, these two powers have practically gone over to the side of the Czar, and are apparently ready to stand by and see the perennial dream of Russian ambition become a reality. This seems almost impossible, but such is the fact as indicated by the governmental acts and the public newspapers of the two countries, and we say again it is a sadly instructive fact.

The efforts of the mediating Governments to preserve peace have proceeded from their natural desire to maintain the present distribution of territory and power in Europe, and from the fear that revolutionary disturbances would follow a declaration of war. In the first place, for Russia to annex Turkey would not only give her a vast preponderance in Europe, but would endanger the very existence of Austria, and cut off the only Oriental market to which German manufacturers have access, at the same time that it would deprive England of a large and profitable trade and interpose a new menace against the security of her Indian possessions. In the second place, a great war would revive the hopes and concentrate the energies of the party represented by Kossuth and Mazzini, while by preventing foreign aid to the monarchs and flinging the public mind everywhere into a state of anxiety and fermentation, it would invite and favor an outbreak of the powerful conspiracy whose threads are in the hands of these men. But these very reasons which induced opposition to the Czar when he was the party menacing war, must make the same Governments equally unfriendly to the Sultan should he begin hostilities; and thus we are very likely to see them as in 1828, looking on as neutrals, while an insidious and fatal blow is struck at the out works of their own independence and prosperity. More than this cannot be imagined, it is impossible that any of them should really aid the Russians in such a quarrel.

The notion on which the gentlemen, who deal in stocks, bonds, and other commodities of that variable nature, are disposed to retreat in this crisis is delusive. After having comforted their souls with the assurance that all was settled, they now adopt the faith that the war cannot become a general one, but must be confined to Russia and Turkey alone. That cannot be. It will not do to overlook the potency and vivacity of the revolutionary elements to which we have alluded; but even leaving these out of the account, and supposing that France, Austria and Germany can succeed in maintaining internal tranquillity while such a war is going on, they cannot with cool indifference behold the complete conquest of Turkey. At first the natural timidity and short-sightedness of the financial and trading influence may produce a policy of stupor, on the part of the Governments, but it will be of brief duration.—Those very classes, having gone through the losses attending the beginning of hostilities, will presently understand that even for them there is no safety but in active resistance, and will join with all others for the defence of national independence, and common commercial advantages. Turkey may begin the war, but Austria, Germany, France and England must take their parts in the drama and play them to the end.

Since this question was broached, a powerful element of disturbance has made its appearance on the continent of Europe, filling every western cabinet with anxiety and apprehensions. It is certain that there is a scarcity of food, and that Austria, Germany, Italy, France and England must all, to some extent, enter the grain market of the world as buyers. This is a great fact, and flings before it a shadow premonitory revolution. The consequence of death is a financial crisis, and the consequence of such a crisis, under present circumstances, is revolt and overthrow of Governments. Prosperity produces content, even under despotic rule, but general distress breeds rebellion. Then men believe they would be better off if they were free, and this belief lends energy to the resentment of poverty and the despair of hunger, and a weak, irresolute people can rise to the strength and the courage of heroes. It is hard to think that the Government of Naples, Rome, France, Baden or Prussia could stand a three months' scarcity of bread. In the riots which have already occurred in various places, we have indications of the great rising likely to result from a long continued pressure of the kind. Whether in such an event the men into whose hands the leading of the Western nations will fall, will act more wisely or successfully than in 1848, is a question with regard to which there may easily be more of ardent hope than positive confidence.

The bearing of the dearth on the quarrel between Turkey and Russia may prove more favorable than would at first sight appear. Hostility to Russia is a popular and an earnest sentiment in Western Europe. Let the people come into power again, and their unanimous, impulse will be to aid the Sultan with all their might. His cause and that of Democracy are identical, and the triumph of the latter, may possibly prove the salvation of Turkish independence as against Russia, and the beginning of a new era for the Christian subjects of the Porte. War must be regarded as little short of inevitable; revolution in Western Europe also once more appears within the range of immediate possibility; but thank God that the complete success of Russia still appears only as a remote and uncertain contingency!

A Romantic Life.

Obituary notices have nearly monopolized our pen of late. There are few eras in our history which have been marked by so many deaths of prominent individuals, as the last three months.

In our obituary columns, to-day, will be found another addition to the list of remarkable deceased, in the death of Madam Gardette, the mother of Dr. Gardette, of this city, and of Mrs. Maria Clark Gaines. She died in this city, at the residence of her son, Dr. Gardette, at the advanced age of 78 years.

This lady was the heroine of that intensely interesting romance in real life, which was developed in the celebrated lawsuit of Mrs. Gaines.

Her maiden name was Zulime Carriere.—She was born in the old French Colony of Biloxi. Her parents were emigrants from the land of poetry and romance—the favorite home of the Troubadours—Provence. The blood of the Gipsy race, which, in the early days of Louisiana, settled along our sea coast, and whose lovely daughters were the special objects of the admiration and love of the gallant French cavaliers who established the first colonies, mingled with that of the poetic Provencal. From such a stock, it is not remarkable that Zulime Carriere should have derived extraordinary personal beauty. The charms of herself and her three sisters, were universal themes in the Colony of Louisiana. The warm and genial climate, and luxurious atmosphere of the sea shore, ripened these charms into full maturity at a very early age.

Zulime had hardly emerged into her teens, before her hand was sought by numerous suitors. The successful aspirant gained his point, as Claude Melnotte, in Bulwer's play did, by holding an imaginary coronet, or other insignia of nobility, before the eyes of a beautiful but unsuspecting girl of thirteen. She was caught by the glittering bait. The French nobleman soon swindled into a confectioner, and, what was worse, a married man, who had never been divorced. He was arrested and tried by an ecclesiastical court in this city, for bigamy, was convicted and sentenced to be punished, but afterward escaped, and was no more heard of. Thus ended Zulime's relation with Jerome De Grange.

Pending this proceeding, and after the discovery of De Grange's previous marriage, there grew up an intimacy between Zulime and Daniel Clarke, then a leading man in this colony—a dashing whole-souled Irishman, reported to be very wealthy—of very popular character and agreeable manners. Clarke was just the gallant, chivalrous man to espouse the cause of an unprotected woman.

It is said—but as from this point starts the protracted litigation which has recently engaged so much of the time and attention of our courts—we must be understood as giving the version related by the deceased lady herself and her friends, that Clarke having met Zulime in Philadelphia, and satisfied himself as to the existence of De Grange's bigamy, and the consequent nullity of his marriage with Miss Carriere, promptly offered her his hand and heart, but suggested the prudence of keeping their marriage a secret, until they could complete the proof of De Grange's crime. They were then married. Of this marriage, but one witness was living when the suit was brought by Mrs. Gaines, and that was the sister of Zulime. But there were corroborating circumstances, upon which the proof of the reality of such a connection was rested. After her marriage to Clarke, in 1802, Zulime returned to New Orleans, to take further leading proceedings to invalidate, or rather authenticate, the illegality of the marriage with Degrange. A suit was brought for this purpose in the civil courts of the Territory, and judgment was obtained against De Grange. In the meantime, Clarke had advanced in years and honors. The gallant youth of 1802 had become the ambitious politician and millionaire. As the popular man of a powerful party, he was sent as a delegate of the territory to Congress. Here he soon forgot the poor Creole girl, and began to meditate a more brilliant marriage connection. The object of this aspiration was the lovely Miss Caton, of Maryland, a grand daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who afterwards became the Marchioness of Wellesly. She was a great belle, and Clarke's fine manners, distinguished position, and great wealth, no doubt rendered him quite a desirable match for so brilliant and accomplished a beauty. They were engaged; but some stories of his enemies caused a sudden termination of their relations.

On hearing of his courtship of Miss Caton, the unfortunate Zulime again went to Philadelphia to procure proofs of her marriage with Clarke. But alas! Clarke, it was alleged, under the influence of a reckless ambition, had made way with those proofs, and poor Zulime again found herself the victim of man's treachery. In a feeling of desertion and helplessness alone among strangers, whose language and habits were foreign to her, she accepted the hand of Dr. Gardette, who, generously and magnanimously relying on her truth and sincerity, united his fate and fortune with hers.—From that period her life flowed smoothly on in the discharge of her duties as a wife and mother.

Shortly after her marriage with Gardette, Clarke had suffered his severe rebuff from the lovely Miss Caton. In a spirt of true penitence, he hurried to Philadelphia, saw Zulime, and declared his intention to proclaim their marriage. But it was too late. She informed him that she was Mrs. Gardetta. Clarke was deeply distressed at this, and exhibited a sincere penitence. He sought to atone for his desertion of the mother by kindness to the daughter, who was born in 1806, of this secret marriage. This was Myra Clarke. She was placed in charge of an intimate friend of Clarke, Col. Davis who raised and educated her as his own daughter. It was not until she had reached maturity that Myra discovered the secret of her history.

Since then, as Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Gaines, she has prosecuted her claim to the property of Daniel Clarke, as his lawful heir, with a zeal, earnestness and energy which have rarely been equalled in the annals of litigation.

The difficulty has been to establish the marriage between Zulime and Daniel Clarke.—Certainly, a mystery has long hung over this case, which only the dead could rise from their graves and satisfactorily determine.

The once lovely Zulime, pased through so many reverses and misfortunes, returned in her old age, to New Orleans—her old home—and passed a peaceful life, in the family of her son, respected and beloved for her many virtues. She died at the age of 78 the youngest of her family—two of her sisters having attained their 90th year, a longevity common to the oldest inhabitants of Louisana, and particularly of those born on our sea coast.—*New Orleans Delta, Sept. 20.*

Getting Ahead of a Monarch.

A friend of ours from across the waters, related to us the following anecdote as an actual occurrence in oriental climes. It possesses a thought and freshness of wit too good to be lost:

A priest, learned in the lore of ancient and modern literature, had opened rooms for public instruction, and styled himself upon his door, "Professor of Universal Knowledge."

The King, in passing one day, observed the notice, and walking in, inquired what was meant by Universal Knowledge. The Priest answered, of course, it was the knowledge of all things possible. This answer, not exactly suiting the King, he resolved to test the capabilities of the Professor.

"If," says he, "you profess Universal Knowledge, then you will be able to answer three questions, which I shall propose to you. They are as follows, and you must answer them by to-morrow at this time, or your head shall be struck from your shoulders. First, tell me now many baskets of earth there are on yonder mountain. Secondly, inform me how much the King is worth. Thirdly, tell me, exactly, of what the King is thinking at the time.'

This was a different turn to affairs from what the Professor expected, and he was sorely perplexed. He went at once to his study, resolved to do his utmost to comply with such an unheard of, and to him unreasonable request. Books were snatched from his shelves; manuscripts were carefully examined; calculations made, and his available means put in requisition to solve these questions, on which depended his life. So few hours to accomplish so much—death the price of failure, together with a desire to establish his reputation, all wrought upon his mental and physical frame to such a degree that he soon was in a fever of excitement. He had almost buried himself in his books—scraps of paper with figures and signs covered his table, and lay scattered on the floor—yet the result was unattained. Still more intense grew the excitement as he thought, figured and read, while the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, and rolled down his face. He was verging towards despair—his whole system trembling with nervous agitation, when his servant entering the room, and, alarmed at the wild and excited look of his master, eagerly inquired the cause. Hurriedly he related what had happened—the strange questions, the fearful penalty. Instead, however, of partaking of his master's emotion, the servant very cooly replied:

"Is that all the trouble? Leave the matter to me—I'll answer for you."

After some conversation, it was proposed by the servant to adopt his master's habit, and meet the King at the appointed hour. This offer was readily acceded to by the Priest, who, to speak the truth thought more of his own head than his servant's, just at that moment. Disguised as the Professor, the servant met the King, and told him he was ready to answer his questions.

"Tell me then," said the King, "how many baskets of earth are in yonder mountain."

"That depends your Majesty, upon circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"The size of the baskets. If one is as large as the mountain, one will contain it. If half as large two; if one-fourth, four, &c."

The King was so much amused at the reply, that he expressed himself satisfied, and proceeded to the second question.

"Tell me how much the King is worth?"

"Well, your Majesty, Jesus Christ was sold for *thirty* pieces of silver, and he was the King of Heaven and Earth; so I conclude the King is worth about *one* piece."

To this answer the King could not object, and he was nevertheless so pleased with the wit displayed, that he said:

"Very well, sir, but can you answer my last question, and tell me of what I am now thinking."

"Most certainly, your Majesty. You are now thinking that you are talking with the Priest Professor, whereas it is only his servant."

It is not unnecessary to add that both heads were safely upon their shoulders and both received rich tokens of kingly favor.

FRANCE VS. RUSSIA.—It is said that a European letter, received in Washington, from reliable authority, states that France is treating with Sweden and Denmark for alliance, offensive and defensive, against Russia in the event of France becoming involved in a war on the Turkish question. Russia is also endeavoring to form an alliance with the same powers.