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.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 18.

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POETICAL.

THE PROPHECY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

A summer storm had spent its power—
I stooped to raise a broken flower,
When spake a voice that chilled me through,
"The blossom's fate shall cling to you!

A woman, weird, and old, and grey,
Sat resting by the grassy way;
Her look was wild, her words were few—
"The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

I laughed with childhood's careless glee—
"You lightly prize my words," said she,
"Laugh if you will—'tis no less true,
The blossom's fate shall cling to you!

Your heart is light," she muttered on,
"Your hair is golden in the sun—
Yet, though your eyes are glad and blue,
The blossom's fate shall cling to you!

The future brightens to your gaze—
A long, warm reach of summer days—
Yet though no cloud obstructs your view,
The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

Awed by her words, and half afraid,
My tears fell fast. "Aye, weep," she said—
"Yet, though your tear-drops fall like dew,
The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

The beldame paused, and rose to go,
With trembling form and footstep slow,
And going, spake a stern adieu—
"The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

Time has flown by, with joy and gloom,
Yet still the prophecy of doom
Has haunted me the long years through—
"The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

When death tore rudely from my side
My heart's best love—my dearest pride—
The memory chilled my heart anew—
"The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

Ah, oft beneath the storm of woes,
The leaves from life's unfolding rose
Have fallen, and proved the sentence true,
"The blossom's fate shall cling to you!"

SABBATH READING.

"He Did as the Rest Did."

This tame, yielding spirit—this "doing as the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling room, or haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing as the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulging in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers; and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent much money on their education, has given them great advantages. But, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man, he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

The poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteely. They learn what others learn, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useless matters. In time they marry—their husbands are unable to support their extravagance—and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman was astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance—and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction, because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

The young man whose parents have faithfully instructed him in the virtues that adorn the character, falls into the company of those who occasionally "treat" one another in turn to "something to drink." He is invited to join them. He goes with them, contrary to the voice of parental admonition, and the gentle remonstrance of a conscience not yet hardened. That "first glass" prepares the way for a life of intemperance and a drunkard's grave. Who is to blame? His "doing as the rest did," has proved the gateway. He alone is responsible, for he should have had moral courage enough to have said NO to the temptation.

The Scripture truly says, "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink," but a heavier woe is in reserve for him who "follows the multitude to do evil."

The Stolen Hides.

William Savery, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was a tanner by trade, and known by all as "one who walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides was stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunk-neighbor, whom I shall call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:

"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew who had the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock; and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith; with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fire-place in silence a few moments, he said in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I am sure I didn't once think that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving.—You have sent them many a meal: God bless you; and yet I stole the hides. But I tell you the truth, when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied Wm. Savery. "The secret still remains between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages. The little boy can pick up stones. But eat a bit now and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy.—When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After vainly trying to compose his feelings, he bowed his head on the table and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank, and his host parted with him for the night, with the friendly words, "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." He entered into his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, Wm. Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil things might be overcome with good.

The Sabbath.

The Sabbath, commonly called Sunday, is a day for rest, meditation, and holy devotion.—The date of its origin must be traced back to the time when God had finished the heavens and the earth, and when he rested from his labors on the seventh day and blessed and sanctified the same. Since then it has been held sacred by man, in accordance to his Maker's will.

When we contemplate how universally beneficial this holy day of rest is, we cannot but see, how infinitely wise and good He was and continues to be, towards making the human race content and happy. The Sabbath appears in the midst of millions of swift-flying days, as the oasis in the sandy desert, where the pilgrim can refresh himself and rest his weary limbs on his journey. And man's life is but a journey, requiring many such refreshing spots to cheer him on his way to his final resting place—the grave. What would this world be without a Sabbath? Suppose the mind of man were ever to be on the rack, the fingers forever moving, the hands forever toiling, the body forever in motion, the foot forever treading, and in fact everything going on in one monotonous way, without rest, until the string of life be ended, when he should sink down into the dust there to rest forever from his labors. Would not then life be bitter? But it is otherwise.

We find pretty generally throughout the whole civilised world, the day kept holy and man at rest from his labors. We may see millions of human beings attending places of worship, listening to eloquent appeals from the servants of God, to the souls of men,—many seemingly devout worshipers of God, and many attentive hearers;—many clad in silk attire and jewels, and others in the humblest raiment,—all for the same purpose as far as the human eye can discern—the making of their peace with their Maker and seeking the salvation of their immortal souls.

On the other hand, we may also see many spend their Sabbaths in attending bull-fights, theatres, and places of amusement, and others rejoicing themselves in the pleasures of the intoxicating bowl, and in praising Bacchus, instead of the Author of their being and the furnisher of their wants.

These digressions from the path of divine goodness, as we may call them, are seriously to be regretted by all true hearted Christians. But we must be content, since every people and every nation have their own ideas and manners of worshipping the Father of their Being. Good examples, in the faith of Christianity, are the best means of bringing back those who are continually indulging in the evil designs of their heart, and in irreverence of that which should be most sacred and observed by us all—the Will of God. E. M. E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Vincennes (Ind.) Gazette.

Spring.

"Tis bright and joyous Spring time! The snowy mantle of cold and dreary Winter has been removed, and soon the earth will be decked with waving grin and beauteous flowers.—Yes! Winter's chilly breath no more scaths by its icy touch, and the tender grass and leaves are bursting forth from their dreary prisons.—Where so lately wailing was head upon each passing wind, and mourning was stamped upon each scene, new songs of joyousness are heard, and smiles of merry gladness are beaming.—And, as our eyes scan the smilling hills and dewy vales, the gentle and sweet and beautiful flowers begin to greet us with their lovely faces. Behold them glowing with untold beauty, as their little nectared lips, wet with the dewy kiss of morn, breathes their incense upward to the skies. How pleasant it is to commute with them:

'They have no tongues and yet they e'er impart
Lessons that touch with tenderness the heart;
They speak not, yet their incense on the air
Thrills every bosom like the voice of prayer.'

And soon as morning spreads her radiant wings over the earth, and bathes it with her golden light, the feathery minstrels in harmonious strains, will pipe their sweetest notes of song, which ever thrill the heart and make it leap for gladness, as they touch its sympathies and tune them to their melody. For when the earth become vocal with the lute-tuned melody of morn awakening by the warbling minstrels of the woodland and the field, music that charmer and soother of the tender emotions, takes possession of the soul, and sways its inmost feelings with its cadences of harmony, as the forest boughs are swayed by the genial breath of Summer.

Who does not delight to linger in the heart of Nature, at such a season and commune with her worshippers, and receive instruction from her words of wisdom and of love?

Her chase and sparkling book is widely spread
And she bids us each page of wisdom read.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"For there the vale with its unnumbered flowers—
The stream that sings away day's rosy hours:
The grove amid whose boughs and trembling leaves
The wind its sweetest songs of music weaves—
The mountain, tow'ring mid ethereal space—
The ocean foaming at its rock-bound base,
And sun, and moon, and stars are pages bright
Which thrill the heart and give the mind delight.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Yes, if we look within the sky above,
Eternal wisdom speaks in words of love;
And if we look to earth or seas below,
Eternal wisdom's voice there echo too."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Then bright joyous, happy spring-time, we hail thee with shouts of gladness, and welcome thee with songs of praise! For with thy genial smile and thy gladsome voice, thou makest each heart forget its former woes and quickenest it in its pulses.

"For all, as viewed through thy kaleidoscope,
But charms the eye and gives the bosom hope."

Love of Flowers.

In all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure which makes its way through coarse organs: it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul which is awakened; colors, forms, odors, are preceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at length speculators. Those who have travelled in the country can testify that a rose tree under the window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, is a good omen to a weary traveller. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.—*Canadian Agriculturist.*

Breaking the Rules of School.

The Child's paper says, three brothers are confined in the Ohio Penitentiary, two for seven years, and one for three. They, with others, had formed a secret society for the purpose of carrying on a regular business in house breaking, the plan of which was found in their pockets when they were arrested. Now it is well for every boy to know what the *appenticeship* of such a business was, and let them mark it seriously. *They began law-breaking by violating and defying the just rules of school.*—Young men and boys are very apt to think it quite manly to rebel against rules, and show their independence to teachers. But it is a very bad sort of manliness. Submitting to and respecting lawful authority is just the discipline you need in order to be worth any thing. These three boys were expelled from school and from college for wilfully breaking the laws.—Hating all restraint, they tried to get their living by their wits instead of their labor, and the consequence is, that they are now confined where public security and justice demand that they should be. "The way of transgressors is hard."

☞ One swallow does not make a summer; but one lion can make a spring.

Depth for Burying Manure.

Men are divided as to the proper depth of burying manure. Some hold that it sinks in the soil, is washed downward by the leaching rains, should therefore be applied near or at the surface. Others assert that its volatile and most valuable parts rise by fermintation, and that consequently it should be buried deep.—Now it usually happens when doctors disagree that both are partly right and partly wrong; but in the present instance, they are both a little in the right, and a great deal in the worng.

Manure usually stays very nearly where it is put. If buried near the surface, it remains near the surface; if buried deep, there it remains; if plowed under in large lumps, it has but little power to rise, sink, or in any other way to intermix itself, and hence the reason that thorough pulverisation or harrowing before manure is turned under gives a result in large crops.

The power which clay has to absorb the fertilising portion of manure is very great. Soils which possess a medium amount of clay, or loam, with a medium degree of tenacity, will absorb all that is valuable in ordinary yard manure, equal to nearly their own bulk. Forty loads of manure to the acre form a heavy coating; yet this is only one load to four square rods, constituting a depth, when spread, of only one-third of an inch. Consequently, when a coating of forty loads to the acre is plowed under, the volatile parts have only to pass one-third of an inch or so, before they are all absorbed by the soil. Hence the error of supposing that they can possibly, in ordinary soils, rise or sink to any practicable depth. And hence also, the great importance of mixing manures very intimately through all parts of the soil, if plants are to get their full benefit, and not be over-fed at one part of their roots and starved at another.

There are many proofs of the correctness of the position here taken. We have made large piles of compost, consisting of one-third rich stable manure, and two thirds of loam and turf, yet all the odor was completely retained, and not the slightest portion passing off could be perceived by the smell. We have buried large dead animals with a coating of only six inches of loam; not the faintest indication of the decomposition below ever reached the surface.—On the other hand, the soil which forms the bottom of manure yards, is not found even within a few inches of the surface to be at all enriched by the piles of fertility which rest upon it.

The true rule for burying manure, is to place it just at such a depth in the soil as the roots of the crop usually extend, which will vary with different plants. Some of the grasses, for instance, form a turf very near the surface, and hence an autumn top-dressing will soak in enough to benefit them essentially. Clover roots run deeper, and this crop is consequently but little benefited by top-dressings when of much size, except so far as they operate in keeping the surface moist. The roots of fruit trees are still deeper, and they derive but little advantage, except from manures well spaded or worked in. They however possess an important advantage over annuals and perennial rooted plants; by continuing in growth for successive years, those roots which happen to run into region of fertility, soon throw out numerous fibres, and secure an amount of nourishment, of which annual plants, in consequence of their more limited powers of extention, are not able to avail themselves.

There are, however, not many crops which do not need the full depth afforded by ordinary plowing; and hence the best practice for nearly all kinds of culture, is to spread the manure well, harrow it most thoroughly, in order to break it as finely as possible, and at the same time to mix it intimately with the surface; then turn it under by ordinary plowing; and the lower half of the inverted earth will furnish a thoroughly enriched bed for the roots to penetrate. If a greater depth of fertility is needed than ordinary plowing affords, the coat of harrowed manure may be thrown under ten or twelve inches by means of a double mould-board or Michigan plow; and then another coat of manure spread, harrowed and plowed under by a light gang-plow. The young plants of the crop are thrown rapidly forward by the upper, stratum of manure, and at a later stage of growth, are equally stimulated by the lower stratum.—*Albany Cultivator.*

Hood on Health.

Take precious care of your precious health—but how, as the housewife says, to make it keep? Why, then, don't cure and smoke-dry it—or pickle it in the everlasting acids, like the Germans. Don't bury it in a potato-pit, like the Irish. Don't preserve it in spirits, like the barbarians. Don't salt it down, like the New-foundlanders. Don't pack it in ice, like Capt. Black. Don't parboil it like gooseberries.—Don't pot—and don't hang it. A rope is a bad *cordon sanitaire.* Above all, do not despond about it. Let not anxiety have "thee on the hip." Consider your health as your best friend, and think as well of it, in spite of all its foibles, as you can. For instance, never dream, though you may have a clever hack, of "galloping consumption," or indulge in the Meltonian belief that you are going the pace. Never fancy every time you cough, you are going to pot.—Hold up, as the shooter says, over the roughest ground. Despondency, in a nice case, is the over-weight that you may kick the beam and the bucket both at once. In short, as with other cases, never meet trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains, though it should be a scotch mile and a bittock. I have known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a ha! ha! therefore take care to have one all around you whenever you can. Let your lungs "crow like chanticleer," and as like a game cock as possible. It expands the chest, enlarges the heart, quickens the circulation, and "like a trumpet, makes the spirit dance."

From the Germantown Telegraph.

Preparing Seed Corn.

As the planting season is now near at hand, it may be useful to present such modes of preparing corn for planting, as appears to have answered the purpose desired. We therefore append two modes. The first is from O. F. Marshall, of Wheeler, N. Y., and the other is from a correspondent of the Albany *Cultivator*, who dates at Xenia, Ohio.—[*Ed. Telegraph.*

1. I have made frequent experiments in preparing seed corn, without success, except one last spring. I took soft soap, put some in a kettle, warmed it over the fire, put in the seed corn, and gave it a good stirring, adding as much plaster as would adhere to the corn.—The corn came up good and quick, and looked vigorous and healthy. The alkali in the soap is a strong fertiliser. The wire worms did not disturb that planted with the seed soaped—that part not soaped was injured more or less by the worms. Least some should attribute the manifest difference between the soaped and unsoaped seed, to the plaster, I took some thick molasses, put a few quarts of seed in a kettle, as above stated; there was as much plaster attached to this seed as to that soaped. The greater part of the field was planted with seed in its natural state. The soaped seed came up the quickest and best. Will others try the experiment?

2. Take a tight vessel of a convenient size, into which put the seed corn, adding sufficient warm water to cover the corn; the water so warm that the hand cannot be kept in it; stirring the corn a few times, that it may be thoroughly wet, letting it stand in the water from ten to twelve hours, then take the corn out of the water from ten to twelve hours, then take the corn out of the water, and put it in a nice pile on the barn floor, cover it with a blanket for the space of two nights and one day, then plant as soon as possible.

My informant says (having confidence in him in this mater,) that on last year, his seed corn treated as above, came up so well, that he had not to replant any, while the same variety, planted on the same field, and not treated as the above, but dry, came up very indifferently, having to be replanted.

What is still better, (says my informant,) the prepared seed came up sooner, and apparently kept a week in advance in the growth during the season.

Keep Your Promise.

We have often been shocked by the reckless disregard which many persons manifest for the fulfilment of their promises. They are ever ready to make engagements for the future, but when the time arrives for their fulfilment, they seem to have forgotten it entirely—or at least to treat them as though they involve no obligation whatever.

Such conduct is highly injurious in its influence on society, inasmuch as it necessarily tends to destroy that confidence of man in man which is so essential to the happiness of community. It is especially detrimental to the interests of the individual himself who is guilty of it, as he thereby forfeits the confidence and respect of his fellows. His word accordingly, is not relied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the unhappy consequences. This singular and injurious habit is one of the most inexcusable of which any one can be guilty. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, there is no absolute necessity whatever, for any one to break his word.

No one should ever make a promise unless he looks well into the circumstances beforehand, and has every reason to believe that it will be in his power to fulfil his promise. And whenever a promise has been made, it should be his fixed determination to keep it; and with a peculiar reference to this, his subsequent conduct should be shaped.

Were this course faithfully pursued, not only would the serious evils resulting from a discharge of one's word be avoided, but also the confidence of those around speedily gained and enjoyed, and a character thereby eventually established that will be of more value than 'ermine, gold or princely diadem.'

Courtship and Wedlock.

Courship is usually a mere school of deception. Jane prefers that John should know as few of her faults as possible before marriage—no matter how many afterwards. She dresses and puts on unaccustomed smiles to receive him. Thus the Jane he loves and weds proves to be two different persons. The former was angelic, the latter altogether human. The life of a sweetheart is a brilliant surface; that of the wife, a substance dark full of imperfections. The lover is no more candid than mistress.—What is the natural result? Bitter disappointment. Even where a good understanding exists before marriage, and the bride and bridegroom have been wise enough to give each other a fair insight into their true characters, there are certain counterpoises as to the fruit and flowers in the paradise they are entering. For briers they are in no way prepared. It would seem they should learn from those around them, since every youth and maiden must have more or less experience with the married. But every man fully believes himself to be an object of peculiar favor with women. His case is an exception; his ambition aims at what was never reached by married mortals; and if he be no philosopher, the failure will taste of gall. "I compared notes with one of my friends who expects everything in the universe," says Emerson, "and is disappointed when anything is less than the best; and I found that I began at the other extreme, expecting nothing, and always full of thanks for moderate goods."

Would that all young persons could learn to enter, the sacred ground of wedlock with this philosophic spirit! But they will not, nor never will. Hope is too sweet for them. They will not stoop till they stumble. Lofty expectation hovers over the precipice of disappointment, toward which so many of our married friends have been lured, until too late to save themselves from tumbling down.

ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

Three Days Later News From Europe.

The Royal Mail steamer Asia, with Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 8th inst., being three days later than the advices by the Arctic, arrived at New York, yesterday, at 12½ o'clock

From the Seat of War.

The Russians are dismantling their fortresses on the Island of Alland, at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland.

The navigation of the Gulf of Finland is now open as far as St. Petersburg, the ice no longer forming an obstruction.

It is now rumored that Austria will make the crossing of the Balkan mountains by the Russians a cause of war.

The English and French governments entirely reject the proposals of the Czar, founded on his letter to the King of Prussia.

A despatch from Berlin says that the negotiations between Austria and Prussia had joined in a protocol signed at Vienna on the 3d of April between Great Britain, France and Austria.

In the House of Commons on Friday, Lord Russell confirmed the statement that Austria was concentrating troops on the frontiers of Servia, but as negotiations were still in progress, he could not state what course Austria would pursue.

April 26th is appointed as a national fast day throughout Great Britain.

The London Gazette contains an order in council, dated 7th April, stating that the Russian merchant vessels, which at this date shall be in any of her Majesty's Indian territories under government of the East India Company, or within any of her Majesty's foreign or colonial possessions, shall be allowed thirty days from the time of publication of this order for loading and departing; and if met at sea by any of her Majesty's ships shall be permitted to proceed, if, upon examination, it shall appear that their cargoes were taken on board before the expiration of the above term, providing they have not on board any officer in naval or military service of the enemy, or any article prohibited, or contraband of war, or dispatch to the Russian government.

Also, that any Russian vessel which, prior to the 29th of March, shall have sailed from any foreign port, and for Her Majesty's Indian territories, or foreign or colonial possessions, shall be permitted to enter such port or place, and discharge their cargoes, and afterwards forthwith depart without molestation; and that any such vessel, if met at sea by any of Her Majesty's ships, shall be permitted to continue their voyage to any port not blockaded.

A despatch from Vienna affirms that the Greek government had purchased three Russian ships of war lying in the port of Trieste, with all the material of war which was on board. The same despatch states that the combined fleets were about to blockade Odessa.

A letter from Odessa, dated the 25th ult., states that on that day there was not a man-of-war in the port of Sebastopol. This statement, however, does not at all coincide with the statement made in the House of Lords by Lord Clarendon.

A telegraphic despatch from Copenhagen confirms the intelligence of the Russians having evacuated Aalland.

The terms of the new propositions made by the Emperor of Russia—already announced in our columns—are confirmed, and it is added that the Emperor declares himself ready to allow the details to be settled by means of negotiation in a congress, which might, for instance, be held at Berlin.

A project of law has been presented to the French legislative body, augmenting the contingent of 1853 by the number of 60,000 men. The *Moniteur* denies the truth of the report that the government is about to raise an additional force of 100,000 men.

The possessions of the mosques are to be declared the property of the State. The refusal of the Sheik-ul-Islam to consent to this arrangement was the cause of his deposition. All the military posts in the city of Constantinople have been reinforced, and strong guards patrol the streets.

It is said that the Imperial family of Russia will proceed to take up its residence at Moscow.

It is now believed that the Prussian government leans toward an alliance with the Western Powers, though this tendency will not be immediately manifested in any overt act. It will be shown by a repute with Russia, an event which every day become more emminent. The explanations given by the Minister-at-War to the commission on the loan will not be included in the communication about to be made to the Second Chamber.

The Turks were not driven back on the 22d, but made a spontaneous retrograde movement. At Tultscha, the Russians lost above 1,500 men. Two battalions were cut to pieces.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times writes on Thursday evening; the 6th inst.:—Despatches were received to-day at the Turkish embassy from Vienna, (for their accuracy I do not vouch,) confirming what was said yesterday about the defeat of the Russian General Uschakoff, and the retreat of his corps in Bessarabia.

It is also stated that the forts said to have been captured are still in the hands of the Turks; that the Turks have crossed the Danube at a point between Nicopolis and Rustchuck; that 20,000 Turks are on their way to Trajan's Wall or Bossoon, and 25,000 Turks for the same direction to Schumla. Reports are also rife about advantages near Kalafat, but all these have to be confirmed officially.

The Paris Patrie states that the accounts of an advantage having been gained by the Turks on the Lower Danube appeared to be confirmed. It is positive that the General in Chief of the Russian army, after the passage of his troops into the Dobrudscha, considered his position so critical that he immediately demanded reinforcements from Bessarabia, Odessa, and even Sebastopol.

According to a private letter from Constantinople, the English and French squadrons entered the Black Sea on the morning of the 26th, steering in the direction of Varna. The Charlemagne was the only ship remaining at Beicos. It was reported that this measure was combined with a movement of Omar Pacha.

Mustapha Pacha was advancing his troops in three lines in the direction of Trajan's Wall. The fleets were between Batchik and Varna on the 27th.

Several arrests have taken place at Perma, and, among others, the supposed murderer of the Duke.

Bed-Bugs.

Speaking of bed-bugs, a friend of ours who "put up" at the Kalamazoo House, tells the following "strong one:"

"You see, I went to bed pretty all-fired used up, after a hull day on the old road before the plank was laid, calkalatin' on a good snooze. Waal, just as the shivers began to ease off, I kinder felt sumthin' tryin' to pull off my shirt and diggin' their feet into the small of my back to get a good hold. Wiggled and twisted, and doubled and puckered—all no use—kept agoin' it like all sin. Bimeby got up and struck a light to look around a spell—found about a peck of bed-bugs scattered around, and more droppin' off my shirt and runnin' down my legs every minnit. Swept off a place on the floor, shook out a quilt, lay down and kivered up in it for a nap. No use—mounted right on to me, like a parsel of rats on a meal tub—dug a hole in the kiver lid, and crawled through and give me fits for tryin' to hide. Got up agin, went down stairs and got the slush bucket from the wagon. Brought it up and made a circle of tar on the floor—lay down on the floor on the inside, and felt comfortable that time, anyhow. Left the light burnin' and watched 'em. See 'em get together and have acamp-meetin' 'bout it, and then they went off in a squad, with an old grey-headed he one, at the top, right up the wall, out on the ceilin', till they got to the right spot, then dropped right plump into my face.—Fact by thunder.

Well, I swept 'em up again and made a circle of tar on the ceiling too. Thought I had 'em foul, that time; but I swan to man if they didn't pull straws out of the bed, and build a regular bridge over it!"

Seeing an incredible expression on our visage, he clinched the story thus:

"It's so, whether you believe it or not, and some of 'em *walked across on stilts.*" Bed-bugs are curus critters and no mistake; 'specially the Kalamazoo kind.—*Grand River Eagle.*

Worth Knowing.

To preserve bacon or dried meat through the summer, is perhaps a source of as much trouble and anxious care to the housekeeper, as any other domestic duty. But there is a way, simple, cheap, and sure. It is only to expose the hams, after being well smoked, and your dried meat when sufficiently cured, to the fumes of burning brimstone. The most convenient way of doing it, is to hang it separately in the smoke-house, and having a live bed of coals, to throw upon them a handful of brimstone, and immediately close the door, letting it remain till the fumes are dissipated. This will so secure it from the attacks of the fly, or any other insect, without injury to the flavor or quality. The smoke-house, if you have a good one, is the best place to keep your meat through the summer, or as a repository for fresh meat. The impregnation of the walls from the sulphur, securing that also from the fly.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

"No Printers's There."

The report to the Inspectors of State Prisons, discloses the very gratifying fact that of the large number convicts now in the Prisons of the State, there is not a single printer, while nearly all the other occupations are represented. This is a fact honorable to the craft, and affording evidence of the general good character of those engaged in it.

No such thing, our head devil says. His opinion is that rum and morning papers kill off all who are naturally big fools enough to get into State Prisons, and the balance of them are entirely too smart to get stuck with such a job as that. The craft is often hard up, but they take care not to get so far out of sorts as that.

True, they do put off some bad paper, but the proofs, though dark at first, always come clean before they get locked up, and by a token, the printer, though hard always comes clear in the end.

Tho' his form goes to pie, the printer seldom goes to pot.

☞ A Dutchman from the West went to pay his Excellency, the President, a visit. He happened to call just as the President and four others were sitting down to dine. The President asked him to be seated, at the same time inquiring if there was anything new or strange in the country.

"No, I tinks not, except one of my cows hash five calves."

"Ah—indeed—and do they all suck at one time."

"No, sir," replied the dutchman, "four on 'em suck while tudder looks on—shust as I dosh!"

The hint was so magnificent that a clean plate was immediately ordered and the Dutchman seated at the table, where he partook of a comfortable dinner with his Excellency the President.

☞ This is not the age of poetry—yet 'Squire Jones' daughter' has inspired a Down-Easter who gets himself off as follows:

Red is the rosy posy's hue,
That grows down in the 'hollers,'
And red is uncle Nathan's barn,
That cost a hundred dollars,
And red is sister Sally's shawl
That cousin Levi bought her,
But redder still the blooming cheek
Of 'Squire Jones' daughter.'

☞ The "devil's" corner.