

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1858.

Selected for the Journal. TIME TO ME THIS TRUTH HATH TAUGHT. BY CHARLES SWAIN. Time to me this truth hath taught. ('Tis a truth that's worth revealing.) More offend from want of thought Than from any want of feeling ; If advice we would convey, There's a time we should convey it. If we've but a word to say. There's a time in which to say it.

Oft unknowingly the tongue Touches on a cord so aching, That a word or accent wrong. Pains the heart almost to breaking; Many a tear of wounded pride. Many a fault of human blindness, Has been soothed or turned aside. By a quiet voice of kindness.

Many a beauteous flower decays. Though we tend it e'er so much ; Something secret in it preys, Which no human aid can touch.

So in many a lovely breast Lies some canker grief concealed,

That if touched is more oppressed; Left unto itself is healed !

Time to me this truth hath taught. Tis a truth that's worth revealing-More offend from want of thought Than from any want of feeling.

JOHN WOLF'S WIFE.

About five years ago, John Wolf's bookkeeper married a nice, pretty little girl, up in his native village, in Vermont, brought her down to New York, and started house-keeping in a very snug cottage, in Brooklyn. I was invited to the house-warming, and a more delightful evening does not often checker the dull business of life than we passed. There were not over a dozen of us, male and female. but we were all old cronies, and intimate enough to be as free and pleasant together, as we would be at home.

The party broke up at twelve, and Mrs. Dick and myself trotted home, as well satisfied with our evening's enjoyment as need be.

Just one week atter that, my wife told me, with tears in her eyes, that John Wolf's bookkeeper had been quite unwell for two days past, and not an hour before, had suddenly exired, while sitting by the fire-side, with scarcely a spasm or a pang. A disease of the heart had carried him off thus unexpectedly, and his wife was in terrible affliction.

I did not lose a moment in running around to his house, and offering what little sympathy and assistance it was in my power to bestow ; and, of course, took upon myself to do whatever was necessary upon so sad an occasion. The young widow was terribly cut down, and, at such a distance from her own friends and

father, who was a retired lawyer, living on the 1 Jane Pinkerton at his side, joking and joying frugal savings of a frugal life, was able to confer a very considerable favor on John Wolf's house, by saving them from a severe loss by a dishonest customer, who had suddenly taken it into his head, after a lifetime of honesty, to turn rogue, sell his goods to a cash customer who presented himself just at the right time, and ship off to California with the pro-

ceeds. A triend of the old lawyer was employed to draw up the bill of sale, who mentioned to him casually, that so and so was selling out and going to the new land of promise; and knowing that this individual was largely indebted to Wolf's house, he quietly slipped himself off to New York, by the first stage, without mentioning to any one but his wife and daughter, where he was going. Arrived in New York, he introduced himself personally to John Wolf, and then proceeded to inform him of the important business which brought him to the city. As the rascally creditor was expected to take the next California Steamer. no time was lost in getting matters fixed, and just as the gentleman was depositing himself, carpet-bag and plunder, on board the steamer for Aspinwall, he found himself rather unexpectedly obliged to relinquish his journey and pay a visit to John Wolf's store, where, after paying off his full indebtedness, he was released only to be carefully attended by the rest of his rather urgent creditors.

The whole affair proved a most successful one, and highly creditable to all parties concerned, but most especially to the young widow's lather.

For all this important service, the old lawyer would only except his expenses from home and back-said the jaunt had been worth something handsome to him in the excitement and life it had given to his stagnant blood, and would not take a cent on any account. John Wolf managed, however, to be upsides with him for all that. The old gentleman had hardly been home a week when a package arrived by express from New York, duly addressed to his wife, which, upon being opened, disclosed a very handsome silver tea service, with an accompanying letter begging her acceptance of the same, as a mark of respect and distinguished service rendered to sundry firms whose names were all attached, headed of course by the respected and respectable house of Wolf, Waterhouse & Co.

Things went on so for about two years, perhaps a letter passing between the parties about once a month, and John Wolf and the young widow almost began courting by letter, without either one having yet seen the other.

At last, one warm July, business being some what slack, John Wolf took a trip to the White Mountains for a week or two, and while there, became acquainted, as traveling bachelors will, with a party of five young folks-three ladies and two gentlemen. The two oldest couple were men and wives, not a very long time past their honeymoon ; the third lady was called cousin Jane, and like many other cousins we can all remember, was about one of the liveliest, most piquant little creatures you ever saw. Dark, sparkling eyes that seemed to dance and laugh all the time above the most blooming cheeks, and darlingest little nose, and sweetest mouth, and roundest chin that ever belonged to a bewitching woman. John was quite smitten; he danced with her at the evening ball; he rode with her up the steep mountain paths; he went fishing for brook trout, and nothing delighted him more than, when they came into a deeper pool or more rugged path than common, to lift the little thing, in his great brawny arms, and carry her like a child. For three days and nights, John Wolf was n a paradise; on the fourth morning he woke up and found his happiness gone ; a letter had een left on his dressing table, stating that the Pinkertons-the name of his new friends-had been obliged to depart by the stage, at an early hour in the morning, having received news of sudden illness in their family ; should be most happy to renew acquaintance with him at a future day, &c., &c. Our friend John had a great mind to start off for New York, perfectly disgusted with the whole world; but as one of his purposes in coming East, was to pay a long-promised and often desired visit to the young widow's family in Vermont, he felt rather jashamed to back out of his determination, although, all of a sudden, the long cherished wish to make her personal acquaintance had vanished, for a certain Jane Pinkerton, as he called her, had played the very dickens with the platonic aflection he had been secretly nourishing for the last two years. John Wolf was received with high gratification by the old lawyer and his wife, when he presented himself at their house. If he had been the President himself, they could scarcely have been prouder to receive him as a guest than they were to welcome John Wolf. The daughter, however, was absent when he arrived, but a message was sent off to her by the old lady, and it was not long before she made her appearance. You may guess the surprise of our friend John, when the young widow arrived, for there stood welcoming him, with her dancing eyes and beaming smile, no other than his fairy friend of the White Mountains, Jane Pinkerton as he called her, because she was with her friends the Pinkertons, and she, the laughing puss, although she knew by his name well enough who he was, had never revealed herself to him as his loving correspondent, Jane Willoughby. The women naturally love a little mytery, and so she kept her own secret, in order to have the pleasure of surprising him when he should visit her father's house according to promise. John Wolf was a happy man that evening, as he sat at tea, where the handsome silver service was duly displayed in his honor ; and the young widow was as happy as he was, I guess, and the father and mother were running over with gratified pride, as they did the honors of their humble home to the young New York merchant, who had shown himself such a true gentleman in all their intercourse with him. A delichtful evening was passed by all parties; and when John Wolf was ushered by the old lady to the state bed-room, and had laid himself between the whitest pair of sheets that was ever bleached on Vermont snow, he was so full of pleasant fancies and joyous rather sorry that he had not found time to hopes that he could not go to sleep for hours. However, toward morning he dozed off ; and, as will happen at such times, his day-dreams paths of the White Mountains, with haughing | in danger of riding over myself."

together, lifting her sometimes over some rough obstacle in the path, and then again fairly carrying her across some big drift of show which the summer sun had not been able to penetrate near enough to wake up; and so on and on, until wearied out they stood to gaze upon the magnificent prospect below and | lar establishments in the world. A family can around them. Suddenly, John thought he was on his knees before her, pouring out a torrent of passionate words, declaring that life and hope, and happiness dwelt where, &c., &c., when, before he could get an answer or know whether the dear girl smiled or frowned, behold he woke up. He was dreadfully mortified at first, but presently recollecting where he was, and seeing it was broad daylight he jumps out of bed, makes his morning ablutions, and dresses himself in great haste, determined to wait no longer for an answer than would take him to find the object of his dream. Down stairs he goes and into the parlor, she is not there-looks into the garden, but does not see her, when, suddenly, bethinking such a notable little dame might be a good housewife, he starts for the kitchen-where, forsooth, he finds her singing like a bird, elbow deep in the bread trough, kneading away for dear life. Jonn's heavy tread betrayed the intrudershe looked up.

"Do you want to know how to make Johnny cake, Mr. Wolf ?" she exclaimed merrily.

"No," said he, rather seriously, for, like a man ofdeep and earnest teelings as he was, he felt that he approached a crisis in his life; uno, I do not-my Johnny cake is mixed already-I only want to know whether I can get it.

The widow did not know what to make of it. "Well," said she, "I do not know any reason why you should not."

"That," replied John, "is what I want to find out ; and as you know, my dear friend, that two heads are better than one, I have

come to consult you about it." So, to make the matter plain to her, he re lated his dream to its termination.

"And now, Jane," said he. "I am here for an answer. Will you be my Johnny cake ?---Yes or no.?

Jane had held her head down while he spoke, blushing celestial rosy red-as is quite proper, I believe, on such occasions. But Jane's was an earnest nature likewise, and all triffing and tun had vanished when, looking up to him, her bright eyes britaming full of joyous tears, she gave him just one of the sweetest kisses he ever had in his life.

"For ever and ever !" she cried; "forever and ever, John, if you will have me."

Just at this instant, the old lady mother stepped into the kitchen, and brought them both to their senses by exclaming-

SIGHTS IN PARIS. John Matthews, writing to the N.Y. Scalpel,

gives some vivid pictures of Parisian life, from which we make a few extracts : The shops of Paris, for the sale of fancy ar-

ticles and every variety of alimentary produce, exceed in variety of contents any simipastry shops, which are separate establish-ments from those retailing confectionery or bread, the number of cakes is almost infinite. I was astonished to see the operation of cooking poultry carried on in shops open to the street, where the public who were curious could have a fair chance to see the mystery. The novel manner of cooking the birds, was indeed well worthy of a moment's inspection ; the cooks, who were dressed in snow-white caps and aprons, presided over a large pan of boiling tat in which they fried the poultry, in the same manner that doughnuts are cooked at home. The baking of cakes, the frying of potatoes, and the manufacture of confectionery, may here be seen accomplished in the streets by numbers of itinerant cooks. Some of the female cooks are conspicuous for their huge caps of muslin, several feet in height. which are furnished with white wings stiflened with wires.

Nearly all the boot-blacks here are men; I have not yet seen a boy at this occupation. Contrary to the custom in London and New York, neither this class nor the hack-drivers solicit customers. Several women who black boots have their stations on the bridges. On the first week of my arrival I saw a woman stop and have her boots blacked at one of their establishments, and it seemed to attract no notice.

During my search for rooms, I saw several of the large hall-doors of dwellings draped with black ; in the hall was a bier covered with a pall by which stood lighted candles and a basin of holy water; all the passers-by in the street raised their hats as they passed, and many entered to sprinkle holy water on the bier and utter a short prayer for the soul of the departed.

I was passing up the Rue Rivienne with a young friend, when, seeing the crowds which pressed thro' the narrow gates of the Bourse, he proposed to enter and get a sight of the moneyed men of Paris, to which I agreed ; so we each paid the franc demanded at the gate and passed in with the crowd. As we entered the fine hall, the yells of five hundred voices saluted our ears, and for a moment we were stunned and confused with the incessant din which was kept up. At first we thought it must be some extraordinary occasion, but it was only an ordinary business day. Within a railing moved about twenty members, happy !" and she left John to embrace her attended by a number of police, who in a disordered manner carried messages to and from the persons who were crowded on the outside of the railing. The extravagant gestures and There were jolly times, to be sure, in the grimaces in which these persons indulged, for vivacity and intensity threw even the contortions of the inhabitants of the wire cage in the Jardin des Plants, in the shade. These excited beings, bulls, bears, [stock-gamblers] and brokers-some pale with anxiety, others flushed with excitement, were continually yelling as loud as possible, and exhibited in their faces all the worst passions which agitate the human soul. I have yet seen no place where the anatomy of expression could be studied to such advantage. It is little wonder that women should be excluded from such a scene ; a participation in its excitement could scarcely fail to deprive any woman who possessed any feminine qualities, or retained any of the sensitiveness of the sex, of reason, and to create a frenzy by which I am sure many of the individuals we saw at the great gambling-house would not object to profit. We both shouted as loudly as we could, but the confusion was so great that our voices were lost amid the prices, fractions, and units of the boisterous and excited crowd. I attended the balls at the Grand Opera during the Carnival, on Mardi and Jeudi Gras. On the former occasion it was a full dress assembly for men, and masks and dominoes for women. On the latter occasion, fancy costumes were permitted. The freedom practised on these occasions would astonish any one who had been accustomed to the frigid atmosphere of a New-York ball room ; and the conversation of the women would shock a person who expected to find the same propriety as is usual in the higher class balls in America. The women were better dressed than at St. Barthelmy or the Prado, but their virtue appeared to be worth only fifty francs more than at the balls of the grisettes and students. The spasmodic motions, the contortions and grimace, together with the gymnastics introduced in the dance, were at times carried to such an extent as to induce a spectator to imagine they had lost their reason; even decency was at times forgotten, and more than once, the police, who are present at all the balls in large numbers, were obliged to remind the forgetful parties that they were in a public assembly. . . . No formalities were indulged in; any lady, however elegantly attired, appeared to consider as To advertise for sealed proposals would proa compliment the remarks any stranger might be pleased to make; An introduction was not at all necessary to obtain a partner for the dance. It was my good fortune while in Paris, to attend a fancy dress ball at which children alone participated in the pleasure of the dance. I have rarely looked upon a more fairy-like scene, when the hundreds of tiny feet beat in innocent accord to the music at the theatre of the Port St. Martin. The ball was held in the daytime, and concluded before six o'clock. The costumes exhibited were numerous and richly varied. One of the most amusing features was a distribution of confectionery and bon bons, which produced the wildest confusion among the little dancers. Soon, stately knights of the olden time, incipient Charlemagnes, and jewelled queens might be seen, sucking away on a stick of candy with as much interest as the persons they represented ever took in the most urgent affairs of state. a city where sensual pleasure had built her at once to fit out an expedition to procure the rest, and that all that is great and good was too often sacrificed to it. Modesty is apparently banished. . . He will notice the absence of the higher qualities in the faces of the men. Voluptuousness, degenerating into bestiality, is the predominant expression on the faces of the crowd. . . The number of illegitimate connections here is astonishing. Since I have beeu in Paris I have known several instances utter astonishment of every one acquainted

me it was a very agreeable kind of housekeeping. Great numbers of married women have their lovers, and by some it is considered a testimony of their value. Most of the light literature here tends to increase this state of things. The heroes and heroines generally scoff at marriage, and offer a thousand sophistries to excuse any violation of its bonds. Of course this state of things is attended with its punishment. Exhaustion and disease consequent upon these excesses already prevent any increase of the population. London, with all its external vice, is pure and virtuous when

compared with glittering Paris. Do you imagine that Sunday in Paris is a day of rest, of quietness, and repose ? It you do, you are mistaken. Paris, on Sunday, rejoices, perhaps, more in life and gayety than on any other day of the week. Crowds of workmen in their white blouses, which, altho' they may be old, are neatly mended and scrupulously clean, form a larger portion of the busy throng which courses through the streets, which throng the Boulevards, and fill the museums of the Louvre in the day-time and the theatres at night. Some of their brethren do not even make it a holiday, for the building of houses proceeds, and even many public works, such as the repairs and alteration of bridges, go on without attracting any special attention. Go to the Jardin des Plants and look at the laughing crowd around the monkey-cage, more interesting to them than all the osteological and fossil specimens in the wonderful collection of Cuvier or Buffon; stand by the wagons of the mountebank who, dressed in a glittering helmet and spingled dress, seils crayons, or cures the toothache gratis to sell his crimson mixture for ten cents a bottle to the crowd. His servant on the summit of his wagon, dressed like one of the warrior supes at a country theatre, grinds out dolorous music to fill up a hiatus in the speech of his master, whenever it occurs. Watch in the evening the theatres, (covered with tragic painting, to tell of the interior horrors on which the audience may regale.) which are improvised at the open spaces near the Canal St. Martin or the Pont St. Michel. See how the crowds flow in to fill up pit, box, and gallery at prices from five to ten sous, or walk to the more pretending establishments where vice is tricked up in its most attractive forms, and seduction and adultery are performed to applauding specta-tors. When you have seen these things, you will think that Paris is not a godly city.

ONE OF THE TIMBER OPERATIONS.

WASHINGTON, October 9, 1858 .- According to the accounts which have reached this place, your "Democratic" State Central Committee must have had a lively time at the St. Nicholas on Wednesday last. An attempt on the part of Mr. Buchanan to reward one of his poin Pennsylvania in the Presidential campaign of 1856, by giving him, against the established rules of the Navy Department, contracts to supply a quantity of live oak timber, was the subject of discussion, and was censured in the strongest terms; and it was agreed upon that certain gentlemen should visit Washington, and wait upon the President and Secretary of the Navy, and demand an explanation, inasmuch as parties from New York and Maine, who fairly and legally obtained the contracts to furnish the timber, by bids under the proposals issued by the chief of the bureau of construction, have been unceremoniously set aside to give place to Mr. Buchanan's favorite. The New York and Maine contractors were the lowest bidders, while Mr. Buchanan's friend was the highest hidder. The fact alone is considered sufficient to warrant an investigation into the subject. The details are as follows, and not without interest, especially to those who are ignorant of the modus operandi of President making : During the Presidential campaign of 1856, a gentleman from Massachusetts, heretofore unknown in the political world, entered the contest in Pennsylvania, in favor of Mr. Buchanan. He was actuated, it was said, by "pure and patriotic motives." He contributed liberally, very liberally for a disinterested person, as he was declared to be. He soon became popular with the leading "Democrats" of the State. He frequented Wheatland as the guest

of Mr. Buchanan. After, however, realizing

where three persons have lived together in | with the business, an advertisement appeared this relationship. One married woman told under date of June 14, 1858, for sealed proposals for live oak, describing this very surplus condemned timber which our patriot had left upon his hands. On the 14th of July, the day when the bids were opened it was discovered that other gentlemen were bidders, and at lower rates than the Massachusetts man. The unprecedented short time fixed upon in the proposal of the Chief of the Bureau of Construction for supplying the timber-only from the 14th of July to the 1st of September-was thought sufficient to stave off any competitors. A way was discovered by which the time could be made still shorter, which would compel the lowest bidders to be ruled out for want of time to deliver the timber and thus fulfil their contracts. This was done by a refusal to notify the successful bidders of the acceptance of their offers until about the 12th of August, instead of giving the notice on the 15th of July within twenty-four hours after the bids were opened, according to the usual practice. This management shortened the time one month, leaving only about sixteen days to cut and deliver 12,000 cubic feet of live-oak timber! for the accomplishment of which from one to three years is usually given. This is the record. Comment upon it is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that when the 1st of September arrived the successful bidders, of course, failed to deliver the full quota of timber required, altho' nearly all of it had been delivered, some of the parties having had the material on hand. Promptly to an hour, on the 1st of September, the Chief of the Bureau of Construction advised them in the following language : "That as you have not complied with the terms of your contract for live oak, a new one has been made with other parties." This was the first official information which any of the contractors received-a course without precedent, and adopted for the benefit of a delinquent upon the terms of his contract under the proposals of 1857. Yet this individual, who gave about \$15,000 to aid the election of Mr. Buchanan, is the "other parties" alluded to in the note of the Chief of the Bureau. There is another fact connected with this af-

fair quite as surprising as any related above. It is that the live oak advertised for in the proposal of June 1858, was not wanted in the naval yards of the United States, either for immediate or prospective use, as it is a well known fact that the sloops of war ordered by the last session of Congress, are now constructed of white oak ; which our patriot agreed to furnish under the proposal of May, 1857, is not all delivered yet; but such quantity as has been delivered is placed away in the sheds, subject to decay, and cannot be used until demanded by some future action of Congress. It is impossible to state precisely the total

amount that this contractor has been paid by

listives seemed more than usually forlorn.-We did all we could to relieve her afflictions, and, after the funeral had taken place, succeeded in calming her grief to some extent.

I then took the liberty of inquiring a little into her affairs, and discovered that my poor friend, with a carelessness which was too characteristic of him, had involved himself constderably in debt, to furnish his house for his young wife's comfort, having purchased every article of their household goods upon credit. This matter I undertook to arrange for her; and by going round among the various creditors, persuaded the most of them to take their goods back by my paying them a small per centage for their trouble in packing and fixing. This, however, required the outlay of a couple of hundred dollars ; the funeral expenses were one hundred and fifty more, and she had not twenty dollars in the world, toward it.

The next morning, therefore, saw me at John Wolt's store ; he had just returned from a business four, South, and was quite shocked to hear of his book-keeper's sudden death. I briefly related to him the situation in which the young wife had been left, and the arrangements I had made with creditors, and awaited his answer.

"Call as you go home this evening," said he, "and I will attend to it. I am very busy now."

When I called in the evening, he handed me a letter for the widow, and, begging me to let him know if he could be of any service in the future, he started for home, and I did likewise. I left the letter with the widow as I went

home, and after supper, Mrs. Dick and myself walked over to see her, a little curious, I must say, to know the contents of John Wolf's letter.

I confess I had never entertained a very favorable opinion of John Wolf; he had always seemed to me, overbearing and proud, and looked, I thought, as many young men do, who have never known anything of making a living for themselves, and are very apt to think that they are made out of rather superiror stuff to the rest of us, and must be looked up to and smiled upon by all the rest of the world.

But I tell you I got a new sight into the human heart when I read that letter. It was, without exception, the kindest, most feeling, most consoling letter I ever read-so full of deep sympathy for her sudden loss, so overflowing with expressions of esteem and regard for her husband, and winding up with sentiments, so divine and heavenly a trust in an overruling Providence, and the sweet consolation of religion, that I declare I could scarcely think the letter could have emanated from a man so wholly engrossed in himself, as he always seemed to be. The letter, moreover, contained his individual check for \$1000, to meet, he said, the expenses incident to so sudden and unexpected a bereavement.

"Well, John Wolf," said I, "after this I will never again judge a man from appearances."

The young widow returned to her friends in Vermont, and what followed, although I did not get acquainted with the facts until a very short time ago, I shalt proceed to tell you in the order they occurred.

Within a week or so after her arrival at her old home, John Wolf received a letter from her father, returning him the thousand dollars so kindly advanced to his daughter, with a profusion of thanks for his kindness to his bereaved daughter, and expressing a strong desire to be able to repay it by any service it might be in his power to perform in return.

But there was another enclosure, which John, it seems, thought a great deal more about, than the old man's and the thousand dollars, and this was a letter from the young widow herself, so brimful of gratitude that he began to be almost ashamed to think that be had done so little for so rich a return, and was comfort her sore affliction.

I do not know exactly how it came about, but one letter brought on another, until a pretty regular correspondence sprang up between them. It happened, also, that the widow's

"Why, Jane ! "O, mother, mother," said Jane' "I am so

mother. "He asked me to be his wife, mother; give me joy-I am to be John Wolf's

old lawyer's honse, that week, and when John Wolf carried off his little wife to New York, there was the merriest wedding party in that village that ever drove dull care out of doors.

"Put her Through."

A gentleman had occasion to send his little daughter up to the garret for some articles which he wanted. The child soon returned crying; and upon being asked what was the trouble, replied, "that the snow had sifted in upon the garret stairs, and she had slipped down and hurt herself.

"Well, did you get what I told you ?" inquired the father.

She replied that she had not.

"Well, then," he exclaimed, starting up, I'll go ; I guess I ain't afraid of a little snow.' After he had gone, the child observed that he hoped papa would fall, just a little, to pay im for laughing at her.

Soon afterwards, a distinct bumping and rollng was heard, accompanied with the sound of suppressed wrath. The family listened with wakened interest, but the object of their solicitude was heard above whistling quite sober-, as though nothing had happened.

He crossed two rooms above, and as he approached the head of the stairs, thundered out : "Open the chamber door ! Next you know, you'll have me tumble down here and break my neck. It is so very dark now-" but the sentence was never finished.

Trip went his heels, and rolling, thumping and swearing, he sprawled his six feet of length upon the kitchen floor, where he was greeted with bursts of merriment from the collected family. He lay quite still for a moment. At last he shouted out :

"Open the cellar door, I may as well put her through, clear to the bottom."

Virtues of Milk.

It is a most perfect diet. Nothing like it -it contains eard which is necessary for the development and formation of muscle-butter for the production of an adequate supply of fat; sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby add warmth to the body ; the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda, required to give solidity and strength to the bone together with the saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It contains the lactic acid, or the acid of the gastric juice, so requisite for the proper dissolving of our food in the stomach. It is, therefore, obvious that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituents and should not be neutralized by adulteration. "It is," Dr. Prout properly states, "the true types of food." How necessary, therefore, it is that it should be pure ; otherwise this wonderful and wise provision of providence would be a curse rather than a blessing.

FAST RIDING .- An Englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses of his country, mentioned that the celebrated race horse called Eclipse had run a mile in one minute. "Why, my good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. 1 live at my country seat near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times around a large factory, just to take the old harry out of turned themselves into night-dreams, and he him. Well, sir, he went so fast that I saw my found himself again travelling by the rugged own back directly before me; and I was twice

his hopes in Mr. Buchanan's election, it was observed that he frequented Wheatland less and Washington more. Within one month after the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan, we find him in the Navy Department, with a schedule of dimensions of live oak, which he offered to sell to the Government, amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet. He procured an introduction from Mr. Buchanan to the Secretary of the Navy, also to the Chief of the Bureau of Construction. The latter officer deciding favorably to the purchase of the timber, the Secretary of the Navy was about to seal the contract, when he was informed that he could not legally buy on open purchase unless the timber was wanted for immediate use. Such was not the fact, the timber was not wanted. voke competition, and perhaps defeat the sale, as other parties, with less 'patriotism,' might have the audacity to bid for the contract. Advertising, however, was finally resorted to as the only means of settling the matter ; but the advertisement, singular to say, described almost exactly the kind of timber which the contractor offered the Government at private sale ! The time for receiving proposals expired, and after an unusual delay, for some unexplained reason, the President's Massachusetts friend and supporter was declared successful, and the contracts were made with him, dated July 1, 1857, for 150,000 cubic feet of live oak, at prices ranging from \$1 25 to \$1 75 per cubic foot, amounting to \$225,840, and on the 30th of the same month, without advertisement or chance of competition, another contract was made with him for an additional quantity, at prices ranging from \$150 to \$2 per cubic foot. The time allowed for the delivery of this timber extends to July 1st 1859-two years from the date of If a stranger should stroll through Paris, I the contract. Contrast this fact with another think he could not fail to conclude that it was about to be stated. The contractor proceeded

timber which he had previously represented on paper as already cut. In the Spring of the present year he commenced delivering the timber, when he was notified that the timber he was delivering did not answer the description advertised for and which he contracted to furnish. This condemned timber, however, was allowed to remain in the yard, when, to the

the Government for timber ceived and not received, but I presume the different sums which he has received will not litical friends for financial services rendered differ much from his offers. Upon that basis his new contract, which he will fulfil with his condemned surplus timber in the yards, will amount to \$195.000. The contract of July 1st will reach \$225,840, making \$420,840. Besides, he obtained a contract without advertising or competition, for supplying the Brooklyn Yard with timber at \$2 per cubic foot, which will amount to \$25,000 more, making a total on face of contracts of \$445,840. This entire expenditure, it can hardly be doubted, was made for a single article not wanted, and for the purpose of reimbursing a politician who risked a few thousand dollars to elect Mr. Buchanan .- Cor. of N. Y. Evening Post.

Agricultural Science.

The labors of chemists to discovsr positively all the causes of the fertility of soils have not yet met with conclusive success. The mechanical structure of soil is of primary importance. Naked rock grows lichen-the same rock crushed into coarse grains, grows a much higher order of vegetable-pulverized fine, the cereals grow in it. Geology, chemistry, botany, physiology, meteorology, me-chanics, hydrodynamics, heat, light and electricity, are all intimately combined in the grand process vegetation. There are sandy soils in our Eastern States, which, without, manure, yield meagre crops of rys and buckwheat; but there are sandy soils in Ohio, which, without manure, yield on an average eighty bushels of Indian corn an acre, and have yielded it for twenty to fifty years in unbroken succession, the ingredients of these soils being, by chemical analysis, the same. At present no difference is known between them, except the coarseness of the particlesthe first being coarse, while the Ohio sand is an exceedingly fine powder. The power of soils to attract and imbibe moisture and oxygen was well shown by Schubler, of Hoffen, 40 years ago. Of 13 different soils quartz sand absorbed in thirty days over 1-1000 parts of oxygen and no moistre, while humus ab-sorbed 13 of oxygen and 120 of moisture.

Scientific .- The usually grave and discreet Scientific American of last week opens its editorial page with a notice of the latest new idea for preventing the sad effects of collision on railroads, which is to have a track laid across the tops of the cars, with inclined tracks upon long cow-catchers placed at the front and rear of the train. The approaching train upon the same track, moving in whichever direction, instead of coming in collision, would run up the inclined tracks, pass safely over the tops of the cars that stood in the way, and down upon the main track in the twinkling of an eyes Neither the inventer nor the Scientific American informs us what would be the consequences of a collision between two approaching trains. each having the "new idea" attached ; we are left to speculate which would go over, or which would go under, or whether they would not both go over, and under, and through, and every other way.

ABOUT GIRLS .- The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheeks may be, or how velvety her lips, if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though ber complexion is coarse enough to grate nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose, so is good nature to the lovely. Girls, think of this.

GAME .- The Peru (Ind.) Republican reports a huge squirrel hunt at that place a few days ago, in which two parties of six killed exactly three hundred squirrels each. That sort of game must be abundant out there. Wild turkeys, too, are said to be rather "numerous."