

BY S. B. ROW.

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ALLITERATIVE VERSES.

There is a good deal of ingenuity displayed in the construction of the following lines

Fluttering friend. farewell forever, Hope hath hung her harp on high,

Every effort or endeaver Starts some serious, sobbing sigh.

When with warmest wishes wooing.
Lingered long love's languid look,
Silence still sublimely shewing, Firmest faith for forms forsook.

Pleasing prospects prove protecting— Innocency is innate— Deserts dear delights directing, Far from former frowning fate. Pleasure's pleasing path pursuing.

That through tearless time I tread; Vagrant virtues vainly viewing. She still pseudo shinings shed. False, fallacious friend farewell!

Shall sorrowing sighs still silent sleep? To truant time thy troubles tell— Why with wearied wanderings weep!

THE FORGED PATENT.

The changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to any one who had not witnessed them. At that time the settlements were few, and the spirit of enterprize which now prevades every corner of the State had not awakened. The bluffs of the beautiful Illinois river had never sent back the echo of the steam engine .-Without a market for their own produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop raised, and from the time it was "laid by," near the end of June, till "pulling time," in November, was a holiday, and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except Saturdays. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers at the distillery amused themselves with shooting at a mark, trading nags, and, too often, when the tin cup passed freely round, in fighting. This is by no means a picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of the oldest settlers will deny. One Saturday afternoon, in the year 1819,

* young man was seen approaching, with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather distillery, of Squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Tract. As usual on that day, a large collection of people were amusing themselves at Crosby's who owned the distillery in that region, and, being a magistrate, was regarded by the settlers as rich, and consequently a great man. The parently about twenty-one years of age, and with the air of one accustomed to good society, and it was evident at a glance that he was | pected a deed in a few days. Davis strange contrast with his appearance and manlinsey woolsey, a common straw hat, and a to the farm was not worth a farthing. pair of doeskin moccasins. A large pack completed his equipments. Every one gazed with cariosity upon the new comer. In their engerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business, the horse swap was even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached Squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal person among them, and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated, saying that he was extremely ill, and felt all the symptoms of an approaching fever. Crosby eyed him closely and suspiciously for a moment without attering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was a "Yankee," a name at that time associated in the minds of the ignorant with everything that is base. Mistaking the silence of Crosby for a fear of his inability to | took the hands of Lucy and young Wilson, and pay, the stranger smiled and said, "I am not then joining them said: "My children, I cheerwithout money," and putting his hand to his pocket to give occular proof of his assertion, he was herror-struck to find that his pocketbook was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him. Without a farthing, without even a paper or letter to attest that his character was honorable, in a strange land, and sickness rapidly coming upon him, these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The Squire, who had prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found the use of his tongue. With a loud and sneering voice, he said: Stranger, you are barking up the wrong

tree, if you think to catch me with that 'ere Yankee trick o' yourn."

He proceeded in that inhuman strain, seconded by nearly every one present, for the "Squire was powerful, and few dared to displease him. The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eyes around the

group, and in a tone of deep anxiety, inquired: "Is there none who will receive me?" "Yes, I will," cried a man among the crowd; "yes, poor, sick stranger, I will shelter you." Then, in a lower tone, he added, "I know not whether you are deserving, but I do know that you are a fellow-being, and in sickness and in want; and for the sake of Him who died for the guilty, if not for your own

sake, will I be kind to you, poor stranger." The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering, was Simon Davis, an elderly man, who resided near Crosby, and the latter was his deadly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore many persecutions of his vindictive neighbor without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen. The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis, and heard no more, for, overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he sank insensible. He was conveyed to the house of his benefactor, and a physician called. Long was the struggle between life and death. Though unconscious, he called upon his mother and sister, almost constantly, to aid him. When the youth was laid upon her bed, and she heard and said to him, "Poor young man, your sis- of the principal part of this land in Illinois, ter is far distant, but I will be to you a sister." Well did this dark-eyed maiden keep her promise. Day and night she watched over

she yielded her post at his side to her father. At length the crisis of the disorder arrived

inquired, "Where am I?" There was intelligence in that look. Youth and good constitution had obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was spared, and bursting into a flood of tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn anything-further, and forbade him giving his story un-til he became stronger. His name was Charles

Wilson, and his parental home Boston. A few days afterward, when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs, Wilson saw close beside his head his pack, and, recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first thing he saw was the identical pocket-book whose loss had excited so many regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment the circumstance was forgotten. He examined it, and found everything as he had left it. The discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no return but thanks.

Night came, and Mr. Davis did not return. Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sunset approached he was still absent. Terrified at his long and unusual stay, she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when the parent came in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, woe-begone countenance startled her. He uttered not a word, and went into his house, and seated himself in silence. It was in vain that she attempted to cheer him. After a long pause, during which there was a powerful struggle going on in his feelings, he rose and took his daughter by the hand and led her into the room where Wilson was seated. "You must know all," he said, "I'm ruined; I am a beggar; in a few days I must quit this house-the farm which I have so highly improved and thought my own." He proceeded to state that a few days before, Crosby, in a fit of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was now in his power, and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded only an imyouth who now came up to the group was ap- potent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent of his farm was a forged of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, one, and that he, Crosby, knew the real owner of the land, had written to purchase it, and exinured to the hardships of frontier life, ately went home for his patent, and during or labor of any kind. But his dress was in his long absence had visited the land office. Crosby was right. The patent, beyond all dis-He wore a hunting coat of the coarsest | pute, was a forged one, and the claim of Davis

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers' patents was a regular business in some of the eastern cities, and hundreds had been duped. "It is not for myself," said the old man, "that I grieve for this misforleft unfinished, and the rifle laid aside, and | tune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not where or how I pass the remainder of my existence. I have a little home beyond the stars, where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have loved to follow, had it not been that I would have left unprotected her child, my own affectionate Lucy." The weeping girl threw her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom. "We can be happy still," said she,

"for I am young, and can support us both." A new scene followed, in which another individual was the principal actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it, and barely remark that, at the close, the old man fully consent to your union. Though poor, with a good conscience, you can be happy. I know, Charles, you will be kind to my daughthat no human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently implore the blessings of heaven upon my gray hairs, and that God would reward down the family Bible, the venerable old man not forsaken. Let us look for support from Him who has promised to sustain us." He then opened the book and read :

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labors meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herds in the stall, yet will I joy in the God of my salvation "

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man, and while he prayed they wept tears of grateful emotion. It was a sleepless | mixed with equal quantities of common salt, but not unhappy night to the three inhabitants | and then stirred up with about four times their of the neat, cheerful dwelling they were about to leave, and go they knew not where. It was then that young Wilson learned the real value | root crops, and they are valuable for such purof money. By means of it he could give shel- poses. They should be applied as early in the ter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him. All night long he had thought of the lorged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his

owner of the land, and had now obtained the promise of the deed. It is now time for the reader to become ful-

stranger. His father, Charles Wilson, senior, was a merchant in Boston, who had acquired if adulterated with clay, marl or sand, it will an immense fortune. At the close of the war, when the soldiers received from the government their bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale. Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he resolved to save them sacrifice of their hard earnings, and he purchased at a fair price all that was offered. In three years no small portion of the Military Tract came into his possession. On the day that Charles became of age, he gave him a deed if he liked the country settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he

him, except during the short intervals when cloth and dress like a backwoodsman. In compliance with this suggestion, the young man had assumed a rude and rustic life or death. Lucy bent over him with in- dress, so inappropriate to his appearance and tense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of awakening him from the only On the morning of his son's departure, Mr. Wilsound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke and gazed had frequently written. He wished to purchase ever be sown.

recommended his son to lay aside his broad-

up into the face of Lucy Davis, and faintly a certain section at government price, which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on the terms, provided he forwarded a certificate from the judge of the circuit court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received inclosed the certificate in question. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles, and, putting the letter and certificate into his hand, enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer, according to promise, upon his arrival in Illinois.

young Wilson of this incident, and on the next morning after he had become acquainted with words being replete with the usual characterthe plan of Crosby, with a trembling hand he examined the letter and certificate. It was cal, and perhaps a fluent speaker, though not written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase, the identical farm of Davis. Astonished that his friend the judge should certify that the land was worth ne more, Mr. Davis when he talks, that is all forgotten. It is asked to see the certificate, and after a moment's examination, unbesitatingly pronounced its signature a forgery. An explanation from the young man now became necesary, and, delicate made man, with a singular looking, calling Lucy into the room, he told them his story, and laid before them a pile of patents and benk notes, one after another, till the sum reached thousands. It was a day of thankful happiness to Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene, Crosby entered. His air was that of a man who has an enemy in his power, and intends to trample upon him. He scarce noticed young Wilson, except with livery careless even to slouchiness-leaning a look of contempt. After pouring out all of his maledictions upon the family, the old man his only gesture made with his head, which inquired if he would give nothing for improve- rolls about almost independently of his bodyments made. The answer was, 'Not one cent.'
"You certainly would not," said Wilson,

"drive out this man and his daughter penniless into the world ?"?

"What's that to you?" replied Crosby, with a look of malice and contempt. "I will answer that question," said Wilson, and he acquainted him with what the reader

has already learnt. Crosby was at first petrified with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villainy were deteated, and proof of his having committed a torgery could be established, his and as I seated myself I was conscious of an assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees, and begged first the old man, then Lucy and Wilson to spare him. Much as they priied, it was impossible for them not to despise the meanness of this application. Wilson told him that he deserved no mercythat a moment since he would have driven the family of Davis from their home without even the dreadful foray of Cero Gordo, of a wound means of temporary support. He would pay Crosby a fair price for his property, and torbear prosecuting him on condition of his instantly quitting the country. Crosby accept-ed the offer. The writings were made on that streaming from a ghastly wound in his chest day, and before morning he and his family expecting every moment to be summoned inon their way to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative. Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion soon rose upon the farm of Mr. Davis, both loved far better the little room the hand of the suffering soldier, he said to where she had so anxiously watched over the sick bed of the houseless stranger. Mr. Wil- If you must die, and I survive this war, I will son was rich, but never forgot those who were in want. Cheered by the kind and affection- The Senator of another day-that day of ate attentions of his children, Simon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence. He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright-eyed son of Charles and Lucy the story of the forged deed. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when poor and friendless, was taken home and kindly treated, and in turn became their benefactor, to his memory." As he spoke his voice tremhe impressed upon the mind of his grandchild that even a cup of cold water, given from a good motive, shall not lose its reward.

FARMING MEMORANDA.

Exhausting the Soil .- It is well known that for several years in succession on the same soil, they will at last cease to yield. This is called "exhausting the soil," for which a partial remedy is found by the use of manures, but even with thorough manuring every season, the soil will fail to yield, if the crops are not frequently changed by what is called "roter, for a few nights ago, when you thought | tation of cropping." To account for this, it is believed that each crop exhausts the soil of the peculiar nutritive matter which it requires, and thus it takes, some years to bring my child for all her kindness to you." Taking | back or restore such matter to the land. It is well known that some soils are so rich in ceradded, "It is a season of affliction, but we are tain salts as to be capable of raising a succession of crops for a number of years, but this is not the case generally. A rotation of crops and frequent manuring can alone ensure any soil from becoming exhausted. A grain crop should always be succeeded by a root or a of the olives shall fail, and the fields yield no green crop, and vice versa. Thus wheat, then grass, oats, potatoes, corn, wheat, turnips, bar-

ley, potatoes, rye, clover. MANURES .- Guano is a powerful fertilizer, but it is too concentrated to be used singly. It is found to produce superior effects when quantity of moist loamy soil. The superphosphotes are coming into more general use for season as possible, as they require considerable moisture to ensure their absorption by the plants. There are many adulterations of gu- and jet black hair inclined to curl and worn and sold, and as it is an expensive fertilizer, rather long-and a very full prominent foredeception in its quality is a heinous crime. mind; that Crosby had written to the real in burning Peruvian guano, it should loose from 55 to 90 per cent. of its weight; its ash should be white, and dissolve readily without effervescence in dilute muriatic acid, leaving ly acquainted with the history of the young an insoluble residue of only about 2 per cent. A bushel of pure guano weighs about 70 lbs.; weigh more than this. This latter test will detect gross adulteration; the former a more

refined adulteration. WEEDS .- Farmers should be careful not to cultivate weeds, as they steal that nutriment vant bar-tender and rowdy. He is tall, manly from the soil which should otherwise be taken up by genuine plants. To prevent weeds, great care should be exercised in securing clean seed. In clover seed there are as many at 20,000 weed seeds in every pint. As about from twelve to fourteen pints of seed are sown an effort, and cautiously lest he overstep the to the acre, over forty weed seeds are sown line drawn between stump speaking and Senupon every square yard.

SEEDS .- In seeds, as in live stock, defects are handed down from generation to genera- within. His grammer is not immaculate, as tion, and constant care is therefore required to at times he trifles with Lindlay Murray most remove any hereditary taint. Seeds from unwarrantably, and his pronounciation is cerblighted straw should never be used, because tainly not Websterian. Still, I think Mr. this is an indication of disease, and yet this Broderick deserves very much credit for what feature is not sufficiently understood. Some he has done, and I think he is fully as honest farmers entertain the idea that shriveled wheat | as many gentlemen who would perhaps call and corn will do well enough for seed; this themselves his betters. I know that he is a is an unscientific and incorrect notion. The man with whom it will not do to trifle. Some very soundest seed, and nothing else, should honorable Senators are aware of this too, as

SENATORIAL PORTRAITS.

SANATOR HAMLIN .- In the far corner of the Republican side, just back of Simmons of Rhode Island, writes the Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript, is seated in billious looking gentleman, clad in black, his raiments not over neat-with a rather full and heavy face, and a piercing, coal black eye. He has a light stoop and is somewhat awkward in his movement and gesticulation. His voice The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded is sharp and shrill, and the intonation gives decided evidence of his Northern origin; his istics of Yankee land. Able, clear and logia frequent one,-he always commands respect. Personally, he has much the appearence, at a distance, of a seedy Methodist preacher; but Senator Hamlin, of Maine.

Wm. H. SEWARD .- What man is there who can pretend to describe him? We see a short wrinkled face, and Roman nose, a head calculated to puzzle Spurzheim, covered with coarse and rather short, gray hair, not very tidily brushed; busy,gray eyebrows overhang-ing eyes most remarkable for their brilliancy of expression-clothed in attire neat to precision, but negligently worn. We hear him speak, and his voice is poor, evidently injured by the long prodigal use of snuff-his deagainst his desk with his hands in his pocketsthus deliberately, and more in the tone of conversation than that of debate-he pours out the most beautiful specimens of rhetoric, the clearest logic in language of Saxon purity, the profoundest axioms, prophecies that never fail, legal aphorisms true as the statutes, illustrations drawn from every source which literature has reached-all clothed in language, not one word of which need ever be blotted out. He never says a foolish thing.

SENATOR SHIELDS .- Some weeks ago I took unusual silence throughout the hall. The spectators were numerous, and most of the Senators in their places. One of them was speaking in measured tones, and was apparently much affected. He was delivering a eulogy on a distinguished soldier and le-gislator, and brother in arms. He spoke of there received,-(one which even now astonished the surgical world, that any one could be so fearfully stricken and yet survive)-he ne presence of his God,-when he was approached by an officer, begrimmed with the smoke of battle and flushed with the consciousness of a victory just gained. Taking him; "My gallant friend, be of good cheer. take good care of your memory at home!' twenty battles, when the city of Mexico fell at last beneath our arms, and he lay again wounded-the same man came with the same soothing words.

"And now," said the speaker "let it be my duty to add my voice in testimony of the worth of the noble, gallant Quitman, and do justice bled and he sat down overcome by the memories of the past as they crowded thick upon him. He is a plain looking person, of medium height, rather slender, and with strongly marked features. He has a pleasant voice, and an open, smiling kindly face. He is not a if the same kind of crops are planted or sown | great debater, nor is he among the first men of the Senate, but he is one of those persons whose voice, manner and expression draw you insensibly towards him whatever difference you may entertain politically. I fancied that a slight accent betrayed his foreign birth; but this may be mere fancy. He

is of Minnesota. SENATOR HALE .- A visitor to the gallery of the Senate cannot have failed to notice the entrance of a full, hearty, ruddy, bluff, hale looking man, who generally walks nearly to his chair before removing his hat from off his head, where he usually hangs it. After taking his seat he pulls up his sleeves, as though about to dip his hands into a sugar barrelthrows about the papers on his desk for a moment, and then commences to write most furiously. Perhaps ere long he jumps up to make some remarks in reply to a gentleman on the other side who has the floor, and when he does so there is a laugh all over the house. It is a sugared pill he has shot forth probably; but a pill nevertheless. He appears to be a well to do farmer-a jolly sort of husbandman, with granaries full of common sense, and a cider press streaming with fun. Need I say that it is John P. Hale of New Hampshire ?

SENATOR CLAY .- In the midst of the democratic side of the Senate Chamber, next to Jefferson Davis is a gentleman whose singular appearance attracts the attention of the stranger. Quite slender, rather tall and with a dark complexion, a thin, pale face, black eyes, head-he gives one the impression that he is more fitted for the closet than the legislative hall. He looks the poet, or perhaps the artist, rather than the statesman. He does not speak often, and when he does he is not particularly profound, nor his style particularly oratorical. He is not a first class Senator. It is Clay of Alabama.

SENATOR BRODERICK, the colleague of Mr. Gwin, personally, does not afford any of the characteristics, as seen on the floor of the Senate, which are to be looked for in the cidelooking; with an oval face, a heavily whiskered countenance, short hair and full under lip. He is when not in debate, as quiet and dignified, apparently as need be. When he speaks, however, you can but feel that he does so with atorial debate, and betray by his language the "old Satan" which is said still to be lurking they found that an attempt to embarrass him

by laughing and other means was a rather dangerous pastime.

Senator Henrer.—On the other side of

Mr. Davis is seated another gentleman, who has startled a good many people by the expo-from his prominence before the public, and sure it has made of the gross immorality that the bare possibility of his being the next exist in a certain class of people of whose Democratic candidate for the Presidency, lives we usually see but the political side. It commands a passing notice. R. M. T. Hun- is, perhaps, fortunate that there is not a more ter, of Virginia, is perhaps the slouchiest intimate knowledge among the people of the Senator in Congress. Rather short and stout, swarthy, with black hair, apparently not even yet sprinkled with gray, he is what would be considered an ordinary looking man-except perhaps for his extreme negligence in his at- that has prevailed at Washington, our Presitire, which in a person in his position is somewhat extraordinary. His hair is full and unkempt, his collar apparently unconscious of some pride, that no man, however superior he starch, and his limp cravat tied and hanging might be in intellect, could be elected Presiin the extreme of the negligent style. His dent of the United States, if he was notorienunciation is not good, being thick and indistinct, and his gesticulation and manner un-graceful. That he is a man of ability, however and great ability, no one, at this late day, can dispute. Some twenty years ago, I be-lieve, he was Speaker of the Honse, and he stands now the acknowledged head of Virginian statesmen.

MODERN CROAKERS. History is a frog pond, full of croakers. From Thucydides and Herodotus down to Grote and Buckle-from Moses down to Motley, the lugutrious plaint resounds from the marshes of all eras. Things have always been going wrong; death has ever been in the pot. If we are to rely upon writers, there never was a time when the earth turned smoothly on its axis, and there never will be. The past is one wide field of crime and desolation, and the future an endless vista of woes greater than any yet experienced by the hapless human race. How wearily and soul-sick sounds the voice of the wisest of men, Solomon, "There is nothing new under the sun." How the prophets, the poets, the historians of all nations echo back the cry, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

A certain mournful comfort is to be derived from the sad experience of mankind as attested by the chronicles of old. If things have always been in a bad, a very bad way, it is something to know that people managed, after a fashion, to live on and worry through their trials. In spite of wars, pestilences, and famines innumerable, the powers of nature were kept steadily at work, the seasons came in due order, the children of men were born. and food and raiment adequate to their wants were vouchsafed unto them. Life has never ceased to be a grateful boon to the sons of Adam. There never was an hour when mankind with one consent sought release from the anguish of existence in universal suicide. as never a moment when the vast majority of mankind did not find the "fever called living" a delight, worthy of indefinite protraction. And yet the croakers have never ceased to croak. The moralists and immoralists alike have abused the very thing of all others which they most highly prized; the thing for which the most of them would have bartered house and lands, name and fame, family and friends, even honor itself.

Why is this? The sufficient answer will be found in the fact that man was not born to be satisfied. "Fool!" exclaims Carlyle, "dost thou not know that the very universe itself would not ease thy cravings?" The further answer is, that life is too often misspent, not indeed wilfully misspent, but, by reason of "illannexed opportunity" and carelessly guarded passion, brought to a profitless conclusion. No wonder then that there should have been and should still continue to be an abundance of croakers. But, if croaking still continues, this much may be said in favor of the modern croaker. He cannot croak with the hearty good will, the vim and vociferousness of his has been taken away. The croaker, like any effect of these derangements on carpentry and ceased to exist, but because they have been to its decay. The explanation of dry rot may so dispersed and intermixed with hopeful ac-

in any one community. The modern croaker does not differ materially from the ancient croaker, except in thiscoming." This important change in the croaking tune produced for a time some good It "drew." But the general diffusion of knowledge and the still more general necessity of working pretty hard for a living, with the success which for the most part at- these passages admit air and moisture, which such a damper on the modern crosking version that an entire change of programme is needed. How the croaker will set about effecting this change it is impossible to tell; it will be done. Perhaps a return, to the burthen is "nothing is there to come and nothing past," will be relished by a sorrowful publie, and have a run equal to hoops. Who can sav?

If it were worth one's while to do so insane said that although things have always gone wrong, and are always going to worse, that is no reason why we should trouble ourselves about them. On the contrary, it is a good and cogent reason why we should not trouble ourselves. The sun will certainly set to-morrow night, and very likely there will be a great ture. Hence chemists have recommended, many after it, but that is no reason why we should go supperless to bed. Nay, if we are too poor to get up anything so brilliant as gas, we can at least set fire to a camphene lamp, and be as jolly as it is possible to be in view of an explosion which may consign us to a horrible death.

But we have no quarrel with the croakers .-Some of them mean very well and all of them think themselves very wise. There is doubtless a use for frogs in the spring of the year, their cacophonetic concerts are truly musical. We are not so supersensitive as the French nobility, who, while residing temporarily in their chateaux, forced the peasants to whip the ponds all night to keep the frogs from croaking. No, the batrachian croakers may have fair play-so long as their complaints do not affect the growth of early peas, and their human brethren, so long as they do no positive harm, may go scot free, so far as we are concerned.

Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.

COURT SCANDALS.

The Sickles tragedy, with its subsequent developments, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, be proud of that amid the general depravity dents have rarely created scandal by their private lives; and it may be also said with some pride, that no man, however superior he ously loose in his morals.

In European countries, the heads of government are rarely men of purity of character. The kings of England, with very rare exceptions, have been grossly immoral, and Victoria is almost the only British sovereign whose virtue has never been suspected. Her husband, too, has never created any scandal; but her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, now head of the army, is notoriously profligate. The Russian Emperors and Empresses have been celebrated as much for their immorality as for any other qualities, though the present Czar seems to be a decided improvement, in this respect, on his predecessors. The German Emperors, kings and petty princes have also been famed for licentiousness, and as for the French, Spanish and Italian monarchs, they seem to have regarded libertinism as one the sacred prerogatives of the crown.

Of living continental sovereigns there are very few who have escaped scandal. The reigning Queen of Spain and the ex-Queen Christina, if they were not royal ladies, would not be received in any decent society. The King of Sardinia, whose public life has been so much commended, is, and always has been, a gross sensualist, and the tales of his secret amours are numerous and shocking. The profligacy of the Bavarian royal family, and pecially of the ex-King Louis, is well known. The reigning family in France emulates in immorality the Bourbon and Orleans families. The emperor has not escaped scandal, even since his marriage. His uncle, the old Prince Jerome, has for some years had his mistress living in the Palais Royal, and there she would have remained undisturbed, but that the young princess Clotilde, on hearing of it, insisted successfully on having her banished to distant apartments in the palace. Jerome's daughter. the Princess Mathilde, who is separated from her Russian husband, Prince Demidoff, has often given good reason for doubts as to her purity. Her brother, Prince Napoleon, has led a scandalous life among the lorettes of Paris, as well as among the ladies of the court who have not stood highest as models of virtue. His marriage to the Sardinian princess is not regarded as having destroyed his tasto for his former mode of life.

There are but few courts on the continent of Enrope where the sovereigns and their families set an example of virtue to their people, and the secret memoirs of these times, that may appear fifty or a hundred years hence, will tell as shameful stories as do the memoirs of the French, English and German courts of the last century. It is something for Americans to congratulate themselves on, that, with all the degeneracy observed in our Presidents and leading public men, we have not got so low as to tolerate in them such gross immorality as prevails so generally in the reigning families and the courts of Europe.

TIMBER AND ITS DECAY.

The present century has been marked by very active inquiry into the nature of wood, predecessors; and this because the one all the structure of its fibres and cells, the deimportant essential of successful croaking rangements to which the fibres are subject, the other professional artist, needs a large and ap- ship building, and the best mode of removing preciative audience. Such an audience is the evil. There have been many curious facts rather hard to find now a-days, owing not to ascertained concerning the qualities of differthe fact that the lovers of good crosking have | ent kinds of timber, and especially in relation be stated as follows: All trees contain within tive mortals, that the modern croaker though their pores a kind of albumen, which contribhe croak so sweetly, can attract few admirers utes to the sustenance of the growth; but when the tree is felled, and the trunk and branches converted into timber, this albumen becomes an evil instead of a good. When the albumen that it has become a sort of new dogma in the is moist-which it always is before the timber croakological faith to predict "a good time is seasoned-it has a tendency to enter into a sort of fermentation; if this state commences, the albumen becomes a favorite relish for certain minute animals, who forthwith bore for themselves invisible passages through the wood, to attain the object of their search : tends hard work in this country, has thrown so act upon the chemical constituents of the sap as to afford a kind of soil in which minute parasitical plants grow; these plants, sprouting out, force holes for themselves through the wood, and appear on the surface as dry rot. but the experience of the past assures us that Attempts innumerable have been made to find out some chemical mode of protecting timber good old fashion of croaking, of which the from ruinous decay. Sulphate of iron has been recommended, also sulphate of copper, as a steep-preservative of wood. Cel. Congreve proposed the adoption of a coating of oil of tar. Afterwards, a mode was brought forward of extracting the air from the pores of a thing as argue with a croaker, it might be the wood, and forcing chemical agents into the pores thus vacated; then came a multitude of proposals respecting the substance to be emloyed-coarse whale oil, oil of birch bark. inslaked lime, pyroligneous acid, etc. But albumen cannot be driven out; and if dried, it has a tendency again to absorb moisand practical men have adopted, modes of rendering the albumen insoluble, by combining it chemically with some other substance; being made insoluble it defies moisture.

Some contemptibly mean scamp, week before last, stole the pulpit lamps and collection baskets out of the United Brethren church in Dallastown, York county.

President Buchanan has ordered Mr. Bull of Pennsylvania, one of the special mail agents dismissed by Mr. Holt as useless, to be restored to his position.

Since the death of young Weaver, who had been bitten by a mad dog, quite a number of the canine tribe have been killed by poison in Harrisburg.

A carpet bag, belonging to Judge Gillis, was recently stolen from the U. S. Hotel, Harris-

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