

Nae Luck About the House.

"This," says Burns, "is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language. The two lines, 'And will I see his face again, And will I hear him speak!'"

As well as the two preceding ones, are un- equalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read: and the lines.

"The present moment is our ain, The neist we never saw, Worthy of the first poet."

And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling bye your wheel, Is this a time to think o' wark, When Colin's at the door?"

Rax me my cloak, - I'll to the quay, And see him come ashore, For there's nae luck about the house, There's nae luck at a', There's little pleasure in the house, When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie'to me my bigonet, My bishops' satin gown, For I maun tell the battle's wife, That Colin's come to town, My turkey slippers maun gae on, My hose o' pearl blue, 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman, For he's baith leal and true, For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside: Put on the nuckle put, Gie the little Kate her button gown, And look his Sunday coat, And mak' their shoes as black as slaes, Their hose as white as snaw; 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman, For he's been lang awa', For there's nae luck, &c.

There's twa fat hens upon the bank, They've fed this month and mair; Mak' haste and thrash their necks about, That Colin weel may fare; And spread the table neat and clean, Gar lika thing look brow; For when can tell how Colin fared, When he was far awa', For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech, His breath like caller air; His voice, for he has music in't, As he comes up the stair, And will I see his face again? And will I hear him speak? I'll downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth, I'm like to greet, For there's nae luck, &c.

The quid blasts o' the winter wind, That thir'd through my heart, They're a' blawn by, I ha'e him safe, Till death we'll never part; But what pats parting in my head? It may be far awa', The present moment is our ain, The neist we never saw, For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content, I ha'e nae mair to crave; Could I but live to mak' him blest, I'm blest about the lave; And will I see his face again? And will I hear him speak? I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought, In troth, I'm like to greet, For there's nae luck, &c.

Selected Story.

CUPID ASTRAY.

Bob had no idea that the doctor was behind him as he poked the Valentine under the front door. Had he not been too flustered to look round, he would have seen him, and had not the doctor been so deep in a medical reverie about Jane Todd's collar-bone, he must have spied the dapper figure as it darted away. But as it was, he fumbled for his key a minute, and then rang the bell, and while doing so, spying something white under the door, he picked it up and tore it open. There it opened that letter with all its lavishness of border and blue seal! that letter over which Bob had set up till two A. M., rousing his periods, and curling the tails of his P's and Q's. Was it for this that he had bestowed so many slaps on his forehead? "O Fate!"

Bridget, that faithful servitor, answered the bell, charged with a message which she was bent on delivering with the least possible delay.

"If you please, sir, Morton Jones' wife's sister's a been here, and little Johnny's a fell through the loft and took up for dead, and they'd like you to come up this minute, and two Irishwomen called and a baby, and there's a little boy with a fever, it is in Long Lane, and Miss Usher sent this note."

"Long Lane must wait," muttered the doctor, as he threw his instrument case and the letter on the table, and took the note Bridget held out. "Morton Jones, hey? He's that man on the Flats, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir." "I'll go at once, Hum!" (skimming the dainty note in his hand.) "Dear Doctor: So nervous and depressed—my old foe neuralgia upon me again—come as soon as you have leisure, please, and meantime send that prescription which did me such good last year. (Prescription!) Yes, of course, she longs to be doing herself—all females do." Yours sincerely, Madeline Usher."

"That comes of being alone and fanciful. If she had one earthly thing to do, she'd be a well woman. I'll see she gets nothing to hurt her." And tearing a scrap from his pocket-book, the doctor pencilled some cabalistic signs.

"Here, Bridget; fetch a sheet of paper, will you?—or, stay, this will answer." And seizing Bob's Valentine, the unconscious doctor wrote upon its back as follows:

"My Dear Friend: I send you something which I think will suit you better than the prescription you asked for. It isn't exactly medicine, but will do you more good than if it were, and be a great deal better at this season of the year. Be sure to take a brisk walk after it. You know I always told you that more than half your bad feelings come from loneliness and want of occupation. I wish I could make you feel this half as strongly as I do. I'll drop in this evening, if possible. Yours truly, L. RAYMOND."

"Poor girl," he muttered, "she puts me out of patience sometimes, but she's a good creature. Bridget, see that this goes to Miss Usher as soon as Willy comes from school. I'm in a hurry." And he huddled the papers into an envelope, and was off with a bang of the door, leaving the note in Bridget's custody. The prescription lay on the floor, where it had fallen unperceived.

Miss Usher, sitting in her parlor by her bright fire, pale, dejected, wrapped in a shawl, was not a little amazed when, two hours later, the missive was put in her hands. Dr. Raymond had written her notes before, half professional, half friendly, but this was something unexampled. Silver doves, a smirking cupid, with one pink wing and one blue one, roses, cglantines, and what not round the edges, these flowery lines enclosed:

"Oh! say not it is wrong to love, To love, to worship thee; The stars look on the sea; The hot noon wos the scented gale, The parched flower the dew; Their love, their longing does not fail, And why should mine for you? Like a bird, all spent with wandering, And weary, must I roam, Until I furl my restless wing, In the dear nest of Home. But what were home without thy face, O fairest love of mine? Then design that humble home to grace, And bless your Valentine."

It was really not so bad—considering that but eighteen short summers had passed over Bob's head, and that for some time back his "restless wing" had been "furred" in the large dry-goods store, round the corner, which he hoped some day to adorn as a partner. Whether the doctor would have admired it as addressed to Kitty—that baby, as he called her—is questionable. But Miss Usher quite glowed as she read it. It was "so poetic, so sweet." The little confusion of pronouns in the first verse escaped notice altogether. She read and re-read, and then turned to the more prosaic second page.

"Not exactly medicine!" O that funny man! Much better suited to "this season of the year!" Oh! very much! Dear, dear! What could it mean? But there was no doubt about that—it could mean only one thing: "Lonely!" Yes, indeed, Dear, delicate little Miss Usher had oft felt so, but there seemed no help for it. There was no one in particular she wished to have live with her, and no one to marry to suit her taste. Dr. Raymond, to be sure—she was so superior—so good; but then she had never thought he would marry again—he was so devoted to his first wife. And thinking how fond she had once been of that wife, and how fond she was still of that little Kitty and Willy, and what a lonely life it was, after all, for a man to try to keep house for himself, Miss Usher felt her cheek flushing and a glow and a stir coming into her heart, which quite made her forget how ill she had fancied herself just before.

That same becoming flush lit her cheek as she made her toilet for the evening, after the "brisk walk" recommended, which had sent her home with an appetite for dinner. What with the little cap of muslin and blue ribbons on her head, and the dainty apron, and the bit of work in her fingers, and bright fire, and all, she was a pleasant picture, the doctor thought when he came in, an hour later; and, what is more, he said so.

"Well! This looks cheerful. Women certainly have a knack of making rooms cosy, which men never get. Now, I found out at once that it was growing cold as I sat in my office, and I don't think you have felt it at all in this snug little bower of yours. And how are you, to-night?"

The doctor was shaking hands all the time he said this. He had a warm, cordial way with him which is so valuable to a physician; but somehow, to-night, it seemed more marked than usual. Miss Usher withdrew her fingers with a little twitter.

"Take this chair, Doctor; it is a comfortable one." The doctor sank, nothing loth, into the soft depths.

"Well, did you take the prescription?" "The walk? Oh, yes, and feel much better, thank you." "That's right. I knew you would. And how did you like the other?"

"The other?"—with deepening color— "Oh! I liked it very well—that is, very much." "I'm glad to hear it. It was a simple thing, but I thought it would suit you. I scribbled a line to go along with it because I wanted to ensure your getting out to-day, and now I want a little plain talk with you on the same point. Let me ask, to begin with, don't you think you have lived alone long enough?"

"Perhaps so," replied Miss Usher with maidenly hesitation—but— "You see," interrupting, "if we could have some young person with you—a bright, lively girl, of Kitty's age, for instance—who would be an interesting companion, and not too much of a charge, it would be the very thing. It's sitting here, forlorn and solitary, and having nobody to keep you company or urge you to go out, which is playing the mischief with your nerves and making you fancy yourself an invalid. You are no more sick than I am. You only need rousing. Now, don't you think so yourself? Couldn't you bring your mind to like it?"

Miss Usher fluttered, looked up, turned scarlet, and looked down again.

"It's easy to find the person you want, went on the unconscious doctor, "I'll see to that. Only say the word."

"I have been so used to living alone, that I'm half afraid to try the experiment. But if I had you to help me, doctor—"

"Of course you'll have me," said the physician; "that's my business, you know."

"Business!" "Oh! well—pleasure, too, of course; but it is business after all. What's a great, strong man fit for if he cannot look after little delicate souls like you; to say nothing of my being your doctor, and you my poor Mary's school friend? 'Tis an agreement, then? In that case, I'll look

about me at once, and begin to make arrangements."

"But," interposed Miss Usher, timidly, "are you sure as to Kitty's and Willy's feelings, doctor?"

"Kitty and Willy!" "Yes. Because, you know, even if you meant every word of that sweet little letter this morning, it would have to depend a great deal upon that. I couldn't do anything to grieve their dear little hearts."

"My letter! What was my letter?" mused the puzzled doctor. "Do you happen to have it about you? I want to see if I made any mistake in the quantities."

With deeper blushes, Miss Usher drew it from her pocket.

"Here it is," she said; "I think a great deal of it, I assure you."

Doctors, by dint of long practice, acquire great command over the facial muscles. Our doctor was master of his. He surveyed the flowery page with outward composure; but within, his soul was rent with a convulsion of wonderment and mirth which was terrible.

"How in the world did I come by this nonsensical farrago?" he asked himself; "and how ever am I to explain to this poor little soul?"

And suddenly it popped into his head, "Why not?" What with the blue ribbons, the flushed cheeks, the pleasant little room, his full knowledge of her sweet temper and lady-like ways the idea was not unattractive.

"Not a bad thing for any of us," he muttered, half aloud. "What did you say?" inquired Miss Usher.

"I say," responded the doctor, with great presence of mind—"that you have heard enough—quite enough of this agitating topic for to-night. You won't sleep a wink if I let you go on. Go to bed at once, please, and to-morrow I'll come again and discuss it thoroughly."

And after a gallant leave-taking, he stole out on the professional tip-toe, saying to himself: "I'll sleep over it, at all events."

I need go no further. When a widower asks himself "Why not?" and decides to "sleep over it," the case is settled beyond a peradventure.

I don't think Miss Usher, now Mrs. Raymond, knows to this day exactly how it was; though the doctor cleared himself, some time later, of the responsibility of the verses. And I shall never believe to my dying moment that the idea would ever have entered his head had it not been for the accident to Bob's little venture. Poor Bob! That cupid, with parti-colored wings, failed in his duty as far as he was concerned; but then he turned around and wore a spell for two other people; and perhaps that is as much as one can expect of a cupid!

Royal Eccentricities.

The Bullock-Forney Corruption Disclosures.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette, in his letter of Friday, says:

"The great topic of conversation last evening and to-day has been the report of the Judiciary Committee on the Bullock lobby investigation, of which you have had a synopsis. The evidence, which is quite voluminous, is decidedly racy reading. The prevarications and contradictions of some of the witnesses, and their unwillingness to tell what they knew, only makes their testimony more damaging. The obvious inference is that half has not been told. The fact is clear that a lobby was at work to secure votes against the Bingham amendment."

Messrs. Stewart and Rice, of the Committee, exonerate Bullock. But can it be supposed that he had nothing to do with these schemes for defeating the Bingham amendment? Who was to be benefited by its defeat? Perhaps Forney is the worst sufferer by this report. His evidence, and that of his employees, give anything but a flattering picture of the interior of the Chronicle establishment.

To-morrow, Forney will retaliate on the Judiciary Committee. Its members will please consider themselves annihilated. The Boston Post, alluding to Forney's dissatisfaction with the report in which his venality has been so thoroughly exposed, says:

Forney finds that Congressional investigations differ according to circumstances and persons. When we remember the unctuous loyalty with which he applauded Mr. Butler's efforts to handle the witnesses in the impeachment bribery case and others following, we are somewhat startled to find him denouncing the sessions of the Senate Judiciary Committee as an "extraordinary inquisition." This Committee is quite as loyal as that of Mr. Butler, and from Forney's tirade against it, we should imagine it had been doing its duty more thoroughly. At least that gentleman considers himself to have been cruelly used in the matter, and purposes to tell all about it "when it becomes a subject for honorable public discussion. But the doubt presents itself whether this indignation is not "advertising." Faith in Col. Forney's sincerity has been sadly shaken since it appeared that those frantic appeals for justice to Georgia were all paid for out of Bullock's funds, and those subsequent developments of stern indignation are of precisely the same cast. Coupled with the denouncement of the Judiciary Committee, is that of "corrupt measures," "proscribed Republicans," and "revengeful and rebellious men," all of which phrases suggest so much per line, or four thousand dollars for the season. But it is unfair to presume that Forney is especially bleeding the unsuccessful Bullock, especially as we are soon promised a full account of that "extraordinary inquisition," the Senate Judiciary Committee.

How FARMERS ARE "PROTECTED."—Mr. Marshall, representing the Eleventh Congressional District of Illinois, has done his duty well against the tariff, and should receive a well-merited commendation were it not a sufficient testimonial of his ability to here reproduce his picture of the tariff thus:

"The farmer starting to his work has a shoe put on his horse with nails taxed 67 per cent., driven by a hammer taxed 54 per cent.; hitches his horse to a plough taxed 50 per cent., with chains taxed 67 per cent. He returns to his home at night and lays his wearied limbs on a sheet taxed 58 per cent., and covers himself with a blanket that has paid 550 per cent. He rises in the morning, puts on his humble flannel shirt taxed 80 per cent., his coat 50 per cent., shoes taxed 35 per cent., and hat taxed 70 per cent., opens family worship by a chapter from his bible taxed 25 per cent., and kneels to his God on an humble carpet taxed 150 per cent. He takes his humble meal from a plate taxed 40 per cent., with a knife and fork 35 per cent.; drinks his cup of coffee taxed 47 per cent., or tea 78 per cent., with sugar 70 per cent.; seasons his food with salt taxed 100 per cent., pepper 297 per cent. He looks around upon his wife and children, all taxed in the same way; takes a chew of tobacco taxed 100 per cent., and then thanks his stars that he lives in the freest and best government under heaven. If on the Fourth of July he wants to have a star-spangled-banner on real bunting he must pay the American Company of Massachusetts 100 per cent. for the glorious privilege. No wonder, sir, that the Western farmer is struggling with poverty, and conscious of wrong somewhere, although he knows not whence the blow comes that is chaining him to a life of endless toil, and reducing his wife and children to beggary."

N. Y. World.

Carpet-bag and field-hand legislators sometimes exhibit an amazing faculty for demonstrating their stupidity. The way these fellows have been making "laws" in the South is one of the wonders of the day. In many cases they have no more idea of what they are doing than so many savages direct from Africa. An instance of this has lately come to light in Louisiana. By some blunder in the revised statutes, it has resulted that a repealing law passed at the close of the late legislative session, operates to set free every criminal in the State now held for trial under indictment. Recently, the District Attorney moved before Judge Abell that seventeen persons whom he named, indicted respectively for murder, homicide, perjury, burglary, larceny, and other crimes, be discharged from arrest. The Judge admitted that, as the law stands, at least six hundred criminals similarly held in the State would have to be set at liberty; but he proposed to delay action in the faint hope that some saving clause might yet be discovered in the statutes by which such a calamity might be averted. The motion was postponed, but one of the prisoners, a woman whose case had excited some sympathy, was set at liberty. What a pretty pack of fellows the Legislature of Louisiana must be! Doubtless it would serve their party a good deal to have all the prison birds set free, but we hardly think they intended that when they "revised" the statutes. More probably they are too ignorant to know the effect of their work as law-makers. Couldn't Congress manage to start a "Bureau" for the instruction of carpet-baggers and field-hands who reach the dignity of legislators down South?—Metropolitan Record.

The real enemies to reconstruction in Texas are to be found in the Radical party. The new constitution has been adopted by 60,000 majority; negro suffrage is exercised without let or hindrance; the Loyal League continues its plottings against the peace and good order of society; Davis, an avowed extremist—the Radical of Radicals—has been elected Governor, with a clear majority of the same stripe in the Legislature, and yet the Radical press, and Radical orators, send up the howl, that Texas is still disloyal, and should be remitted to military rule. Why? Because the people in the exercise of their rights as freemen, chose to elect a large number of Democrats to the Legislature, and to fill many county offices with men of that political sect, and because they will not act the toady and throw up their caps for Grant, declaring him a second Washington; and because they will not declare that every puritanical carpet bagger who comes along, and every Judas rebel, who sells himself for 30 pieces of silver, (stealings thrown in,) are not patriots and honest men. "That's what's the matter." These Radicals will be satisfied with no system of government which does not give them all the offices, from Beat Constable up to President of the United States, the negro to have the first chance—after him the whites; that is Radicalism in Texas, and with such doctrines, such practices, and such men, its lease on power is short.

Observer, Rusk, Texas.

It takes thirty-six houses, we are told, to contain all the "soiled doves" of La Crosse, Wisconsin. Here is a field for the exercise of christian charity.

Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman.

Mr. Drury A. Harris, of Person county, N. C., recently killed a very fat wolf, 52 inches long and 26 inches high.

Gov. Warmouth has appointed James Longstreet, Adjutant General of the Louisiana State militia.

The Hell-Staver is the title of a religious paper published at Lancaster, Pa.

STARVATION.—General Sherman, commanding the Armies of the United States is opposed to the bill now before Congress to reduce the army and lower the salary of officers. He writes a letter, saying that his present salary of \$18,000, is hardly sufficient to support his family decently. Poor fellow! He is indeed to be pitied! and his suffering wife and children are objects of sympathy, for whose benefit Congress should immediately pass a law, donating them a few hundred dollars to keep them from starvation. Why not? Are they not the "wards of the nation"—don't the government owe Sherman and his "bummers" a large debt of gratitude—which in Radical parlance means "greenbacks"—for burning the cities of Atlanta and Columbia, and for stealing and destroying the homes of non-combatants, in that celebrated march to the sea? Certainly! And neither Sherman nor his family should ever be threatened with want.

The fact is that this office of General of the Army should be abolished; it is an expensive security, and there is no use for it in time of peace—all the duties devolved on it could as well be done by the Adjutant General and Secretary of War.—Observer, Rusk, Texas.

"DOCTOR MARY."—Dr. Mary Walker, says a Brenham (Texas) paper, "made her debut in the Courthouse to lecture upon her favorite theme, the equality of the sexes. Only one lady was in attendance. The speaker, after a few preliminary remarks, became so offensive—predicting that, in the social and political development of the age, ladies in the South would soon think nothing of marrying negro men, and especially those who had been elevated to official positions—that at this part of the programme four-fifths of the audience left in disgust. The door-keeper, too, having imbibed too much 'tangle-foot,' was about this time non est inventus, and there was a general confusion worse confounded."

HEAVY DEFAUCATION IN A KANSAS U. S. COLLECTOR.—John Speer, the Collector of Internal Revenue for the State of Kansas up to the close of the year 1866, it has turned out was another heavy swindler of the Government. He was so well thought of at home as to have gained the sobriquet of "Honest John Speer." Nevertheless, on an examination of his accounts, it is proven, beyond a doubt, that by a system of false returns and false affidavits, he has made use of \$100,000 of the Government money. His bond for collector was \$200,000, which makes the Government all safe on the money question, for once.—Missouri Herald.

HARD ON HOWARD.—General Howard the Radical Pecksniff, has thus far been most unmercifully overhauled by the Wood Committee of Investigation. Although that Committee is composed of a majority of the political friends of the accused, still they are unable to stem the current of evidence which is sweeping away the Peter Funk reputation of the accused. The prosecution have already shown, by indisputable proof, that Gen. Howard purchased the ground where the Howard University now stands, and erected the building out of the funds appropriated by Congress for the Freedman's Bureau.

That body of Radical rascals now sitting in the Capital building at Washington, under the name of Congress, has been playing the devil with the public domain. They have given away to railroad companies alone a tract of land seven times as large as the State of Ohio, or one hundred and eighty-two millions of acres, and have bills before them for the giving away of four hundred millions of acres more, about two thirds of all the arable public lands yet belonging to the nation. Pretty soon Radical rascality will leave the country without a foot of land it can call its own, and all bestowed recklessly and wastefully upon irresponsible railroad companies.

Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman.

A FEMALE CANDIDATE.—Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, one of the female brokers in New York city, has announced herself a candidate for President-ess of the United States, and denounces the foreign policy of the Administration in regard to Cuba. She has got more sense than Grant and would make a better President in our opinion.

A Boston widow, who has followed successively three husbands to the grave, entered a well-known jewelry establishment a few days ago, and producing the three silver plates which had first adorned the coffins of the dear departed, desired the proprietor to have them made over into a butter-knife.—Courier-Journal.

A short time since a company, with a capital of three millions of dollars, was organized in Chicago for the purpose of insuring husbands and wives against elopement. In six weeks the losses of the company had swallowed up every dollar of its capital and all the money it could borrow or steal. That sort of thing won't pay in Chicago.

The Northern Methodists have memorialized the General Conference now holding at Memphis, to the effect that there is no reason why union between the two churches should not be re-established. It is thought the proposition will be approved by the Conference.

It is said that Gen. Thomas was Grant's most formidable rival for the Presidency in 1872, and that is the reason why Ulysses enjoyed his funeral so.

Miscellaneous.

From the Central Presbyterian. The Catacombs of Rome.

The under-soil of Rome and its campaigns is honey-combed. It affords an exhaustless bed of Pozzuolane from which for centuries the Roman cement was obtained. These quarries form an underground city 65 miles in circumference, and extending 22 miles from west to east, and 20 from north to south. These are the Roman Catacombs, and are 61 in number. Eight of which converge under the Appian way, and many of their openings are found near that road. They are reached by stair-cases varying from 50 to 100 feet in depth. The Pozzuolane is easily pulverized, and added to sand and lime composes the most adhesive of cements. It hardens like marble under water and is universally used in constructions in water. It is well known that Rome's foundation rests upon two extinct volcanoes. The Velabrum, once Lake Curtius, is the crater of a volcano in activity, at a period anterior to any historical record. The seven hills are the off-springs of volcanic fires and these are fast dropping into the ghastly Catacombs as their tomb. The entire soil of Italy, it is also known, is from the fires of Etna to the glaciers of Mt. Blanc an unbroken bed of volcanic earth, called pozzuolane. It is in the vicinity of the Solfatara, Vesuvius and Etna, that its fields are the most abundant, and chiefly at Pozzuoli, (Puteoli), from which this earth takes its name.

Many quarries were abandoned by the miners, those under the city first, and the Saints took possession of them in the name of Christ, and they became the cemeteries of the Church, on the very day that the first man at Rome died in Christ. The term Death is not found in all those placid chambers of repose. For it the word Sleep was substituted; hence Cemeteries, or place of sleep. Sixteen generations sleep there until the morning of the resurrection; all that died in Christ at Rome, from Pentecost day till the year 475, when Rome was sacked and its walls filled with gore. From 6 to 7,000,000 are asserted to have been buried. There, by the tombs of her martyrs, the Church preached the doctrine of the Resurrection, and when the sword of persecution, like that of Damocles, hanged over the head of the Saints, she gathered them in the gloom of the Catacombs, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings during the storm. Truly the mysterious stillness of the tombs proclaims this abode the sanctuary of repose. The tombs are around, before, and beneath you. Thus we traverse the earth, our road bordered with coffins. Here is a hidden world, of the highest value to the Church of Christ, sixteen generations, the most heroic of the earth, have carved on the rock forever the testimony of their faith. How often I peered through the thickening gloom in search of the Light of Truth. It is there that it flashed into my inner soul. The slabs give evidence of the faith and comparative purity of the early Church; they were locked up in those great solitudes, until the favorable time.

Many of the slabs have disappeared, some to adorn the Vatican's lapidarian gallery; some have been used for the flagging of churches. These testimonies cast a sad reflection on the Church above, and the stones of the Catacombs shall continue to cry till the hour when the Catacombs, like the sea, will unwrap themselves of their holy dead. JULES DELAUNAY.

CONSOLIDATION OF RAILROADS.—The system of "consolidation" which of late years has become so great a favorite with many railroad companies and managers and which it would appear ought to have proved so beneficial in its results, has in many instances, nor only failed to produce the solid advantages which were expected from it, but has given rise to some evils which were unforeseen, or at least unprovided for, by the advocates of the system. The decreased cost of management and the consequent cheaper rate of transportation, with the greater accommodation to the traveling public which were, confidently looked for have failed of realization; while the vast power and patronage which has been conferred upon the person, or set of persons, at the head of these colossal corporations has proved the fruitful parent of corruption, and has given rise to contentions for the possession of these influential positions which are scandalous in themselves and very injurious to the general interests of the public.

It is alleged that undue encouragement is given to "through" over "local" freight by the much lower rate of transportation charged on the former, and that our home interests are sacrificed for the benefit of other sections; that enormous salaries are paid to the principal officials of these railroads, while the lesser employees receive barely sufficient wages to enable them to live; and in the meantime vast sums are expended for "lobbying" for legislative influence at the capital. Norfolk Journal.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.—The Portland Argus gives currency to a most remarkable incident. It says that a few evenings since, as a freight train, behind time, was passing Oak Hill Station, in Scarborough, at a speed of thirty miles an hour, it struck against a horse attached to a sled, which was crossing the track at the time without a driver. The sled was smashed into kindling-wood, and it was supposed that the horse was instantly killed, but the train sped on for some distance, when the engineer, looking out, saw the horse staring at him from the cow-catcher with a puzzled look, as much as to say: "What is all this fuss about?" The train was promptly stopped, and it was found that the horse had been picked up by the cow-catcher and deposited on the platform in front of the engine, where, too much stunned or frightened to move, he laid until lifted off, and was found to be comparatively uninjured. He was led back to his astonished owner, who stood gazing at the wreck of his horse-led, and wondering what had become of the animal.

Olive oil is manufactured at St. Simon's island, off the Georgia coast, near Brunswick.