

Raffsmann's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1858.

VOL. 4.—NO. 38.

HARD TIMES.

Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears.
While we all sip sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh, Hard Times come again no more.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary;
Hard times, hard times, come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around the cabin door.
Oh, Hard Times come again no more.
While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay.
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks would say.
Oh, Hard Times come again no more.
'Tis the song, &c.
There's a pale drooping maiden, who works her life away.
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her heart would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day.
Oh, Hard Times come again no more.
'Tis the song, &c.
'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave;
'Tis a wail that is heard along the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave.
Oh, Hard Times come again no more!
'Tis the song, the sigh, &c.

A LEAF.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

No one need go into the field of romance to picture scenes of thrilling import. The vast arena of human life furnishes incidents of every day occurrence, the vividness of which far surpasses anything recorded upon the pages of fiction.
Early in the summer of 1835, I left the crowded streets of New York, at the solicitation of a particular friend of mine, and started on a trip up the Hudson, with the intention of spending the summer months, and avoiding for a while the eternal hum and din of city life. My friend was one of those persons who seemed to be enveloped in a mystery. Although I had been with him almost constantly for three years and a half, I could give no kind of conjecture as to the strange secret which ever preyed upon his mind. Sometimes in his soberest moments, I would cautiously venture some question, to get a clue to the channel of his thoughts, but his great self-possession would throw off every look of sadness and melancholy, and put me at my ease with nothing further to say. He was one of those strange beings you would look at and not know why, till you would nearly forget yourself in the multiplicity of conjectures, as to his probable occupation and calling. He was rather above the medium size, and always dressed in the richest style which money could furnish, though a glance would show him to be no brainless fool. His hair, usually long, was of raven blackness—and his large, deep, black eyes possessed a fascination which cannot be described. More than once have I listened to his eloquence, till unconsciously I would be off my seat leaning forward to catch the faintest whisper. Never shall I forget his thrilling eloquence in defence of a pale and emaciated being brought into a criminal court, charged with the crime of murder. The evidence was circumstantial, but so perfect a chain did it make, that out of a thousand, not one supposed but that a verdict of death would be pronounced against the unfortunate sufferer. My friend, who had heard the elaborate testimony of the people's counsel, arose and walked majestically towards the stand. After speaking a few words to the prisoner, he opened with a defence which threw consternation and bewilderment into the countenance of every listener. The very eyes which a few minutes before were frowning scorn and contempt, were weeping tears of pity for the unhappy victim. At the close of the speech a universal shout of "Not Guilty," went forth, and the prisoner was borne away in triumph by the excited multitude. But I digress—we were going up the Hudson. The day was unusually fine. The romantic scenery of the beautiful Hudson, and the vivacity of the happy crew formed a subject of happy contemplation, and on this occasion every one seemed to be enjoying themselves to their heart's content. We were promenading the deck with several young persons, ladies and gentlemen, when all of a sudden, my friend became fearfully agitated, and a death-like palor overspread his features. I glanced around, but could discover nothing unusual; but a few seconds had made such a change in his looks, that I became alarmed, and advised him to go to his room. It was with difficulty we managed our way through the crowd without attracting the attention of the passengers. We reached the berth, but had not more than closed the door, before he uttered in broken accents,—"I have seen her! I have seen the pale, sad face, I have been seeking for years! Did you not see her?" he exclaimed, and his eyes glistened with a light almost unearthly. In answer to my imploring entreaties, he finally related the following incidents of his life.
The young lady referred to, had been his companion of early years, and had accepted his proposal of marriage, but the haughty pride of her old father, (her mother having long been dead) forbade her having any intercourse with him, after he had learned her true feelings and object, and so zealously did he watch her movements that months and even years passed without his exchanging a word with her, either by letter or otherwise. Her declining health began to create serious apprehensions, and a European tour was recommended by her physician. But a few days

were spent in making the necessary arrangements and, accompanied by her father and brother, they started on the voyage across the ocean. Before going, however, she managed to leave a letter which fell into his possession. Her last words breathed a prayer for her lover, and implored him to follow her, in the hope of meeting again on earth. He took passage the next opportunity and landed two weeks later than the boat which bore the only treasure he valued on earth. He learned no tidings of them however, and after a year's long and painful search, got news from some one who had made their acquaintance, that they had sailed for some port in America. With heavy heart he again dared the raging billows of the ocean, and after a perilous trip, landed again in New York. After another year's search, in the Southern and Western cities, he returned, nearly discouraged and heartbroken, and resolved to take a trip up the Hudson, with a view of selecting some favorable retreat and to rest his weary limbs. His story was mournful and told in a depth of feeling I cannot describe. And now some unknown fate had thrown them together when least expected. He recognized in her attendant the stern features of her cruel father, yet neither saw him. He talked long and earnestly, till away past the hour of dinner, and finally began to be restored to his former self-possession. He again sauntered forth, thinking to get some opportunity of speaking a word, or making some gesture which would divert her attention. But presently the summons was given for supper. We seated ourselves at the table opposite a couple of reserved seats, and presently the old man and his daughter came forward and seated themselves in them. My friend, unlike himself a few moments before, was cool and self-collected. Presently, he asked the lady if she would have some delicacy which had been served for a dainty appetite. She reached her plate, and at the same time caught a glance of his features. Her hand trembled so violently, she came near dropping her plate. Another glance fully assured her of the personage before her. She tasted once or twice, and expressed herself unwell. She arose with the help of her father, who little mistrusted the cause of her illness. She requested to be taken on deck, where she could inhale the fresh air. A cushioned sofa was placed at the bow of the boat, and the poor girl fell weeping upon it. The old man was somewhat alarmed at her sudden illness, and inquired for a physician, and as that happened to be my vocation, I offered my services which were thankfully received. Being informed that nothing more than a nervous sensation had affected the girl, he seemed to rest at ease, and leaving her in my charge, went back to finish his supper. The opportunity had come; I beckoned to my friend, who had followed us, and he quickly came forward. I arose to leave them alone, but she unconsciously of my presence, flew to meet him, and fell fainting in his arms. It was too holy a meeting to witness, and I left them alone and went below, hoping to engage the old man's attention, and thus give the lovers a few moments of uninterrupted enjoyment. I succeeded in keeping him quiet a half an hour or more, but he finally became uneasy, and started for the deck. He came in sight of them before I had time to go forward and warn them of his approach. The poor girl heard his hurried footsteps, but did not take her head from her lover's bosom, before the old man had seen their position. He comprehended the whole in an instant, recognizing the stranger who sat opposite him at the table, as her former lover. He became fearfully enraged. The pale and weeping girl, half dead with fright, flew from her lover's arms and ere he conceived her intentions, gave a fearful scream and plunged into the mad, boiling waters. Quick as thought her constant lover sprang over the railing, and was lost to view. The alarm was given and the boat stopped, but no earthly effort was any avail. One momentary glimpse of two struggling forms, and two pure spirits went in holy communion to the God who gave them.
The old man fell overboard about an hour after wards, and his fate was never known, only to those who saw him go down, they thinking his punishment a retribution sent from heaven.

In looking over the list of members of Congress, thirty years ago, as published in Niles Register of December, 1825, we notice a curious circumstance—the list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee whose Christian name could not be ascertained by the compiler and so he put him down thus:—Polk. Some twenty years afterwards, this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in '25, was elected President of the United States.

AIR BLADDERS.—Fish possess the power of rising or sinking, by means of an air bladder; when distended with air, the fish is buoyed up, and remains on the surface of the water without any effort of its own. On compressing the bladder by the action of the surrounding muscles, the included air is condensed, and the fish sinks to the bottom. On relaxing the same muscles, the air recovers its former dimensions, and the fish is again rendered buoyant.

BACKING OUT A WEDDING.

BY SUT LOVINGOOD.

I had got about a fox squirrel skin full of billed corn juice under my shirt, an' wur amin' fur Bill Kar's on foot, an' when I got in site ov ole Burns's, I seed no into fifty hosses an' mules hitched onto his fence. It wur Sicily's wedding. She married Clapshaw, the surkis rider. Now ole Burns hed a big black and white bull, with a ring in his nose, an' the rope tied up 'round his horns. They rid him tu mill and sich like with a saddil made outer dog-wood forks and clapboards, an' kivered with ole carpit, rope girth and stirrup-lethers, with a loop fur the foot. "Ole Sock," as they called him, hed jist got back frum mill, an' wur turned inter the yard, saddil an' all, tu pick grass. I wur slurgin 'roun too, outside the house, fur they hedn't axed me in when they set down tu eat. "Sock!" nosed 'roun till he foun' a big basket what hilt a lettle shattered corn, an' he put in his hed tu git it. I slipped up and jerked the handle over his horns. Now, George, du yu 'no the natur' ov a cow brute? Theys the darndest fools ov all the beastes, tur when they gits inter tribulation they 'nos nuthin' but to shut thur eyes, beller, an' 'back an' back an' keep a backin'." Well, when ole Sock foun' his sef in darkness when he raised his hed, he made wun lunge agin' the house, that shook the dambin' out, then he fotch a beller that mout ben heern a mile, an' then set inter an' onendin' sistim ov backin'. A big crawfish wur no whar. Fust agin' wun thing, then over another, among which was the bee bench, an' a dozen stands ov bees. This knokin' down thar bench, fotch out all the bees fitin' mad; the 'hole air wur full ov 'em, redy tu pitch inter anything what moved. The house sot outer slopin' groun', an' the yard dore wur even with it; so Sock jist backed in onder a dubble hed ov steme, a blowin' and a bawlin', an' the leder ov the biggest army ov bees ever seed out at wun time; they filled the basket, they lodged onto his tale till it wur as thick as a waggin' tung, an' strate up in the air at that, lookin' sorter like a dead pine kivered with ivy. They wur in fact all over him, an' at work with all thur mittes, a makin' him feel good an' hot an' improvin' his temper nitely. Ov all the durnd times ye ever heern tell ov, wur thar, and tharabouts. He cum tale fast agin' the ole two story Dutch clock an' fotch it, busting the innards outen it; the lettle wheels wur all over the fore. Next pass he fotch up agin' the foot ov a big dubbil engine bedsted, an' rared it onto end and punchin wun ov the posts thro' the glass winder. The next fust tale expedition wur agin' a katakornered cupbord, what soon kotch duration. He smashed the glass dore in, upsettin' it, an' then stomped everything inter the shelves all tu giblets, a tryin' tu back further in that derechun. Pickill knocks, presarve jars, vinegar jugs, seed bags, yarb bunches, paragorick bottles, sig baskets, an' dell wur all mixed permiskusly, an' not wurth a sortin' by about a dollar and an half. Next he got a fair back across the rume agin' the bord pertishun; he went thro' like it hed ben paper, an' tuck about six feet squar' of it in splinters an' skrapts with him inter the rume whar they wur a eatin'. An' now the fitin' ov bees, an' dancin', and dodgin' begun. Clapshaw's man wur as deaf as a dogiron, an' sot at the end ov the table next tu whar Sock busted thro' the wall; tale end fast on he cum agin' her cheer, histin' her an' it onto the tabil'. Now the squawkin' an' cussin' an' the smashin' ov things, an' mixin' ov vittils begun. They had sot several tabils together tu make it long enuf, so he jist rolled 'em up a top ov one another an' thar sot ole Missus Clapshaw a straddil ov the pile, a fitin' bees like onto a mad windmill, with her caliker cap in wun hand for a wepin, an' a cruet frame in tuther; an' a kickin' like she wur ridin' a lazy hoss arter a doctor. Tatars, cabidge, meat, supe, pork, dumplings an' the truck ye waller 'em in, milk, plates, pies an' every durnd fixin' yu end think ov in a week, wur thar mixed an' mashed like it hed been thro' a thrashin' ma-sheen. Ole Sock still kep a backin', an' backed the hole pile, ole 'oman an' all, with five or six thur bee fliters, an' a few cheers, outen the big dore an' down seven steps inter the lane; an' then he turned a fifteen hundred pound sumerset his sef arter 'em, an' lit atop ov all the mixed up mess flat onto his back. About the time he got tu his feet, ole man Burns—yu know how fat, stumpy, an' cross grained he is enyhow—made a mad snatch at the basket and kotch it, but cudent let go quick enuf, fur ole Sock gist blowed, beller-ed an' histed the ole man heels fast up inter the air, an' he lit on Sock's back an' hed the basket in his hand. Jist as soon as ole Blackey cud see, he tore off down the lane (tryin' tu outrun the bees) so fast that ole Burns was feared to try tu get off; so he jist socked his fut inter the rope stirrups an' prepared hissef fur the fastest bull ride mortal man or woman ever hed. Sock tuck down atween the hitched hosses an' the rail fence, an' ole Burns a fitin' him over the hed with the basket tu stop him, an' then fitin' the bees. I tell yu he kep thar at basket a movin'. I'll jist be durned if I didn't think he hed four or five baskets. I cud see that many sometimes at once. Well, Burns, basket an' bull, scared every hoss an' mule loose from the fence, sum obsarvin' bees a stepin' on each wun tu help him start fast frum that onquiet an' trublesum place. Most

on 'em, too, tuck a fence rail with 'em, fast onto the bridil rein. Now I'll jist gin yu love to kiss sister Sall ov ever sich a site wur seed ur sich nois heern as wur in that long lane. A monstrous cloud ov dust, like a hary-kane hed cum along, hid all the hosses; an' away abuv it yu cud see hosses tales an' ends ov fence rails a flyin' about, an' now an' then a pair ov brite hind shoes wud flash in the sun like two sparks, an' away a hed wur the basket circlin' 'roun an' about at randum. A heap ov brayin', sum nickerin, the bellerin' ov the bull, clatterin' ov runnin' hoofs, an' a monstrous rushin' sound, made up the noise. Ole Burns kin beat eny man on 'arth a fitin' ov bees with a basket—jist sot him astrade ov a mad bull, an' let thar be a plenty ov bees so tu excite the ole man. Stray hosses an' mules wur tuck up all over the country, an' ye cudent get a mile eny cons' an' not find buckils, stirrups, straps, or sumthin' belongin' tu a ridin' hoss.

A REMARKABLE COUNTRY.—In point of natural curiosity and material resources, the County of Napa, in the State of California, is probably equalled by no other county of similar extent of territory in the world. In one portion of it is a collection of hot springs, covering a space of several acres, which have a temperature sufficiently high to boil eggs in eight minutes. The water is slightly impregnated with alkali, and has a wonderful faculty for cleaning the skin. The bath is much sought for. 25 miles from these springs, high up in the mountains, are the remarkable geyers, surrounded by a wild romantic scenery of a volcanic nature. Not far distant are some recently discovered borax lakes, the largest about two hundred acres in extent. The waters are strongly impregnated with borax, and are supposed to contain quantities sufficient to supply the world. From this lake, a mile north, is a sulphur bank, covering over thirty acres and thirty feet thick, sufficiently pure for all purposes. The importance of these two latter discoveries may be inferred from the fact that the annual exportation of brimstone from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic States amounts to twenty millions pounds, worth one hundred and seventy thousand dollars; and of borax eighty thousand pounds, worth one hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars. Sixteen miles from Napa city is a collection of sulphur springs which are much resorted to for medicinal purposes. Cochineal, similar to that found in Mexico and Brazil, has recently been found in large quantities and immense beds of volcanic glass have been discovered in the vicinity of Bear Lake and other parts of the county. In addition to all these advantages, the soil of the valley of Napa river is of remarkable fertility, and the climate is almost perfect, rendering the county one of the Eden spots of California.

POTATOES—LARGE VS. SMALL SEED.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, writing from Belcher, Washington County, N. Y., gives the following as his experience in raising potatoes:—"I have heard it advocated by farmers in this vicinity and elsewhere, that small potatoes were equally as good as large ones for planting purposes, which is certainly at variance with my experience.

Two years ago this spring, I was induced, much against my will, to purchase of the Carter variety, small seed with which to plant three acres of land; soil a gravelly loam in moderate condition, having been cropped the year previous. Not having enough small seed I made up the deficiency with the finest that could be had. The cultivation was the same throughout, yet the difference was very perceptible all the season—the best seed producing the best vines; and the difference was still more apparent in harvesting. A friend who saw them as they were being dug, estimated that two rows of the best seed were fully equal in quantity, and of better quality, to five rows of the other. I do not claim that the difference would be so great under all circumstances and conditions of the soil. I have no doubt that when the land is in "good heart," it is a matter of much less importance to have good ripe seed, than when the soil is light or badly run. It seems to me that many of the advocates for small or cut seed, entirely lose sight of the main object in all good farming, viz: the production of the greatest number of bushels per acre, and not the largest amount from one bushel's planting. I can see neither economy or good management in saving two or three bushels in planting, and losing from ten to twenty-five in harvesting."

Old Jerry Downs, out in California was reading the news to some half a dozen of his neighbors. He read to them the item of intelligence that the grass was very short on the plains, and it was feared that the emigrants would fare badly.

"Emigrants! what's them?" asked one of the listeners.

"Don't you know? Don't you? Don't you?" he asked of each, and received a negative answer.

"Well, I'll tell you. Emigrants is a sort of cross between a ground-hog and a grass-hopper, and is very bad on grass."

The young ladies down east complain that the gentlemen are so poor they can't even pay their addresses.

WONDERS OF INANIMATE NATURE.

We copy the following beautiful extract from the address of J. J. Thomas, delivered before the Fruit Growers' Society of New York. The reader will find in it many points for contemplation:—

"In recommending fruit, I wish not to be understood as approving the gratification of a merely sensual appetite. I should not, perhaps, have much sympathy with the French traveller here, who complained, on his return to Europe, that in America they had thirty or forty kinds of religion, and only one kind of gravity—thinking, as he did, that attention to the appetite was more important than freedom of thought and development of the mind. Neither would I commend the employment of raising fruit at the expense of other occupations, all of which have their important places in the wide and immense social family. But I could not agree with the city resident, who to prove the greater importance of cities over the country, exclaimed, "How admirable it is, that a large, navigable river has been made to run beside every great town!" Those who bury themselves in the narrow apartments of a city, with no other recompense than the hope of accumulating money, are perhaps making a sacrifice which dollars and cents cannot pay for. It is not merely the luxuries obtained that commend rural cultivation. He who raises trees only to make money by them, sacrifices likewise the most valuable part of the occupation. There are objects always before the rural cultivator, the result of Creative Wisdom, constantly tending to excite his wonder and admiration. A single tree is a continued miracle before him. The germination of the embryo is a beautiful and mysterious process—the circulation of the sap, through innumerable tubes, each smaller than the finest hair, yet showing a perfection of finish under a powerful achromatic microscope, far excelling the most elaborately made parts of the finest watch—and these tubes in such amazing numbers, that I have estimated in a single apple tree limb, one inch only in diameter, no less than one million. The leaves on a fully grown pear tree are half a million in number; yet every one of these leaves is divided up into minutely branching veins, and every branch is furnished with great numbers of sap tubes or vessels—every part of the leaf is made up of millions of microscopic cells, more perfect than the cells of the honey bee—and the minute pores on the surface of the leaves, through which the ascending sap evaporates, while changing its nature to descend again to form new wood, are so small that thirty thousand are found on a single square inch of surface—while the beautiful process constantly going on for months together, in the circulation of the food for the growing leaves and forming fruit, through these myriads of pores, is immeasurably more complex, more complete, and more really wonderful than the working of the most perfect steam engine ever made by man. We see in the water only, which supplies the wants of the growing tree, several most remarkable properties, without which every living organization in the vegetable world must perish—and these gone, what would become of the human race? Were it not for the capillary attractions between the particles of soil and those of water, the earth would not retain moisture a moment—it would instantly pass downward through the soil; and blooming gardens and refreshing landscapes would soon become a frightful desert. Were it not for the latent heat contained in water, the whole upper portion of the soil would freeze instantly as soon as the thermometer sunk below the freezing point; and no matter how deep the snow might be upon the surface of the earth, the very moment the temperature of the air rose above freezing, the whole world would instantly dissolve into water and cause the most destructive floods. The latent heat of vapor prevents the instant expansion of all the water which moistens the ground, on the first warm day. All these and many other most accurate contrivances, show beyond contradiction, that all that supports us and maintains our existence, and that sustains us during every breath we draw, is the design of a Superior Power on whom we constantly depend. But the thinking mind does not stop at the boundaries of his own garden.

What a theme for contemplation is the view of a broad meadow, consisting as it does of countless millions of blades, and every one of these made up of myriads of beautiful vessels and tubes, all having the most perfect finish. Every tree of the thousands which compose the broad landscape, is so wonderfully constructed, that an ingenious man could not manufacture a single leaf or shoot, in all its parts, in a whole life-time. But what is a broad landscape, of a few miles in extent, to the wonders of the earth's surface at large, with its far-stretching and gloomy forests, its ranges of sublime and mighty mountains, its long sweeping rivers, and the eternal turbulence of its rolling oceans! Yet every portion is filled with microscopic wonders, and the most beautiful proof of Omniscent design—and shall any one say or think, that with this proof of the infinite number of creative conceptions, afforded by the myriads of organized and animated objects upon its surface—the ever varying beauties of the clouds and skies—the rain-bows and the dew-drops—the placid lakes and rolling seas—the delicate flowers and blackening forests—the gloomy

tempests and the crimson sunsets—that he would forego the contemplation of all these merely for the sake of scooping together dollars and cents, and spend the vigor of life within the confines of the dark, brick walls of the city, poring over columns of figures; or in the midst of rural cultivation, shut his eyes closely to everything else but the process of converting one dollar into two."

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.—During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of the cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet black to gray color or through the mental anguish she experienced. The assassin Orsini, lately executed in Paris for attempting the life of the French Emperor, and ruthlessly murdering twelve innocent persons, presented the same apparently strange anomaly from the same cause.—When Orsini was arrested, his luxuriant locks were as black as night, but when guillotined, they were black of an iron gray color, simply because he either neglected his toilet, or else was deprived of the usual hair dye he previously employed to give them their black color. His friends, and the papers generally, attribute the change to another cause, of course, and we have no doubt that history will represent the effect as being produced by the mental activity and agony he experienced during his incarceration.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.—One of the tax collectors of California says that he found a Norwegian in El Dorado county, who made oath that his sole earthly taxable effects were a church and a school house. This singular individual is a poor miner, and has built the above mentioned establishments with his own hands, without aid from any one. His church is free for the use of any sect of religionists, except Mormons and Universalists. He has a mining claim which he has worked for five years; and whenever his diggings will average more than two dollars a day he will go out into the highway, and coax some poor fellow to share the profits of his labors.

THE PLEA OF INSANITY.—A negro in Louisville broke open a box belonging to a comrade, containing three silver dollars, and stole one of the pieces. Having been arraigned for the theft, the usual plea of insanity was urged, the counsel declaring that no sane man would take one and leave two dollars behind. Whereupon the judge who was robbed, exclaimed with great emphasis: "Massa, I tell yu dat nigger ain't crazy; he broke my box open and took de dollar out. Now, if he had broke de box open and put a dollar in, den I'd say he's crazy." His argument was conclusive, and the thief was sent up.

PLANTING POTATOES.—They say abroad that the secret of getting potatoes ripe in August that will keep all winter, is "to set them well sprouted. There is no occasion to put them in early. The month of August is the critical time for the winter potato. But by sprouting the tuber before setting, you obtain nearly a month's advantage, so that when the disease does come, the plant is in a stronger state than it would otherwise be, and is thereby enabled to repel the attack." The author who thus writes in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, is the Rev. E. F. Manly, and there may be something in his remarks.—*Horticulturist*.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.—There is a woman named Hayes, in New York State, in the neighborhood, we believe, of Skaneateles, who lived a whole year wholly on dried raspberry juice; the next year on a small quantity of cold water; and now for nearly a year, she has neither ate or drank anything! Still more wonderful than that—she has been known to live as many as sixty-two minutes at a time without breathing! Though it is supposed that she is nourished by the atmosphere, her vitality is certainly extraordinary, and fully equal to that of a toad imbedded in a rock.

WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The aggregate wealth of the United States amounts to \$12,000,000,000, and the population is 24,000,000 souls. The wealth divided by the population gives \$500 to each person, young and old; and counting five persons to each family, it would give the handsome little fortune of \$2,500 to every family of the republic.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The "Louisville Journal" says that the difference between the two great parties in respect to Kansas may be briefly stated: One of them demands the submission of the Lecompton Constitution to the people, and the other the submission of the people to the Lecompton Constitution.

INSECTS.—The number of distinct species of insects already known and described cannot be estimated at less than two hundred thousand—there being nearly twenty thousand different beetles alone, known at the present time—and every day is adding to the catalogue.

Edward Everett's first attempt at public speaking when quite a child, was an address on the death of Washington.