

# Buffalo Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## GIVE ME THE PEOPLE.

Some love the glow of outward show.  
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lovely be,  
If I but like the people in it.  
What's all the gold and glitter cold,  
When linked to hard or haughty feeling?  
Whate'er we're told, the nobler gold  
Is truth of heart and manly dealing.  
Then let them seek whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lovely be,  
If I but like the people in it.

## THE BOWED GARMENTS.

"Frank, lend me your swallow tailed coat."  
"What for?"  
"Here," and I tossed him a moderate sized card bearing the following inscription: "Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater's compliments, and would be pleased to see Mr. Wilkins on Friday eve, the thirteenth instant at eight o'clock."  
"No doubt of it."  
"That the sight of you would please Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater."  
"Probably; will you lend me the coat?"  
"Yes, certainly."

Frank Barnes and I were disciples of Æsculapius, and pursuing our studies at the Medical College. We were chums and fast friends; we studied together, worked together, ate at the same table, and enjoyed in common our shuck-mattress and scanty quilts. We had just finished our mid-day allowance of "victuals," measured according to the board-house rule, and called by courtesy and our landlady "dinner," and had lit our pipes for our post-prandial siesta, when the above card was sent up to me, and occasioned the remark that opens this chapter. Frank and I were the same height and weight, and his coat would fit me exactly; but here the resemblance ceased entirely. Frank, though not foppish in the least, was always dressed with scrupulous neatness, and though he seldom went into society, always had a complete suit of handsome clothes. On the other hand, while I was very fond of society, I was very unfortunate in regard to my wardrobe, and was rarely the possessor of a respectable outfit. I had gone one moonlight night to the suburbs, with the intention of aerating my adorable Amelia, a young lady educated, refined and polished according to the most approved style, but whose father was not at all romantic, had a lamentably tuncless ear; and "didn't approve of these here sereynades; thought young men ought to be in bed time enough to get up airy in the mornin', and not go round howlin' like a pack of painters." Notwithstanding this prejudice on the part of the parent, I resolved to woo the fair lady with a song, and with two or three. Having importuned her to "Wake, lady, wake," I was respectfully solicited her to "Meet me by moonlight," when her father interrupted the strain in a most inharmonious manner:

"Look here, young man, pack up that blasted fiddle, and leave here! How do you suppose a man's goin' to sleep with such an infernal serenade goin' on?"  
I did not deign to reply to his interrogatory, muttering, "I go, but I return," went. Vexed at such a termination of the affair, I waited near by till all was again quiet, then went back, and taking up the thread of my song where it had been broken off, finished it. Gathering confidence as I went on, I was proceeding to request her to "Come over the hills with me," and was picturing in glowing colors the "sweet content of our humble happy lot," when whack! like a discharge from a catapult, a body of unknown shape and dimensions, but evidently of considerable weight and density, struck the fence near me. Instinctively divining that this came from the hands of the "engaged parent," and fearing lest he should follow up his salute with a volley, I silenced the vibrating guitar strings, postponed the "Good night, song, *sic*," (excuse the bull), and retreated in my haste, and not remarkably graceful evacuation of the premises, an upstart nail in the fence made an ugly right-angled rent in my best broadcloth.

And now Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwater want to see me Friday eve: to day is Thursday: too late to get a new garment made, to say nothing of my own impetuosity. But as I said before, I was very fond of society, especially that of Amelia, who would certainly be at the party, as she was on very intimate terms with Miss Georgia Fitzwater. So go I must; and as society had decreed that a coat is an indispensable article of apparel at a party, I borrowed Frank's immaculate swallow-tail.

"And Frank, I shall want your gaiters," as I discovered that one of mine showed a very ragged abrasion on the side, and the other was sadly run down at the heel.

"Take 'em along," said he, and quietly went on "cloud compelling." But I was too much agitated to smoke. I let my pipe go, called Frank Mrs. Fitzwater, and was only recalled to my senses when he reminded me that my "doeskin" needed repairing. So I seized a needle and thread, and after many futile efforts succeeded in passing the latter through the eye of the former. I then carefully closed the gaping fissure, not without tugging the thread several times, and uttering several adjectives not very complimentary to the pantaloon and the maker thereof.

I were vain to attempt to tell what horrid dreams racked my brain that night. They were an olla podrida of absurd incongruities. At one time I was making my *salam* to Mrs. Fitzwater, and repeating the well-known complimentary speech to Miss Georgia, when suddenly the needle which I inadvertently had left in my trousers, made its presence known in a very insidious manner. At another Mr. Fitzwater was shaking my hand with one of his, and with the other extracting the pins with which I had tried to cobble the disintegrated coat-tail; while Amelia's father stood by pointing two bricks over my devoted head. Amelia looked charming in Frank's dresscoat, and Miss Temperance Jones, an elderly spinster who formerly had taught my young ideas, and administered wholesome correction with her slipper, (I forget the number, it seemed Brobdignagian at that time), appeared at a side door armed with my damaged gaiter.

This last apparition woke me, and I lay feverishly tossing till morning. When morning came, I rose, but unrefreshed. The day was long and weary, and enjoyed most miserably. Evening came at last, and with it the necessity of preparing for the party. Who that has ever got ready for a party does not remember the petty annoyances attendant on the operation? How the refractory shirt will not be buttoned, and the razor will cut your chin! Your shoestrings get into a hard knot, and your rebellious scap-lock will not submit even to the most copious lubrication with fragrant Maccassar. All this I suffered and more; and Frank complacently sat there laughing at me.

"Wilkins," said he, after I had gone through the trying ordeal of outward purification, and donned a clean under garment, "Wilkins, have you polished those gaiters?"  
"Thunder! No!"  
So I had to divest myself of the clean garment, and go at it. As I sat silently rubbing the calf-skins, the thought struck me that perhaps I could not get them on. The distressing idea had not entered my brain before, and now it came upon me with terrific force. I have said that Frank was about as tall as myself but as he probably had more aristocratic blood in him than I have, he wore shoes two numbers smaller than mine. Though those before me were too large for him, for me they were "a little too small by a plaguery sight." But I had gone too far to be baffled by this fact; and so after a great deal of exertion, much perspiration, and perhaps a few maledictions, I succeeded in forcing my extremities in the shoes. I performed my ablutions a second time, and proceeded with my toilet.

"Wilkins," said Frank, "Miss Georgia is rather sentimental, isn't she?"  
"Rather."  
"Somewhat given to 'awakening the slumbering echoes in the caverns of memory'?"  
"Somewhat." I was too much engaged with my cravat to make any very extended remarks.

"Well, Wilkins, when she talks to you about the 'hollow-hearted world,' don't spoil the metaphor by a description of the arteries and ventricles."  
"There's my hat on the floor; take it."  
"No, I thank you; you need it to-night."

By this time I was dressed; and leaving the house I started on foot for the Fitzwater mansion, as it was but a few squares distant. I had not gone far when I discovered that the shoes were rather tight; but I trudged boldly on, and by the time I reached the house, my feet were in an anæsthetic state, and I was comparatively comfortable.

I pass over my entrance; the nervous manipulation of my cravat in the cloak room, while I endeavored to persuade myself that I was perfectly self-possessed; my salutation of the host and hostess; and my chat with Miss Georgia, in which the charming moonlight evenings and Mrs. Harlan's last novel were the predominant topics, with a few remarks on the struggles of unappreciated genius, and an allusion to the 'hollow-hearted world.' Georgia was called away by some person to be presented to Colonel and Mrs. Somebody, and spying Miss Amelia across the room, I made my way to her side. With her I found all the tribulations of the day, and was fast losing consciousness in the intoxication of love, when I was called back to this world in a very uncomfortable manner.

"Sir," said the editor of the —, with Pickwickian emphasis and dignity, "I set my foot down upon such principles!"  
The remark was made to Major —, one of the prominent street-corner politicians, and in reference to some of the Major's principles; but the foot—the eighteen inches, rather—was set down upon my unoffending member, which I had gracefully thrown before me in taking my favorite attitude. Oh! it was excruciating! That ruthless tread sent a thrill through every filament of my nervous system, and at the same time awoke me from my elysian dream. A howl was upon my lips, but I choked it down with a cough and a subdued groan, and wiping the perspiration from my brow, I attempted to renew the conversation with Amelia. But the charm was broken. I made a few disjointed, spasmodic remarks, wiped more perspiration from my brow, and was about to plead sudden indisposition and retire, when a gentleman approached and handed me a letter, saying I had dropped it as I drew my handkerchief from my pocket. As he was handing it to me, Amelia snatched it. I trembled in my— I beg pardon—in Frank's shoes, lest it might be one of my numerous duds, which were just then falling thick and fast upon me. I begged her not to read it; tried to seize it; and failing in this, resorted to strategic measures with equally poor success. My anxiety only increased her curiosity, of course; and opening it she began to read—"Dear Frank, your sweet, charming, lovely, and highly prized letter came." The truth flashed upon me in an instant. It was Amelia's letter! Frank's letters which he had left in his coat pocket, having used the envelope to light his pipe with. I became more anxious than ever, and entreated her to give it to me and permit me to explain. For visions of a broken engagement, rings and other tokens returned, blighted hopes, and blasted reputation, passed quickly through my brain. I had the letter; my name was Frank, and it was indisputably a love letter. Female logic needed no more definite propositions. Calming myself as well as I could, I asked Amelia to come with me out upon the piazza, and I would explain all. We went out, and I was rapidly giving her the details, telling her that it was my chum's letter from his cousin up in Vermont, and that I hoped she would not read it, as he would be very angry if the contents were known—"He would not let you have such a letter."

"Here was a dilemma. I must either tell her a falsehood, or acknowledge that I am wearing borrowed garments. My pride revolts from the latter horn, as would hers at the thought of a careless lover. If I adopted the other alternative, I sacrifice my sense of right; and besides I had not time to concoct a respectable lie. But pride prevailed, and I did not mention the coat. I do not know what I did tell her; it must have been an incoherent jargon, for I remember that she looked at me with curious, inquiring eyes, as though she had suspicions concerning either my veracity or my sanity. She seemed satisfied, however, and gave me the letter. The rooms were warm and crowded; the guests were warm, and many of them very musky; so we preferred to promenade on the cool piazza, and I was again oblivious of all things earthly. I repeated the choice selections I had made from Byron, and what I could remember of

Lalla Rookh. Thus, in full enjoyment of the calm autumnal night, were our souls in sweet commune. As we gazed at the distant stars, and selected one as our future home, the well-known words of the poet rose to my lips:

"Oft in my fancy's wanderings,  
I've wished this little isle had wings;  
And we within its fairy bowers  
Were wafted off to—"

"The devil!" I cried, as I struck my foot—the bruised one—against one of Mrs. Fitzwater's flower pots. Amelia withdrew her arm from mine, and casting a scornful, withering look upon me, said, in a voice husky with emotion:

"Sir, you are a brute! you are drunk!"  
She paused, as though for a reply, and I was about to say that I wished I were both, when she continued:

"You have insulted me both in your conduct and your language. You carry on flirtations with other girls. You have a letter from one, and when I see it, you make a miserable drunken apology for it. We part forever. Never appear in my presence again."

And I didn't. With majestic air she disappeared. I left the house as fast as my crippled feet would take me. I reached home and taking off the coat and shoes which were the cause of all my misery, deliberately threw the letter at Frank, who sat deeply immersed in the mysteries of Carpentier. But I was too much agitated to take aim: one missile shattered the mirror, the other fractured the wash-bowl and pitcher.

Frank seized me before I could put the coat into the fire, held me till I was somewhat calm, then put me to bed, and went on reading, after muttering something about 'drunk again.' I awoke in the night with a high fever; roused Frank and sent him for the doctor, who came, saw, and blistered me most unmercifully.

Thus did I blight my matrimonial prospects, sicken a brain fever, and break a looking-glass and a shaving utensil, (exorbitant bill of damages sent by our landlady), all because I went to a party in borrowed garments.

I have never seen Amelia since the memorable evening; but have learned that she married a respectable grain dealer out West, and has an interesting family of children.

I am a bachelor yet and have an intensely interesting family of corns.

## A JOURNEY UNDER PARIS.

A correspondent of a Swedish journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the party was reached by descending a flight of steps to the depth of about forty-five feet. The boat, a flat bottom affair, was lighted by four lamps. The sewer is an arch way, 15 feet high, and of equal breadth, with a ditch or canal about 10 feet wide, where, in all the dirt and filth of Paris is carried away. On the sides are sidewalks which together are about four feet wide. The whole is built of beautiful white sandstone, and is kept remarkably neat and clean. No stench or bad smell was perceptible. The denser portion of the filth is carried away through large drains beneath the sidewalks. The sidewalks are excellent and exhibit no signs of dampness, while the walls of the archway are kept white-washed, and are at all times as white as the driven snow.

The structure possesses the properties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen being able to converse at the distance of 2 miles from each other. The echo is very strong and lasting. The fabric is said to be built after a model of the catacombs of Rome, aided by all the latest improvements. On both sides, at about two hundred yards distance from one another, are openings, through which the workmen can ascend by means of permanent iron ladders, in case a sudden rain storm should cause the water to rise over the side walks, which is, however, of rare occurrence. The contents of the sewer, of course, flow into the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry the boat used with considerable velocity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into which the water can be turned for a short time in case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for a little while. The whole work was completed in two years. Besides the main canal there are many minor ones constructed under the principal streets all of which can be made to communicate with one another. These admirable underground works are accessible from the Louvre, the Tuilleries and from all the barracks, and should the Parisians take a notion to barricade the streets in any part of the city, the Imperial Government might at short notice and without any person being aware of it, transport troops, and if there is time to make use of the reservoir so can cavalry also be transported the same way. There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the windows, and a revolution in Paris will only soon be among the things that have been, never to occur again. Through these underground passages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre to the Seine, without attracting attention, and thence sent off by railway, which is near at hand. This splendid system of sewerage was one of the plot schemes of the first Napoleon.

This anecdote is old enough to be allowed repose, but yet it ought not to be buried. Talking of "absence of mind," said the Rev. Sidney Smith, "the oddest instance happened to me once, in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London, and asked if Mrs. B. was at home. 'Yes, Sir,' Pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the name of astonishment—what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true, that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I never existed. I did not know if I was a dissent or a layman; I felt as Sternhold or Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sidney Smith. I heard, also, of a clergyman who went jogging along the road until he came to a turnpike gate. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, Sir, what for?' asked the turnpike man. 'Why, my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, Sir! what horse! Here is no horse, Sir!' 'No horse! God bless me,' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.'"

The ancient cooks carried their art to the most whimsical perfection. They were able to serve up a whole pig, boiled on one side, and roasted on the other.

One halfpenny a day, it is said, will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to live comfortably.

## WHAT MEN EAT.

It is not long since a distinguished party of French philosophers enjoyed a repast entirely composed of equine materials. The soup, the bouilli, the roti, the cutlets, the fricasse, and a host of other dishes, were all horse—it was, in fact, a regular horse feed; and although the world in general was inclined to treat it with a horse laugh, the men of science were animated by a fit of gastronomic benevolence, and sought to break through a prejudice which appeared to them undesirable with a crowded population and a high price of food. M. Pabbe Le Noir has taken up the subject of alimentation, and boldly bids Europe learn the lessons and consult the experience of the Chinese.

The worthy Abbe considers that our dietetic prejudices are simply the result of the fertility of our soil, and the comparative sparsity of our population; and if no great catastrophe like the barbaric invasions and the overthrow of the Roman empire should again reduce our numbers, he anticipated the time when necessity will conquer daintiness, and we must be content to waste nothing, but eat everything that is digestible, excepting, we suppose, our civilized slaves. French officers have brought from China and Cochinchina specimens of all kinds of comestibles unknown to or unused in Europe, and there they stand in the bottles and cases of the Conservatoire, suggesting gustative experiments to all families and cooks. M. Le Noir remarks that while the flesh of the dog is thought in Europe to be one of the worst kinds of food, in China it enjoys an excellent reputation, and is regularly exhibited for sale in the butcher's shops. Nay more, Chinese farmers breed a variety of dog with a special view to its culinary distinction. It is an animal easy to fatten, like a Berkshire pig, and is known as the meat dog (*chien de bouchiere*). It resembles a wolf dog, but the tongue and interior of the mouth are black. A dog of this kind is at present one of the inhabitants of Paris. The commissariat officers bought a lot of fattened dogs, cats belong to the agricultural system of the Celestial Empire, and we find these animals attached to small chains, and put up to fatten on refuse rice."

After dogs and cats, the mind naturally turns to rats, and these, instead of being, as in England, simply a nuisance on a farm, are objects of solicitude and affectionate care. Like their domestic companions the rats, cats belong to the agricultural system of the Celestial Empire, and we find these animals attached to small chains, and put up to fatten on refuse rice."

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A DELICIOUS LEGEND.—There is a charming tradition connected with the site which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother, being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family; I will arise, take off my shocks and place them with his without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed with such associations as this was the temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent—the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their neighbor's whole shock rather than add to it a single shaft!

THE TORNADO.—The Iowa City Reporter has the following summary of the great storm: Hardin County—Killed, 7; wounded, 27; houses destroyed, 37; estimated loss, \$75,000. Linn County—Killed, 18; wounded 35; houses destroyed, 18; estimated loss, \$150,000. Cedar County—Killed, 3; wounded 13; houses destroyed, 8; estimated loss, \$15,000. Clinton County—Killed, 75; wounded, 150; estimated loss, \$400,000. Jones County—Killed, 9; wounded, 30; houses destroyed, 18; estimated loss, \$80,000. Besides the above there is to be counted the loss of life and property at Albany and other places in Illinois.

In order to amuse the children on the Sabbath, a lady in Brooklyn was engaged in reading to them from the Bible the story of David and Goliath, and coming to that passage in which Goliath so boastfully and defiantly dared the young stripling, a little chap, almost in his first trousers, said, "Sister, skip that—skip that—he's only blowing! I want to know who licked!"

The self-opinionated man is like a bat in a barrel, for it makes a great noise about nothing, and is continually flying round and round.

## HOTEL SCENE.

If we take it first and last all through life, it's really amusing what a raft of people we've heard and never seen. Especially in hotels. It has been Mace Sloper's luck to be frequently quartered in rooms with nothing but a door between his room and his neighbors; and whenever this happened he has been pretty generally about as certain to hear, willing or unwilling, considerable that wasn't spoken to him. Particularly when girls were in the next room! Not giving myself credit for any especial 'cuteness, I can't brag of ever having got up any wise theory on the subject; but it does seem to me that the queerest, wildest, and most amazing speeches I ever heard in all my life from mortal lips, always came from people I couldn't see. Moreover—and every body'll agree with me if he'll rake out his own experience a little—I maintain that no two people can talk in the dark to one another as they do in the light. Report such a talk, and read it to them, and they'll as soon believe that they've been talking in Jun. That's so!

Which reminds Mace Sloper of a talk he once heard in a New Jersey hotel. I had quietly smoked myself into a regular nap such as the good alone enjoy, when I was awoke by hearing somebody enter the next room. Apparently he woke somebody else up too, who was sleeping there in advance of him.

"Hullo thar?" says the man a-bed.

"Hul-lo and behold!" answered the one entering.

"Want for your welcome afore you come in," said No. 1.

"In-comes are welcome," answered No. 11.

"The mixologist of tipulars directorized me to apartment XC, which being exceedingly weary, I did uncanceled. Yet if you desire illuminosity—"

"Stranger?" cried No. 1; "hold thar! don't light a match, for the love of God! I know adackly who you look like without goin' no't der. You're five foot seven inches high, got gray eyes and a coon-colored vest, short-cropped hair and a loose overcoat, nose like a razor-handle, and scar over your left eye. That's the stripe!"

"How do you cognovit that?" was the amazed reply.

"Cog—thunder!" was the response—

"How do I know how you look? Why, who the d— I ever heard of a man's coming to bed in the dark, and calling a bat keeper a mixologist of tipulars, unless he had gray eyes, razor-handled nose, short hair and a coon-colored vest? Don't light a match, stranger; on my account. Drummond lights would be darkens on your face after such a blaze of language as that. 'Illuminosity' and 'cognovit'!"

That shows you've got a cap't bat in your hair, and a whiskey bottle in it. He!"

There was a sound like the pop of a cork, and a clear case of drinking to better acquaintance going on as I fell to sleep. We hear queer things in the dark. That Western man rather knocks me whenever I think of him.

## ROARING MOUNTAINS IN MISSOURI.

A correspondent writing from Ironton, Missouri, says: "Since my last, I have had the pleasure of making a trip to old Madison county, just for the purpose of seeing the much talked of gold mines, and it was there that I came across the above mentioned natural curiosity. This mountain is in Madison county, 14 miles south-west of Fredericktown, the county seat. On the east of it is Trace creek, on the west side the waters of Captain's creek form a semi-circle. On the right bank of the last mentioned creek is a ravine, which is the bed of the newly discovered gold and platinum veins, where the Roaring Mountain Company is about erecting extensive works. The mountain has a height of some four hundred feet, is one mile in diameter, chiefly of solid rocks, more or less interspersed with quartz. It derives its name from a peculiar roaring, something like the sound of distant thunder, which generally lasts about fifteen minutes, and which sounds have a singular effect when mingled with the howling of the wolves, who are still to be found in the notable numbers in the adjoining forests. It is thought that the mountain, or rather the whole ridge of mountains, originated by great volcanic eruptions, to which the roar, which sounds as coming from the bowels of the earth, must be attributed. The sound may be heard sometimes to the distance of two miles. Taking an easterly direction from the gold mines, and walking a distance of one mile, there is an opening of two feet in diameter, which apparently connects the mine with the surface with a good part of the year. It is believed that this cave may reach a greater depth, and that the peculiar sound is caused by gases formed by the water playing with the metals, and then seeking an exit."

VERO OF THE HOMESTEAD BILL.—Mr. Buchanan must be a near relative of him whom the Yankee characterized as having "remarkably winning ways to make people like him." The north-west was already so unanimously adverse to him that he could only infinitely dislike into hatred, but that seems an object worthy of his ambition. The bill which he vetoed on Saturday was not the Republican or House Free Homestead bill, but that of the Senate, which nearly every Republican voted against on its first passage, and only acquiesced in at the last moment, in deference to the tens of thousands in Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, &c., who are liable to be ejected from their ranches at any moment, because in their present pecuniary condition of the North-west it is morally impossible that they should pay \$11 per acre for the quarter section each which is or contains their all. The bill for their relief finally passed the Senate with but two opposing votes; in the House it had about two to reasons which apply to the Graduation and other bills which he or his party have sanctioned, but not to this. So the last hope of obtaining any good from this Congress or this administration has vanished. Shall we ever see their like again?—N. Y. Trib.

Horace Walpole tells a story of the Lord Mayor of London in his time, who having heard that a friend of his had the small pox twice, and died of it, inquired if he died the first time or second.

A Yankee, according to the latest authority, is a driving man. "He sees aqueducts in pudding springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything."

A little boy asked the razor-strop man if he could sharpen his appetite? The razor-strop man at once stropped him so severely that the urchin cut off.

## CORNELIUS WENDELL.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes as follows of one of the leading characters of Washington society. Having referred to the prominent individuals who appeared before the Covode Investigating Committee, he says:

But probably the most extraordinary of all characters who have figured before these investigating committees, in both branches, is Mr. Cornelius Wendell. He is in fact, one of the curiosities of the capital. I have heard it alleged that he has appeared before every investigating committee except the judiciary, that has been raised during the present and last sessions, and while nearly everybody else gets into trouble, Wendell manages to keep his head above water. Openly against the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, after having borne the most confidential relations to it, he is still on intimate terms with Mr. Appleton, and others of the leading spirits of the concern. Denounced by Judge Douglas from a stump during his Illinois campaign, Wendell is at this moment one of the Judge's most ardent and liberal friends. A Democrat in all his feeling, it is interesting to see how many of the Republicans are his friends. He tells everybody that he is poor, and it is told of him, as a good joke, that he borrows money when he is rich, and lends it when he is out of pocket. Apparently reckless in the management of his own affairs, his printing establishment is a model of regularity and completeness, and is conducted with an order, a care and economy which have rendered it the wonder of all observers. He seems to keep no secrets, to tell all he knows, whenever summoned before the investigating committees, and yet contrives to protect those with whom he has had certain mysterious dealings. Charles and kind to a fault, his appetite for making money seems to increase as he grows older. Such is Cornelius Wendell, a man more feared by the President, and at the same time more beloved by a host of friends than almost any other man I could name.

A HORSE GETTING HIMSELF SHOD.—A horse having been turned into a field by its owner, Mr. Joseph Lane, of Falmouth, in the parish of Ashelworth, was missed therefrom the next morning, and the usual inquiries set afoot, as to what could have become of him. He had, it seems, been shod (all four), a few days before, and as usual got pinched in a foot. Feeling, no doubt a lively sense of proper shoeing and desirous of relieving the cause of pain, he contrived to unhinge the gate of his pasture with his mouth, and make the best of his way to the smithy, a distance of a mile and a half from Falmouth, waiting respectfully at the door till the bungling artist got up. The Smith relates that he found him there on opening his shed; that the horse advanced to the forge and held up his ailing foot; and that he himself upon examination, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully, which having been done, the sagacious creature set off at a merry pace home again. Soon after, Mr. Lane's servant, by the force in quest of the animal, and upon inquiry, received for answer—"Oh, he has been here and got shod, and has gone home again."

LINCOLN ON MILITARY HEROES.—The following amusing paragraph concerning his own and Gen. Cass' military exploits, occurs in one of Mr. Lincoln's speeches in Congress, in 1848:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I was a military hero? Yes, sir in the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of Gen. Cass' career, reminds of my own. I was not at Sullivan's defeat, but was about as near it as Cass was to Bull's surrender, and like him I saw the place soon after. It is quite certain that I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword the idea is, he broke it in desperation. I bent the musket by accident. If Gen. Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting musket, it was more than I did, but I had a good many blooded struggles with the mosquitoes; and altho' I never fainted from the loss of blood, I certainly can say I was often very hungry."

HOKING POTATOES WHEN WET.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* states that having noticed how potatoes were interrupted in their growth, invariably pined away and died, he disturbed after dark when with rain, he tried the following experiment: He selected a patch in his potato field, had implored only once, and then loosed the soil with the hoe when the stalk was above ground, and in the heat of the day when they were dry. He never touched them afterward till they were dug in October. These stalks kept green, and the yield of the potatoes was very large. The other portion of the patch was worked three times, and when the stalks were withered, these blighted early did not produce half a crop, and that of an inferior quality. The ground, seed, and time of planting in both patches was the same.

A HARD BLOW.—The recent tornado, extending up the Holston river, in Tennessee, was very violent. A letter from a medium, Tenn., dated the 16th inst., says that the ploughed earth was carried into the air by cartfull. It adds:

"At Hall's there was a quantity of bar iron; it was picked up and carried a distance of a mile, and some bars twisted around stumps of trees so tight that they had to be pried off with handspikes. Mr. Daywalt had over 200 bushels of wheat in his barn, which was carried off and has not been heard of as yet. Barren, flour—in short, everything in the range, were carried up in the air. Sheep and stock were seen away up in the air."

The human mind has a much greater talent at asking questions than at answering them; and many minds have a greater propensity to raise doubt, and start difficulties, than to repose in that measure of truth which is already ascertained and infallible.

The leading men in the oyster business, in Baltimore, assert that there are more oysters in Chesapeake Bay at present than there were twenty years ago, notwithstanding millions upon millions of bushels have been removed.

One of the best explanations of good farming was by an old farmer at an agricultural fair in England. He said he fed his land before it was hungry, weeded it before foul, and rested it before overworked.