

A Dandy among Cows.

Adolphus Spriggins, of the Fifth avenue and Water street, prided himself considerably on his acquaintance with the ways of the town, but his knowledge of country matters was limited.

Mr. Spriggins, having rather outrun the constable, found himself one summer not in a situation to undertake his usual jaunt to Saratoga or Newport, and bethought himself of an invitation which he had formerly received from his uncle, Van Brommel, the hearty old farmer, to pay him a visit at Pumpkindale. To Pumpkindale Mr. Spriggins repaired, with the express resolution of astonishing the natives. This, with the aid of his yellow kids, embroidered waistcoats, brilliant neck ties, patent leather, French phrases, and fashionable air, he certainly succeeded in doing. He even made some impression by attractions, on the feelings of Miss Rappleyway, a young lady visitor, who had previously been on amiable terms with Gert Van Brommel, the farmer's oldest son. Gert sulked and swore in private, but fear of his father kept him from publicly showing his resentment. One day, however, an idea occurred to him, which he turned to account for getting rid of his rival. Gert invited his cousin to go out with him pigeon shooting, and Adolphus, though his taste did not lie much in that way, consented to go as a means of killing time. They set out accordingly with arms, ammunition and provisions for the day, which last were carried by Gert in a small tin pail. About two miles from the house, they came to a pasture field, bordered by extensive woods. A score of cows—Van Brommel was a noted cattle breeder—were feeding at one side of the pasture.

'See, Dolph,' said Gert, 'the pigeons are in the woods yonder. Now, if you will just stand awhile on the flat corner of the field so that I shall know where you are, I will go into the woods and drive the pigeons over to you, and you can pop them as they come out. You keep the pail, too, and we'll have dinner there by-and-by.'

Spriggins agreed to these terms, which exactly suited his easy notions of sport, and while Gert plunged into the woods he started for the flat rock which had been pointed out to him.

No sooner had he placed himself upon it than, to his amazement, all the cows in the pasture rushed frantically towards him, lowing loudly, kicking up their heels, pushing one another, and behaving as though they had been suddenly smitten with insanity. Adolphus stood paralyzed, expecting to be gored to death, or trampled under foot. But instead of that the cows merely formed a circle round him, stamping, bellowing, shaking their horns, and glaring at him with their great eyes, in an unaccountable manner. He shouted in terror to Gert, but received no answer. He dared not leave the rock, or even fire his gun to attract his cousin's attention, for, at the slightest movement that he made, there was a general stir among the cows, a shaking of the formidable array of horns, and an impatient stamp and murmur, as if preparatory to a rush.

Spriggins was utterly bewildered. To do him justice, he would very likely have faced a loaded pistol at ten paces without flinching, but this novel danger was of such a strange and frightful character that he was totally unnerved. He stood motionless, waiting for his cousin or somebody else to rescue him, and the cows, with equal patience kept up the siege until their wretched prisoner was ready to drop with terror and exhaustion. At last, late in the afternoon, the burly form of old Van Brommel presented itself, to the delighted eyes of Adolphus. His uncle came slowly through the field with a tin pail on his arm and no sooner did the cows get a glimpse of him than they deserted and tore furiously toward his uncle, who shouldered his way through them with the utmost unconcern.

'Goodness gracious, uncle,' gasped poor Spriggins, 'what's the meaning of this extraordinary conduct of these dwdful animals?'

And he related with considerable agitation the history of his captivity among them. His uncle roared and shook his sides with laughter.

'Haw! haw! haw! do tell now! You've been standing on that ere stone all day, frightened by the keows. Ho! ho! ho! bless your soul, Dolph, the keows are good critters. They wouldn't hurt a baby. Thought you were coming to salt 'em. Haw! haw! haw! Wal now, if that ain't the best joke I've heered on.'—And again the stout old farmer laughed until the tears poured down his cheeks.

'Salt them!' exclaimed the mortified Spriggins, 'You don't mean to say that you salt your beasts alive!'

'Yes, I do Dolph,' replied his uncle. Look here, and you'll see.'

So saying, he dumped the salt out of his pail in small parcels over the rock. There was a general stamp and bellow, and a simultaneous rush toward the savory condiment, which twenty tongues were soon busily engaged in licking.

'There, Dolph, you know how keows are salted alive now,' said old Van Brommel. 'You'd never ha' learned that in Wall street. Ho! ho! ho!'

Spriggins returned to the house much crestfallen. The story of his adventure was soon about, and there was great joking and sniggering at the supper table, the fair Rosalia herself not being able to refrain from joining in the fun. The next morning Spriggins discovered that he had urgent business in the city, and he has never been seen since in Pumpkindale, though his cousin Gert cordially invited him to his wedding that fall. Spriggins now is wont to speak of country life as 'extremely valgaw,' and on one occasion, (when the sport of pige-

on shooting had been casually alluded to) he went so far as to pronounce it 'an atrocious humbug.'

A Warning to the Ladies.

'Why did you never think of marriage?' asked I of my friend Lyman Robbins, who is some ten years older than myself and a confirmed bachelor.

'I have thought of it,' said he.

'Well, why didn't you marry then?'

'I will tell you. You know Frank Palmer, don't you?'

'Yes, he failed last week to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?'

'Something, as you will see. I was never seriously tempted to make a proposal but once, and that was to Frank's wife—before she was married. do you understand?'

'Oh,' said I, growing interested. 'And why didn't you?'

'You shall know: I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society, and I was just at the age to yield to her fascination. Tho' I never had expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I am quite sure that she was aware of my feelings towards her. Our families being something intimate, we were on the same footing and she treated me in much the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin.

'Do you think,' I inquired, 'that she was in love with you?'

'No,' said he; 'I never thought that. I presume, however, she would like to have lured me on to declaration, and then would have acted as fancy dictated. One day, when I had made a morning call, and was retiring, she told me she was going out shopping, and laughingly proposed to me to go with her and carry the bundles. Having nothing of importance to take up my time, and not being averse to the proposal, partly on account of its novelty and considerably, I rather suspect, on account of the agreeable character of the company I should have, I consented in the same spirit, and in a few minutes were fairly en route.'

'I have but little to buy,' said my companion. 'You may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry.'

We made our first visit to a dry goods establishment.

'Have you any lace collars?' inquired Caroline. A large quantity were displayed, but they were only five dollars in price, and they were too cheap. At length one was found at seven dollars, with which, being declared the best in the store, my companion at length professed herself satisfied and decided to take it.

'I suppose,' said she on going out, 'that I don't really need it, but it was so beautiful I could not resist the temptation.'

A beautiful shawl at the door of a store next caught Caroline's attention! I must certainly go in and look at their shawls, said she, 'I never saw any precisely like them.'

'New kind?' said she to the clerk. 'Yes Miss, just imported from France, warranted to surpass in fineness of texture and durability any now extant. Will you have one?'

'The price?'

'Seventy-five dollars, and cheap at that.'

Caroline was startled at this announcement.

'That is high,' said she.

'Not for the quality. Just feel of it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive.'

'I did not think of getting one to-day; however, I must. You may charge it to my father.'

The shawl was folded, enveloped, and handed to me by the clerk.

'I suppose father will scold,' said Caroline, 'but it's such a beauty.'

We reached, ere long, another dry goods store, the placard of which, 'selling off at cost,' proved so seductive that we at once stayed our steps and entered. Caroline rushed to examine the silks; the first specimens offered, which, to my unpracticed eye, seemed of a superior quality, were cast contemptuously aside, and she desired to see the very best they had in the store. Some were shown her at two dollars and a half per yard. After a while she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. This was done and the bundle handed to me. The bill, of course, was sent to her father.

What with the shawl and silk, each of which made a bundle of no inconsiderable size, I was pretty well weighed down and began to be apprehensive of the consequence in case my companion should make any more purchases. She, however, relieved my anxiety by saying that she intended to purchase nothing more. She was only going to stop in a jeweller's to have a locket repaired. Accordingly we repaired to the store of a fashionable jeweller. The locket was handed over with the necessary directions.

But this was not all. A lady at the counter was engaged in examining a very costly pair of ear-rings which she was desirous of purchasing, but demurred at the price. At last she laid them down reluctantly, saying: 'They are beautiful; but I do not care to go high as twenty-five dollars.'

'Let me see them, if you please,' asked Caroline. They were handed to her. She was charmed with them, chiefly, I imagine, on account of the price, for they had little beyond that to recommend them, and decided to take them. 'Now, I must absolutely go home,' said she, 'without purchasing anything more.'

For once she kept her word, and I was released from my attendance. But the thought that she had expended one hundred and thirty-five dollars, in a single morning's shopping, and on objects of none of which, by her own confession, she stood in need, could not help recurring to me and I decided that until I could find some more rapid way of making money, such a wife would be altogether too expensive a luxury for me to indulge. How far I am right, you may judge by Frank Palmer's failure. At all events that is the reason why I didn't propose.—[Ex.]

ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.—'Bridget,' said a lady in the city of Gotham, one morning, as

she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, to her servant, 'what a quantity of soap grease you have there. We can get plenty soap for it, and we must exchange it for some! Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him.'

'Yes, ma'am,' says Bridget between each whisk of her dish-cloth, keeping a bright lookout of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded, for down the street came a large portly gentleman flourishing a cane, and looking the picture of good humor. Sure, when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

'Speak to me, my good girl?' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir, wants to speak to you, and would you be good enough to walk in?'

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up-stairs went Bridget and knocking at her mistress' door, put her head in and exclaimed:

'Fat gentleman's in the parlor ma'am.' So saying she instantly descended to the lower regions.

'In the parlor?' thought the lady. 'What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered,' but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

'Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service madam.'

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said:

'Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap-grease, when she has made a mistake, you see.'

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair and laughed such a hearty laugh as never comes from your lean gentry.

'No apologies needed, madam,' said he, 'it is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha, so she took me for the soap-grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months, such a good joke!'

And all up the street, and round the corner was heard the merry laugh of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane every now and then, and exclaimed 'such a joke!—[Ex.]

The Coolie Trade, Wholesale Massacre.

—The atrocities of the Coolie trade from China have excited universal indignation, both among those who know that they are generally the result of ignorant or brutal management, and others who understand nothing about the trade, and make no distinction between hired Coolies who are treated as slaves, and voluntary emigrants who pay for their own passage.

But all former instances have been outdone by a wholesale massacre, of which accounts have just been received.

The horrible tale may be briefly told:—The Waverly, an American ship of 750 tons, recently sailed from Amoy with 442 Coolies for Havana or Calloa. The Captain died shortly after her departure; the first mate, in command of the vessel, brought her to Manila; for the purpose of procuring another officer to take his place.

On anchoring at Cavite it would appear the mate had alarmed the captain of the port about the sanitary condition of the ship, which prevented free intercourse with her; and as, besides the Captain, one of the coolies had died, the prejudices of the Chinese were offended at the mode in which the burial was about to be conducted, or at some other unexplained treatment of the dead bodies. But the only explanation accorded to them was the mate's lifting a revolver and shooting one or more of their number, the rest being driven without difficulty below and made secure under hatches, without any precaution, or apparently any thought, about ventilation. The mate thereafter attended the captain's funeral, and spent the day on shore and it was not till after midnight that the agents of the ship, who may till then have been unaware how the matter stood, took alarm, and insisted that the mate should then ascertain the state of his human freight; and so, at 2 clock next morning, twelve hours after the hatches had been put on, they were removed to discover that two hundred and fifty-one of the coolies were lifeless corpses. Forty-five more are missing, leaving only one hundred and forty-six, of whom several are not likely to survive. The mate and crew have been imprisoned by the Spanish authorities, and, it is said that the United States consul declines to take any cognizance of the matter.

Other coolie ships have recently left China under circumstances that afforded ground for apprehension that they may not complete their voyages without disaster. In connection with this subject (which has not hitherto been treated as slave-dealing) we may mention that the Governor of Macao has imprisoned two Portuguese subjects charged with buying Chinese girls, chiefly at Ningpo, for the purpose of exporting them to Havana; in short, with slave-dealing.—[China Mail, Nov. 15, 1855.]

MAKING CANDLES OF LARD AS WELL AS OF TALLOW.—All kinds of fatty matter consist essentially of an oily liquid, united with a solid substance, the former called elaine, and the latter either stearine or margarine. By exposing olive oil (sweet oil) to a low temperature, a portion of it becomes solid. This may be separated and subjected to pressure so as to entirely remove the liquid part and leave a permanently solid mass, which is called margarine. This is white, hard and brittle and resembles spermaceti. Almond oil, linseed and many other vegetable oils produce the same results. In like manner, butter, human

fat, the fat of the goose, and some other animals; by a somewhat similar process, yield the solid margarine. The fluid portion is called elaine. The margarine melts at 118 deg. (Fahrenheit) and when pure it is not affected by the atmosphere, if kept for any length of time.

The fat of the ox, the sheep, the horse, the hog, the goat, &c., in like manner, yield a liquid and a solid, the former called also elaine, while the latter, or solid part, is named stearine. Stearine is a hard, brittle, colorless fat, and melts at 129 deg. Both margarine and stearine are found in small quantities in most animal fats, but one or the other greatly predominates. In the fat of man the solid part is margarine alone. The hard candles now so common in the market, under the name of 'stearine candles,' 'adamantine candles,' &c., are chiefly stearine, obtained from tallow or lard—especially from the latter, in the process of lard oil manufacture. In separating this on a large scale, pressure is used. Various chemical processes have been proposed for obtaining the stearine without the intervention of pressure or low temperature, but none of them have succeeded well we believe, unless the method detailed by a correspondent of the New England Farmer prove to be a good one. He professes to take all the stale fat, dirty grease, &c., found about the house—whether lard or tallow—and transform them into good stearine candles; and says those made from lard stand the heat of Summer even better than those from tallow. His directions are, to take for each 12 lbs. of soft grease, one pound of saltpetre and one pound of alum—mix and pulverize the saltpetre and alum, and dissolve them in a gill of boiling water; then pour in the lard or grease in a nearly melted state; stir the whole well together while heating to boiling, and skum off what rises to the top. Keep the mass simmering until all the water is evaporated, or until it ceases to throw off any steam. Pour off the melted grease as soon as it is free from water, and clean the vessel while still hot. If the candles are to be run the work can be commenced immediately with the warm liquid; if to be dipped, let it cool to a cake, and treat it afterwards just as in the ordinary process of making tallow candles.—[Ex.]

LARGE BOOK OF NAMES.—The number of signatures attached to the Wagon Road petition has not been computed. They have been bound in two large volumes. Each volume contains one thousand pages. It is estimated that these books contain from 65,000 to 70,000 signatures, obtained in the short space of fifteen days.

These volumes may be regarded as the autograph of the State of California. If there had been sufficient time, 90,000 signatures could have been obtained as easily as 60,000.

Since the Declaration of Independence, so large an amount of signatures has never been obtained in favor of any question of State policy upon which Congress was expected to act.

The Wagon Road petition will be in fact one of the most important documents ever laid before Congress. Time can only develop the effect it will have.

The people of the State of California, with a unanimity unparalleled, ask Congress for an appropriation for the establishment of a Wagon and Post Road across the Plains. It is not an unreasonable request. Ever since our admission as a State, we have been content to solicit from Congress in the humblest manner, as favors, those things which we should have demanded as a right. Our petitions, our prayers and remonstrances have, however, for the most part, fallen upon inattentive ears. It is felt throughout the State that the time has come when an issue should be made.

We are sanguine enough to think that Congress will receive this petition with respect, and without much trouble grant its prayer to the fullest extent. Every true lover of the Union will rejoice if such be the result. The books containing the signatures will be sent on by the next steamer, and will be laid before Congress sometime in June.—[San Francisco Herald, April 25, 1856.]

STRENGTH OF CORRUGATED OR WRINKLED IRON.—Experiments have been made at Washington to ascertain the strength added to iron by corrugation. A plate four inches long and three broad, so thin that, supported at the ends, it would bend of its own weight, when corrugated sustained a weight of 600 pounds.

Corrugated iron has been adopted for many camp utensils. A camp bedstead of this iron weighs 50 pounds, and is equally strong with the English camp bedstead weighing 150 lbs. A corrugated iron water-tight wagon body, that floats from 2000 to 2500 pounds of freight, has also been adopted into the service of the United States, besides other articles of the same material.

The additional strength of the iron in this form is obviously upon the principle of the arch. A circular tube is in proportion to its amount of material the strongest of all forms. Corrugated iron is stronger than plain iron because the metal is contracted in bulk as well as arched inform.—[Ex.]

PASTE THAT IS PASTE.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much flour as will make it the consistency of cream; then strew into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistency, stirring all the time. It will then keep for twelve months, and when dry may be softened with water.—[Ex.]

Editing a paper is like making a fire. Everybody supposes he can do it 'a little better than anybody else.' We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple peddling, driving oxen, or counting lath; but in all our experience, we never met the individual who did not think he could 'double the circulation' of any paper in two months.—[Ex.]