The Fun of the Thing.

Lines Written in a Lawyer's Office, on the Approach of SPRING.

Wherein, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

The songs of these said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs endeavor
To freehold nests! themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, hallowed term of Cupid's Court!
Where tender plaintiff's actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, the coming Spring!

The Raw Material.

A green 'un in the New York Spirit gives the following in the oyster line:

"I never seed any of the animals till I went to New Orleans."

One night a friend of mine said to me, "Are you fond of oysters?"

"I ain't nothing else," said I.

"Reckon," says he, "I can punish more than any living man."

"I can take the shine out of you, says I, "and I'll anti on that."

"Done," says he, we'll bet suppers, and go right and get 'em."

I didn't know what to say, and I told him I'd take'em any where he chose.

"Waiter! he sung out, "bring us a dozen raw to begin on, then a stew, and after that a dozen fried!"

Putty soon a fellow with his shirt tail hangin' down before, sot down a plate of nasty slimy lookin' things, that made me gag to look at 'em. I dassant say a word for fear of bein' found out, but if I did'nt imbibe the brandy to keep them oysters in their places its a pity, and had nothing to do but to swallow and gag. My friend seed I looked kinder down in the mouth, and so he ordered in shampane as he said to raise my spirits, and it was not long afore it did—it raised the oysters too; both come up together. I had the supper to pay for, but settlin' the bill did'nt settle my stomach. How I got to bed I disremember, but my friend and I had the same room, and he'd eat and drank into pretty much the same fix as me. So we spent the night performin' the cataract of Niagary. I played the American side and he played the opposite shore. The full particulars of the performance was found in small bills at the bar next mornin'. I've never said turkey about eatin' oysters since. All this you see comes of bein' too orful smart.

A "Model Dun."

An editor "out West" thus talks to his dear *non*-paying subscribers and patrons:

Friends, Patrons, Subscribers and Advertisers:

Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we are in need; and have regard for our need, for you have been long trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive in your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you, one single patron, that don't owe us something, then to him we say—step aside; consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: Not that we care about cash ourselves, but our creditors do.

Would you rather that we go to jail, and you go free, than you pay yours debts, and we all keep moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; as we promised, we have waited upon you; but as you don't pay, we dun you? Here are agreements for job work; contracts for subscription; promises for long credit; and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so mean that he don't take a paper? If any, he needn't speak—we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide—he ain't the chap either. Who is there so bad that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout—for he is the man we're after. His name is *Legion*, and he's been owing us for one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight years—long enough to make us poor, and himself rich at our expense. If the above above appeal to his conscience doesn't awake him to a sense of justice, we shall have to try the law, and see what virtue there is in writs and constables.

GETTING ON TOO FAST.—A pious old slave had a wicked master. This master had much confidence, however, in the slave's piety. He believed he was a Christian. Sometimes the master would be serious and thoughtful about religion. One day he came to the old slave, with the New Testament in his hand, and asked if he would explain a passage to him. The slave was willing to try, and asked what it was.

"It is here in Romans," said the master.

'Have you done all that it tells you to do in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John?' inquired the slave, seriously fixing his eye upon his master's.

"No, I haven't" said he.

"Then you're getting on too fast, too fast, master. Go back to the beginning of the book, do all that it tells you till you get to Romans, and you will understand it easy enough then, for the book says: If a man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine."

If any of our readers ever hear anybody arguing about a hard text in Romans, or somewhere else, and worrying to know what it means, just tell this story about "getting on too fast."—*Juvenile Instructor.*

A VALID PLEA.—A highwayman, confined in Newgate, London, sent to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, by getting apothecaries to to make affidavit of his illness. This was done in the following manner:

"The deponent verily believes that if the said prisoner is obliged to take his trial the ensuing session, he will be in eminent danger of his life." To which the learned judge on the bench replied "that he believed so too."

The young lady who caught a gentleman's eye is requested to return it immediately.

Family Secrets.

In Coles county there lived a man named Isaac Dodson, and his wife, who were both firm believers in the prophecy of Father Miller; and not doubting for a moment the correctness of their prophet's calculations, they set about making active preparations for the eventful day, that was to terminate the existence of all sublunary things. After having "got their house in order," the following conversation took place:

Husband—My dear wife, I believe I have made every preparation for *to-morrow*, I have forgiven all my enemies, and prayed for the forgiveness of all my sins, and feel perfectly calm and resigned.

Wife—Well, husband, I believe I'm ready for *the sound of the trumpet.*

Husband—I'm rejoiced to to hear it; but, my dear wife, I have no doubt there are many little *domestic secrets* which we have kept hidden from each other, which, had they been known at the time of their occurrence, might have produced unpleasant feelings, but as we have but *one day* more to live, let us unbosom ourselves freely to each other.

Wife—Well, husband, you are right; there are some *little things* that I never told you, and which I intended should remain between me and my God; but as we have but one day left, I reckon it's right to make a clean breast to each other. I'm ready—you begin, husband.

Husband—No, dear, you begin.

Wife—No, husband, you begin—I can't.

Husband—No! you know, my love, Paul says husbands have the right to command their wives. It is your duty, as a Christian woman, to obey your husband and the father of your children, so begin, love.

Wife—In the sight of God I reckon it's right—so I'll tell you, dear husband, *our* eldest son, William, *is not your child!*

Husband—*Great God!* Mary, I never dreamed of your being untrue to me! *Is* that so?

Wife (in tears)—Yes, God forgive me, it is true. I know that I did very wrong, and am sorry for it, but in an evil hour I *fell*, and there's no help for it now.

Husband—William *not mine!* In the name of God, *whose child is he?*

Wife—He's Mr. Graham's the constable; the Lord be near your poor wife.

Husband—So William ain't *my* child! Go on.

Wife—Well, *our* daughter Mary, named after me, *ain't your'n neither!*

Husband—*Salvation!* Talk on, Mary—come right out. Who's Mary's father?

Wife—Mr. Grinder, the man that built the meetin' house, and went to the lower country.

Husband (resignedly)—Well, as there is but one day more, I'll bear it, so go on, if you have anything else.

Wife—Well, there, *our* youngest!—

Husband—I s'pose Jemmy *ain't mine?*

Wife—No, dear husband, Jemmy, that *we both love* so well, *ain't yourn either!*

Husband—*Merciful Lord! Is* that so? In the name of the Savior, *whose is he?*

Wife—He is the *one-eyed shoemaker's* that lives at the forks of the road.

Husband—Well, by G—d, Gabriel, *blow your horn!* I WANT TO GO NOW!

Heard a good story last night, over a glass of good hock, (the wine that "Old Spraker," of the Mohawk Valley, had "queer notions of," if I remember you rightly.)

"I was stopping last summer," said our host, "at Cape May. As usual, I was at Harwood's and of course my wife was with me.

"About two o'clock one morning I was awakened by a *reveille* tap from my better half. "For gracious sake she wispered, "if you want to laugh, just listen to that gentleman and his wife hunting a mouse in the next room!"

"*Ee-te-aw!*" I murmured, half awake.

"Now, do just wake up! To-morrow, when I tell the story, you'll be sorry that you was'nt awake to the reality."

"Thus adjured, I woke up in right earnest, too late to hear any of the mouse hunt, but just in time to hear the next room door open, and a little, quavering, dandy voice, (which I at once recognized as that of Pinkney) call out to some distant night walker:

"Wai-taw!—*wai-taw!*—WAI-TAW!"

(No answer.)

"Watch man!—*watch man!*—WATCHMAN!"

"That's me, sir," growled a deep voice.

"Watch man, come here *diweckly!* We're in gwate twubble! There's a *mouse* in this apawtment, and it nibbles awound in the most distwackted manner. I spoke to Mr. Ha'wood about it, and he promised to have the mouse wemoved, but he hasn't done it. Aw think it *vewy unhandsome* conduct of Mr. Ha'wood to allow the mouse to wemain, after pwomising that it should be wemoved. Watchman, Mrs. Pwinkney is vewy appwehensive of mice. Can't *you* come in and catch the cweature?"

"'Fraid not sir. It's too late, and I should be sure to wake up some boarders as mightn't like it."

"How widiculous! Well, (*a long pause*) Watchman, couldn't you just step down to the bar-woom *and get some cwackers and cheese, and entice the animal out into the entwy!*"

"A brief remark from the watch man that the bar was closed, sent Mr. Pinkney back into his mouse haunted dormitory. Fortunately the "cweature" ceased its nibbling, and a dead calm soon reigned over that portion of friend Harwood's "college" known as the "New Building."—*Knickerbocker.*

Widow Drizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of his most acute bodily pain after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Drizzle, you needn't kick around so, and wear the sheets all out, if you are a dying!"

COMPLIMENTARY—WERRY!—At a lecture of Bayard Taylor's lately, a lady wished for a seat, when a portly, handsome gentleman brought one, and seated her. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she, "Oh, no," he replied, "I am a jeweller—I have just set the jewel!"

For the Farmer.

The Soil.

An acre of soil one inch in depth weighs about 100 tons. The roots of clover decend from 20 to 30 inches in search of their appropriate aliment; and I have traced them to a greater depth. By estimating the mass of earth to the depth of only 20 inches as available for agricultural purposes, we have 200 tons of soil and subsoil in an acre. Now, so small an amount of gypsum as 50 pounds has added over 1000 to the clover hay grown upon an acre; and 100 lbs. have increased the crop more than 2000 lbs.

Where did the matter come from which formed this immense gain in the weight of the harvest? 100 lbs. of plaster of Paris really contains a fraction less than 80 of lime and the oil of vitriol; the other 20 being what is called "water or crystalization." As gypsum operates with marked effect on limestone soils in Western New York, where the use of lime alone does no good whatever, I am induced to regard the sulphur in this fertilizer as the element that really adds to the growth of vegetation. Doubtless it will appear incredible to you that 18½ lbs. of available sulphur in 100 of gypsum, should cause the organization of some 850 lbs of carbon, 800 of the elements of water, and 50 of nitrogen, attended by the extraction from the soil of about 150 lbs. of incombustible soluble salts.—Whatever effect the sulphate of lime may have on the growth of a ton of dry clover, the above is not far from its composition. Clover is a plant that contains a good deal of sulphur, and salts having this mineral as one of their constituents, are extremely liable to be dissolved out of the surface soil by tillage and cropping. Thus, when sulphuric acid combines with magnesia, it forms Epsom salts. With soda, it forms glauber salts; with alumina and potash, it forms alum; with iron, copperas; and with lime, gypsum. Except the last, all these salts are well known for their ready solution in water, and it is obvious that they do not, as a general thing, abound in unmanured, cultivated lands. So long as the sulphuric acid lasts from its combination with iron, either as a sulphuret or sulphate, or with alumina, (the basis of all clay) liming will suffice to form gypsum in the soil; but after the sulphur is consumed, or nearly so, then gypsum, not lime, must be added to the soil. Similar remarks will apply to the use of bone dust, or burnt dust, or burnt bones and lime. So long as phosphoric acid exists in the surface of the earth in combination with alumina and iron, the application of simple lime will suffice to form bone earth; but when this acid is measurably consumed, then bone dust, guano, or phosphorus in some other manure, must be applied to the impoverished land to remove it.—*Dr. Lee's Address.*

Smoking Meat.

A writer in the Reading Journal, on this subject, says:

Smoking meat is rather ridiculed by some of our Eastern Yankees, but if the thing is well done we shall be encouraged, and continue to do so notwithstanding.

By some of our farmers it is often conducted with carelessness, selecting for that purpose a lot of old, half-decayed stumps, wet and worm eaten in the bargain. The idea of smoking with wormy wood is not only unpleasant, but unwholesome, for by the burning of animal substance empyreumatic oil is eliminated.

If the smoke is made of wet and half rotten wood, the wood is sour, the smoke bitter, and mostly steam. I have often heard people ask why it was that their meat drips so while smoking. The reason is plain. Use proper materials for making the fire, and there will be but little steam, and consequently little water to saturate the meat.

For this purpose select dry materials, and such as have not yet undergone any fermentation or decomposition, and the smoke thereof will be flavored after the peculiar woody fibre burned. Corn cobs produce, according to some, a "sweet smoke"—containing little water, and will be found to answer the purpose admirably.

The method which, upon trial, I found to answer best, was to engage some sawdust with a sawyer, of live hickory, and this, before using, dry in the oven.

First kindle a fire with corn cobs, (but not so large as ordinary) cover with dried sawdust, and lastly throw upon this a few branches of Juniper. This contains an essential volatile oil, which will be found to mix with the smoke of the cob and hickory, and imparts a very palatable and pleasant aroma to the meat. It beats Gin.

A Hint to Garden Owners.

So long as the fruit is green, it possesses, to a certain extent, the physiological action of a leaf, and decomposes carbonic acid under the influences of light; but as soon as it begins to ripen, this action ceases, and the fruit is wholy nourished by the sap elaborated by the leaves. Thus the fruit has, in common with the leaves, the power of elaborating sap, and also the power of attracting sap from the surrounding parts. Hence we see, that where a number of fruits are growing together, one or more of them attract the sap or nutriment from all the rest, which, in consequence, drop off. As the food of the fruit is prepared under the influence of the solar light, it follows that the excellence of the fruit will depend chiefly on the excellence of the leaves; and that, if the latter are not sufficiently developed, or not duly exposed to the action of the sun's rays, or placed at too great a distance from the fruit, the latter will be diminutive in size, and imperfectly ripened, or may drop off before attaining maturity. Hence the inferiority of fruits which grow on naked branches, or even on branches where there is not a leaf close to the fruit; as in the case of a bunch of grapes, where the leaf immediately above it has been eaten by a caterpillar. Hence it is evident, that the secretions formed by the fruit, are principally derived from the matter elaborated in the leaf or leaves next to it; and as the sap of all the leaves is more or less abundant, according to the supply received from the roots, the excellence of fruit depends ultimately on the condition of the roots, and the condition, position, and exposition of the leaves.

Manures.

A compost of lime and loam, taken from about and under old walls, has been found a very valuable top dressing for grass lands, and we have known both corn and grass as much benefitted by this compost, as by common city street manure. Mr. Welles informs us that on his farms in Natick and Dorchester, this has been the result of forty years' experience.

We recommend to all a thorough overhauling and composting of their manures, as soon as practicable. A half bushel of cheap salt to the cord, will be found serviceable. Mr. John Statton informs us that on the Lockland Farm in Nova Scotia, salt was used on alternate ridges of grass land, as a top dressing to destroy moss, and that it improved the grass crop.

If we would wish to keep our manure from evaporation, and preserve not only its quality but its strength, we cannot too effectually exclude the sun and air. The advantages to be derived from such provision for saving and composting manures, are a fourfold compensation for the expense of making it. A good farmer ought to regard it equally needful as a barn for his hay, or a cellar for his potatoes. There is another advantage in the case, which deserves consideration.—Where such manure cellar is well walled or banked at the North, the manure, being to some extent secured from frost, may be much more early worked in the spring: and in this way, in some cases, considerable and most valuable time may be saved. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this point. We cannot in any respect contravene the laws of nature. In that unbroken chain of mutual use and dependence, which pervades universal nature, the fertility of the earth can be maintained only by a return to it, in an altered form, of its own products. The manure heap must be considered as the gold mine of the farmer.

Effects of Soaking Seeds in Chemical Solutions.

I steeped various seeds in sulphate, nitrate, and muriate of ammonia, in nitrate of soda and potash, and in combination of these, and in all cases the results were highly favorable. For example, seeds of wheat steeped in sulphate of ammonia, on the 5th of July, had, by the 10th of August, the last day of the show, tillered into nine, ten, and eleven stems of nearly equal vigor; while seeds of the same sample, unprepared, and sown at the same time, in the same soil, had not tillered into more than two, three and four stems. I prepared the various mixtures from the above specified salts, exactly neutralized, and then added from eight to twelve measures of water. The time of steeping varied from 50 to 94 hours, at a temperature of about 60 deg. Fahrenheit. I found, however, that barley does not succeed so well if steeped beyond 60 hours. Rye, grass and other gramineous seeds, do with steeping from 16 to 20 hours, and clovers from 8 to 10, but not more; for, being bilobate, they are apt to swell too much and burst.—The very superior specimens of tall oats, averaging 160 grains on each stem, and eight available stems from each seed, were prepared from sulphate of ammonia. The specimens of barley were prepared from nitrate of ammonia; they had an average of 10 available stems, and each stem an average of 34 grains to the ear. The other specimens of oats which were next the most prolific, were from muriate of ammonia, and the promiscuous specimens of oats were from nitrates of soda and potash—strong, numerous in stems, (some having not less than 52) and not so tall as either the preparations from the sulphate or muriate of ammonia.—*Mr. Campbell, in the Transactions of the Highland Society.*

TO PRESERVE SWEET POTATOES.—Select a dry place, level the earth, and lay a bed of dry straw so as to form about six feet in diameter: on this straw pile up the potatoes until they form a cone, four or five feet high, over which spread a little dry grass. Then cover the entire cone with corn stalks set up end ways, with the butts resting on the ground, and tops resting over the apex, of a sufficient thickness to conceal all the potatoes.—Then cover the whole pile with earth at a depth of at least a foot, without leaving any air hole at the top, as is frequently done. A small shelter should then be made, so as to prevent the rains from washing off the earth. This may be done by inserting in the ground about the pile four forked stakes, on which rails may be placed to support the covering, which may consist of boards, bark, thatch, or other substances. Potatoes can be preserved in this manner until late, nearly as fresh as when put up.

VINEGAR.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator proposes the following method, by which he thinks the best vinegar can be procured at a trifling expense: The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with little cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made up elder wine.—First, wash and grate the beets, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in any other way which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into a barrel; cover the bung with gauze and set it in the sun, and in fifteen or twenty days it will be fit for use. By this method the very best of vinegar can be obtained without any great trouble; and I hope all who like good vinegar will try it.

GARDEN FRUIT TREES.—As soon as the season opens, treat these to a dressing of a compost composed of four parts well rotted manure, two parts ashes, one part bone-dust and one part plaster. Mix the whole well together, then broadcast the manure around the tree as far as the limbs extend and dig it in shallow; then paint the bodies with a mixture composed in the proportion of one gallon of soft soap, one quart of salt and ¼ lb flour of sulphur. The whole to be thoroughly stirred and mixed together. The mixture should be put on with a whitewash brush, around the body from the earth up, and on the larger limbs as far as the operator can reach.—*American Farmer.*

FOOD FOR POULTRY.—Mix a little chalk on calcined egg shells, with the food that you give to your poultry, and they will lay, *ceteris paribus*, twice the quantity of eggs they laid before.

Our Scrap Book.

FLAG OF FREEDOM.

A NEW NATIONAL SONG.

BY J. GILMORE WEST.

Unfurl your banner—let it wave,
And show your colors true;
The flag that spreads o'er ev'ry sea,
Which foes can ne'er subdue.
Up, up, on high, unfurl'd and spread,
The glittering stars unveil'd—
The stars of gold—the stars of red—
Our standard and our shield.
CHORUS—Up, up, on high, &c.

Flag of Freedom! proudly waving,
Telling thine own story;
How thy sons for country bled,
And gain'd its lasting glory.
Nations o'er the world shall raise
Their voices loud and high,
And thro' the earth shall sound thy praise,
Thou Flag of Liberty!
Then, up, up, on high, &c.

Nor o'er Columbia's land alone
Shall thy stars be spread,
But other lands and nations, too,
Shall own thy stripes of red.
Then, up, up, on high, wide unfurl'd,
Far o'er the land and sea,
The beaming flag, which to the world
Shall spread sweet Liberty!
Up, up, on high, &c.

The Fourth of July—A Beautiful Extract.

The following beautiful extract was written by the now Hon. Edward Everett, shortly after the death of the lamented Jefferson and Adams, who expired on the 4th day of July, 1826. This, alone, is worth more than all the 4th of July harangues we ever heard:

The veil of enternity was first lifted up from before the eyes of Mr. Jefferson. For several weeks, his strength had been gradually failing, though his mind's vigor remained unimpaired. As he drew nearer to the last, and no expectation remained that his term could be much protracted, he expressed no other wish, than that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of independence. This he was graciously permitted to do. But it was evident, on the morning of the fourth, that Providence intended that this day, consecrated by his deed, should now be consecrated by his death. On some momentary revival of his wasting strength, his friends would have soothed him with the hope of continuing; but he answered their kind encouragements only by saying he did not fear to die. Once, as he drew near to his close, he lifted up his languid head, and murmured, with a smile, "It is the fourth of July;" while his repeated declaration on the last great day, was, *Nunc dimittis Domine*, "Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He departed in peace, a little before one o'clock, of this memorable day, unconscious that his co-patriot, who, fifty years before, had shared its efforts and perils, was now the partner of its glory.

Mr. Adams' mind had also wandered back over the long line of great things, with which his life was filled, and found rest on the thought of independence. When the discharge of artillery proclaimed the triumphant anniversary, he pronounced it "a great, a glorious day." The thrilling word of independence, which fifty years before, in the ardor of his manly strength, he sounded to the nations, at the head of his country's councils, was now amongst the last that dwelt on his inquiring lips; and when, towards the hour of noon, he felt his noble heart growing cold within him, the last emotion that warmed it was, "Jefferson still survives." But, he survives not; he is gone. Ye are gone together!. "Take them, great God, together, to thy rest!"

"A LEETLE AHEAD" OF THE RECOMMENDATION.—The New York Evening Post relates the following:

A gentleman in Maine, who wanted a hunting-dog, heard that a farmer living in a neighboring county had one for sale, which he recommended very highly. He called upon the farmer, saw the dog and took a schedule of his merits, which were as numerous as the hairs on his body.

The purchaser was particularly anxious to have a good wolf-dog, and upon that point, the assurances of the farmer were full and satisfactory. It was the best wolf dog in the state. Satisfied with his trade, the gentleman paid the price, which was by no means moderate, and took the dog home.

Not long after a light fall of snow furnished an opportunity to test the merits of his purchase. A wolf was started and the probationer was put on his track. Both animals were soon out of sight, and the owner or proprietor followed on as fast as he could. Presently he came to a farm house, where he saw a man chopping wood. He asked him if he had seen a dog and a wolf passing that way.—"Yes," was the prompt reply. "Well, how was it with them?" was the next question. "Well, it was nip and tuck, but *I think the "dog was a leetle ahead."*

When Dr. Rush was a young man, he was invited to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr Morris, who, on his appearance apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders—"Well, Mr. Morris," said the Doctor, "how did you like the sermon?—I have heard it highly extolled." "Why, Doctor," said he, "I did not like it at all. It's too smooth and tame for me." "Mr. Morris," replied the Doctor, "what sort of a sermon do you like?" "I like, sir," replied Mr. Morris, "that kind of preaching which drives a man into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him."

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.—In Boston, the other day, there was a prize conundrum convention. One supposed to be from one of the fair sex was as follows: "Why is the hand of the author of this conundrum like a bell? Ans.—Because if you choose you can ring it."

WARBLES IN CATTLE.—A few applications of strong brine will at once destroy warbles in cattle, in watever stage they may be found to exist, after which the animal will thrive better, and when it becomes to be slaughtered, both the hide and carcass will be more valuable.

(From the Scotch Herald.)

Robert Burns' Acquaintances.

"They're wearing, awa' awa'!"

The auld acquaintances of Robert Burns are vanishing. It is ninety-seven years yesterday, since he first came among us, and it will be sixty, come July, since he gaed awa,' but he has left works behind him, the merit of which are such that worthy men of coming ages will be proud to claim acquaintance with him. I have known many of his personal acquaintances, or those who have seen him and spoken to him, but from the visible mental defects exhibited by the most of the pretenders to his acquaintance, it must have been but slight. I have had the *Whipper-in* on my back. He told me in confidence that he had the honor to see the character. I have met a number who spoke of having gills in his company, but as for conversation they seemed to have none. An auld wife told me she was at a wedding wi' him, and at weel he was but a little worth fallow. It was a pay wedding, and it was na lang time till he had them in for a braw sum, and the rest o' the lads thought that he keep it himself clear, but they could na mak it out on him, for he puts them a' stupid wi' the way he counted. Some had set in the kirk wi' him. And had driven the plow wi' him. Anither had enjoyed his blethers at the bin in the morning, and ben unco great wi' him just he listened to him. He was unco fond to onybody to listen to his nonsense. I have seen Brither Davie, and heard him speak. I have heard a number of the clergymen preach whose portraits he has taken. I have visited many of the scenes he has immortalized. I was born within ten miles of him, and speak the same langnage.

I have only heard one old man of the whole pretended acquaintance of Burns, speak sensibly of his character and genius. I happened in the presence of this old man to be singing, in my old way, the "Farewell to the Mason Lodge, Tarbolton." "Hanld your tongue, man, and no spoil that sang," quoth he, "I heard it sung once to perfection, and cana think to hear onybody abuse it!" said I. "I heard it," said he, with emphasis, "the first time it was sung in this kintra." "Ye couldna do that," said I, "for Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton the first time it was sung in public." "Aye, did he, man, and I sat at his right hand," quoth the old man. I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meeting, which inquiries he answered in the following manner: "It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night." There was a number o' us belonging to the Lodge who had been often meeting wi' him and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a shape as to be sensible o' our greatness.

We met, and looked out subjects for our speeches—every one taking up his favorite theme. We met and rahearsed our pieces, to aur ain satisfaction. The night came when we were to have a farewell meeting of the Lodge, in honor o' his gaun awa'. There were aboot ten o' us set that night as we had been at a burial. We were fu' o' our speeches; we durst na open our mouths for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to mysel', and I suppose the rest were doing the same thing. We had determined to astonish the bard for ance, so as he might hae' mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming that night—a thing quite oncommon fo' him.

He came at last. I never in my life saw sic an alteration on onybody. He looked bigger than usual, and wild like. His een seemed stern, and cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in the chair, as Master. He looked round at us. I thought he looked through me, and I lost the gap o' the beginning o' my speech, and for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a' things ready for going abroad. He could get to no sooner. He intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him. He had composed a song for the occasion, and would sing it. He looked round on us and burst into song, but such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. O, man, when he came to the last verse, when he says:

"A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a'
One round, I ask it wi' a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'."

The sight o' him will never leave my mind. He rose and burst into tears. They were na sham anes. It was a queer sight to see sae mony men burst out like bubbly boys, and blubber, in spite o' themsel'. Soon after the song, he said he could not stay longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, as we thought forever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were of great speeches. Nane o' them came to light that night. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by any body; but there is a feeling remains I wad na like to part wi'. I looked on this auld man as a great man. I respected his state o' mind, and excused him for not being pleased wi' my singing, although it was my attempt at it which brought out his great speech. The old man is now gathered to his fathers. "They are wearing awa'."

Vernon was the person who invented the story about the lady being pulverized in India, by a *coup de soleil*. When he was dining there with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes; upon which the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and sweep up your mistress."

Another of his stories was this: He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled and fell down an abyss of many fathoms depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt; for he lighted as if on a feather-bed. Presently he perceived that he was gently moving upward; and, having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe on *terra firma*. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss, and brought him up with them.

CURRYING COWS.—Cows should be curried as often as horses, particularly when they are shedding their hairs. Independent of other consequences, it tends to prevent them from licking themselves, by which they too often swallow the hair and receive injury.

Useful and Curious.

The Muses.

The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over Poetry, Music, and all the Liberal Arts and Sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

CALLIOPE presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a close rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

CLIO was the goddess of history, and is represented as holding a half open scroll.

MELPOMENE, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

ERATO presided over lyric, tender and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand.

TERPSICHORE was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

URANIA, the Muse of Astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects.

THALIA was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair, flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

POLYMNIA, the ninth Muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.

AGE OF FOREST TREES.—A short time since, it was announced that there was in California one of the world's wonders. It was the *Arbor Vitae*, or big tree of Calaveras, which was 96 feet in circumference, and, according to the highest estimate, 3,000 years old; although it was contended by some, that its age did not measure more than half that number of years. This great specimen of the forest has since proved to be the *Sesquota*, a genus separated from the *Taxodium*, of which our common redwood constitutes the type.

It is well known that our great "Forest Mother" or the "Forest Father," which has fallen many years since, does not constitute either the largest or oldest of the woody tribe belonging to the coiferous family. In other countries, trees excel them in both. The Boabab or Sensgal, *Adan Sonia Digitata*, is ascertained to be 5,150 years old, and 134 feet in circumference; and M. de Candolle has determined, many years since, that the celebrated *Taxodium* of Chapultepee, Mexico, which is 117 feet in circumference, exceeds in age the Baobab of Senegal.

VANILLA.—The Vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the top of the loftiest trees. Its leaves somewhat resemble those of the grape; the flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off, are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to dark brown. To be preserved, they are gathered when yellow, and put in heaps for a few days, to ferment. They are afterwards placed in the sun to dry, flattened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, and packed in dry plantain leaves, so as to confine their powerful aromatic odor. The vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice cream, jellies, &c. The plant grows in Central America, and other hot countries.

The spinning machines of the Egyptian women are among the curiosities of the age. They take them to the cotton fields with them, and spin the cotton as fast as they pick it. The machine is nothing more than a child's top, with a hook upon the bottom of it. The top being inverted, and resting loosely upon the handle, the thread is passed through the hook, and a twirl is given to the top. A single twirl is sufficient to twist a thread about two feet long. The newly manufactured thread is then wound around the spindle, and, being slipped again into the hook, the process is repeated until the spindle is full.

SHORTEST AND LONGEST DAYS.—At Berlin, London and Paris, the longest day is 16½ hours, and the shortest 7½; at Stockholm and Upsal, 19½ and 4½; Hamburg and Dantzic, 17 and 7; St. Petersburgh and Tobolsk, 21½ and 2½; Archangel, 22½ and 1½; at Tornea, 23 and 1; at Wardœhus, in Norway, and at the North Cape, daylight lasts from the 21st of May to the 21st of July, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen, the longest period of day lasts 3½ months.

METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS.—Eggs may be packed in salt, with the small end downwards, and may be kept perfectly good for eight or nine months.—Thus they may be exported to England, where the duties on this article are very low, or they may be sent from the West, where they cost about 90 cents per bushel, to the Atlantic cities.

The Kansas Chief,

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