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MISCELLANEOUS.

"SHOOCO JONES."

From the Natchez (Miss.) Courier.

FROM MY LODGE IN THE PRAIRIE.

My last left me just as I had forded the Bigbee river, near nightfall, upon the eastern bank. Like an experienced traveller, I measured the twelve miles which the next town [Columbus] was distant from me, by the half hour of my watch that the sun was yet to measure to sundown. I am no lover of riding after dark, as my eyes are none of the best, and my spectacles only bewilder my vision in a shadowy road. So I inquired for the nearest house, and set off to solicit the hospitality of its proprietor.

The negro of whom I obtained my directions, was doubtless very clear and graphic in his language. "You jis go up dis road, massa, 'll come to big hickory, what has got struck wid thunder an split open; den you goes to de leff, till you see a big gate. You leaves de big gate on the right—no, on de *leff* han—and by'm by you comes to a run.—You crosses dem ar, and take de secun' turn to de right, (dis time de right sartin,) and go through a lane half a mile, when you see de chimneys of de house top o' de trees, and den you find it easy nuff, massa! Please, massa, got any bakky for poor old niggar?" I gave him my last quid of Cavendish, with a dime under it, and with a dime and a quid's worth of genuine hearty blessings, I rode off to follow the directions of my accurate informer. The evening air was delicious. Flowers that bloomed on the Bigbee's banks filled the air with mingled perfumes. Scores of birds of gay plumage flitted about in the trees, now delighting my eyes with the splendor of their plumage, now with the sweetness of their songs. Ever and anon, the clear voice of a slave at work in a distant field beyond the river, would reach me and add to the varied harmony of the hour. The limpid surface of the river was enamelled with blue, orange, gold and purple tints, borrowed from the sunset sky; and occasionally dimpled into widened circles; by some silvery scaled fish cleaving it into the air to fall back again with a splash into his native element. Tempted by the beauty of the scene, I let my horse walk with slacked rein, while I drew enjoyment from everything around me. A squirrel played bo-peep with me from behind a tall sycamore; and once I stopped to admire the splendor of the glittering scales of a gold and green snake that lay fearless and quiet directly in the road a superb series of concentric bracelets, one within the other, that the Empress Eugenia might be proud to wear—if they were harmless! An Empress once wore such a one—the hapless Cleopatra!

So what with dallying and loitering, now letting my horse browse at the leaves, and now drink at a rivulet, I took little note of "Peter's" directions; and the sun set, finding me at least three miles beyond the ford where I had left Peter, and not a sign of other habitation than a deserted negro cabin in an old field, I drew rein and began to look about me. As to being guided by the marks which had been given me, was now out of the question, for the river oak, the "old gate," the "lane," and other marks I was quite innocent of having had vision of. But a bewildered traveller, with a straight road before him, cannot go far without coming out somewhere. So I drew my bridle, touched the flank of my astonished steed sharply with the spur, and away we went upon a rapid canter along the woodland road before me. Birds, squirrels, flowers, snakes, golden skies and purple waters, I heeded not—I kept my eyes in search of a dwelling, hoping each moment to see one through the gathering twilight. I must have rode two miles at a very pretty pace, when I saw a light (it was already dark) to the right. I soon came to a lane, into which, after passing thro' a gate at a spring, I turned. It conducted me into the very heart of a village of negro huts, and all the dogs, "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," came forth to bark at me.

Several slaves restraining from the rest, and by them I was directed to a long, low, white-washed log mansion enclosed by a paling, which was the residence of the planter. It was surrounded by gardens, orchards, and cotton-fields; and had that substantial air which belongs to the plantation homes of thrifty planters in new countries; nothing was very expensive, but every thing very substantial; such as fine horses, sleek mules, fat negro children, plenty of turkeys, ducks, geese, hens and chickens, and pigeon houses.

I alighted at the white gate, a hundred yards from the gallery of the house, and one slave eagerly took my horse by the bit, while another began to remove my saddle-bags, before I drew my foot out from the stirrup.

As I walked towards the dwelling, I was met by a gentleman in a linen roundabout and with a cigar in his mouth, who cordially shook my hand and invited me in. As I have said, the house was built of logs, containing however many rooms, and being whitewashed, and a piazza running along the front, it had an appearance of respectability that a Northerner would never believe a log house could display.

At the tea table, which was profusely piled with good things, there sat besides a dignified matron of the old school, her son, the young host just named, and shortly came and seated himself, a dark-complexioned, thorough-bred looking gentleman, but evidently in premature age. He was presented to me as "Mr. J——." He wore a long unshaven gray and black beard, and his hair was streaked not thinly with silver strands. I regarded him with some curiosity; for his suavity, his intelligence, his powers of pleasing in conversation, his finished courtesy, caused me to set him down as a man of society, and I marvelled to find such a man in his seclusion; yet there was in his appearance a something that made me perceive that he was the splendid fragment of what he had been.

After tea he hospitably invited me to go to "his castle," and led me across the court into the rear of the mansion to a log cabin of one room, containing two beds, an enormous fire place, garnished with a row of long pipes, while tobacco boxes and other appurtenances of a determined smoker, were stuck about in the crevices between the logs. He offered me a pipe three feet long, and we commenced smoking, and all the while I was puzzling my brain to know where I had seen this gentleman—this Mr. Jones. He was full of anecdote! He knew Van Buren, Jackson, both Adams', Calhoun, Clay, Randolph, and every man of note who had figured on the world's stage for thirty years past, and had anecdotes to tell of each. He knew the private history of every body who had any private history, had danced with the belles of two generations, and dined with all the foreign ministers of seven administrations, and was *au fait* of all the political and domestic scandal of Washington for as many reigns. He entertained me till past the small hours, yet all the while I could not make out who he was. At length, at two o'clock in the morning, I put this question direct—

"In the name of all mystery, sir, tell me *which* of all the Mr. Jones's of the earth, *which* Mr. Jones you are?"

He laughed heartily and said;

"I know *you*, my dear friend; I recognized you at the first. We have dined together in New York years ago. I was waiting to see if you would recognize me. I am, "Master Pillsbury, William Stillman, and other noted abolitionists were present and assisting.—But what is the explanation of this phenomenon? Probably this, that they find in the Bible various passages regulating slavery, and prescribing the relative duties of master and slave, just as if it were a lawful and might be a proper relation; whereas, according to the abolition creed, it is a horrid crime. Consistently, as that creed is unchangeable and as the Bible does not tally with it, the Bible of course must give way.

Journal of Commerce.

A Fete Day in Hayti.—The anniversary of the coronation of the black Emperor and Empress of Hayti was celebrated on the 18th and 19th of April, with a style of magnificence fully equal to that of the imperial courts of Europe. Salutes were fired, flags and banners displayed, a solemn *Te Deum* sung, a grand dinner given at the palace, and the city illuminated, while the assembled multitude are said to have been enthusiastic in their cries of *Vive l'Empereur*.—The Emperor and Empress were escorted by a military and civic procession from the palace to the cathedral. They formerly, [illegible] drew rather convivially had done its work upon his frame. To crown all, Shooco had become a devout Roman Catholic, and receives annually, visits from a priest to absolve him from his past offences. In a more absolute obscurity a man could not live who had formerly been so prominent before the public eye. There, in his log cabin he still dwells an anchorite. His venerable mother is since dead, but has effectually left him, whom she loved always, a small competence; and with his pipes and his rich memories, his penances and his prayers, his grey locks and his solitude, he will probably remain until the grave shall embrace all that was once the witty, the amusing, the humoring, the diplomatizing, the fascinating, the accomplished and distinguished "Shooco Jones."

Not Superstitious.

Not shall superstition, in the way of "Oh! I'm not superstitious!" and yet who likes to take an unsolicited look over the left shoulder at the moon. How few do we find willing to begin any enterprise on Friday, that poor unlucky child of the calender, full of omens and omens.

"There," cries the good lady with a serious face when the salt cellar tips over, "there will be a quarrel just as sartin as you live, before twelve hours, with *somebody*,"—a shrewd prediction!—"And," says another, "when the dog howls under my window, and the lamp goes out three times, and I hear a pistol in the middle of the night, and I dream that my best teeth fall out, or that I see an empty [illegible] I know I've got to die." Alas! for that unfortunate somebody! His shroud is making; his grave is digging; his last narrow home sounds under the "rat-tap-plan" of the hammer—if it is stormy, for it is not all signs that fail in dry weather.

The fact is just this. The stoutest heart has its moments of credulous belief. Ask any aged man of your acquaintance if he ever dreamed a dream or saw a sight that foreboded coming trouble, and he will tell you yes. Ask an old lady—heaven bless the venerable dame—if she ever would yarn over the cellar stairs at midnight, or went to bed backward, after taking a goodly dose of salt, repeating some foolish sort of rhyme about true loves, hearts, darts, eyes, complexion, &c. Nine out of ten will say yes, though to be sure they had no faith in it; not a whit—not a particle; they only had tried it just—well, just because.

Now with regard to dreams, we have had all sorts—we had like to say all sizes. We have buried our best friends, and wept over them with a grief as hearty as a real bereavement might call forth; and we have waked up half laughing, half crying over the delusion—yet happy to find our household unbroken. We have heard Tray's ominous howl, when he was baying the poor innocent moon, without even taking the precaution of turning our left shoe over three times, and, most astonishing to relate, nobody we knew of died after it. We have broken looking glasses, and they have served for a twelvemonth after, to make "nature hideous," by dividing the human face divine into squares and triangles, and patching the eyes over the nose, and the mouth upon the forehead, without doing further injury.—And yet for all that, we shall not say that we are entirely free from superstition, if it may be called so, for we have never yet found any living mortal that was.—*Olive Branch.*

The Origin of "Hail Columbia."

In the year 1798, when patriotic feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend, Mr Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing a great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf. "If," said Fox, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the 'President's March,' I feel sure of a full house.—Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done; yet I think you may succeed." Mr. Hopkinson retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which was submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them at a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Mr. Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands.

The following morning, small handbills announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, etc. The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again *encored*; and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night, "Hail Columbia" cheered the visitors to the theatre, and in a few days it was the universal song of the boys in the streets, from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten. The street in which he resided on one occasion was crowded, and "Hail Columbia" broke on the stillness of midnight from a hundred patriotic voices.

Triads.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness, affectionateness.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, gracefulness.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, ingratitude.

Three things to reverence—religion, justice, self-denial.

Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, freedom.

Three things to wish for—health, friends, a cheerful spirit.

Three things to be prepared for—change, decay, death.

Interesting Chapter on Snakes.

A paper was lately read before the Boston Society of Natural History, from Dr. J. Burnett, on the character of the rattlesnake. The Dr. has been experimenting on two species of the animal, and announces the discovery of numerous minute poison fangs in the jaws of the snake, immediately behind the outward fangs. The use of these hidden weapons of destruction appears to be to supply the place of the biting fangs of the serpent when they get broken off or worn out in service. It also appears that the long fangs (two in number) which are used in inflicting the deadly bite of the rattlesnake, are naturally shed every few years, when they are not injured by accident or wear, and the reserve fangs are sufficiently numerous to meet the wonted emergencies.—From minute microscopical examination of the structure of these teeth, Dr. B. [illegible] that the fang is a tube, only one of which conveys the poison to the wound. Respecting the character of the poison itself, the doctor remarks as follows:

"There is good reason for the belief that its action is the same upon all living things, vegetables as well as animals, for Dr. Dearing informed me that one of his specimens, after being irritated and annoyed in its cage, in moving suddenly, accidentally stuck one of its fangs into his own body; it soon rolled over and died, as any other animal would have done. Here, then, we have the remarkable, and perhaps unique philosophical fact, of a liquid secreted from the blood, which proves deadly when introduced into the very source (the blood) from which it was derived."

In order to scrutinize by the aid of the microscope the operation of this deadly agent on the blood, Dr. Burnett stupefied one of the fiercest of his snakes by dropping chloroform upon his head:

"Twenty-five or thirty drops being allowed to fall on his head, one slowly after the other, the sound of his rattle gradually died away, and in a few minutes he was wholly under this agent.—He was then adroitly seized behind the jaws with the thumb and fore-finger, and dragged from the cage and allowed to partially resuscitate; in this state a second person held his tail to prevent his coiling around the arm of the first, while a third opened his mouth, and with a flow of poison which was received on the end of the scalpel. The snake was then returned into the cage.

Blood was then extracted from a finger, for close microscopical examination. The smallest quantity of poison being presented to the blood between the glasses, a change was immediately perceived—the corpuscles ceased to run and pile together, and remained stagnant without any special alteration of structure. The whole appearance was as though the vitality of the blood had been suddenly destroyed, exactly as in death from lightning. This agrees also with another experiment performed on a fowl, where the whole mass of the blood appeared quite liquid, and having little coagulable power."

Dr. Burnett is of the opinion that the physiological action of the poison of the rattlesnake in animals is that of a most powerful sedative, acting through the blood on the nervous centres. He supports this position by the remarkable fact that its full and complete antidotes are the most active stimulants; and of these alcohol (commonly in the form of rum or whiskey) is the first. This remedy is well known at the South, and there are some twenty-five authentic cases on record proving that a person suffering from the bite of a rattlesnake may drink from one to two quarts of clear brandy without feeling the slightest tendency to intoxication, and eventually recover.—*Hartford Times.*

Inequality of Fortunes.

Some modern philosophic theorists propose to remedy the inequality of fortunes which exists by a new organization of society; but we think that it would be just as practicable to establish a perfect uniformity of mind. Indeed, the latter would seem to be essential to the former; for so long as one man has an intellectual superiority over another so long will inequality of fortune exist. In this country man is free to pursue the promptings of his own mind, and to garner up the products of his own industry. We have no laws of primogeniture to continue estates in families from generation to generation, and hence the rich of to-day may be the poor of to-morrow. Indeed, it is something uncommon to see large estates remain in the same families for more than one generation.

But it is objected that some men accumulate large fortunes whilst others have to depend upon their daily labor for support, and this is complained of as a grievance which should be remedied by a new organization of society. Suppose that an equal distribution were made, how could it be continued? The industrious and prudent would soon outstrip the indolent and extravagant, and the existing inequality would be restored in the course of a short time. It is desired to cramp industry and encourage idleness? If not, there will be no attempt made to disturb the present relations of society. Most of our wealthy men have arisen from poverty, by the use of industry, prudence, and economy, and such is the reward held out to every one who chooses to use the proper means. But because some neglect those means and spend as fast as they earn, must an agraggian law be adopted, or society be overturned? The idea is ridiculous.—Inequality has existed from the creation of the world, and will continue to exist let visionary theorists plan as they may; and it is right that it should be so, as it stimulates to exertion, both mentally and physically. It is said that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—literally, that he shall use the powers which God has given him to improve his condition. And shall he be told that, after having thus exerted himself and obtained a competency, he shall not enjoy the fruits of his own industry, but must distribute his means to the idle and dissolute that may be his equal in fortune? Such doctrine will not answer in this or any other civilized country. If we would have a perfect equality, we must destroy all motive to be industrious, virtuous, and persevering, and substitute the iron money of Lycurgus for the gold, silver, and bank-paper which we now have. We must cut ourselves [illegible] and descend below the scale of enlightened humanity.

We boldly assert that it is not in the power of any man to devise such an organization of society as will establish equality of fortune. *Farms may be voted to every man in the nation, and they may be stocked at the cost of the public treasury*, BUT EQUALITY OF FORTUNE CANNOT BE ESTABLISHED. The promise to bring about such a state of things may serve to amuse those who seek to get rich on the spoils of other men's labor, but their hopes can never be realized, as the most humble youth, however poor he may start in life, looks forward to a period when repose from his labors in the enjoyment of ease and comfort. Without this stimulus to exertion he would be a poor creature—a cumberer of the ground instead of a useful citizen.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

A Fine Art.

We said a few words in a late number about the neglect of homely household arts in the education of girls. We find, in an Edinburg paper, something further and better on the same subject, to which we invite the attention of mothers and teachers:

"To patch—how vulgar is the term! Yet it is an operation requiring far more skill than does the making a new garment, and when well executed, may save the purchase of many a costly one; the most expensive robe may by accident be torn, or spotted, the first day of its wear; the piece inserted in lieu of the damaged one is a patch. If a figured material, the pattern has to be exactly matched; in all cases the insertion must be made without pucker, and the kind of seam to be such as, though strong, will be least apparent; the corners must be turned with neatness. Is not this an art which requires teaching?

So of darning, much instruction is necessary as to the number of threads to be left by the needle according to the kind of fabric; then there is the kind of thread or yarn most suitable, which requires experience to determine; where an article is coarse, the chief attention is directed to expedition, but a costly article of embroidery on muslin can only be well darned with ravelings of a similar muslin; such particulars do not come to the girl by inspiration, they must be taught, or left to be acquired by dearly bought experience.

The third mode of repair is well understood, and practiced by our continental neighbors, though rarely in this country. The stocking stitch is neither more difficult nor tedious than the darns yet how many pairs of stockings are lost for the want of knowing it when a hole happens to be above the shoe?

Practice in lace stitches is still more desirable, particularly for repairing lace of the more costly descriptions. The deficiency of a single loop, when lace is sent to be washed, often becomes a large hole during the operation, and thus the beauty of the lace is destroyed. Indeed lace when duly mended, on the appearance of even the smallest crack, with very little trouble, may be made to last twice or thrice the time of its duration. So the shawl stitch is never taught in this country, though by employing it with ravelings itself, the most costly cashmere can be repaired without a possibility of discovering the inserted part.

Proficiency in such useful works might well merit as much approbation as is now bestowed upon crochet and fancy works, and might be considered as equally desirable qualifications in a tradesman's governess as music.

In populous places it might well answer to establish schools where the art of mending apparel should be the chief object of instruction; a month or two in it migh be sufficient for the damsel who is already a good plain needle worker. It must be further observed, that without a practical knowledge of needle work, no young lady can tell whether her servant has or has not done a reasonable quantity of it in a given time; and if this be true as to the plain sewing, it is still more essential in regard to the mending of all kinds."

It's What you Spend.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, (remarks the Philadelphia Ledger) for it was but Franklin's in another shape: "take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated.—Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, and that every the somewhere is made up of petty grains of sand. Jim carries dry goods in thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The cash that seven cents a day only, is so much money than him who does not as if the owner of a fine estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a year becomes six hundred dollars; and, if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. Ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. How many [illegible] years in extra [illegible] looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went." To save is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor-house.

Threshing Floor in the East.

We left the plain of Hinnis by a pass through the mountain range of Zemark. In the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kurds, and the hillsides were covered with their flocks. The summit of a high peak overhanging the road is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black-mail on travellers and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top the pass we had an uninterrupted view of the Subham Dhan. From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak, with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the river Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the ocean on the threshing-floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen with their long spears and flowing garments, formed one of those scenes of eastern travel which leaves an indelible impression on the imagination, and bring back in after years indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The threshing-floor, which added so much beauty and interest to the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The abundant harvest had been gathered in, and the corn was now to be threshed and stored for the winter. The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heaps, or, standing upon a sledge stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were the "threshing sledges armed with teeth" mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance were the animals muzzled—"thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and young girls, to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn and straw together into the air, with a wooden shovel, leaving the wind to carry the chaff whilst the seed falls to the ground. The wheat is then raked into heaps and left on the threshing floor until the tithe-gatherer has taken his portion.—*Bayard's Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.*

Marriage Scene in India.

Bayard Taylor writes from Bombay as follows:

Last night, on my way home from the Botanic Garden, I met a magnificent marriage procession in the streets of the native town. First came a very large number of beautiful children, in open carriages, the pearls and spangles on their dresses glittering in the light of torches, which were borne upon long poles, and waved in riotous jubilee to sounds of music. Behind these were boys in jewelled robes on horseback, with servants holding golden fringed umbrellas above their heads. The music—a piercing melody of fife, drums and lutes—came next, and the bridegroom mounted on a white horse. He was a man of about twenty, clad in splendid robes of white silk, all embroidered with gold. His turban gleamed with pearls, and his cheeks and forehead were covered with gold leaf. He was a living El Dorado, but sat so grave and motionless on his horse, looking straight before him, that he might have been taken for a bedizened statue. A servant holding a silver screen, resembling a fan, walked on each side of him, and behind came the dowry, borne on many heads. It was contained in twenty or thirty houses, arranged so as to form a quadrangle, with a temple in the centre of all.

Friday.

From this immemorial, Friday has been forwarned upon us as a day of ill omen. And though this prejudice is less prevalent now than it has been in days of yore, when superstition had general sway, yet there are many, even in this matter of fact age of ours, who would hesitate on a day so inauspicious, to begin any undertaking of momentous import. And how many brave mariners whose hearts unquailed could meet the whistling fury of their native home, would blanch to even bend their sails on Friday. But to show with how much nonsensical feeling is indulged, let us assume the following important facts in connecting to our own settlement and greatness as a nation, and we will see how great reason we Americans have to dread this day.

On Friday Aug. 3d, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday Oct. 12th, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday 4th Jan., 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety the happy result would not have been known, which led to the settlement of this vast continent.

On Friday March 15th, 1493, he arrived at Calais in safety.

On Friday Nov. 22d, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage to America.

On Friday June 8th, 1494, he [illegible] America.

On Friday March the 5th, 1496, Henry VII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of America. This is the first American state paper of England.

On Friday Sept. 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States, by more than forty years.

On Friday Nov. 19th, 1620, the May Flower with the Pilgrims made the harbor of Province town. And on the same day signed that August Compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday Dec. 22d, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock.

On Friday Feb. 22d, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom was born.

On Friday Oct. 7th, 1777, the battle of Saratoga was fought.

On Friday June 16th, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday Sept. 22d, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday Oct. 19th, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of American Arms!

On Friday June 7th, 1776, the motion in Congress made by John Adams, and seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent.

Thus by numerous examples we see that however it may be with the other nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking however momentous it may be.

Cutting Grass and Curing Hay.

"Timothy should never be cut until after the seed is formed, and then between the milk and dough state. Orchard grass, however, is so much more tender when cut in the flower, and is therefore so much preferred by the cattle when so cut, that it should not be permitted to ripen into seed before cutting; it does so, however, to a great extent after cutting, and contains much more nutriment than timothy.

"Many farmers do not consider the scorching effects of our June and July sun, and the consequence is, that hay is too much dried in this country. Unless the grass be very thick and heavy, it will be generally cure sufficiently, when exposed in the swarth for two days.—When shook or stirred out, it should not remain in this condition beyond the first day, or it will thus lose much of its nutritive juices; nor should dew or rain be permitted to fall upon it, unless in cocks. It is better, after partially drying, to expose it for three or four days in this way, and as soon as properly cured, place it under cover. It is a good practice to salt hay when put up, as it is thus secured against damage from occasional greenness; and there is no waste of the salt, as it serves the double object, after curing the hay, of furnishing salt to the cattle and measure keep.

"Clover should never be cut after having fully bloomed and assumed a brownish hue. By close cutting, more forage is secured and the clover afterwards springs up more rapidly and evenly. The swarth, unless very heavy, might never to be altered open, but allowed to wilt on the top. It may then be carefully turned over, and when thus partially cured, placed in high slender cocks, and remain till sufficiently dry to remove into the barn. Clover may be housed in a much greater state, by spreading evenly over it in the mow, from ten to twenty quarts of salt. Scarcely a bushel, but this is more than another necessary for the clover, or indeed for the stock consuming it as the purgative effects of too much salt induce a wasteful consumption of the forage. A mixture of alternate layers of dry straw with the clover, by absorbing its juices, answers the same purpose, while it materially improves the value of the straw for fodder.

Valuable Receipts.

To become Rich—Save your money and mind your business.

To become Popular—Join the strongest church and fill some station.

To become Respected—Say "yes" to every other man's solicitations, and have none of your own.

To become valued to a little extent—Be ready at all times to act as a tool for "big men."

To become poor—Be honest and void of suspicion.