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The Spectator.

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Miscellaneous.

Harry Horton, or Love by Moonlight.

That two of such opposite dispositions should be friends to many may appear strange, but the facts were they looked upon the other as the hero of his sphere, and each delighted in the other's compliments. Bob was in a deep study at the time the other addressed him, and he liked not to be thus interrupted in his reverie, and turning his eyes upon the speaker, he said with a sneer, "If fair ladies' hearts melt before mustaches, cologne and pomade, they must truly be in danger when standing before you."

"O Bob, you have no soul for the ladies you are the hero of another sphere," replied the other.

"This had its desired effect, and with a smile he said 'Have you made any conquests of late?'"

"O yes, I met a magnificent creature only night before last, she will be a splendid conquest."

"Did you meet her at the opera?"

"No, in the street! said the other, evincing some interest."

"So I said,"

"Unveil the mystery, how did it happen?"

"I'll tell you, just as I sallied forth from my room to seek some amusement, a lady passed by. Her nymph-like form, light tread and elegant attire attracted my attention, and I resolved to follow her to her abode, that I might learn who she was. I had proceeded but a short distance, when I saw something fall from her hand. Hastening to the spot, I saw it was a gold pencil. Picking it up, I advanced to her side and presented it to her, she thanked me in tones of silvery sweetness, and Bob, I must acknowledge that I lost my heart."

"Ha! ha! then you are the conquest, not the lady," said Bob.

"Yes, decidedly, no use of denying it," replied Harry.

"I thought that you were proof against the glances of bright eyes," said the other with a laugh, "but it seems you have fallen."

"Ah," said Harry with a wink, "it will pay, she is a rich one, and will bring in the tin."

"Are you crazy, or do you think of marriage?" asked Bob with amazement.

"I am just at present thinking of marriage."

"How do you know she is rich?"

"You see I accompanied her as far as her home, and she entered the magnificent abode of Mr. H."

"Is she his daughter?"

"Yes, and an only one at that."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No, but then I know that she is, for she said that was her residence, and he has but one daughter!"

"Have you seen her since?"

"No, but I will soon, it is nearly time, he said, looking at his watch.

"Do you meet her at her father's mansion?"

"Yes, upon the back side there is a portico made of lathe work; there we are to meet; is it not a romantic place?"

"It is: success to you," said Bob, turning away and leaving him alone. Harry made his toilet with more than usual care, and then started to fulfill his appointment with his lady love. Twilight was deepening into darkness, and soon the sable curtain of night enshrouded

the city. The heavens were bedecked with myriads of radiant stars, which shone like diamonds in a kingly coronet.

As Harry entered the lattice, the lady was waiting for him, and taking her tiny hand in his, he said in sweetest tones, "Ah! dearest; this is indeed happiness—how can I repay you for the bliss of this moment? Have you waited for me long?"

"Not long, still I began to fear you would not come," she replied.

"I would have come at the peril of my life, for you have become the bright cynosure of my existence."

"I thought, that perchance you had forgotten me."

"No, I have dreamt of you at night, and mused of you by day. The memory of you will ever entwine around my heart; life without you would be a blank; with you a paradise of love."

"Do you seek me simply for myself?" she enquired.

"If you were naught but a suppliant beggar, still would the fountain of my love be fathomless. Say, dearest, will you not be mine? Will you not use the powers which you have to make my life truly joyous?"

As Harry spoke he drew her to his side, threw his arm around her waist and then waited for the answer upon which so much of his happiness depended.

The moon had now raised her pale silvery face above the eastern horizon, pouring upon the earth a flood of mellow light, which came streaming through the lattice. Harry was anxious to view the fair one's face, with a sight of which he had never been blessed, for when first they met her loveliness had been veiled, and at the present time the darkness had been intense. But now he could see it, and moving a little that he might get where the moonbeams fell, he bent over, about to imprint a kiss upon her brow, when, Merciful God! he discovered that she was as black as the "sne of spades." His lady love was a daughter of Africa's sunny clime.

Quickly he sprung from her side and stood gazing upon her in speechless amazement. At that moment the door of the mansion opened, and Mr. H., the opulent occupant stood before them, and turning to the lady of shade, angrily said, "Dinah your mistress is waiting for you. Come, you black wench, hurry, saying which he turned away muttering to himself something about her 'always having some worthless nigger around her and that he ought to have them all whipped.'"

This was too much: Harry's bright dream of love and romance had fled, he had awoke to dark realities. He hastily regained the street, where he met Bob, who had been a witness of the whole scene.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he cried "she is truly a magnificent creature."

Harry begged him to be silent, and ever after, when Bob mentioned his dark 'Lady Love,' he was mum, and so, readers, are we.

A Business-Like Courtship.

There is a story extant about a five minutes courtship between a thriving and busy merchant of a watering place in England, and a lady for whom, in connexion with a deceased friend, he was trustee. The lady called at his counting-house and said that her business was to consult him on the propriety, or otherwise, of her accepting an offer of marriage which she had received. Now, for the first time, occurred to the Bristol merchant the idea of this holy estate in his own case. Marriage, said he, listlessly turning over some West Indian correspondence, well, I suppose everybody ought to marry, though such a thing never occurred to me before. Have you given this gentleman an affirmative answer? No. Are your feelings particularly engaged in the matter? Not particularly. Well, then, madam, said he, turning round his office stool, if that be the case, and if you could dispense with courtship, for which I have no time, and think you could be comfortable with me, I am your humble servant to command. There were people who thought that the lady had a purpose in going there, but if so, she prudently disguised it. She said she would consider the matter. The Bristol merchant saw her out with the same coolness as if she was merely one of his correspondents, and when she was gone five minutes, was once more immersed in his letters and ledgers. A day or two after, he had a communication from the lady accepting his offer, very considerably excusing him from an elaborate courtship, and leaving him to name the most convenient day. They were married.

How to make Deaf Persons Hear the Pianoforte.

The instrument should be opened, and a rod of pine wood provided about half an inch thick, three quarters wide, and long enough to reach from the bridge of the sounding board to the mouth of the deaf person. If one end of this rod be made to rest firmly on the bridge, and the other end be held between the teeth the softest sounds will be distinctly communicated.—*Musical Transcript.*

Danger of Ice Cream.

A "Down East" editor has had a visit from a Vermonter, who bears the name of Ethan Spike. This genuine has been experimenting upon the luxury known in Gotham as Ice Cream, and the following is given as the result of his first experiment:

"One day, towards sundown, I was going by a shop in Middle street that looked wonderful slick; there was all manner of candy an' josamints, an' whatnats at the winder; an' there was signs with gold letters to 'em bagin' round the door, tellin' how they sold soda, mead, an' ice cream there. I sez to myself—I've hearn a good deal about this ice cream, an' now, blow me, if I won't see what they are made of. So I put my hands intew my pockets, and walked in kinder careless, and sez to a chap standin' behind the counter—

"Do you keep any ice creams here?"

"Yes, sir, says he, how much will you have."

I considered a minit on't, and sez I, A pint, sir."

The young feller's face swelled out, an' he liked to larfed right out; but after a while he asked:

"Did you say a pint, sir?"

"Sartin, sez I, but p'raps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart."

"Wal, don't you think the feller snorted right out. Tell yer what, it made me feel sorter pisen, and I gin him a look that made him look sober in about a minnit; an' when I clinched my fist, an' lookt at him, (here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression of his countenance,) he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a quart of it, as perlit as could be."

"Wal, I took a mouthful of it, an' found it as cool as the north side of Bethel hill, in Jennewary. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but just then I see the confectionary chap grinin' behind the door, which riz my spunk. Gall smash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white livered monkey think I'm afraid; I'll eat the darn stuff if it freezes my ins'ards. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned a bear or whipped a wild-cat, but I went it, I eat the hull in about a minnit. Wal, in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel rather grippy about here, continued Ethan, pointing to the lower part of his stomach, an' kept on feelin' no better fast, till at last, it seemed as though I'd steam engine a sawin' shingles in me. I sot down in a cheer, an' bent myself up like a nut cracker, thinkin' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't set still, I twisted and squirmed about like a fish-worm on a hook, till at last the chap that gin me the cream, and who had been lookin' an' snickerin', sez to me—

"Mister, what ails you?"

"Ails me? sez I, that are darned stuff of yours is frezin' up my daylight's!"

Ethan required a great deal of "doctorin'" before he was "set to rights," after the quart of ice cream.

An Interesting Incident.

We are indebted to the Warrenton News for the relation of an incident tending to show the practical working of our institutions, and for the heartiest laugh we have enjoyed in some time.

Here it is: "A friend of ours who resides near the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, where the county road runs along the side of it, was sitting in the shade of a tree in front of his dwelling, enjoying the pleasant breezes, one day last week, when a one-horse buggy, containing a solitary occupant, came driving up; the traveler accosted our friend with, "Good morning Mr. H.; how do you do, sir, and how is your family?" H. eyed him closely as he answered his salutation, but for the life of him, couldn't make out who he was. The traveler, who seemed to be willing to let his horse blow a few minutes, commenced making some remarks about the crops, &c., up the country, and in the western part of the State, when H. thought he could possibly bear something about the election; accordingly he asked the traveler, "can you tell me who's Governor?" "Well, sir, I believe from the returns that have come in that I am," answered the traveler. H.'s eyes flew wide open at the answer, and he discovered for the first time he had been conversing with the Governor elect of North Carolina, with whom in his boyhood, and even up to a few years ago, he had been intimately acquainted. In perfect astonishment he explained, "Well, well, who would have thought, when I used to see you, a little shirt tail boy about Warrenton, that you would now be Governor of the State!"

The Orange Melon.

Considerable editorial compliments has been passing round of late, relative to the "orange watermelon," the peculiarity of which is that the rind peels off like that of the orange. The editor of the Augusta Chronicle, however, says it is the greatest humbug in the melon line extant. They have been cultivated in his vicinity for three years, and he has yet to see the first one that is fit to eat.

Agricultural.

An Essay on the Culture and Management of Tobacco.

BY W. W. BOWIE, OF PRINCE GEORGE'S CO., MD.

In the preparation of this Essay, the author admits frankly that he has availed himself of the experience of many successful Planters, whose practice and example he had endeavored for years to follow; and he has also availed himself of much of the matter in his former Essays on the subject, having seen since they were written, nothing to change his views therein expressed in regard to the culture of this great staple of Maryland. And he would state merely by way of giving force and character to his suggestions, that it is well known in the community in which he lives that from his boyhood he has been familiar with the growing and general management of Tobacco; and for fifteen years past has himself extensively cultivated it. With these preliminary remarks he will endeavor to give a plain, succinct and intelligible account of that culture and management of Tobacco, which he deems the best system for planters to pursue, keeping in view successively the points desired to be touched upon, as set forth in the terms of the liberal offer of Mr. Jose Joachim DeArietta, in the American Farmer for September, 1853.

1st. and 2nd.—Now to raise the best seed. What if any, preparation is it to be subjected to?

The earliest and largest plants should be selected for seed. One hundred plants will give over a peck of seed. Twice as many should be turned out as may be needed, so that after they are in full flower or bloom, the best plants of the whole may be chosen and the rest broken off. If the grower wishes to raise fine, light, yellow tobacco, he ought to select plants that grow quick, with leaves small stemmed and far apart in the stalk, such as the "Peg tree" Tobacco. If he wishes to raise heavy crops to the acre and most of it curing fine red, he should select such plants as are broad and long leaved, set close together on the stalk with large stems and thick leaf, such as the "Wilson" or the "Broad-leaf Thick-set," or like kinds. These Tobaccos, if ripe, will cure a pretty and salmon color, and in the sample will be like kid, pliant and glossy, smooth and soft to the touch, if properly managed. After the seed pods have fully developed themselves it should be pruned, and then when the pods have turned brown and begin to open, each head should be cut off and hung up to dry under cover until it can be rubbed out; then pass it through a fine sieve so as to get the seed clean, and it requires no further preparation. The seed should be kept perfectly dry. By pruning, is meant the lopping off all the small, defective or indifferent pods that are found on the head, leaving only a sufficient number of well formed, large pods to mature, so that the whole strength of the plant may be concentrated in perfecting them alone.

3d. and 4th.—The nursery and the best way to insure its existence.

A rich loam is the soil for Tobacco plants. The spot selected for a bed, should be the south-side of a gentle elevation as well protected as possible by weeds or shrubbery—a warm spot—mellow ground, perfectly pulverized. After it has been thoroughly burned with brush, dig deep, and continue to dig, rake and chop until every clod, root and stone be removed, then level and pulverize nicely with the rake. When about half prepared, sow over it Guano, at the rate of 600 lbs. to the acre, or fine ground bones at the rate of twenty bushels per acre, or half the quantity mixed with well rotted stable manure. By the after preparation this becomes well intermixed with the soil. Mix one gill of seed for every ten yards square, with a gallon of dry plaster or dry sifted ashes, to every half pint of seed, and sow it regularly, in the same manner that gardeners sow small seeds, only with a heavier hand. Roll with a hand roller or tramp it with the feet. If the bed be sown early in season, it ought to be covered with leafless bush, but it is not necessary to cover them after the middle of March, in this climate. Tobacco beds may be sown at any time during winter if the ground be not frozen or too wet. It is best to sow at intervals, whenever the land is in good order for working—never sow unless the land be in good order, for the work will be thrown away, if the land be too moist or be not perfectly prepared. The beds must be kept free from grass and weeds until they are no longer needed, and the grass must be picked out a sprig at the time by the fingers. It is a tedious operation, therefore planters should be very careful not to use any manures on their beds which have grass seeds or weeds in them. After the plants are up, they should receive a top-dressing once every week or ten days, of manure sown broadcast by the hand; this should be compost

composed in the following proportions:

Half bushel of unleached ashes,
One bushel of fresh virgin wood's earth,
Four lbs. of pulverized sulphur,
Half gallon of plaster,

One quart of salt dissolved in two gallons of liquid manure from the barn yard—the whole well intermixed. Let a large quantity be prepared in the autumn previous, and put up in barrels, out of the weather, for use when wanted. If possible the plants should stand in the bed from half an inch to one inch apart, and if they are too thick, they may be thinned, while picking the grass out, or they may be raked out, when they have become generally the size of a five or ten cent piece. The rake proper for the purpose should be a small common rake, with iron teeth, very sharp, curved at the points, and three inches long; teeth flat and three eighths of an inch wide, and set half an inch apart. The plants that are pulled out by the rake must be taken off the bed, or they will take root again.

5th. and 6th.—Method of transplanting—Preparation of the soil—description of improvements, &c.

The soil best adapted to the growth of Tobacco is a light friable soil, or what is commonly called a sandy loam not too flat, but rolling undulating land—not liable to drown in excessive rains. New land is far better than old.

The land intended for Tobacco should be well ploughed early in the spring, taking care to turn the turf completely under, and subsoiling any portion that may be very stiff, or likely to hold water near the surface, and let the land be well harrowed soon after the breaking it up; it should then be kept clean, light and well pulverized, by occasional working with cultivators and large harrows, so as not to disturb the turf beneath the surface.

When the plants are of good size for transplanting, and the ground in good order for reception, the land, or so much as can be planted in a "season" (that is, while wet) should be "scraped," which is done by running parallel furrows with a small seeding plow, (the Prouty and Mears' No. 54 for instance,) two and a half or three feet apart, then crossing these again at right angles, preserving the same distance, which leaves the ground divided in checks or squared of two and a half or three feet each. The hoes are then put to work and the hill is formed by drawing the two front angles of the square into the hollow or middle, and then smoothed off on top so as to form a broad flat hill about six inches high, then patted with one blow of the hoe to compress the centre of the hill, and cause a slight depression so as to collect the water about the plant. The first fine rain thereafter, the plants should be removed from the seed beds, and one carefully planted in each hill. A brisk man can plant 10,000 plants per day. The smaller or weaker hands, with baskets filled with plants on the hills.

In drawing the plants from the bed, and in carrying them to the ground, great care ought to be taken not to bruise or mash them. They should be put in baskets or barrels, if hauled in carts, so that not many will be in a heap together. The plants should never be planted deeper than when they stood in the bed. Planting is performed by taking the plant dropt on the hill with the left hand while the finger is straightened with the right and one finger of the right hand makes a hole in the centre of the hill, and the root of the plant inserted with the left hand; the dirt is well closed about the roots by pressing the forefinger and thumb of the right hand on each side of the plant, taking care to close the earth well about the bottom of the roots. If sticks be used to plant with, they should be shot, and the planter particularly not to make the holes too deep. The plants should be very carefully planted, for if the roots be put in bent up or crooked, the plant may live, but will never flourish, and perhaps when too late to replant, it will die, and then all the labor will have been of no avail. In three or four days it may be weeded out, that is, the hoes have passed near the plants, and the hard crust formed on the hills pulled away, and the edges of the hills pulled down in the furrows; this is easily done if performed soon after planting, but if delayed and the ground gets grassy it will be found to be a very troublesome operation. After the weeding out, put a table spoonful of plaster of Paris, (or a gill of Plaster and ashes unleached, well mixed together would be preferable) upon each hill. In a few days—say a week or less time, run a small plow through it, going twice in a row. This is a delicate operation and requires a steady horse and a skillful ploughman, for without great care the plants will be knocked up or killed by the working. The bar of the plow should be run next to the plant. In a week after the "Tobacco Cultivator," or single shovel, must be used. These implements are well made by R. Sinclair, Jr. & Co. and other agricultural implement makers of Baltimore. Either implement is valuable at this state of the crop. Once in a row is often enough for the shovel or cultivator to pass. The crop can now be made with their

use, by working the tobacco once a week or ten days, for four or five weeks, going each time across the former working.

Any grass growing near the plants should be pulled out by hand. As soon as the tobacco has become too large to work without injuring the leaves by the swingle-tree, the hand hoes should pass through it, and level ridges caused by the Cultivator or shovel. Let this hoeing be well done, and the crop wants no more working. Care should be taken to leave the land as level as possible for level culture is generally best. As soon as it blossoms, or the buds are fairly out, and the seed plants selected, all the rest should be "topped" as soon as the blossom is fairly formed. Do not wait for it to bloom, for the horn-blowers will be attracted by the flowers. It should be topped down to the leaves that are six inches long, if early in the season but if late top will lower. If the season be favorable, it will be fit for cutting, yet it will not suffer by standing longer in the fields. From this stage of the crop until it is in the house, it is a source of solicitude to the Planter. He is fearful of storms, frosts and worms, his worst enemy—they now come in crowds. The "suckers" are to be pulled off and "ground-leaves" saved. The "suckers" ought to be pulled off as soon as they get three inches long; they spring out abundantly from each leaf where its set on the stalk. "Ground-leaves" are those leaves at the bottom of the plant which become dry on the stalk, and ought to be gathered early in the morning when they will not crumble.

[To be continued.]

Cabbage Worms.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury tells us that John Farrar, one of the most practical farmers in the State, says these destructive insects may be destroyed in the following easy and simple way:

"Break off a large leaf from the bottom of the cabbage, and place it on the top upper side down. Do this in the evening, and in the morning you will find near or quite all the worms on each cabbage have taken up their quarters on this leaf. Take off the leaf and kill them or feed them to the chickens, and place the leaf back if there be any more to catch."

The Cadets.

The Order of the Cadets of Temperance has done and is destined to do much good. How many young souls have been saved from a fate worse than hopeless—from a drunkard's grave. How many a kind mother's heart has been made to leap for joy, while she gazed upon her son clothed in the appropriate regalia, his bosom swelling with manly courage, marching with a steady step under the wide spread banner of the Cadets of Temperance, and taking a decided stand against this dreadful enemy of the whole human family—intemperance.

Let Sections of Cadets be established in every city, town, village and neighborhood in our country, the youth of our land instructed in temperance principles trained up in temperance habits, and you will soon behold intemperance with all its accompanying evils, gradually vanish from the world like the shades of night before the rising sun. You will behold man aroused from the slumbers of ages and exerting his energies on objects worthy of his high dignity and destination. You will behold the miserable lanes and hotels, the seats of moral and physical pollution, completely demolished and laid open to the light of heaven; the demon of destruction chased out of the universe; the truths of Religion and its holy principles recognized in every department and arrangement of society; the awful realities of the eternal world contemplated in their true light and men of all ranks walking hand in hand as brethren of the same family, to the same glorious and incorruptible inheritance.

Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors: which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, he took special care to avoid falling into the former error.

His text was, "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him back again." The dean, after repeating his text in a more than commonly emphatic tone, added, "Now, my beloved brethren you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with the dust." It is worthy of remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

The Boston Post says that five women will spread out their clothes so as to take up the entire side of an omnibus, thus occupying the room designed for eight, and then if another woman presents herself at the door, they will cry out "You can't come in here! There ain't room; but if a man wad's to get in they can make room as easy enough right down between—"