North Carolina Argus.

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From the Star Spangled Banner.

THE MYSTERIOUS BENEFACTOR:

Or, the Purse of Gold.

[illegible] SOMNS.

The dim light of a scanty fire kept half lighted struggled across the narrow apartment, throwing uncouth shadows on the rude walls, and dimly revealing the few articles of furniture it contained. A rough table, a broken chair and an empty cradle, a small pile of crisp in one corner and in another a straw bed, on which reclined the forms of three children beneath a scanty covering, all told of deep, soul chilling poverty—that poverty which sickens the heart and drinks the life-blood of so many in our large and densely populated cities.

Nothing for the fire before the fire was the form of a young girl; her arms pillowed on the broken chair, and her face was buried in them, while low, deep sobs shook her slender frame. This seemed over wearied with deep affliction—the broken sentences that escaped her lips were words of prayer. But they did not seem to bring her the soothing influence they were wont to do, and at last in tones of deepest anguish—Oh God! this is mockery! how oft have I prayed before, but where, oh where, is the help to come? She again sank in a paroxysm of tears. She rose, but [illegible] there, in which will forces. It had through her home, mingled with pleasant views of the past and dreams of happiness of the future. Bright visions of past happiness danced in her fancy; the lovers who surrounded by friends and luxury seemed years ago, when the scene changed, and she seemed once more to follow her father to the grave, and bid farewell to her happy home. The hard hours when the demon poverty crept into the narrow walls, where with her mother and little sisters she had sought shelter, passed in review before her. The fearful struggle with want and sickness—the wearing, spirit breaking toil for bread—the aching head and pain racked limbs, which she had suffered for long months, crowded upon her memory. Then thoughts of her present situation came over her, deprived of work—unable to procure the means of subsistence for her sick mother and helpless sisters—surely tempted to do what honest as yet, but how could she escape the crushing misery which overwhelmed her? As but the green and dancing waves of the harbor seemed to be before her. The white foam broke on their summits and the murmur of the waters seemed to bid her come to their deep embrace, where she would be free from the anguish, poverty and temptation of earth. She here saw a refuge from her sorrows and fancied that she was about to sink amid the sparkling waves, when a low voice calling her name aroused her.

'Did you call me, mother?' she said as she spoke, lifting her pale but beautiful face, and looking around.

'Yes, my daughter,' replied a feeble voice.

She arose and glided through a half opened door, into another room, even smaller than the first. Here, extended upon a miserable bed, was the form of a woman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. As the young girl approached, a faint smile lighted up the face of the sick woman, and extending her emaciated hand, she grasped that of her daughter.

'Emily, dear, you seem too much; you should not be up so late at work.'

For a moment she did not reply; she could not tell her mother that she had not toiled that day—that her work—their only hope for bread had been taken from her.

'Come, my daughter, you should be in bed; but before you undress bring me a piece—only a little piece of bread, for I am very hungry.'

Emily's heart swelled almost to bursting, but at last she found voice to say

'Mother, there is nothing to eat in the house.'

'No matter, then,' replied the invalid, but she could not suppress a rising sigh as she spoke.

'Mother! mother! cried Emily in anguish. I cannot see you suffer thus; you shall have bread—enough of it—to-morrow.

'What, my child, have they paid you an advance on your work?'

'No, no, would to God they would—But never mind that, you shall have food to-morrow.

'But how will you procure it?'

'Don't talk to me, mother, I am sleepy, I want to rest,' said she almost rudely, as she crept into bed by the side of her parent.

She could not sleep, but she soon fell into the same dreamy state as before. This time her thoughts wandered to the rich young libertine who had persecuted her with his insulting offers ever since he first saw her, and although the thought was attended with hate and loathing, still her mind dwelt upon him. He had gold, shining gold, which he had often tendered her, and now she thought that his gold might save her mother and sisters from starvation; but at what a cost was it to be procured?—she shuddered, but still she could not banish the thought. She felt as if God had forsaken her, and there was no help for the ones she loved save in the sacrifice she meditated.

[illegible] poverty! grim tyrant—killer of the body and prompter of crime. Many are the victims of thy unpitying oppression: many those who have suffered for sins compelled by thee. Great indeed is thy power, when the good, the pure, the beautiful, contemplate infamy to escape thy pangs!

Let no one condemn Emily if her thoughts that night dwelt on things she loathed; for who is there that thus tempted would not have wavered? Had she been alone she would have gladly died to preserve her virtue, but half maddened by the sufferings of those dearer than life, and in utter despair of relief from any other source, her mind was fixed on the last resort. Judge her gently, reader—be only thought of sin.

At last she fell into a troubled slumber and for a few brief hours forgot her sufferings. When the bell was striking five the next morning, she unclosed her heavy lids, and as she rose from her hard couch something fell from her bosom to the floor with a crash. Much surprised she stooped to pick it up and was overwhelmed with astonishment to find that it was a heavy silk purse, through the meshes of which she distinctly saw the glitter of gold. She rubbed her eyes and strove hard to believe that she was awake, but it seemed as if she was still dreaming. Springing to the outer door she satisfied herself that it was locked as she had left it the night previous, and then returning to the bed she poured out the contents of the purse upon the quilt. It was all gold and among the yellow coin she saw a small slip of paper. Unfolding it she read—'To Emily, from a true friend.'

Half bewildered she proceeded to count the gold and found that the purse contained more than a thousand dollars. She could not guess from whence it came, but fell on her knees to thank God for the gift and implore His pardon for having doubted His goodness.

When she rose, she found over her still sleeping parent, but soon aroused her to share her joy. A happy day was that, and the rough walls echoed back the sound of gladsome voices, and plenty reigned in the poor abode.

Emily sought and soon obtained a comfortable but humble tenement in the suburbs of the city, and there her mother, under good medical care, gradually recovered, and after a while was able to [illegible] Emily in providing for the [illegible] who was the [illegible]

[illegible] and still the name of the generous benefactor remained undiscovered. At Emily's earnest [illegible] of person and heart [illegible] won the love of a wealthy young man, who possessed her entire [illegible] and adored her [illegible]. His talents, mediations and virtues were peculiar; adapted to the [illegible] of Emily, and she accepted and reciprocated the proffered love. And after their bridal when Emily was relating to her fond husband the story of her former bitter poverty and providential relief, he confessed that he knew the whole tale. He had seen and watched over her long ere she knew him, and wishing to relieve her anxiety, but knowing him at the time, he had found means to unlock her door and deposit the purse of gold on her bureau. The judicious use she had made of the gift, charmed him as much as her struggles to support her family had done, and knowing this so great a daughter and sister, was make an affectionate wife, he vowed and [illegible] not in her disappointed in his expectations, but devoted to him, she met conditions, with her [illegible] children, his whole happiness.

Reader, there is a moral in the above little story; thy discerning mind will perceive it, with no pointing word.

The Resources of the South.

Our country abounds with all the great elements of property and wealth. Water, wood, coal and iron—a mine of marble, minerals and metals of every description, a soil and climate without parallel. Let us at once, then, cease to talk, and begin to act in earnest by resorting to those measures, that will not only induce our population and property to remain at home, but which will encourage mechanics and capitalists to settle among us. Objections may be interposed to the execution of these projects, the realization of these hopes, but who doubts the wisdom and liberality of the people to adopt every useful scheme to sustain and support any proper plan which will conduct to this end?

This is the only nation, ancient or modern, which from the extent of her sea coast—the exhaustless fertility of her soil—the variety of her climate, extending through twenty degrees of latitude in the most favored zone, and countless physical advantages, is capable of perpetuity.—Whether she is destined to it, is a problem which remains to be solved, and which is wisely, perhaps, concealed in the impenetrable veil of futurity. And not only are the United States, as a whole, thus blessed, but many of the individual members of the Confederacy, especially the Middle and Southern Atlantic States have this independent and self-existent life within themselves. There is scarcely a vegetable, or fruit, or cereal grain, which may not be successfully cultivated in South Carolina and Georgia.

But I go further still and maintain that that is undoubtedly a most injurious species of traffic which introduces from abroad the same articles which we can produce equally well or better ourselves, especially if we are abundantly able to make a sufficient quantity to supply our own consumption. Better to establish cotton, woollen, iron, leather, paper and all other manufactures, in which we can ultimately equal or surpass others, at great expense to ourselves at losing rates, than be permanently dependent on others for them.—*Judge Lumpkin.*

David Hume once said that all the devout persons he had ever met with were exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, Bishop Horne remarked, that this assertion is probably correct, for in the first place, he seldom met with pious people, his friends and acquaintances being of another sort; and secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time.

A Good Sentiment.—The Rev. Mr. Osgood gave the following capital sentiment at the Pilgrim Festival in New York.

Yankee Intervention.—The peaceful progress and expansion of our institutions and indomitable civilization; an hundred years more of it, and not a despot will be left on God's footstool.

Presidential Elections.

First Election, 1788.—Number of Electors 69. George Washington received 69 votes, John Adams 34, and John Jay 9. Washington was elected President and John Adams Vice President.

Second Election, 1792.—Number of Electors 132. George Washington received 132 votes, John Adams 77, and George Clinton 50. Washington and Adams were both re-elected.

Third Election, 1796.—Number of Electors 139. John Adams received 71 votes; Thomas Jefferson 69; Thomas Pinkney 59, and Aaron Burr 30. Adams was elected President, Jefferson Vice President.

Fourth Election, 1800.—Number of Electors 138. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received each 73 votes; John Adams 65 and Charles C. Pinckney 64. As there was no choice of President in the College of Electors, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, and after balloting 36 times, Jefferson was elected by a majority of one State. Burr was elected Vice President.

Fifth Election, 1804.—Number of Electors 176. The present plan of voting separately for President and Vice President was then adopted. Thomas Jefferson received 162 votes for President, and Charles C. Pinckney 14. George Clinton received 152 votes for Vice President, and Rufus King 14. Jefferson and Clinton were elected.

Sixth Election, 1808.—Number of Electors 175. James Madison received 122 votes for President and Charles C. Pinckney 47. George Clinton received 113 votes for Vice President, and Rufus King 47. Madison and Clinton were elected.

Seventh Election, 1812.—Number of Electors 217. James Madison received 128 votes for President, and De Witt Clinton 89. Elbridge Gerry received 131 votes for Vice President, and Jared Ingersoll 86. Madison and Gerry were elected.

Eighth Election, 1816.—Number of Electors 217. James Monroe received 183 votes for President, and Rufus King 34. Daniel D. Tompkins received 183 votes for Vice President, and Clinton Hubbard 22. Monroe and Tompkins were elected.

Ninth Election, 1820.—Number of Electors 235. Monroe received 231 votes for President and Daniel D. Tompkins 218 for Vice President.

Tenth Election, 1824.—Number of Electors 261. Andrew Jackson received 99 votes for President, John Quincy Adams 84, William H. Crawford 41, and Henry Clay 37. As no candidate had a majority, the election was carried into the House, where J. Q. Adams, having received the votes of 13 States, was elected President. John C. Calhoun received 182 votes for Vice President; N. Sanford 30, and Nathaniel Macon 24. Calhoun was elected Vice President.

Eleventh Election, 1828.—Number of Electors 261. Andrew Jackson received 178 votes for President, and John Quincy Adams 83. John C. Calhoun received 171 votes for Vice President, and Rush 83. Jackson and Calhoun were elected.

Twelfth Election, 1832.—Number of Electors 288. Andrew Jackson received 219 votes for President; Henry Clay 49; John Floyd 11, and William Wirt 9. Martin Van Buren received 189 for Vice President; John Sergeant 49; William Wilkins 30; Henry Lee 11, and Esmon 7. Jackson and Van Buren were elected.

Thirteenth Election, 1836.—Number of Electors 294. Martin Van Buren received 170 votes for President; Wm. H. Harrison 73; Hugh L. White, 26; Daniel Webster 14; and Willie P. Mangum 11. Richard M. Johnson received 147 votes for Vice President; Francis Granger 77; John Tyler 47; and William Smith 23. As neither of the candidates for the Vice Presidency received a majority of the electoral votes, and as Richard M. Johnson and Francis Granger received more votes than any other two, the Senate proceeded to elect one of these candidates for Vice President. In the Senate, Richard M. Johnson received 33 votes, and Francis Granger 16. Van Buren and Johnson were elected.

Fourteenth Election, 1840.—Number of Electors 294. General William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, received 234 votes for President, and Martin Van Buren 60. John Tyler received 234 votes for Vice President, Richard M. Johnson 48 votes, and Littleton W. Tazewell, 11 votes. Harrison and Tyler selected.

Fifteenth Election, 1844.—Number of Electors 275. James K. Polk received 170 votes and Henry Clay 105 for President; and Dallas received 170 and Theodore Frelinghuysen for Vice President, and Mr. Polk President, and Mr. Dallas Vice President.

Sixteenth Election, 1848.—Number of Electors 290. Zachary Taylor received 155 votes, and Lewis Cass 127 votes, for President; and Millard Fillmore 163 votes, and William O. Butler 126 votes, for Vice President.

The next and *seventeenth* election, will take place in November, 1852.

The every-day Married Lady.

The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet accepted, either in their houses or in their languages. This thing is "comfort." The word cannot well be defined; the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, the description would read like a catalogue. Well understood, however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source. A widower has very little comfort and a bachelor none at all, while a married man, provided his wife be an every-day married lady, enjoys it to perfection. But he enjoys unconsciously and therefore ungratefully; it is a thing of course; a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention—when his features and heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face and says—"This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from.—His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner; it was she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains; and it never occurs to him to think that all these and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her inspiring; and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which depends in shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her like an aureola.

The Counsel of Women.

Dr. Boardman, in his admirable work, "Hints on Domestic Happiness," inculcates this doctrine, which we cordially endorse:

"In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of our church, he made this fine observation: 'We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. Now, I maintain that has an intelligent wife, or [illegible] to the society of reasoning men [illegible] to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been poring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled maze of doubts and difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these feats less by reasoning than by a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instinct of the animal race; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer, that when a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there.

"How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life, nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable: that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her."

From the Soil of the South.

FRUIT CULTURE FOR THE SOUTH.

PLUMS.

There are many varieties of native plums found in this country, but the finer varieties of cultivated plums were introduced from the South of Europe. The plum, like the peach, may be propagated from seeds, or by grafts—seeds where the varieties are wanted, and grafts where an old established kind is to be propagated. Graft below the ground, as directed for the apple, in roots of the plum, peach, or else, of one year's growth, and a graft taken from a healthy fruit bearing tree, the graft will produce fruit the second year. The plum will grow in almost any soil, but to produce fruit it must have a stiff heavy clay, or a loam with a clay sub-soil. The great enemy of the fruit is the Curculio, or plum Weevil. This is a brown bug or beetle, about the size of a pea bug, which makes its appearance about the time the fruit is forming in the bloom. This bug has a proboscis, and makes a puncture in the young fruit, in the form of a crescent; to this he deposits an egg, the wound soon heals, the egg hatches into a worm, and the worm eats inwardly until it reaches the kernel, when the fruit drops; he now eats his way out, burrows in the ground, where he goes through a chrysalis state, and next spring comes out a Curculio, ready for his work of destruction again." It is observed that whenever are very still, the worm cannot force his way in, and consequently perishes; for this reason, stiff clay soils are absolutely necessary to a perfection of the fruit. Paring around the tree has proved of great service, but whether it is the instinct of the Curculio which teaches it to leave those trees where there is no chance of propagating itself, or whether it is the fact of so many of the worms perishing on the pavement, has not yet been determined. Wherever the pig roams at will, it should be a hard trodden yard, with hogs, geese, and other poultry ranging through it. The Curculio seems to be the enemy of all the thin skin fruits, and is a lively and timid insect, dropping to the ground at the least jar of the tree. I have tried many experiments to get clear of them, but to no purpose. Salt has been recommended. I have found salt a fine invigorator of the plum tree, as no preventive against the Curculio. The tree luxuriates around us where the plum flourishes and yields heavy crops, but invariably the soil is stiff clay. The other diseases which the plum is subject to in the Northern States we are exempt from here; our only enemy is the Curculio, and his name is *Legion*. The plum requires little or no pruning; as the tree grows old, shorten in the branches to produce new wood.

NECTARINES.

The nectarine is only a variety of the peach, with a smooth skin. Its culture and propagation in all respects like the peach; but, like the plum, it is subject to the attacks of the Curculio, and should be planted in stiff soil to secure fruit.

APRICOT.

The apricot is found wild in Asia and America, and is one of the thin, smooth skin fruits, between the plum and peach. It is desirable for its early bearing, being the first of all the stone fruits that ripen; but like the plum, it is haunted by that scourge of thin skin fruits, the Curculio, and should be treated accordingly. It may be propagated by seeds, or by grafting. Graft under ground, as directed for the apple, on roots of plum, peach or apricot, and, if grafted from fruit bearing trees, two years will give fruit from the graft. From the early blooming of the apricot, the blooms are extremely liable to be killed by frosts; the tree therefore should be planted in the most exposed situations to prevent the too early blooming. The plum, nectarine, and apricot must all be planted in stiff soils, or constantly watched, and shaken during the fruiting season, until the insects destroyed, or they cumber the ground, and, like *Dead Sea fruits, perish before they come to the lips.*

CHERRY.

The cherry was introduced into Europe, from Asia, by the Romans, and into this country by our English ancestors. The Morello is quite easy of culture and propagation, growing readily from seeds, and flourishing in almost any soil. But the finer varieties of English cherries must be grafted. Graft on one year old roots of the Morello, as directed for the apple, and bearing trees will be produced in three years. The English cherry cannot stand our long hot summers; the bark becomes blistered, and the tree cracks and dies; to prevent this, shade the tree. It is well to box the tree up as high as the limbs, as we find ornamental trees in towns, to prevent the barking by cattle; have the box boared full of holes, to let in light and air.

The north side of a house is the most appropriate place for the English cherry. The English cherry may also be grafted on a three year old Morello, in the limbs, as the Morello stands the sun better than the English. The foliage of the graft protects it from the sun, and all the fine varieties of English or French cherries may be propagated and cultivated in this manner.

QUINCE.

The Quince is a native of South Europe, and was introduced into this country by the early settlers. It is one of the easiest trees propagated from, growing freely from cuttings. It is well adapted to Southern culture, and will grow in almost any soil; for this reason, it is too often neglected, and suffered to be overrun with weeds and briars, knotty and stunted fruit is the consequence. There is no tree bears higher manuring and none that pays better for it. It is a mistaken notion that the quince requires a low, damp locality; from the fact they will grow there, has led many to believe that it was its natural habit. But the finest quinces I have ever seen in any country, were grown on high, dry lands, in Chambers county, Alabama. The tree is inclined to sucker; these should be kept down, and a tree encouraged instead of a bush, which will improve the quality of the the fruit. Where the ground is shaded around the roots with straw, the fruit is much larger and finer. It is observed that Southern quinces are not as acid as those raised North, which is probably owing to the climate. As a preserving fruit, the quince ranks among the first in the country.

Grape.—This is one of the oldest fruits in existence, having been extensively cultivated by the earliest fathers for wine. It is found in almost every clime, and is indigenous here. Our native grapes are superior for Southern culture to any of the foreign varieties that have yet been introduced. It is easy of propagation, growing freely from cuttings and layers. In a deep rich soil, abounding in lime, the grape is a long lived plant; but from some cause, not yet explained, they are becoming short-lived plant in Middle Georgia and Alabama, eight to ten years being their average life; but they are so easily propagated, and produce fruit so quickly, that it is almost like burning an annual crop. Most of the grapes strike freely from cuttings, and bear freely the second year, and the third are in their greatest perfection. Among the grapes which strike frequently from cuttings, the Catawba and Warrenton are found to suit our own locality better than most others; being fine table grapes, and excellent for wine. Grape cuttings may be put out either in the fall or spring; let their be from three to five buds with a cutting; make a smooth clean cut, place the cutting nearly horizontal in the ground, leaving out two buds; when the buds begin to swell pinch off the weakest bud. The grape delights in a calcareous soil, and where it is not found, lime should be freely used; no heating manures should be applied around the grape vines, but the mould from swamps, aspen, poplars, and sods, and, added to this, the best manure I have ever found for grapes is shade—shade to the roots, cover the ground with leaves or straw as far as the roots extend, which keeps the roots cool and moist. Grape vines with us do not require the pruning that the Europeans give them. Any time between October and February take out all the dead wood, and where the vine has become too scraggling and long joints, cut, to force new and thicker branches. The grape is sometimes affected with mildew or rot. This is caused by frequent changes in the weather, and will hardly ever occur if the ground around the roots is properly mulched; for whatever changes may take place in the atmosphere, there is always an even temperature around the roots, which gives health to the fruit. The Scuppernong, a native white grape of North Carolina, is better adapted to Southern culture than any other grape, growing in any kind of soil and almost any situation; it, however, does not strike freely from cuttings, but must be layered or grafted; it ripens equal as a table, and superior as a wine grape, to any grape that I am acquainted with; it is superior for arbors and trellis work, growing rapidly and holding its foliage a long time. There are some varieties that the grape is subject to here.

The Aphis or Ant Cow is a troublesome insect, not so much from the actual damage that they do, as the unsightly appearance they give the ends of the vines. A sprinkling of Scotch snuff when the dew is on the leaf, will soon exterminate them.

POMEGRANATE.

This beautiful fruit was first introduced from the south of Europe, and flourishes well in all this section. It is easily propagated by seeds, layers, or by cuttings. They grow in almost any kind of soil, but a rich sandy loam suits them best; they require little or no pruning, merely taking out the dead and decaying wood. There are several varieties, but the sweet fruited is preferable for the desert. It is not so much the value of the fruit, as its peculiar beauty, that leads to its cultivation, being extremely beautiful when a flower or fruit. No ornamental grounds should be without it.

FIG.

This, like the grape, is one of the oldest fruits cultivated. It probably originated in the Garden of Eden, and is the only fruit that has come down to us unimproved, from that Prince and Father of Horticulturists, Adam himself. We find no account of any improvement in its culture, but figs six thousand years ago were probably the same as the figs of to-day. The fig is easily propagated, by cuttings, layers, or dividing the roots, and will grow in almost any soil, but the fruit is of superior flavor when grown on a rich sandy loam. It is liable to be winter-killed in this section, and should therefore be planted in an open exposure, where it may get all of the cold to retard its early budding. It is rarely killed to the winter, until the sap has commenced rising. It is well to prune the bush so as to form a tree, as it is better able to bear the cold of winter. A barren fig may sometimes be made productive by pruning the root. When a winter is very severe a fig tree may be protected from the cold by applying a good coat of stable manure around the roots, covering the ground around the tree about six inches deep. There are many varieties, and all have their advocates. The fig should receive more extensive culture.

STRAWBERRY.

This favorite fruit is a native of [illegible] States of the Union, and has been brought to its present high state of perfection by [illegible] and careful culture. [illegible] berries grown in the [illegible] gin. The people of the [illegible] berry culture not adopted for the South. I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is no country under heaven better adapted to the cultivation of this fine fruit than the Southern part of these United States. Strawberries may be propagated by seeds, or by runners. Seeds, when new varieties are wanted, and by runners where an established variety is to be perpetuated.

I have no doubt but the principal reason why so many have failed in the culture of the strawberry here, is, too high manuring. Most of the directions for strawberry culture, which we get from the North, urge the importance of high manuring. I started the strawberry with Hovey's seedling, manured high, and for four years never had a berry. At length a friend informed me, that, when surveying the Indian lands in Russell county, for the government, thus riding a white horse, his legs were frequently stained by the juice of the strawberries, half way up to the knee. I concluded that if they grew thus wild, I would try an opposite nature. In the first place, the strawberry grower must understand the difference between the staminate and pistillate, or in other words, the male and female plants.

There are three grades of plants; the entirely staminate or male, the entirely pistillate or female, and the hermaphrodite, blending the staminate and pistillate together. The pistillate varieties are the most productive, when properly impregnated, as every bloom will make a fruit. The entirely staminate produce no fruit, and as they produce a great quantity of [illegible] they are very apt to run out all the fruit [illegible] vines. The hermaphrodites are good bearers, and answer for impregnators to the pistillates too. In selecting a bed for strawberries, select a piece of light porous, rich ground. Plow or spade it well, and any time from October to February, plant out the bed, let the rows be two feet apart, and plant one foot apart in the row. For the purpose of staminates, or hermaphrodites, every sixth row, being for impregnators. Apply no animal manure, but keep the bed well covered with partially decomposed leaves, and every spring dress the bed with ashes, either leached or unleached. Keep down the runners through the fruiting season. It is worthy of remark that the pistillates, from their enormous productiveness, rarely make runners in the fruiting season. When the bed has become matted over with vines, go over it with hoes and cut the vines up, leaving a stand of healthy vines, at proper distances; leave the vines to decay where they are cut, for they afford the best kind of nutriment to the living plant. When the vines commence bearing, give them copious waterings, which will cause the young fruit to swell and mature. It is very easy to distinguish between the male and female blooms. The staminate being a large, showy bloom, with long stamens, filled with a yellow dust, or pollen; whilst the pistillate is a small unpretending flower, without stamen or pollen, but with a simple stigma. It is observed of the pistillate kinds that they bear much thicker planting than the staminate, frequently producing enormous crops of fine fruit when the vines are matted together; but the season must prove a wet one to ensure this. It is better to keep them worked out and clean. I have had the Hovey's seedling to produce fruit ten months in the year, cultivated on this mulching principle, and in all the list of strawberries which I have ever tried I have never found any to compare with the Hovey seedling when impregnated with the large early scarlet. There are other varieties that are just as good as the early scarlet to impregnate with for the common strawberry season; but as the early scarlet, like the Hovey, is almost a constant bloomer, it keeps the pistillates in constant bearing. There is a great difference in strawberry plants standing the droughts of our hot summers.

I have had the British Queen and Myatt's pine, two fine varieties, perfectly killed by drought, when the Hovey's seedling and Rose phœnix did not even wilt. Strawberry roots will penetrate the ground from eighteen inches to two feet, and have been known to go down as far as five feet. This shows the importance of a porous soil, as they draw much nourishment from the sub soil. There are some called monthly strawberries, and some early strawberries; but the Hovey's seedling will bear as early in the spring as the frost will permit it, blooming every warm day after January, and will continue in bearing until the dry weather of summer parches up the vines. Taken altogether, for size, productiveness, flavor, safety in transportation, and its admirable adaptation to our climate, there is no strawberry to compare with the Hovey's seedling.

RASPBERRY.

This favorite fruit is also a native of this country, and probably originated in the bramble. There are many varieties cultivated. The common garden raspberry is easy of culture and propagation. It requires a rich light soil, and in this climate shade to the roots. It may be propagated by seeds, layers, cuttings or suckers. Raspberry canes require some support of a trellis kind, or they may be planted three canes in a clump, and as they come into bearing, tie the tops together, and they support each other. In the winter, cut out all the dead wood, and work in some good leaf mould from the woods around the roots. There have been some great improvements in the raspberry of late years. The Antwerp and the Falstaff are very superior varieties, but are extremely delicate, and will not bear our hot suns without some protection. Especially must the ground be mulched around the roots, and a moist location selected for them. Where these precautions are attended to, fruit of monstrous size and exquisite flavor will be the rewards in other respects, propagation and culture like the common raspberry.

I am now satisfied that it takes but a few days for the chrysalis to come out a Curculio, and that they come out of the earth constantly, and keep up their depredations as long as the fruit can be procured.