

Hillsborough Recorder

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

Vol. XLVII.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1867.

No. 2396.

SEEDING TO CLOVER.

Masons Editors:—In answer to "J. G., New Jersey," it may be stated that clover seed is often sown on wheat, for which clover has been plowed under, with satisfactory results, in Western New York. It is the customary practice to seed with wheat, and whenever the grain is sown on a clover ley, it is again followed with clover. But in this section wheat is not so often sown on a good clover ley as it should be. It is more customary to let the land lie until the clover is run out, and the time is past when the most benefit may be secured; besides it is getting much too common to sow wheat after spring crops.

But in the Northern part of Genesee county, and particularly what is called the "oak openings," plowing under clover—either with or without lightly pasturing—for wheat, has been largely practised with decided advantage. In such cases the land in wheat is always seeded again to clover, the "two course rotation of clover and wheat" having been followed many years. In this way a great deal of most excellent wheat has been grown.

But it is found that it is not best to follow this course too long. When wheat is sown after clover every other year, fifteen years or more, it begins to fail, and show that a change is needed. This is not because the land is not rich, as it is found that heavy crops of corn and barley can be grown on such land, but because the soil needs resting for wheat. When corn and other crops have been grown, and the land is again sown to wheat, good crops are secured. This not only shows that a rotation of crops is necessary to produce the best results, but there should be some variety in the crops adopted—that although land may be made very rich by plowing under so much clover, yet to produce the best returns, nature needs more change—needs a greater variety of crops to secure the greatest advantage from so large an amount of fertilizing matter. This is further shown by the fact that last year large crops of barley were grown on the "oak openings," many large fields yielding, as I am told, from forty to fifty bushels per acre.

But there is one point of some importance to those that fear the land may become "clover sick," and that is, that wheat fails or shows a need of a change before clover. Not only is the land made rich, and a succession of heavy crops of wheat grown, but when wheat begins to show need of a change, large crops of other grain are grown, which are again followed with good wheat, and all mainly or wholly secured by frequent seeding to clover, which still continue to do well.

True, this is done on good land that is well adapted to clover; but it is not without value as proof that on all grain soils, and especially those suited to winter wheat—clover, if judiciously used in connection with barn yard manure, and a good rotation—will make and keep land rich and productive. It is also valuable as another proof of the advantage of frequent seeding to clover. And one object in writing at this time, is again to urge farmers to seed to clover with all sown grain, and especially winter wheat and rye, as experience and observation each year confirms the opinion that in no other way can the same improvement of the soil be as easily or cheaply secured.

But I do not recommend farmers to plow under a heavy crop of clover every other year, for wheat. Not but heavy crops of wheat can be profitable grown in this way. But I have no doubt that a rotation in which corn is planted on a two-year clover sod, and followed by some spring crop with which clover can be sown, and this clover, after laying one year, is followed with wheat, is better for the land and more profitable to the owner. In this way the land may be in clover about half of the time, and if the crop is good, it may be cut for hay. This hay, with cornstalks and straw, if all are well saved, and judiciously fed, with a suitable proportion of grain, will make sufficient manure, if properly saved and applied in connection with plowing under a good clover ley every two or three years,

to make the land rich and productive. I grow clover and other crops in this way, and have several times sown clover seed on wheat that was sown on a good clover ley, and shall do so again this spring.

POOR PONTO.

One of the most affecting stories I ever heard about a dog was told me many years ago, by an uncle of mine who once lived in Paris. My uncle was walking on one of the quays, when he saw a man approach, holding a dog by a chain. The poor animal was frightened, and yet did not attempt to struggle as he was being led along. He looked up piteously at his jailor, and every now and then tried to fawn about his feet, as if pleading with him. "Poor beast, he might know seemingly, what was going to happen to him," said the man.

"What is going to happen?" inquired my uncle.

"Sir, I'm going to drown him; that is what is going to happen."

"But why, sir; are you his master?"

"I am certainly his master, and he is old—poor Ponto! I am sorry but it must be."

The dog gave a low whine, and trembling, crouched close to his master.

"He does not seem so very old, and drowning is a hard death," remonstrated my uncle.

"Sir, he is quite useless."

While he was speaking the words the man unmoored a little boat, lifted the dog in, and rowed to the middle of the stream. When he came to where the water was deepest, my uncle saw him lift up the dog suddenly, and throw him with great force into the stream.

If the master had thought the dog's age and infirmities would prevent his struggling for life he was very much mistaken, for he rose to the surface, kept his head well up, and trud the water bravely. The man then began to push the dog away with an oar, and at last losing all patience, he struck out so far to deal the dog a blow that he overbalanced himself and fell into the river. He could not swim, and now began the generous animal's efforts, not to save his own life, but that of the master who was trying to drown him. The dog swam to him, and seizing fast hold of his coat collar, held him up until a boat put off to his rescue and brought him, half drowned and wholly frightened, to the shore—the faithful dog barking, crying, and licking his hands and face in the greatest excitement of affection. I remember still the look with which my uncle used to tell how he stepped forward and asked the man, "Do you still think him useless—this noble, generous dog?"

"I think he deserves a better master," said a gentleman who had witnessed the incident; and there and then he made an offer to buy Ponto; but the man, embracing his dog, said hoarsely:

"No, sir; no, I was wrong; as long as I have a crust, I will give half to my poor Ponto."

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body."

A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he got through.

"Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast." *Little Corporal.*

The men digging a pit in Louisville, on Saturday night, were drowned by an overflow of water from another pit, and two other men going to their assistance were killed by foul air.

"God Bless You."—A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothing that had been thrown from the window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and, pushing his way through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gits, and placed them in a bundle. Then as he was running away, a voice above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." A lady leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow, God will bless you for that." As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful looks; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little boy with the straw hat.

CALIFORNIA STYLE.—Not long since a German was riding along Sanson street, near Sacramento, when he heard a pistol shot behind him, and heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shake. He turned and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat and found a fresh bullet hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party, "that's my horse; it was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," said the German; "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," said the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; won't you take a drink?"

The grand jury of the city court of Mobile have made a report upon the late riot in that city. They do not find that the address of Judge Kelley, or the conduct of the party arrested by the chief of police, produced the unfortunate result, but that it most likely grew out of the fact that firearms were openly worn by colored men present, and that some one of them, very inopportunistly, perhaps by accident, fired his pistol, causing an alarm, a rush of the crowd, and consequent panic.

A merchant doing a large business in Lynn, Mass., had for some time been greatly harassed by business complications, which almost drove him to distraction. At last he took an account of stock, and decided to retire. All the details of his business were attended to and closed up with the most sedulous care; and when at last all was complete, the gentleman went calmly to the insane asylum at Somerville, and presented himself at its door in the character of a patient, saying he had staved off insanity as long as he could. In less than an hour he was a raving maniac and the extreme expedient of a straight jacket had to be resorted to to prevent him from committing the most violent acts of madness. *N. Y. World.*

STEAM ON COMMON ROADS IN FRANCE.—A new locomotive has just appeared in the streets of Paris. The motive power consists of a two and half horse engine attached to a car made to contain about twenty six persons. This little locomotive was a few days ago out on a sort of pleasure-trip, and appears to have had a merry race up hill and down dale, and anon on a dead level, at a speed of about eight miles per hour. It is claimed that no difficulty was experienced in guiding or turning this new steed, and as a result of this successful experiment, it is already intimated that lines of steam stages will be established through the French provinces.

Persons who indulge in canned fruits will save much trouble in opening the cans, by putting a coal of fire on the little circle in the centre of the cans and blowing it, which will melt the solder that secures that piece. A lady friend gave us the hint, and we have tried it successfully.

The Winchester Times has been shown a specimen of Cashmere goat's wool. The animals from which it was cut are owned by Mr. Daniel Michell, of Hardy county, and are the only ones in Virginia. They were imported directly from Cashmere, and purchased by Mr. Mitcheil at \$300 per pair.

The Times says the wool they bear is exceedingly fine in texture, and as glossy as silk.

A farmer in New York will give his daughter four thousand dollars on condition that she would marry a Catholic clergyman. As clergymen do not marry the daughter endeavors to break the will. The defence is that the old man didn't mean she should have any of the property, and took this way of saying so.

New Orleans, May 27.—A letter from the American Consul at Monterey confirms the capture of Maximilian. In the reply of President Juarez to Minister Campbell he recounts the grievances of his party at the conduct of Maximilian; justifies the previous executions, and declines to promise the safety of Maximilian in the event of his capture.

As an instance of the great depreciation in the value of property in the Southern States, it is reported that a plantation in Louisiana which anterior to the war yielded an income of \$50,000, was sold the other day for \$2,000.

A thief in Philadelphia with the detective on his track, threw \$5,000 worth of diamonds into the Delaware river.

At a concert recently at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date could you?"

A barber in Chicago has been made to pay \$2,800 for cutting off a customer's ear.

Twenty inches of snow fell at Central city, Colorado, on the 19th of May.

An insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured, said: "Get your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then if you die next week, the widder's heart will sing for joy."

Dr. Johnson, being once asked whether he was in the habit of saying nee-ther or ni-ther, very laconically replied, "nay-thur."

"My brudders," said a waggish yoodu, man to a crowd, "in all your afflictions in all your troubles, der is one place color can always find sympathy."

"Whar? Whar?" said bruder Jones.

"In de dictionary," he replied.

The average depth of the Atlantic ocean is estimated at 25,000 feet, and that of the Pacific at 20,000. The deepest water in the Atlantic is off the island of St. Helena, which has been sounded 27,000 feet or over five miles.

A man and his wife and two horses were killed, and three children severely injured, in Ohio, on Saturday, while trying to drive across a railroad track.

Counterfeit \$10 on the Third National Bank of Philadelphia are afloat in that city.

Gen. Benton, late Minister to Bogota, has presented General Grant with a pair of solid silver spurs of antique pattern, weighing one pound each.

A well dressed young man sat down in the street in New York and quietly stabbed himself to death.

A couple of children died recently at Pittstown, N. J., from eating night shade gathered with mint.

An Iowa man killed seven wolf pups in one day recently, and received a bounty of \$126.

A movement is on foot in Vicksburg to send a negro Congressman from Mississippi.

Nearly all the Catholic clergy of Poland who have been exiled to Siberia have been authorized to return to their dioceses.

A farmer in Smyrna, Del., is reported to have sold his strawberry crop of four acres for \$4,000, the purchaser to do the picking.

Poisoned honey is proving fatal to the country people of South Carolina.