

Literary and Miscellaneous.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

SKETCHES OF ITALY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Passage of the Alps.

Hail, lovely land! from cliffs where Winter reigns Stern midst his snows, I seek thy sunny plains...

our sledges at a small place called San Nicolo, and descended in our carriage the rest of the way to Susa, along an excellent road. We soon perceived that we were approaching a warmer climate...

From the Literary Gazette. THE HISTORY OF CLAUDE MIGNOT, SURNAMED LA LHAUDA.

The hints for the following have been taken from M. Jouy's volume of the Hermit in Provence. A shepherdess becoming a queen is a very pretty incident in a fairy-tale; but alas! for the common-places of reality, these delightful events are of rare occurrence...

text to the relations of M. d'Amberieux for disparting her marriage and her rights to the succession. A journey to Paris became necessary;—young and beautiful, Madame d'Amberieux was soon in no want of powerful protectors. The Marshal de L'Hopital, seventy-five years of age, was one of the most active. His influence was amply sufficient to turn the scale of justice in her favour...

The following translation of an epigram of Philodemus, preserved in the Greek Anthology, shows that in one respect, at least, women have altered very little in a lapse of 2,000 years.

White flush'd with wealth, what restless love possessed you? But now you wisely cease to burn, when poor— Hunger your best, indeed, your only cure; And that sweet girl of yours, who oft caressed you, And by each fondest, dearest name address'd you, Will now with strange, and careless glance enquire, "Good Sir, your name—whence are you?—who's your wife?" There's something foreign in your air, I'm sure. The world will teach you, if you but attend, "He who has nothing must not hope a friend."

Ali Pacha's Method of improving his Cooks.—"Pillau, or boiled rice, the usual desert of the Turks, and over which they pour curried cream, being now served up, the Vizier dipping in his spoon, discovered two or three small feathers. He immediately judged that his pillau had been boiled in the water in which the under-cook steeped the poultry previously to plucking it."

CURIOUS THEATRICAL NOVELTY.

At Franconi's splendid theatre, which may be termed the Astley's of Paris, but in much higher reputation in point of fashion, a piece of a singular kind is attracting crowds every night, from the Duches to the Grisettes, and from the Count to the Decrotteur. It is called "The Lions of Mysore," and the principal performers are, a lion, two lionesses, a tiger, a zebra, a kangaroo, aided by a chorus of monkeys, apes, mandrills, parrots, and parakeets, to which two enormous boas constrictores act coryphees. These are all real animals of their full natural size, brought to this astonishing docility by M. Martin, the proprietor of the menagerie. The first act informs us that a chieftain, overthrown in rebellion, had been condemned by the Sultan of Mysore to lose his tongue, and with his wife and children driven into the terrific forest. Here the whole party are hospitably received by a lion and lioness, who surrender their cave for their accommodation, and daily hunt for them. They are attacked by other animals: their magnanimous hosts beat them off. In the second act, the Sultan is seen hunting through the forest, every tree of which is alive with some specimen of tropical animation. Enormous boars are seen gliding through the trees, and bison, with others, from the background. A child strays—is pursued by a tiger—the poor infant rushes down to the circus—is followed—it staggers and falls; the tiger springs upon his prey and carries it off, but is intercepted by the lion and compelled to fly. Other children are convoluted in the massy folds of the boas, but their protectors again vanquish the intruders. In the third act the unfortunate chieftain, having been taken prisoner, is compelled to fight with a furious lioness, which, after a desperate struggle, he conquers; and the piece terminates with a splendid procession by torch light, in which the victor and vanquished walk side by side, the other animals following, not disturbed by the blaze of the fire-works and the thunder of the musical instruments. Description can but faintly portray the interest excited by this exhibition, in which the illusion is supported with a degree of truth that is absolutely painful; but every precaution has been taken to prevent accidents.

How to arrive at perfection.—Regularly read the sporting Sunday newspaper—visit the fancy shops—blow your steamer (1)—every night at a lush crib, (2)—associate with its frequenters; wear a poddle upon Benjamin (3), mother of pearl buttons, and lily shallow (4), and a bird's eye tripe—chaff at the Fives Court, and be present at the mills—carefully mix up all the slang phrases in your ordinary conversations; call a shilling a Bob, a coachman a Jarvie, your father or uncle a rum old cove, and if you find yourself at a loss, take half a dozen lessons from any Paddington stage coachman.

HEAVEN ON EARTH. This world's not "all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given;" He that hath soothed a widow's woe, Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know There's something here of heaven. And he that walks life's thorny way, With feelings calm and even; Whose path is lit from day to day, By virtue's bright and steady ray; Hath something felt of heaven. He, that the Christian's course has run, And all his foes forgiven; Who measures out life's little span, In love to God, and love to man, On earth has tasted heaven.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Virginia Herald. Sir: As the time of harvest is approaching, I address through your paper, my brother farmers, on the importance of following wheat intended for sowing, to be entirely ripe before reaping. Accident last year, and eye sight this year, have convinced me of the propriety of this course.

In the year 1829, having selected by hand some ears of Mexican wheat, and sowed it in the fall of the same year, it was forgotten last year, until my little son reminded me that it ought to be gathered. It was then from seven to ten days after my other wheat of the same kind had been cut. This wheat was then gathered and deposited in a bag. Last October, this wheat was sowed on the same day, in the same manner, and adjoining to other Mexican wheat. No selection of land was made for it, as no experiment was intended. It has survived the fly, and the last severe winter with little injury, but not more than one-third of the adjoining wheat has been left alive. From its present appearance, it will produce, I believe, two-thirds more than its adjacent neighbor.

Can the keeping in the bag, be the cause of this superiority? I believe not, because in several previous years, seed has been kept by me in bags, and no similar result has taken place; my inference thence, is, that this difference must be owing to the entire ripeness of the seed. Should any reader of this communication have doubts on this subject, it would give me great pleasure to show them the growing wheat, which will convince, I should think, the most sceptical.

From my 24 years experience as a farmer, I am also satisfied, that the smut is mainly attributable to unripe seed wheat. My seed wheat has always been ripe when my neighbors, and during that period, I have never seen but six smutted heads in my own crops. In a conversation with the late Mr. Isaac Williams, he confirmed my opinion, by stating to me the same practice of one of his nearest neighbors, attended by the most entire success.

THE WEEVIL.

A Correspondent of the Cambridge Chronicle, who appears to have given much attention to the study of the origin and habits of this destructive insect, has written a very sensible essay upon the subject in that paper, from which the following facts are abstracted:

1st. That when the grain is in an unripe, soft, milky state, and then alone, the parent fly perforates its upper and lower end, and therein deposits the egg. And 2d, that to destroy the enemy, to kill the vivisic principle of the egg, the grain thus impregnated must be secured from that temperature, necessary to procreation, which nature uncheated, would be sure to provide: in other words, that you must exclude the air from your wheat. A few of our readers, we know, are already aware of all this, and they consequently esteem the existence of the weevil as a matter of but little consequence, so far as regards themselves, since they have found it not very difficult to preserve their wheat unharmed from its ravages. By far the greater number of our farmers, however, yet unacquainted with the propagation of the insect and the means of interrupting the course thereof, have still, year after year, to witness and lament the very serious destruction which it occasions with perfect impunity.

To KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE was considered no small achievement in the days of yore, and to induce such domestic animals as only grow up for food to assist in our labor, is a case strictly analogous. The hog and the goose war unconsciously on the curculio which is encased in the fallen fruit; but the turkey, the duck and the hen, take their pills without gilding, and destroy thousands of insects round our dwellings of which we take no account.

Six years ago, I enclosed my garden, and the poultry were entirely excluded. The increase of insects was soon very perceptible. The turnip fly, (called the ground flea, from its jumping,) became so numerous that the wall flower and the stock gilly-flower were disfigured: turnips were generally attacked and destroyed as soon as the young plants appeared, and it was only by daily attention that transplanted cabbages were preserved from destruction. Towards the close of each summer grasshoppers appeared in formidable number; and rays China Aster were literally shorn; and other flowering plants were deprived of their beauty. Even the wood louse took possession of the covered border; and to their repeated irritations, I ascribe the loss of several rare plants.

I was advised to turn in my poultry; but I found that turkeys ate the grapes, and the hens were too fond of scratching to be trusted. At length W. H. A. of Lyons gave me a plan which has proved eminently successful. As soon as the chickens had left the nest, the hen was confined upon a coop in the garden, while the brood spread themselves in every direction

in search of insects. Their light tread injured nothing and their activity surprised and delighted me. Every plant within several rods from the coop was examined; and not a bug nor a fly, nor a worm, nor a caterpillar, could show itself with impunity.

I amused myself with calculating the amount of their service; exactness was not expected, but supposing each little bill to strike a thousand times a day, though sometimes missing, the destruction must have been great—at least the result was great. The cabbages stood nearly undisturbed; and, for the first time in the garden, I raised turnips enough for family use. The grasshoppers were chased, and greatly diminished in number; the wood lice were cleared from the borders.

From the Southern Agriculturist. ACCOUNT OF THE MODE OF CULTURE PURSUED IN CULTIVATING CORN AND PEAS.—By St. John's Colleton.

Mr. Editor.—Some time ago I promised to give you an account of my method of making corn. The land on which I plant, is of a thin, or rather loose soil, and in the common and old way of planting corn, five feet apart or five feet square, on my land, could not possibly average me over twelve bushels per acre. But for the last four years I have twenty-three beds in the task, or quarter acre, and plant on the beds, from hill to hill, three feet apart, leaving two stalks of corn in each hill, and my corn crops have averaged from eighteen to twenty-two bushels per acre. I have never been enabled any one year to mature all of my corn, indeed but a small part. In 1828 we had a most trying season for early corn, for the weather was dry in the month of May, and much more so in the month of June, and withal, my corn never "fired" within; I shall distinctly state, that only about fifteen feet around the field of corn did "fire." I was present all the time, and had an opportunity of seeing it every day until the fourth day of July, when I left for my summer residence. To the best of my recollection, the corn was in tassel from the 9th day of June until the 1st day of July before we had rain, which eventually saved it. But I have digressed a little, and should have said a little before, that I could never account for the corn not "firing" within, unless it was that the sun never shone on the earth, and that the earth was always shaded by the closeness of the corn. I have tried the distance of a foot and a half, and two feet apart, and leaving a single stalk in a hill, but never have had so good an average of corn, as when I plant three feet and leave two stalks. The last year a neighbour of mine planted ten acres of swamp land agreeably to my method, and when the corn was harvested he informed me that he had made from 40 upwards of forty bushels to the acre. Thus was he so pleased with my method, that he said he would never again plant corn in any other way. Another, and an adjoining neighbour, who plants largely, planted part of his crop agreeably to my method, said to several of his neighbours, that he would have to build an additional house to put his corn in, for that he had never before made so much.

On the subject of peas (cow peas), I can only inform you, that for the last five years I have always made an abundance from being planted in among the corn. Previously, or for six years before, I could not succeed in making peas from the corn field, by planting in hills. Some years I scarcely made more than seed for another year; but since I have adopted the latter method of drilling them just under the roots of the corn, and on the side (east side) of the bed, I never have failed in making large crops. My time for planting depends on the advance of the season—if the season is early, I plant from the 25th to the 30 of June, and if the season be not so early, I plant between the 1st and 10th of July.

PRESERVING GRAIN.

A discovery of considerable importance has been announced, with regard to preserving grain. To preserve rye, and secure it from insects and rats, nothing more is necessary than not to fan it after it is threshed, and to stow it in the granaries mixed with the chaff. In this state it has been kept more than three years, without the necessity of being turned to preserve it from humidity and fermentation. The experiment has not yet been made with wheat and other kinds of grain, and they may probably be preserved in chaff with equal advantage.

BROCOLI.—This plant belongs to the cabbage family, but has not been cultivated in the United States as much as common cabbage. It appears to be a mixture between the cauliflower and the common variety, and perfects itself with more certainty in this latitude than the cauliflower.

Like the latter, it is cultivated for the congregation of flowerbuds, which is the part used; they appear in a conical shape, and are very tender. When used they are boiled and served up with drawn butter. The plants are to be sown in the same manner as cabbage; and there is also early and late varieties, both of white and purple colour. The purple cape brocoli, is one of the best, varieties for our climate, as the head of the flowerbuds is large and close, and although the colour, when growing, is a pale purple, when boiled it is of a beautiful green. In favour, brocoli much resembles the cabbage, but the part used is extremely tender and delicate.

We would recommend every farmer to set out a few plants with his cabbage.

Fattening Fowls with Potatoes.

There is a great profit of feeding geese, turkeys and fowls of every sort, with potatoes and meal mixed; they will fatten in nearly one half the time that they will on any kind of corn or even meal itself. The potatoes must be bruised fine, while hot, and the meal added when the mess is given to them.

RECIPES.

To prevent Corns from growing on the feet.—Easy shoes: frequently bathing the feet in lukewarm water, with a little salt or pot-ashes dissolved in it. The corn itself will be completely destroyed by rubbing it daily with a little caustic solution of potassium till a soft and flexible skin is formed.

Cure for the Sick Head Ache.—A teaspoonful of finely powdered charcoal in half a tumbler of water. In less than fifteen minutes relief will be experienced.

For a sore throat.—Take a glass of sweet oil and half a glass of spirits of turpentine, mix them together and rub the throat externally, wearing flannel round it at the same time. It is effectual when applied early.