



AGRICULTURAL.

Galls and Gullies—Washing of Hill Sides—Deep Plowing and Horizontal Ditching.

We find the following very sensible article in the *Madison Faculty Visitor*:

There are three things which exert a very controlling influence upon the Agriculture of Middle Georgia: its hilliness, the predominance of clay in its soil, and the want of uniformity in its climate, as exhibited in the terrible rains of spring and autumn, and the long, hot droughts of summer. From a defective system of cultivation, not adapted to counteract the evils consequent upon these, that portion of the State has been changed from a very fruitful to a barren district, scarcely repaying the husbandman for his labor. Can the process of deterioration be arrested now, and can our lands be renovated in a manner which shall be practicable on a large scale? It is proposed to answer these questions by an examination of the three things mentioned at the outset.

First. The hilly nature of the country. This obviously affords great facilities for the washing away of the soil, and unless this be prevented by some means, it will, without doubt, in a longer or shorter time, render the lands unproductive without the aid of any other impoverishing cause. It is of the very first importance, therefore, that some steps should be taken to arrest this cause of deterioration, for unless it is successfully done, every step towards improvement becomes more or less useless. Except on very steep hill sides, it can be done with great success by the following means:

LIFE.

The following lines are by Charlotte Bronte, the great author of "Jane Eyre":

Life, believe, is not a dream;

So dark as sages say;

Or full of gloomy rain;

Festal a peasant day;

Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,

But these are transient;

If the shower will make the roses bloom,

O' what laurel as fell!

Rapidly, merrily,

Life's sunny hours fly;

Terribly, cheerily,

Enjoy them they fly!

What though Death at times sit by,

And calls our best away?

What though sorrow seems to win,

O'er hope, a heavy sway?

Yet both again elastic springs,

Unconquered, though she fell,

Still strong to bear us well;

Musically, fearlessly,

The day of trial bear;

For glory, valorously,

Can courage quell despair!

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

BY CHARLES SWAN.

A wandering orphan child was I—

But meekly, at the best, uttered;

For, oh, my mother scarce could buy

The common food each week required;

But the sunnus had fled, had fled,

It seemed to be her dearest joy;

To press her pale hand on my head;

And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more

Sore suffering brought her to decay;

And then an angel passed her door,

And bore her lingering soul away;

And I—knew not what a grief,

Who ne'er knew but by dying died;

All other joy on earth is lost.

Saw that which weeps a mother dead;

A son's life was soon my lot;

Mid reckles desirs—and desperate men!

But still I never forgot;

The prayer I never should repeat again;

And oft, when half induced to tread,

Such paths as unto dooms;

For yeft her kind heart press my head,

And that soft touch had set her boy.

Though hard their mockery to receive,

Who ne'er themselves gainst me had striven?

Her, who so early didst growe,

I could not—would not—goe in heaven;

And thus from many an action dead,

Too dark for human eyes to scan;

The same fond hand upon my head;

That beseiged the boy—battered the man.

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Mr. Smike says that desperate-schemes require desperate remedies; and this was the reason why he got married when he was in love.

A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "Oh, Is," said she, "I do not prevent fretting myself to death on account of her form."

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The following extract is taken from an unpublished Romance:

"Hollo, follow, hold this horse."

"Is he kick?"

"Kek! not take hold of him."

"Is he kick?"

"Hollo, not take hold of the bridle, Isay!"

"Isay! take two to hold him."

"Nay!"

"Then hold him yourself."

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THE 10th JULY DAILY MAIL.

We understand that there will be a double day mail to and from the North, as well as to and from the South.

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Pittsburgh, Sept. 6.

Playmore Willmottiana nominated for *Cavalier Comedy*.

The State Republican Convention which met here yesterday nominated George Washington, of the recent slave rebellion party, for the lead rôle.

The new *Washington* will be resold out here, but for safety and convenience, will be to the *Playmore* what the *Rebel* was to the *White House*.

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For the same reason, of

course, that a road passing over the top of a mountain would measure longer than one tunneled through its base. Supposing a hill one hundred yards long in every direction through its base, and twenty yards high in its middle, the excess of its surface over that of a plain would amount to one-eighth of an acre. It would seem, therefore, that we might allow a little space for ditches. Now as to their bearing on the point in question. When more water falls during a rain than can soak into the ground, it must run somewhere; hill side ditches can't prevent that; their object, however, is simply to modify the direction in which it shall run, and concomitant with this, the fall it shall have. The washing power of water down the slope of a hill, depends upon two things: the steepness and the length of it—the steeper it is, the greater the velocity it acquires; and the longer it is, the greater the quantity that accumulates during its descent, and its momentum or power of communicating motion to other bodies (its washing power, therefore) varies as the product of these two things—the velocity and the quantity of mass.—The steepness of our hill sides we cannot change except by terracing, (which is impracticable on a large scale,) but we can cut a long slope into a succession of short ones, by ditching at proper intervals, which shall catch the water in its downward course, before it has had time to acquire great velocity, and turn it into channels where we can regulate its velocity. Moreover, by running the rows between two ditches with only a slight fall into the lower one, we can, in most cases, cause all the water, which runs down our hills to follow such circuitous paths and such gentle slopes, as to produce almost no appreciable washing.

At some future time, we propose to discuss the other two subjects mentioned.

FAULT-FIXING.

There is a disposition observable in some to view unfavorably every thing that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by differing from others in judgment, and to depreciate what they allow to be worthy in itself, by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too low in your manners, you are too profuse in your expenditure, you are too taciturn or too free in your speech, and so of the rest. Now guard against this tendency. Nothing will more conduce to your uncomfortable than living in the neighborhood of ill-nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in the science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy; a child can deface and destroy; dullness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can and will do it; and every thing can furnish ignorance, prejudice, and envy, with a handle of reproach.—Joy.

ARSENIC SMOKERS.

Travellers have already given accounts of the arsenic eaters of the Carpathian mountains. This drug gave them blooming complexions, and enabled them to endure long ascending walks on the mountains without overtaxing their lungs. They had, however, to increase the dose continually, and life closed between the two alternations, to stop and die of inanition or go on and perish of the excess.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, speaking of the same habit, refers to the statements of M. Montigny, French Consul in China, in reference to the use of arsenic by the Chinese. He says they mingle it in their smoking tobacco. The custom is peculiar to certain provinces, and so common that, according to the testimony of the missionaries who lived a long time there, tobacco-free from arsenic is not sold. The same witnesses assured the Consul that the arsenic smokers were stout fellows, with "lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and rosy as cherubs."

The publication of Montigny's statement has called out a letter from Dr. Londa, who authoress that same year ago, in the course of a discussion at the Academy of Medicine, on the agents to be employed to cure tubercular consumption, he told the assembled doctors that he had found but one successful means of combating that dreadful disease; that means was the smoking of arsenic. —The doctor reaffirms his commendation of his remedy. How singular it would be, if a remedy for the wide-spread plague of consumption were to be found in the counter of this horrid and inexplicable habit!

We would respectfully refer to the following gentlemen, with whom we have to do, business transactions:

J. W. M. MURPHY, Superintendent of Public Works, Columbia;

Henry Morris, Agent of New York Steamers;

H. F. Baker, Agent of Baltimore and Philadelphia Sailing Park, Agent of Baltimore Steamers and Boston Sailing Park, etc.

February 14, 1852.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE TROPE.

ISO Nono, though "king of the kings of the earth," was attired with severe simplicity. His sole dress, save a skull-cap and red slippers, was a gown of white stuff, which enveloped his whole person from the neck downwards, and looked not unlike a camel's morning dressing gown. A small cross which dangled on his breast was his only ornament. The fisherman's ring I was too far off to see. In person he is a portly, good-looking gentleman; and could one imagine him entering the pulpit of a Scotch Session congregation, or an English Methodist one, his appearance would be haloed with looks of satisfaction. His color was fresher than the average of Italy; and his face had less of the priest in it than many I have seen. There was an air of easy good-nature upon it, which might be mistaken for benevolence, blazoned with a smile, which appeared even on the point of breaking into a laugh, and which utterly shook the spectator's firmness and good faith in its owner. His stooped slightly; his gait was a sort of amble; there was an air of irresolution over the whole man; and one was tempted to pronounce—though the judgment may be too severe—that he was half a rogue, half a fool. He waved his hand in an easy, careless way to the students of Frenchmen, and made a profound bow to the English party.—Dr. Wyke.

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WETTING BRICK.

It is important that every one engaged in building should be well informed in regard to the durability of materials. We publish the following from an exchange paper:

Very few people, or even builders, are aware of the advantage of wetting bricks before laying them, or if aware of it, they do not practice it, for the many houses now in progress in this city, there are very few in which pietrars are used. A well-twelve inch brick, built in mortar, with bricks well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are well saturated with water, they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization; and on the contrary, they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leaving it to dry and harden, and the consequence is, that when a building of this description is taken down, the mortar from it is like so much sand.

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Mr. Smike says that desperate-schemes require desperate remedies; and this was the reason why he got married when he was in love.

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The following extract is taken from an unpublished Romance:

"I listen to you Gasparo, do. When I first met the lady Arastella in the brilliant saloon of the Court de Pampere, I was struck with the spiritual instead of her close like eyes. In short my friend, I loved her, although I knew nothing of her birth, fortune or station. Was one moment fit for me to tell her of my secret, when the next I was to be torn from her by the hand of fate."

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The following extract is taken from an unpublished Romance:

"Gasparo, left forever the sunny clime of Italy a broken hearted man."

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