



Agricultural

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

The Planter.—Work your Cotton crop steadily to encourage the development and retention of forms and bolls.—Sift down, surface culture, with light sweeps, followed by the hoe, will be found the best method, in all cases. Do not allow the grass or weeds to get a foothold either in the row or middle—wage a steady and relentless warfare upon them during this month, after which they will not give you much trouble.

well wilted. Then turn it over carefully, and leave it on the ground until 3 o'clock in the evening when it must be gathered up, tied in bundles of moderate size (say a foot through at the hand) and set up on the butt end, in stacks of 3 or 4 bundles each—turning one bundle upside down, over the others, as a "cap sheet."

The Throne of Solomon.

The description which we here give to our readers, was translated by Captain W. Franklin, from a Persian manuscript, entitled "The Throne of Solomon," or a history of Jerusalem, and will be found in the first volume of the "Oriental Collection." To the Mason it may be interesting, as giving some idea of the exaggerated splendours which Eastern imagination throws around all that relates to our ancient Grand Masters. The real Solomon knows that the true throne of King Solomon was Divine Wisdom.

Young ladies keep your hearts in a state of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the right one is found without a doubt, after which you can go on and love, court and be married, and be happy, without the least bit of trouble.

The Harmony of Colours.

Painting was not more chosen about his painting than we find the sun to be. As winter departs, the modest violet first blooms beneath a veil of leaves, which radiate back upon the fragile little flower or all the heat that departs from it. As the snow disappears, blossoms of other flowers open, which display themselves more boldly; but they are blanched, or nearly so. In the passage from the last snows of winter to the first blossoms of spring, the harmony of colour is preserved—billows and orchards are laden with delicate white, varied rarely by the pink upon the almond-tree. Petals of apple-blossoms floating on the wind mimic the flakes of snow that were so lately seen.

A Snake Story.

An officer of the American Army told this anecdote of his experience while professionally in Florida during the war there: "One day," said he, "I shouldered my gun, and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp, I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length, and about one foot in diameter. No position I could take it was nothing but a log, I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see, I had never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never should have believed it."

Where Corn is not "laid by," it will be well to give it a constant surface working, until prevented by the spreading of the blades across the rows. Allow no weed to appear in your corn field—both weeds and corn cannot flourish on the same ground. Do not use the turning plow among your corn after the first two workings. It breaks and tears up the young rootlets, and does far more injury than good.

Before the throne was a column of barbed gold, on the top of which was a golden dove, which held in its beak a scroll inscribed with the law. In this book were written the Psalms of David, and the dove having presented it to the King, he read aloud a portion of it to the children of Israel. It is further related that on the approach of wicked persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrific roaring, and to take their tails with violence, the birds also began to bristle up their feathers, and the assembly of demons and gnomes to utter horrid cries; so, for fear of them, no one dared to be guilty of falsehood, but all confessed their crimes. Such was the throne of Solomon, the Son of David.

in regions subject to a cold almost incessant, a short summer produces flowers of extremely vivid coloring. The summer, although short, is fierce, and the plants radiate fast that they may escape destruction. The dark verdure of the Northern pines would cause them to lose heat with great rapidity. For compensation they are made to grow in pyramids that catch a mass of snow so closely as to great them during the hard weather.

It is not without reason that the most anxious care for her first descent into the parlor. Her efforts to be easy, she becomes very uneasy; her exertions to be graceful render her decidedly awkward; her virgin modesty magnifies her innocent mistakes, and she retires overwhelmed with mortification at her failure in her new position. A new position, whatever it may be, clouds and bewilders the understanding.

Corn Fodder.—Break up, very deeply, a piece of rich land, harrow it finely, and with a broad shovel plow lay it off in drills three feet apart. In these drills scatter corn at the rate of 40 or 50 gallons to the foot, and cover with a hoe, rake, board or harrow, drawn lengthwise along the drill. When well up, "run around" it pretty close with a long roller, and repeat after 10 or 15 days. In the course of 10 or 15 days more, break out the entire middle with the roller, and finally lay by with the shovel plow, running up and down in the same furrow, midway between the drills. On good land, prepared and worked in this way, the yield will be from 5 to 6 tons (sometimes even 10) of excellent fodder per acre. This is as much as can be pulled from 20 to 30 acres, in the common way, and at one-tenth of the labor. Pounded for food, it is as good, if not better than pulled fodder, as it contains the entire juice and strength of the plant, which, in the other case, has gone to the formation of the ear or grain. The loss of weight and injury to the grain, by depriving corn stalks of their leaves before all growth has ceased, is fully equal to the value of the fodder pulled. We, therefore, desire that our readers should abandon this "old fogy" practice, and give drilled corn fodder a fair trial. It is not yet too late, but should be done immediately. Any one who fairly tests it will, we are quite certain, abandon fodder pulling forever.

Drain and Ditching.—The richest land on the plantation is often allowed to run waste, worthless and wild, presenting only stagnant puddles of water, rank grasses, weeds and brambles, and forming a harbor and receptacle for snakes, lizards, turtles and vermin of every description. Now, during the "summer solstice," when the ground is comparatively dry, and the heavy field-work over, is a good time to change these offensive blotches on the face of Nature into cultivated fields of the most productive character. Dig wide and deep under drains, or open ditches to carry off the surplus water, and grub up trees, bushes and briars, destroy noxious weeds, &c., and plant the reclaimed ground next spring in Irish Potatoes, Corn, Cotton, or Grass for the meadows.

Keep Coals of Fire on the Head.—An apostle enjoins it upon us to do this to our enemies. The inspired injunction is, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Many interpretations have been given of this figurative expression—none of which have appeared to us to be perfectly satisfactory. The latest commentator upon it is the Rev. John Brown, D. D., of Edinburgh. His account of the matter, which at least has the merit of originality, is this: "The whole phrase is borrowed from the art of metallurgy. Fire is used to convert the ore into a metallic state. The fire is heaped on the ore, cast into the furnace, and through its influence the cold and rugged substance is melted and becomes malleable, and fit for being employed for useful purposes. The natural tendency of preserving in disinterested goodness, is to produce gratitude, even in a very depraved heart. It is difficult to lodge, by any means, the conviction of disinterested goodness. There must be many goals heaped on the selfish creature's forehead, before he will be induced to do good; and when once the fact that the man whom I have unjustly injured, really loves me, forces itself on the mind, love takes the place of suspicion and hatred.

Receipt for Making Tattlers.—Take a handful of the vine called rattan; the same quantity of a root called simble tongue; a spring of the herb called backbite; a quart of water; and mix all together. A teaspoonful of salt, a few drops of cayenne; which can be purchased in any quantity at the shops of Kin-Tobias Tattler and Miss Nancy Night-walker; stir them well together and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of discontent, kindled with a little jealousy; then strain through the rag of misanthropy, and cork it up in the bottle of malvolence; hang it up in a skein of street yarn; shake it accordingly for a few days and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken just before walking out, and the subject will be able to speak all manner of evil, and that continually.

THE IRON AND THE TARAPIN.

A lady's friend in this village, who is the King of Books within a village, has been reading the "Iron and the Tarapin," a story which is very interesting and amusing. It tells of a king who was very fond of his iron, and how he was tricked by a tarapin.

A Hint for the Ladies.

An exchange paper has a bit of advice to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gentleman is really courting them, or only trying to get into their pockets. The confounding one with the other has been the source of much trouble, both before and since the end of Pickwick and Bardell.

Terpenoids and Plaster for Bugs.

Among the many "infalible" remedies to prevent bugs from destroying vines, I have noticed the following:—With one quart of common plaster put a tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine. Mix it thoroughly, and sprinkle it on your plants. The bugs will show strong manifestations of their displeasure by sundry convulsions and convulsions, and leave immediately "on suspicion." Last season being an "annual" buggy one, I tried everything I could hear or read of, but of no avail, until I applied the turpentine and plaster, which was effectual. The raw turpentine would probably be as effectual in the destruction of the plants as the bugs, hence do mix it with plaster. We think it benefits the vines as well as saving them.—William Doob, Susquehanna, N. Y. 1855.

Receipt for Making Tattlers.

Printers on a Strike.—The Printers of Petersburg are on a strike—refusing to work until the present apprentice system is allowed or abolished. The Proprietors of the different papers refuse to submit to the demands of the journeymen.

On his arrival, he ordered the aid of his distinguished implacability, to be collected in a heavy and burned, in possession of the whole plantation. The next day lightning struck the stable and withered collected together and shot. On the day following, the old barn and out-houses were fired and consumed. On the next day he commanded the terror-stricken slaves to be led out, and the property to be removed, which of them were executed and dancing of death. About one hundred and fifty were thus picked out and led to execution. An immense level and vastery for mercy, mingled with prevention of good behavior, arose. The master at first appeared immovable, but the protracted intercession of the crewmen, finally induced him to relent, and allow them a further probation of a year and a half. At this exhibition of clemency, the gratitude of the poor negroes knew no bounds. A new spirit of industry re-asserted itself, and in a year or two, with the direction of new buildings, and the introduction of new methods of agriculture, the energetic young master could boast of one of the best ordered and most productive plantations in the State.

Summer. From the Garden. From the sun, with morning gleams, Lengthwise towards him, Mind to making water, Or to study books. Shortly through the meadow-green, Sluggish streams are flowing; All things their health are meet, Good things are growing.

A Naples letter says: "An extraordinary catastrophe occurred here lately in one of the principal families of the city. The Marchese Gelsomino had two children, of whom the elder was exactly eight, the younger thirteen in an Albany's study of Greek, and the performance made a great reputation on them. The next day, to amuse themselves, the children imitated the last scene of the oldest play, taking a libretto knife as a poniard, plunged it into his sister's throat, and inflicted so serious a wound that she died in a few minutes. His father wound of his younger brother dangerously, and afterward plunged the knife into his own breast near the heart, inflicting a very serious wound. At this moment the mother entered, and her despair at finding one child dead and the other dangerously wounded may be imagined."

A NORTH CAROLINA BOOK FOR THE YOUNG. An account of a sufficient number of subscribers to justify the enterprise can be obtained, it is proposed to publish a series of stories entitled, "A Wealth from the Woods of Carolina." These stories will be accompanied by colored engravings of our most beautiful wild flowers, and will be found instructive and attractive. Persons desiring to subscribe, and their encouragements North Carolina literary enterprises, will find a prospectus at Mr. Fowmyer's Book-store. The proceeds of the sale of the "Wealth" will be applied to a benevolent purpose.—Ed. Register.

A Supplication.—It frequently happens that persons wish to plant choice trees in situations so dry as to be least likely to thrive. When such trees have taken root, the required moisture may be supplied by a very simple operation, which has been successfully tried in California. Dig a hole in which the tree is to be planted. In the centre bore a hole with a long-shanked earth-angor,—the longer the better—fill the hole with coarse sand, and plant the tree. If the hole be six or eight feet deep it will almost always furnish a full supply of moisture. The philosophy of the thing is so apparent that nothing more is necessary than its mere statement.

Doxy Camel.—This curious weed, called "May Weed," grows from seed. By mowing it before flowering time it may easily be destroyed. One hour spent in destroying weeds in the proper season may save a week's work next year. Give weeds no quarter. On them down—give them no quarter.

Mirabens said of a man who was an idle as he was corpulent, that his only use was to show how far the skin would stretch, without bursting.