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AND DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

BY JOHN CAMERON. OXFORD N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1843. VOL. III—NO. I.

From the Southern Plaster.

IMPROVING OLD LANDS.

Mr Editor,—At the request of a friend, I wrote to Dr. R. D. Palmer desiring him to communicate my knowledge which he had derived from experience as to the best mode of improving our old lands. I send you for publication what he says on the subject, as he gave me permission to do so if I thought any one might be benefitted by it It is evident that we shall have to resort to his or some other mode for restoring our worn-out lands. From my own experience and observation I feel no hesitation in saying that I believe the Doctor's plan to be the most practicable and economical I have seen suggested.

J. MORTON.

Spring Grove, Aug. 11, 1843.

"In 1827, I settled on a farm of 560 acres, in the lower end of Campbell county, in the most exhausted condition of any, perhaps, in the State of Virginia. It had been under the very worst system of management from the time of its settlement in 1755. The soil being red, its aspect generally was more that of a gully-side than any thing else. Hundreds of gullies were everywhere to be seen, some from forty to fifty feet wide, and as deep as a common house top. The previous occupant had annually expended from one to two hundred dollars for corn. An intelligent lady remarked to me that 'the land was so thin that we would have to double it.'

"From this appalling picture the question will naturally arise, 'why did you purchase?' The answer is that 'I thought it a suitable stand for the practice of medicine, and that from some eighty or ninety acres of creek bottoms I should be able to draw a support until the exhausted land could be reclaimed.'

"At first I divided the farm into four equal shifts, and cultivated in corn, followed by wheat, where the land was thought to be good enough to produce it, and where not, in oats or rye. In consequence of the great poverty of the soil, rye was generally preferred, as oats would not grow high enough to be cut. My aim, from the first, was to clover and plaster all of the land in small grain; but, from the paucity of my means, much could not be done in that way for several years. Experience soon taught me that one fourth of my land would not produce enough to support my family of ten or twelve in number. And that the better way would be to resort to a ring fence: and cultivate the flat land and such places as required cleaning up, while I was manuring the thinner parts of the farm. My aim has ever been to raise as much manure as I possibly could, without neglecting other necessary things; and always to haul out in the spring. The principal resources have been from corn stalks, leaves, straw, &c. When put in the stables and farm pens they afford comfortable beds to the horses, cattle, &c., while, at the same time, they absorb and retain the liquid manure, which otherwise would be lost.

"The present condition of my farm will tell whether my efforts have been in vain.

"I should not neglect to say, that as soon as all of my galled land got in a condition to bring grass, I again divided my farm into five, instead of four shifts; and that now we fallow one, so as to have, annually, one in corn and two in small grain.

"I made no tobacco until my fields every where, through the assistance of manure, clover, plaster, &c., had taken on a rich mantle of green.

"The first object of the farmer, in reclaiming wornout lands, should be to extend his manures so as to get as much stuck in grass as he can. For this purpose I think top-dressing answers the purpose best. A mixture of red clover, herdsgrass, timothy, greensward seed, &c., with plaster of Paris, sown late in February or early in March, so as to put a bushel of plaster to the acre, will generally stick well, especially if the thinner places have a little top dressing. But little grazing should be done except on the field intended for corn the ensuing year; and that, principally, after the full blossoming of the clover.

R. D. PALMER."

Profitable Farming.—The Utica Gazette states that a person purchased 620 acres of land in Wisconsin at two dollars per acre, making $1250. He paid for breaking it up and sowing, $2 an acre, and for fencing $1000. His seed cost him about $1000 more, so that the whole expense was about $4500. From this he realized the first year 35 bushels to the acre, average, which is 21,700 bushels, worth at least 50 cents above the expense of harvesting—This will amount to $10,850, or in other words, he will pay for his land, getting it under and enclosing, and all expenses, and have a rising of $6000 net profit.

FLY PROOF WHEAT.

The following article, copied from the Winchester (Va.) Republican, will commend itself to the attention of a numerous class of our readers who are engaged in agricultural pursuits:

Mr. Gallaher: I observe in your paper of last week that the Fly-Proof Wheat recently introduced in the Valley, and indeed, I may say into the State of Virginia, is beginning to attract the attention of our agriculturists. Believing that any information upon this subject, however limited, may prove interesting to some of your readers, I will cheerfully state all that has come into my possession. How the word 'Mediterranean' became attached to this species of wheat, I am unable to say; but I know that it was *not* originally imported from any country bordering upon that sea. The history of its introduction into the U. States, I will state in a few words. Several years ago an American gentleman who was travelling in Holland received and accepted an invitation to dine with a number of Hessians [for the circumstance occurred in the Hesse country,] when the conversation turned upon the agriculture of the two countries. It was asked of the American, why, with our fine climate and soil, we so often failed in having good wheat crops? The latter replied that it was doubtless in a great measure attributable to an insect which it was supposed was introduced into the U. States in the wheat sent from Holland during the Revolutionary War for the subsistence of the British army, which was known in this country as the Hessian Fly. The Hessians were amused at the reply, but admitted that some kinds of wheat in that country were liable to injury by insects, while there was a species in very general use that resisted their attacks.

The American gentleman was presented with some of this wheat, which he brought to this country and sowed upon his farm in Delaware. Subsequently, a small quantity was forwarded to the Patent Office at Washington, where it attracted the attention of James H. Taliaferro, Esq. [a son of the late representative in Congress from the Northern Neck district] by whom it was introduced into Virginia: and its ability to resist the attacks of the Fly successfully tested. You will therefore perceive that the name 'Mediterranean,' given to the wheat, has no more applicability than it has to our common Indian corn. There may have been a species of wheat introduced into this country from some one of the States bordering on the Mediterranean sea, but, if so, the "Fly Proof Wheat" is another article.

That this Wheat is fly-proof I cannot be permitted to doubt, and, being fly-proof, I submit to our farmers whether it is not, therefore, less liable to suffer from the rust than the common kinds. It is my opinion that the latter evil may be fairly laid to the charge of the Hessian Fly, for the reason: the Fly attacks the stalk of wheat before it is jointed, and of course in a young and tender state: the first shoot is either killed or so much damaged that lataral branches or suckers are thrown out from the root (as we observe from the root of a tree after the tree has been cut down) which are so late in maturing that the heat of summer catches the wheat green and tender and liable to be destroyed by a few hours of sultry weather. This I also believe to be the cause of wheat ripening so irregularly throughout a field, as sometimes occurs to such a drgree that farmers have been known to deliberate for days before commencing the wheat harvest.

Thus you will perceive that I charge almost every evil to which our wheat crops are subject, to the hessian Fly; and it seems that if indeed this evil was inflicted upon us by the Hessians during the Revolutionary War, besides having drubbed them pretty well at that time for their interference in our affairs, we are at last indebted to them for a preventive of its pernicious effects.

From all I can learn (for I am neither a farmer nor a miller, though I have paid some attention to the farming interest, and only regret that my zeal has not been rewarded by a corresponding degree of benefit to those interests]—from all that I can learn, I am induced to believe that this wheat will not yield as well, either in quality or quantity of flour, as the favorite kinds sowed in the Valley; but I presume this matter will be thoroughly tested this fall by our millers, when the result will be made public. Let this result be what it may, this wheat has been proved to yield well; and if it is what its advocates claim for it, that is, Fly Proof, and therefore less liable to be injured by the rust, it is a desideratum long sought, and one that will be of immense advantage to the whole country.

Yours, &c. T.

Mr. David Hollingsworth, a practical and experienced miller, in reply to enquiries on the subject of what is called the Mediterranean Wheat, states that he has ground it, and finds its average to be about the usual standard of good Wheat. It takes five bushels to the barrel, and makes very good superfine Flour, such as bakers would prefer on account of the quantity of water which it absorbs. Mr. Hollingsworth has not raised any of this Wheat himself, and can not therefore say what is its average yield to the acre; but as far as tested in the way of Flour, his opinion is rather favorable.

P. S.—We have just seen a gentleman who had been in doubt whether or not he would sow any of the Mediterranean Wheat this fall, but having just had two barrels of Flour manufactured from it, he finds it the best he has had for a long time, and is therefore determined to try the wheat again, and would put in his whole crop with it, if he had the seed.

The American Farmer in a note to an article favouring the cultivation of the Mediterranean Wheat, says:

"We have heard an objection raised against this variety of wheat that it was too thick skinned and gave too much bran; we were, therefore, pleased to hear, the other day, from a very observing culturist, that in this particular it had changed its character, and was now as thin skinned as the 'Blue stem.'

SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

How to make three pair of boots last as long as six, and longer.

The following extract from Colonel Macarone's "Seasonable Hints," which appeared in the Mechanic's Magazine, dated February 8. 1838:—After stating the utility of sheepskin clothing for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, &c., he says, "I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their boots from wearing. I have had only three pair of boots for the last six years, (no shoes,) and I think I shall not require any others for the next six years to come. The reason is that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and half a pound of rosin into a pot on the fire: when melted and mixed, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole nor the upper leather will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of beeswax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a tea spoonful of lampblack. A day or two after the boots have been treated with tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stiching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be large, so as to admit of wearing cork soles. Cork is such a bad conductor of heat, that, with it in the boot, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor.

ADVANTAGES OF AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Sir Walter Raleigh had made the discovery that the potatoe was a nutritious vegetable. He then introduced it into cultivation among his tenants; but it spread slowly, and was not brought over to this country by emigrants, till a company of Irish Presbyterians settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire; and it was forty years more, before this excellent root had become a regular dish on the farmer's table, even in New England. Now, by means of agricultural journals, how soon would the discovery of any new vegetable as valuable as the Potatoe, become known throughout the land, and be brought into general cultivation? We will venture to say, if only a single bushel were this day in existence, five years hence the country would be pretty fairly stocked with it; so rapidly would a knowledge of its good qualities and the profit and advantages of cultivating it be disseminated. And thus the agricultural papers of the present day, would be the means of accomplishing as much in five years, as was done in the olden time without their aid, in two centuries. And are they not now annually bringing about the same result, though perhaps in a less degree, than the supposed one stated above? What man, then, with the least regard for the progress of his profession; the developement of the hidden wealth and resources of his country; or the increased comforts and happiness of his species, will refuse to subscribe for one or more agricultural papers?—*American Agriculturalist.*

Mungo Mackay.—*The practical Joker.*

Of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking—of all the inveterate manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most systematically troublesome that ever I heard of, was Mungo Mackay, of the town of Boston, on Massachusetts Bay.—Others followed the sport as most men follow the hounds, or cultivate music, as a recreation; but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it was not the by play—with him it was the business of life It was food and rajment to him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquility of his neighborhood; he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed life to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown to man's estate, leaving him a comfortable independence; and from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the peace of the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelitish wit; for truly "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," and the hand of every woman too, from the Charles River to South Boston, and for many miles round the villages, by a semicircle of which the ancient capitol of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

One pleasant Sunday morning, Mackay went to church by times, took his seat in a central pew, just under the shadow of the pulpit, sat bolt upright with his arms extended, with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity, down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time, the whole church was full to overflowing. The psalm was sung, the prayer was said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love, upon the beauty of universal benevolence, on the pleasure which arises not only from clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place," the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected, he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one was busy with their handkerchiefs, wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had, by the strokes of his eloquence, caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mack held his arms stiff and straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of the female friends were not slow to observe this: for, in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling exhibited, his face, was rather a handsome face. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked, confused, and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no handkerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress. At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and (Heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow,) after one or two downcast looks, and fluttering pauses, she said in an under tone,

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay, in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away"

In an instant, a fair hand was thrust into a recticule, and a white handkerchief, scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes, the fair Samaritan seeming to rejoice in this first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, Mackay looked unutterable obligations, but whispered that she would increase them a thousand fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who has done one kind action, the second seems easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cut-water, but the moment it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was, in fact, more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant, every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom being so intent on her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in that church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax had been played off for their amusement A general titter ran round the place, "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles" were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright; and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths, which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, the blessing given amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious, nor the smiles of the mirthful, but what was her astonishment, when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of his paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching his coat pocket for his gloves! Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come, for Mackay having drawn them on, and opened the pew door, turned, and put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear:

"*Is it not madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have?*"

The late Fair at Rochester, N. Y., must have been an immense affair. It is estimated that there were at least four thousand wheeled carriages there, and ten thousand horses, and in the show ground some sixty Durham bulls, twenty stud horses, several hundred sheep and hogs, a thousand horses of all kinds, &c. Eleven hundred sat down to the Agricultural supper.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON.

Here is an extract from the Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker, for September:

What a personal appearance was that of the Father of his country? All accounts agree in this. We heard an old gentleman say, not long ago, that when a clerk in Philadelphia, he used to walk two or three squares every morning, to meet Washington as he came down Market st. to see his quarters. "The dignity," said he, "of his movements, the grace of his salutation, and the calm sweetness of his smile, were beyond description or comparison." Sitting the other day on a log, scarcely a stone's throw from where Andre was captured, and not far from the little Sleepy Hollow church, we conversed an hour with a revolutionary patriot, tremulous with the palsy of age who pointed out to us the spot, over the Tappan sea which lay before us, where Andre was hung, and where, on that day the troops 'spread out thick and black along way from the gallows.' He lived at Verplanck's Point, close by, when Arnold came down to his barge,' said he, 'from this side: having got news of the treason by express; but the gun burst at the second discharge and took off legs to the thigs of one poor fellow, who was brought to our house, but he died in two hours.' 'The army then lay at Bradford,' continued the old veteran, 'and I saw General Washington almost every day. He was a noble looking man; his countenance was terribly pleasant. He did not talk much, but even the little children fairly loved him; and they used to gather about the door of his marquee every morning to see him; and he used to par their heads and smile on them: it was beautiful to see.' How uniform and universal is this 'testimony of the eye' in the recollection of Washington.

SCARCITY OF MINISTERS.

The Mobile Herald says:—"Rev. Jefferson Hamilton, of the Methodist Church, is the only minister now on duty in this city, exclusive of Catholic priests, and Rev. Dr. Boring, presiding elder of the Methodist Church, but who does not reside in the city. Two of our regular ministers are out of the State—one sick, (though, we are happy to state, not of the epidemic, nor dangerously)—and the Baptists have no minister! Probably such an occurrence has not happened before since the various churches were organized."

The President's name is honor and integrity," says the Madisonian. "My name is Norval!" said a runaway youth who was playing that character in a small theatre, at Annapolis, some years since. "You lie, you dog," said an officer in the crowd, "your name is Bill Brown, and you owe Mrs. Knipper three dollars and a half for boarding and washing—and here's a writ; so come along, my da[illegible]g"—Louisville Journal.