

He may be as much astonished at the present appearance of "Sir Walter's Defeat," as the veritable Rip Van Winkle, when coming out of his seven years nap, was at King George's overthrow. I shall take pleasure in showing him round.

LITTLE FARMER.

June, 1857.

For the Arator.

Mr. Editor: I profess never to have received any new idea from agricultural papers, and therefore hadn't ought to trouble them with my scribblings; but by your generous indulgence I will make known a little of my experience in this my first attempt at making cotton. Well, I didn't consult your journal, but as daddy used to raise the article in small patches and as I noticed people now-o'-days planting in drills, instead of hills; so I thought I could do so too, and went to work, split my ridges, and covered, as they did, with a scraper, which put in the seed effectually two to three inches deep. Upon the top of this we had a hard, baking rain, and I thought it never would come up; but, by and by, it began to crack the crust about in places, and as I had heard some used a harrow to help it through in such a condition, I had one made with wooden teeth or pegs, which my hands run over the ridges to loosen them, but when I come to inspect the work, I was not a little vexed to find the thing was doing more harm than good. I may never if it didn't make the ground harder. The sereaks along the stiff mulatto rows looked like places in a road where children had amused themselves by dragging sticks. The cotton, however, continued to break and come up. I sided it and hoed it, as well as I could; but could never loosen the earth about it until after the rain first Monday in July. The result was, that it couldn't grow; it just stood there, dwarfing and dwarfing, until the stalks looked like small iron wire, and I wish I may die if the leaves were n't as blue as indigo. I had a very poor stand with all.

rain it is coming out and coming up too; and, from present appearances, I shall get a pretty respectable stand by the commencement of picking time. Do tell me, in a letter, (for I shant know how to believe it if I see it in print in your paper,) how late it will do to make cotton after it comes up—how deep to cover—when and how to plant—how to cultivate—and how much you think I shall make to the acre. I have got a real mixture of different kinds of seeds and expect a hybridical improvement of the plant. If I succeed, I'll let you know, and get you to advertise the seed in time for the next crop. I see other folks are making by selling rare seeds, and why should not I?

Yours to command. P. FOG.

[If some of our Edgecomb planters will be kind enough to answer the inquiries of Mr. Fog, we will give it a private endorsement, to satisfy the inquirer.]—Ed. Arator.

For the Arator.

ASHES AND LIME.

Mr. Editor: Our lands may be greatly improved by lime and ashes, or by either of these articles. The lime is necessary not itself to feed the growing plants, but, by its chemical action, to prepare the vegetable and mineral substances in the soil for this office, and it should therefore be applied broadcast, to the surface, after plowing, in the fall or spring. It may be harrowed in, as the object is to mix it as thoroughly and intimately as possible with the top soil. It should never be purposely turned under deep, as its nature is to retire from the top, and it will soon sink low enough. As to quantity to be used, that must be regulated by circumstances. Twenty-five to fifty bushels per acre, at a dose, would probably suffice in most cases. Good farmers in Maryland regard it as indispensable, and they apply it liberally with remunerative results.

Ashes, to some extent, produce the same chemical effect, and, at the same time, are rich in inherent fertilizing