Miscellaneous.

LIME.—Old gardens are frequently unproductive through being manured year after year wit hthe same kind of manure and growing the same crops. In such cases the vegetables are rank in growth and ill-flavored.—

Potatoes and other watey roots are liable to disease, and the beans and peas unproductive, and cauliflowers and cabbages subjected to club disease. When such is the case, use no manure for a couple of years. The first spare ground you get, trench it two feet deep if the ground will allow of it, and thoroughly mix with the earth, as you turn it over, a good dressing of fresh slacked lime, the fresher the better. My plan is, when the top spit is thrown to the bottom of the trench, to throw over the hot lime and fork it in, and to repeat the dose of lime over the lower spit thrown to the surface. Employed in this way, lime acts as a complete renovater of old and over manured soils, as the produce afterwards will show. The second year I repeat the lime dressing forked it instead of digging the ground as by that means the lime becomes more completely mixed in the soil. I also add the surfacing of road scrapings, if the ground is heavy or inclined to be so.—By these means, giving up manure for two years, I have succeeded in bringing an old garden soil, which would possibly grow nothing well, into a first clas soil, producing good crops and of the best quality.—*Turner's Florist.*

PULPIT GRAVITY.—A minister was preaching to a large congregation in one of the Southern States, on the certainty of future judgement. In the galery sat a colored girl, with a white child in her arms, which she was danceing up and down with commendable effort, to make baby understand the proprieties of the place. The preacher was too much interested in his subject to notice the occasional noise of the infant; and at the right point in his discourse, threw himself into an interesting attitude, as though he had suddenly heard the first note of the trump of doom, and looking towards the part of the church where the girl with the baby in her arms was sitting, he asked, in low deep voice:

"What is that I hear?"

Before he recovered from the oratorical pause, so as to answer his own question the colored girl responded, in a mortified tone of voice, but loud enough to catch the ears of the entire congregation:

"I dunno, sa, I spec it is dis here chile, but indeed, sa, I has been doin' all I could to keep him from sturbin, you.'

It is easy to imagine that this suden rejoiner took the tragic out of the praech. er in the shortest time imaginable; and that the solemnity of that judgement day sermon was not a little diminished by the event.

THE NEW ORLEANS BATTERING RAM. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has been furnished with a description of the New Orleans battering ram. The steamer is the length of an ordinary steamboat, the roof being arched in shape, covered with railroad iron, so as to prevent balls from penetrating, and the balls in striking will immediately glance off without having any effect, let the position of the gun be what it may. At the bow of the boat is a ponrous cutter, made of the best steel, the object of which is to cut a vessel in two. This will require a very great power, which the projecters think they have attained in the way of two powerful engines. The mode of attack is with hot water, which is thrown through hose attached to the boiler. The vessel attacked cannot keep the men on deck, nor can she use her cannon, as they will be kept wet by the water thrown. Beside being covered with heavy iron, the boat is built of the heaviest and best timber.

A GREAT TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.—If but once in a century, a little being should be sent into this world, of the most delicate and beautiful structure, and we were told that a wonderful principle pervaded every part of it, capable of unlimited expansion and happiness, capable of being associated with angels and becoming the friend of God, or if it should receive the wrong bias, of growing up in enmity against Him and incurring everlasting misery, would any expense of education which would save from such misery and elevate to such misery, and elevate to such happiness, be to much? But instead of one such little being, more than one million are intrusted to the care of the "fathers of this country," and their education in this world will determine their future destiny—of companionship with the angels or with the degraded wretched enemies of God:

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.—Ike goes for a soldier. Mrs. Partington makes a farewell address: Ike, my son, stand up while I dress you—hold my bonnet and specks. Fellow soldier—It is the abandoned duty of all the patriarchal in these times, and to hand down, unrepaired, the glorious flag of all seceding generation." [Here Ike commenced counting off the new fashioned coor, swinging the old bonnet up and down as he went in—one, two, three, triger,] "March hesitatingly into the contented field, and if a reble demands your quarters, tell him you had but three, and the last one is spent; then if he won't quit and leave, "quit your self like a man," and may you have a glorious campaign of it."