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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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All orders addressed to the publishers, post paid, will receive prompt attention.

GENTLE EVA.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Have you heard the touching story,
Told so sadly, of that clime
Where the rose, in crimson glory,
Brightens all the summer time?
It tells us of a maiden—
Golden-haired and starry eyed—
Young in years, by thought o'erladen,
Who in angel beauty died.
Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the ebbing wave,
Wail or woe shall never grieve her,
Shrouded in her mossy grave.

Once she wept o'er wrong and sorrow,
Childish tears so wisely shed.
Birds, of Eden, on the morrow,
Warbled dirges o'er her head.
Velvet leaf and snowy blossom
Crowned her young and radiant brow.
O'er her white, upheaving bosom
Little hands are folded now.
Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Sleeping by the morning tide,
Never more shall sorrow grieve her,
Who in angel beauty died.

SPICED VINEGAR.

In the winter of '47, while residing in New Orleans, a youth, who stood almost five feet eleven and three quaters in his stockings, and hailed from somewhere on the Wabash, was invited by a friend to dine at the house where I was boarding. This was the hoosier's first visit away from home, and he told his friend, who was in the produce business, and had purchased his cargo of corn, as they took their seats at the table, that he expected he would show him all the sights in town, as he wanted to let all the folks at home know about it. The servant brought a plate of soup, and observing a gentleman nearly opposite put considerable catsup in his dish, our Hoosier pointed to a bottle of peper-sauce, and asked his neighbor what it was.

"Spiced vinegar," was the reply.

"Wal, 'spose yer oblige a feller by handin' it along."

"Certainly," was the answer.

The Hoosier took the bottle and commenced dousing it into his soup; but as the sauce did not flow very freely, he took out the cork, and at the same time observed to a friend—

"Kinder close folks yer stoppin' with, to put such a plaguy little hole in that to prevent a feller's takin' much of the stuff I 'spose it comes high, don't it?"

During this time he poured nearly a wine-glass full into his soup, and taking his spoon he dipped it full, together with several pepers, and put it into his mouth. The next instant he spouted the contents of his spoon across the table into a French gentleman's bosom, and bawled out—

"Water! water! Snakes and wild cats, give me some water! I'm all on fire!"

"By gar, sair!" exclaimed the Frenchman, in a rage jumping up from the table, "you have spoiled my shirt, my vest, sair. Spoiled everything, sair. By gar, I shall see about this sair!"

In the meantime the Hoosier had seized a pitcher containing water, and had taken a tremendous draught. Setting down the pitcher, he eyed the Frenchman for a moment, and then yelled—

"Dod blast yer old shirt! 'Spose I was goin' to burn my in'ards out for you or yer shirt?—you mean cuss! Come down to the boat and I'll give you one of mine."

It was with much difficulty that the Hoosier's friend could allay the Frenchman's rage, and set matters straight again. But ever after "Spiced Vinegar," was a by-word, and sufficient to set a whole table in a roar.—*New Orleans Delta.*

A SURE MARKSMAN.—We find in the "Autobiography of W. Jordon," the following concerning Lord de Tabley's shooting:—

"Lord de Tabley was the surest shot I ever saw in the field. His piece was rarely ever raised but to kill, and twenty snipes in succession have fallen in proof of his accuracy of aim. And with the pistol he was still more wonderful. The head of a swallow peeping over a cornice of the old tower was sufficient object for a bullet about the size of a pea. A wagtail hopping and clipping on the lawn was a gone bird if I asked for another specimen of skill, though he was out of practice since the time he fired for a wager of a thousand guineas laid upon him by the Prince Regent, the evidence of the winning of which bet was testified by a card with two holes in the centre, resembling the ace of clubs, and which had been perforated in that way at the duelling distance of 12 paces. He would have stood a poor chance in a duel who ventured to meet Lord de Tabley.—The loading of the pistol was a bit of minute science which amused me. The gunpowder was carefully measured in a ramrod with a funnel end to receive it, and smoothed off by a fine card, the pistol was inverted over this, and being reversed, every particle was emptied into the breech.—The rest of the loading was equally precise, and, as his lordship never missed, I was brought to the conclusion that three or four of the finest grains of gunpowder, more or less, made all the difference in hitting or missing."

California contains four hundred thousand square miles. This would give eight States as large as New York State, fifty as large as New Jersey, and fifty-seven as large as Massachusetts.

Horne Brooke, being asked by George III. if he played at cards, replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

From the Hartford Courant.

VOYAGE UP SALT RIVER.

As we have voyaged the whole length of Salt River, up to the "head of sloop navigation," we are quite desirous that our readers should know what a time we had, and how we are satisfied with our new "location."

We started in the grand old steamer Connecticut, Capt. Steady-Habits, Commander, with the rest of the large Whig fleet, on the evening of the second of November, on our cruise up the stream. As we entered the bay into which that famous river discharges its waters; there was an universal expression of grief throughout the whole fleet. The first ebullition being over, we had then an opportunity, "quiet, though sad," to mark the rapid progress of our voyage, and the interesting objects before us. As we passed up the bay, there loomed up before us the low sandy point of *Cape Harbor Improvements*; we gave its obstructions a wide berth and sighed as we silently bad it adieue for years. The wrecks of steamers were strewed all along its yellow sands. *Cape Protection* then shows its headland. The long break-water, erected in 1842 against the dashing waves of the broad ocean, which rolled its billows from far England upon it, had been taken down and washed away; and foolishly, *on the landward side* of the point, another barrier had been built in '46, which only checked the current of the inland river. As we passed it, it was enveloped in fog, which had settleed in gloomy wreathes on the sides of *Mount American System* that rose behind it. "Farewell," we said, "old landmark! Thou wilt guide our fleet to victory no more! Thy whole stupendous mass is to be carried off and deposited in the deep ocean of Free Trade! He who once stood proudly on thy top to cheer us to the contest, sleeps the last long sleep of death, and his system has perished with him. It is marked on the tomb stone, as the fruitless labor of one who would have established his country's prosperity, had faction permitted."

The old rocky shore of *Point National Bank* next presented itself. But the regular action of the current and tide had so fretted off the projecting rocks, that it was no longer dangerous. Here we passed the large Democratic fleet, coming down the bay, with streamers and pennons and flags flying, and bands of music playing, and the passengers shouting in the highest glee. What was rather strange, in all cases the *British flag* was flying above the *American*, and shouts of "hurrah for England's interests" rent the air, while the band played "God save the King." The *New Hampshire*, an old fashioned, slow sailing craft, led the van, looking as if her model was a century old. She was the flag ship, and bore aloft on her mizzen a flag with the inscription "*Virginia Resolutions of '98.*" Franklin Pierce stood at her prow, smiling as the morning sun, his eyes fixed steadily on the distant view of the White House. The rest of the fleet seemed vexed at the little *progress* which was made under the "98" flag. The squadron of the West, under the command of Rear Admiral Douglas, were evidently determined to sail faster, as soon as the bay widened. Douglas had showed his cunning by so constructing his ensign that the side which turned toward the flag ship presented the motto of "the Virginia Resolutions," while on the other was faintly written—"River and Harbor Improvements." He declared to his men that as soon as there was room enough to pass the Commodore, he should lead off himself, haul down the Virginia flag, and up with the black flag of piracy, with its skull and cross bones.

We passed very rapidly up the river, *for the tide was setting strong in that direction.* Gen. Scott examined with much curiosity both banks of the river as we sailed on. *It was the very first time that he had been on the stream* and everything was new to him. "I am not disheartened," said the old veteran, "I have troops of friends around me, who have fallen with me. My life has been devoted to the Republic and I bow to its decisions now.—This vote cannot blot out the record of my services from my country's history.—Posterity will do me justice."

As we neared the extremity of the stream, we passed many beautiful country residences. At one of the finest in his large cabbage garden, stood Martin Van Buren. He had not yet recovered from his grief at seeing the Democratic fleet sail by without taking him on board.

"The buckwheat cake was in his mouth,
The tear was in his eye."

We inquired for the *Prince*, and found that he had followed the fleet in a small skiff, and there were many fears entertained for his safety.

A little further up was Buchanan. Poor man! he looked haggard. The Democratic garment with which he had covered up his principles so long, was growing thin, and the old Federal lining showed through in many places

On the next turn of the river we found Cass wringing his hands in agony at the desertion of his friends. With his coat and hat off, he was exclaiming amid "the noise and confusion" of the surf around him, in the words of the Captive Knight: "They are gone! they have all passed by!
They in whose wars I had borne a part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! Clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the Presidential dream of hope is past."

Soon after we came to the place where the whole *Free Soil* party were disembarking. John P. Hale, in a very good natured frame of mind, was making preparations for a permanent residence, as he had no idea that four years would carry him down the stream again. Many of them were seated on the rocks, with long *black* poles, stirring up the mud of the stream, while certain inky looking fellows were calling upon them to 'agitate, agitate!' Most of the Massachusetts members were sitting in their boats, expecting that the Democrats would charter the old steam boat *Coalition* and come up after them, next week.

We found our new residence a convenient one, and we are, upon the whole, "as well as could be expected." The air is salubrious and invigorating, if we may judge by the hungry looks of the Democrtas, as they passed us. The soil is fruitful and produces a fine crop of regrets and unavailing resolutions, but we are determined not to cultivate despair.

Soon after our arrival, a large public meeting was called, which assembled near *Cape Turn-Again*. Hon. Stay-at-home Grumbler was apointed Chairman, and Job Doo-Little, Esq, Secretary. Hon. Mr. Face-both-ways made some lacrymose remarks, which were promptly hissed down; when Mr. Stick-to-the-right Great-heart offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously passed:

Resolved, (1) That after mature deliberation, we come to the conclusion *that we are rowed up Salt River.*

Resolved, (2) That we are alarmed.

Resolved, (3) That every rooster of the settlement that crows once shall be immediately decapitated.

Resolved, (4) That in the investigation of the causes of our defeat, we do not think it is owing to Winfield Scott's splendid services, or to Franklin Pierce's litleness, but to the fact *that we had not votes enough.*

Resolved, (5) That we stay here until we go down stream again.

Resolved, (6) That in the words of the poet we say, "*it will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown.*"

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN PERSIA.—A mixed commission which embraces England, Russia and Persia is now engaged in establishing the boundary line between Persia and Turkey, about which there has long been difficulties. Colonel Williams, well known to many Americans, and a man of character and talent, is the English commissioner, and on the authority of a scientific American writing from Persia, the Boston Chronicle relates the following:

In the prosecution of this work the commissioners have come upon the remains of the ancient palace Shushan, mentioned in the sacred books of Esther and Daniel, together with the tomb of Daniel, the Prophet. The locality answers to the received tradition of its position, and the internal evidence, arising from its correspondence with the description of the palace recorded in the sacred history, amount almost to demonstration. The reader can turn to Esther, chap. i., v. 6, there he will read of a "pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble in that palace." The pavement still exists, and, as described by Col. Williams, corresponds to the description given thus in the sacred history. And in the marble columns, dilapidated ruins, the sculpture and the remaining marks of greatness and glory that are scattered around, the commissioners read the exact truth of the record made by the sacred penman.

Not far from the palace stands a tomb; on it is sculptured the figure of a man bound hand and foot, with a huge lion in the act of springing upon him to devour him. No history could speak more graphically the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den. The Commissioners have with them an able corps of engineers and scientific men, and most interesting discoveries may be expected. The Persian arrow-heads are found upon the palace and the tomb.—Glass bottles elegant as those placed upon the toilet table of the ladies of our day, have been discovered, with other indications of art and refinement, which bear out the statements of the Bible. Thus, twenty five hundred years after the historians of Esther and Daniel made their records, their histories are verified by the peaceful movements of the nations of our day.

STABBING.—The Bel-Air Madisonian states that an affray took place between a man named John Robinson, at a ball held at McCann's tavern on Tuesday night, in that town. It seems that Robinson wished to dance with a Mrs. Smith, to which English Jim remonstrated, observing that no one had a right to dance with her but himself. Robinson commenced dancing with his *desired* partner, and was immediately stabbed by Jim. An Irishman, by the name of Bernard Kane, interfered to preserve the peace, and was also stabbed by Jim. Robinson received two stabs, and is not seriously hurt, but doubts are entertained of Kane's recovery.

The constitutionality of the "Maine law" is to be tested in a case which is now before the Circuit Court of the State of Rhode Island. The case was argued on Tuesday, and held by the Court for advisement. It was contended that the law conflicts, in divers particulars, with the Constitution of Rhode Island.

Correspondence of the Albany Even'g Journal.

AGRICULTURAL SHOW IN MARYLAND.

EASTON, Md., Nov. 10, 1852.

The annual Cattle Show and Fair for Talbot County is now in progress at this place. The show is held under the management of the committee of the Maryland Agricultural Society for the Eastern Shore, and one from the Farmer's Inspecting Association of Talbot County. This section of Maryland is one of the earliest settled portions of the State—is a district of great capabilities—and its inhabitants among the most intelligent of the citizens of this State. Talbot County has given several of the Governors of the State, one of whom, now quite advanced in years, Ex-Gov. Stevens, was present as an exhibitor and competitor. H. Wager, Esq, the President of the State Agricultural Society of New York, and Mr. Johnson, the Secretary, were present as Delegates.

The passage from Baltimore to Easton, where the Fair was held, is by steamers. The direct distance is about 60 miles, but from the numerous inlets and small bays on the coast, nearly 100 miles is consumed in the passage. We left Baltimore in the Steamer Hugh Jenkins, a boat about the size of the John Mason, plying between Albany and Troy. The ordinary number of passengers was somewhat increased, by persons like ourselves, going to the Fair either as visitors or exhibitors. There was quite an assortment of implements from Sinclair & Co.'s extensive establishment, Baltimore; a first rate Black Hawk Stallion, and various fast men who expected to reap a rich harvest at this gathering on the Eastern Shore.

We were so fortunate as to meet on the boat Dr. Higgins, of Baltimore, State Chemist, who made us familiar with all the points of interest on the route. As we left the harbor of Baltimore, we pass on the right Anne Arundel county, where very extensive tracts of land are cultivated very successfully as market gardens. We are told that the results of this preparation of the land were in a pecuniary point of view remarkably encouraging.

Annapolis, the Capital of the State, was the first landing made. This is a very old town, but much in the style of English towns, and was the residence at an early day of many distinguished gentlemen.—Charles Carroll had a residence here on the bay, with a brick wall extending round the entire enclosure of a few acres. This lately came into the possession of the Marchioness of Wellesly, who has donated it to the Redemptionists, a society of Catholics, for benevolent purposes. The Naval School is located here, which has imparted some little life to business; but the town, except during the sessions of the Legislature, which now takes place only biennially, has very few attractions for business of pleasure.

The Mississippi Steam Frigate is lying off here, receiving her stores for the Japan Expedition. The ship was visited, the day before we passed by the President of the United States, with others. A railroad from Annapolis is constructed to the Washington and Baltimore Railroad, and opens a railway communication, once or twice a day, to Washington and Baltimore. The number of inhabitants about 3000. The supply of cattle and swine for the market of the town is mainly sent down from Baltimore. The steamer which took us down had on board for Annapolis five or six head of cattle and several Swine. But little attention is given to grazing, and the beef and pork made on the plantations and farms is mostly used for the feeding of the laborers. Land in the vicinity of Annapolis is said to be very reasonable as to prices; good farms can be had for thirty dollars, and timbered land for about ten dollars per acre. The land apparently is fertile; and under a thorough system of culture, would doubtless prove productive and profitable.

We stopped at another ancient town—on the Eastern Shore, Cambridge—which has many residences of gentlemen who own plantations in the vicinity. It is said to be one of the pleasantest towns in the State. Many years since a gentleman of wealth residing there, was instrumental in organizing a Tree and Shrub Society—the members of which engaged to plant annually a certain number of trees and shrubs, in the streets, gardens, &c. This was quite successful; and we were informed by a gentleman on the boat, that it was a most delightful village, and in the summer season perfectly redolant of flowers with their delicious perfumes. After a number of landings, passing miles to land a few passengers and receive others, and returning to the main waters, we entered the Choptank river, and landed at Oxford about 5 o'clock P. M., having left Baltimore at 7 o'clock. We were met upon the wharf by Gen. Tench Tilghman, and found at his hospitable residence every attention that Southern hospitality can so admirably give.

Gen Tilghman is by marriage connected with the family of our Dr J. N. Campbell. The ancestor of Gen. Tilghman, Col. Tench Tilghman, was aid in the Revolution to Gen. Washington, and was present at Albany in 1775, at a meeting with some of the Six Nations of Indians. His Revolutionary journal, which was a very interesting one, contained a notice of our ancient Capital, and I give it, though it reveals a fact to the activity of *our Dutch ancestors* in relation to *fishing*, which I am sure does not now exist, especially as far as the Sturgeon or *Albany Beef* is concerned. He writes:—

THURSDAY, August 10, 1775.

Spent in Albany, the Capital of the County of the same name. It consists of about 400 houses, chiefly built after the old low Dutch fashion. There are two Dutch and one English Churches. On the hill above the town is a Fort, now gone much to decay. At each end of the town are two very large and handsome houses, one belonging to Gen. Schuyler, the other to Mr. Rensellaer, the Lord of the Manor of Rensellaer, at present a minor. We found provisions of all kinds very good here, particularly mutton. Fish they might have from the North River, both rock and perch, and trout from the Springs, BUT the people are too *lazy to take them.*

We were shown by Gen. Tilghman a painting, doubtless executed by Kosciusko at West Point in 1783, of his landlady.—It is a very good painting and in fine preservation, and has on it "Koscopinxt"—On the back of the portrait is the following:—

The pencil's power is here displ'ayed,
A semblance just and well portray'd;
But to describe her worth of heart
Exceeds the painter poet's art.
Our much loved and honored Mama Strickland,
August, 1783.

We saw a plat of Oxford, made as early as 1695. Oxford was for a long period a port of entry, before Baltimore was founded.—But times have greatly changed. Baltimore is now one of the most flourishing cities in the Union. The port of Oxford not even a village—a landing, a small store, an academy, after the plan of Capt. Patridge's Military School somewhat, and a very few houses, is all that indicates this once flourishing port of entry.

The face of the country is almost an uniform level as far as the eye can reach, and continues of like character for a very great distance. The lands are fertile, susceptible of great improvement, and are being very advantageously cultivated. The waters adjoining these lands are full of oysters, and the soil is full of marl pits, containing some of the finest marl in the country. These are being used extensively as fertilizers, and with lime and clover, and occasionally guano, crops of excellent corn and wheat are obtained. The wheat rotation in this section of the county is a five years' course—wheat—corn—wheat and clover.

The average crop in the good land fairly cultivated is, of wheat after corn from 15 to 20 bushels per acre; after fallow 20 to 25 bushels; corn from 4 to 10 barrels per acre, 5 bushels to the barrel. That this section of the State is capable of still greater productions is evidenced from the yields in many instances being double the accounts given. One of the largest estates in practical cultivation is in this county, that of Col. Lloyd. He has 6,000 acres in crops annually, and has this year put in seed of wheat 3,000 bushels, an ordinary yield will give an immense crop. His crop the present year, I was informed, exceeded 40,000 bushels. We had not time to visit this plantation; but from what we learned of its culture, it is probable that no estate of anything like this in extent, in this country is as well farmed, and managed with as much skill and economy. The Eastern Shore is cut up by the bays and streams, and the points of land running down to the main body of water are said to produce the whitest wheat in America. The blue stem wheat, after a few years culture here becomes one of the very whitest varieties grown. We saw samples of it, which had thus, from cultivation here, attained this extraordinary purity.

The land here is free from stone—the roads fine, the horses and mules are used without shoeing, and there can scarcely be found a section of country where land can be cultivated more economically with more prospects of liberal returns.

To give you some little idea of the indulations made by the waters here, we dined at a gentleman's whose residence was about three miles, I think, distance across the bays and streams from Gen. Tilghman's, but the distance we had to drive to reach his residence was about 13 miles.—These inlets are mostly navigable—are filled with oysters, which grow to a very large size and of fine flavor, and can be had here of the negroes, who dig them, at two shillings a bushel.

Surely if any people ought to be grateful for privileges, these Eastern Shore gentlemen should; and I doubt not they do appreciate them, and are truly thankful that their lot is cast in so goodly a land.

The fair opened to-day. An enclosure of several acres contains the exhibition.—Stalls for cattle, sheep and swine—tents for domestic articles, &c. There are many interesting things on exhibition. Among others with which I was gratified, were articles manufactured by servants, for which premiums were to be awarded. As drivers of working oxen, and as plowmen, they competed and received the rewards of merit. But I have not space here to give the exhibition, but reserve it for another occasion. Yours, B. P. J.

THE COAL BUSINESS IN ALLEGHANY COUNTY.—The Cumberland (Md.) Telegraph has some interesting facts in relation to the coal companies of that county, from which we take the following:

Along the valley of George's creek coal lands are not in request. Mr. Abner Ravenscraft has lately sold his large farm at $125 per acre.

The New Creek Company is the title of a new coal company, in the Western-port region, which has taken preparatory steps—such as making an inclined plane to their mines, building houses, &c.,—to send their coal to market. This company's mines are situated in Hampshire county, Va., near the mouth of Savage, within a few hundred yards of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Mr. James Percy, in addition to his interest in the great Caledonian vein, has opened another vein on George's creek, and is preparing to send coal to market, upon the completion of the George's Creek Railroad.

The Phœnix Company have mines at work, and are ready to send coal to market.

A new company have purchased a tract of land, situated near the mouth of Savage, of Messrs. Wm. Combs and Phillip Trammell, and opened a mine. This same company has purchased a tract of coal land, situated about a mile from Piedmont of Mr. Matthias Miller.

The upward tendency of the value of property in the Westernport region may be inferred from the following facts: Last Spring Mr. Miller bought the last mentioned tract of land for $700; a few week since he sold it for 16,000. The large tract of coal land sold by Messrs. David and Jas. Parcy to Mr. O'Hern, as has already been stated, was bought for $3,000 and sold for $93,000

REPORT ON FIELD CROPS.

To David Kerr, Jr., first premium for the best lot of Irish Potatoes* raised on 1-4 of an acre of ground, an average of 405 bushels to the acre, $4 00

The second premium to Capt. M. T. Goldsborough, for the second best lot of Irish Potatoes raised on ¼ of an acre of ground, the average of which is 336 bushels to the acre, 2.00

The first premium for Rutabaga Turnips, to Thomas C. Nicols, Esq., for the best lot raised on 1-4 of an acre of ground, the average of which is 20 tons and 80 pounds to the acre. planted in June, 4.00

The second premium for Rutabaga Turnips we also award to Thomas C. Nichols, Esq., for the best lot raised on 1-4 of an acre of ground, which is an average of 17¾ tons to the acre, planted in August, 2.00

*The following is the manner in which the ground was prepared and cultivated:

It was first broken into three feet lands about the first of May, and left so until the first of June, then draged across the lands. The ground was next back ploughed, then again dragged down. Laid off the ground into three feet lands, and covered the ground broadcast with light manure, then planted the potatoes and covered them with the plough. Lastly ploughed out the lands clean, so as to keep off water, and run the roller across the lands.

DAVID KERR, Jr.

ELLENBOROUGH, Nov. 10, 1852.

Gentlemen—I offer for premium a crop of Irish Potatoes, raised upon one fourth of an acre of land, and which is certified to and described, as follows:

I hereby certify that I witnessed the digging and measuring of 84 bushels of Irish potatoes of the Bowie Seedling variety, and the selecting of a fair sample of the same, which were raised by M. Tilghman Goldsborough, Esq., upon a piece of ground 349 feet in length and of a uniform width of 31 2-10 feet. E. H. SEWELL.

Test, W. H. SHEPARD.

The above mentioned ground is light, and of good quality, but not very fertile. It had been in grass for nine years. In May last it was flushed flat to a depth of about six inches and immediately rolled and harrowed so as to close the seams.—It was then dressed with Marl at the rate of 500 bushels per acre, and the harrow and roller were again used to incorporate the marl with the soil. On the 20th of June, Peruvian Guano was applied at the rate of 150 lbs. per acre, and the ground was cultivated with a Shoe Horn Cultivator to cover the Guano and to loosen a sufficient depth of soil to plant in without disturbing the sod, which at that time was unsettled.

The potatoes were cut so as to have from one to three eyes to a cutting and were dropped at intervals of 12 inches in furrows three feet apart,—they were covered by a plow, and the roller was passed over in the direction of the rows and the whole surface was immediately covered with wheat straw to a depth of from 6 to 9 inches, after which no work of any sort was done to the crop during its growth.

The crop above described is part of a lot of 3½ acres, about one half of which was planted as above described at 3 feet by 1 foot, and the other half at 2 feet by 1 foot. I have no doubt that the closer planting has produced a larger crop than that above reported, but the wet state of the ground has prevented me from digging them. The ground should have been broken at least a month earlier to have allowed time for the sod to die and rot. In consequence of the unrotted condition of the sod the potatoes were planted very shoal, and as the weather was very hot at the time, and continued to be both hot and dry for a long time, not more than two thirds of the potatoes vegetated, notwithstanding the covering of straw which under the circumstances was not thick enough.

This variety of potatoes was produced from the seed of the Mercer (I believe) by W. W. W. Bowie, Esq., of Prince Georges County. They are very large as will be seen by the sample,—are very productive and a fine table potatoe. Very respectfully, M. TILGHMAN GOLDSBOROUGH.

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