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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude, He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

[For the Star.]

Mr. Editor.—You will perceive by the following lines that I sometimes stray, in my "moon-light rambles," into the "common walks of life," and tread unconsciously, of course, upon forbidden ground. Thus did I stumble on a party tother night, and what I saw and heard essay to write.

TO MISS C.

I saw thee weep when words from him Fell heavy on thy heart; I heard the sigh and mark'd the tear That told you soon must part. Yes, part—perchance to meet no more 'Mid scenes to mem'ry dear, The hallow'd spots, so low'd before, Must soon look sadly drear.

I gazed and saw thy throbbing breast Swell like some gentle stream, When summer rains had on it prest And mark'd its placid sleep. I saw thine eyes with tears bedew'd, And each bright drop that fell, Struck on my heart, and bade me go, Nor stay to hear—farewell!

Again I look'd—the scene had changed To one of sweet repose— The throbbing heart was from I from pain, Nor dream'd of former woes. Serene and calm she meekly stood,— And from her soft blue eye No tear-drop started 'neath its lid To mar the words "good bye."

I fled the spot, with noiseless tread, Where those fond lovers met; Nor dared again intrude my head, For fear a rap 't would get. I stroll'd along and thought of Jane, And wond'ring how she went, And wish'd it was a crying sin, That lovers should "fall out."

LAND O'THE LEAL.

The author of this touching lyric is unknown. It appeared shortly after the death of Burns, and has become commonly but erroneously attributed to him.

I'm wearing awa', Jean, Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean; I'm wearing awa', Jean, To the land o' the leal. There's nae sorrow there, Jean, There's neither cauld nor care, Jean, The day is aye fair, Jean, In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean, Your task's ended now, Jean, And I'll welcome you, Jean, To the land o' the leal. Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith guide and fair, Jean, And we grudged her right sair, Jean, To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean, My soul langes to be free, Jean, And angels wait on me, Jean, To the land o' the leal. Now fair ye weel, my ain Jean, This world's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and aye be fae, Jean, In the land o' the leal.

Miscellaneous.

Aunt Nabby's Stewed Goose.

A YANKEE EXTRAVAGANZA.

It was Aunt Nabby's birth-day, and she was bent upon having a stewed goose—stewed in onions and with cabbage and salt pork to match. "Polljib," said she to me, "be't we got a goose to-day?" "No," said I, "we eat the old gander at Christmas, and he was the last of the patriarchs."

Aunt Nabby went down to Sue, who was getting breakfast. "Susanna," said she, "the boy tells how we be't got a goose in creation; now what shall we do?" "Go without," replied Susanna, with that amiable tone, which father said had worn off her teeth to the gums.

Aunt Nabby, however, was bent upon a goose, and when such a stratagem and stiff consider the matter settled; and I saw that a goose of some kind would be had at some rate or other.

"Here, you critter," cried Aunt Nabby, to the little black specimen of the human family, that was digging potatoes in the garden, "here, I want you to go along to the neighbors and borrow a goose."

Cato laid down his hoe, got over the fence, and shovelled off on his broad pedicels to get a goose.

The first house Cato came to, was that of Sam Soap. In the shop went the Yankee negro, and making a bow to Mr. Soap, who sat like a Hindon idol, busily employed in patching an old blue coat with still older brown rags, and humming most mournfully the air of—

"Ye banks and braes of Benny Doon," giving it a nasal twang that came direct from Jedadiah Soap, who was a member of the Long Parliament.

called Justice—that is, by some who were classical. "Priety," says he, "gin Cato my goose?" "Priety, like a good girl, took the broad flat-iron off the shelf, and telling Cato to be as careful as everlastin' not to get it wet, she wrapped it in a paper and away went the web-footed mortal to deliver his charge to Susanna.

"My gracious," said Susanna, "if that are nigger haint got me an iron goose to stew?" "But nevertheless, as her business was to stew the goose and ask no questions, at it she went, and pretty soon the tailor's treasure was simmering among onions, and carrots, and cabbages, and turnips, and spices—all as nice as need be. After breakfast, Aunt Nabby had gone abroad to ask in the neighbors, and when she came home, she went, of course, directly to the kitchen to see how the goose came on.

"Is it tender, Susanna?" said she. Susanna smiled so sweetly, that the old house clock in the corner, next to the cupboard, stopped, and held up its hands.

"Oh, ma'am," replied Susanna, "it's so tender that I guess it won't be more tender arter bein' billed." "And fat?" "Oh, bless ye! it's broad across the back."

My aunt's mouth watered so that she was forced to look at Susanna to correct the agreeable impression.

Well, noon came and the neighbors began to drop in. First came the parson, who, being a man of vast punctuality, took out his watch as soon as he came in, and for the purpose of seeing how it chimed, as he said with the old clock, walked into the kitchen, bade Miss Susanna good day, hoped she continued well in body, and sniffed up the sweet flavors of the preparing sacrifice with expanded nostrils. Next to the minister came the squire; he opened the front door, and seeing no one but me, "Polljib," he said, "when'll thy busy settin' that hay mow case; you n't like to know."

"Ready now, Squire," answered the parson, opening the kitchen door, "and I guess it's an uncommon fine goose, too; so walk in and let us have a little chat."

The squire entered, and he and the minister had a considerable spell of conversation about the hay mow case. The case was as follows:

Abijah Beggs got leave to carry his hay across the widow Stokes' field to the road. Well, this hay mow had dropped off the poles, and Widow Stokes claimed it as a wain and stray.

"Now," says the squire, "conceit the chief pint in this case is this here—had Widow Stokes a right to the hay? Now this'll depend, ye see, 'pon 't'her pint, to wit, videlicet—does the hay belong to 'Bijah? Now the widow says, says she, 'every man in this country's free, and therefore, every man in this country's a king just as far as his farm goes; now the kings all allows has a right to waifs and strays, and so,' says the widow, 'that are hay's mine.' But says 'Bijah—and by jinks it's a cute argument—but, says he, 'tho' every man in this land of liberty's a free man, yet that doesn't prove that every woman is; and per contra, we know that women don't vote, and of course ain't free; says he, 'the Widow Stokes ain't a king,' so, says he, 'the hay ain't her'n.' But tis a puzzling case, ain't it?"

"Well, now," answered the minister, "it strikes me that the hay ain't astray." "Well," said the squire, "hats a pint I never thought of."

Just then in came the deacon, and after him the sexton, and so on, till pretty much all the aristocratic democrats of the village had assembled. And then in bustled Aunt Nabby, awful fine. I tell you; Susanna and Cato began to bring in dinner, and while they were doing that the company all took a stiff glass of frog by the way of appetite, and then stroked down their faces, and looked at the table, and there was a pig roasted and stuffed, and a line of weak and two old hens, and an everlastin' sight of all kinds of rice, and pies, and puddings, and dough-nuts and cider, and, above all, lay the hero of the day, "what are goose?"

The seat next to the goose was assigned to the minister, and all sat down. The squire flourished his fork and pounced upon the pig, the deacon tackled to the veal, when the sexton went seriously to work, to exult a piece of pork from an avalanche of beans. The minister, with a spoon, gently stirred away a few carrots and onions in hopes of this coming to the goose.

"It smells remarkable fine," says he to Aunt Nabby. "It's particular fat and tender," she replied, "I picked it myself from a whole heap."

And still the minister poked, till at last the spoon grated upon a hard surface. "A skewer, I guess," and plunging his fork into the iron mass, he struggled to raise the iron handle, with which he had joined the issue.

"Bless me," cried Aunt Nabby, "what's that?" "I should judge," said the squire, "that are was an old goose."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the deacon. Still the minister struggled, and still the goose resisted—Aunt Nabby grew nervous—and the more the minister struggled the

more the goose wouldn't come. I saw my aunt's eye dilating—her hand moved ugly, and then—pounce, just as the minister thought he had conquered the enemy, my aunt's claw drove through the onions, and dragging forth the tailor's goose, held it at arms length before the company; the squire had just raised the pig upon his fork, when seeing my aunt's discovery, he dropped it, and the dish was knocked all to smash.—The sexton had drawn his beans to the edge of the table, another pull and he saw the goose, and over it went. My aunt dropped the cause of this evil, and there went another plate. The company dined elsewhere, and the next Sunday the Minister declined preaching on account of a "domestic misfortune." My aunt Nabby died soon after, and the sexton buried her, observing as he did so, that "she departed, the poor critter, in consequence of an iron goose and broken crockery."

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

In these little sketches we do not propose to be profound; only talkative, chatty and simple. As we have very little space this week for this feature, we shall confine our subject with heedless preface.

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting;" a cruel and useless custom, followed in all country places with a ferocity perfectly atrocious. These hunts for nests were followed in company; but Putnam was always leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others and was difficult of climbing. Besides this, it was evident that no poles, or contrivance, would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it save by venturing upon the branch, which nine chances to ten, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture it.

Scarcely regarded the nest and limb in silence, for some moments, and length said, "That bird has all the qualities of a soldier. It has completely fortified its home.—I'll wager there's not a boy for ten miles round that could get that nest."

All agreed with him. "I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade him; but to no purpose. Go he would. "I'll fancy that one of the Kings strong-holds," said Putnam, "and may I be shot if I don't come off victor."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained, Putnam placed his foot on it, and it cracked, while the old bird flew off with a sharp cry and remaining describing circles round the tree, and uttering touching complaints.

"Bah!" said Putnam, "do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not take our goods against our will, just like the King?"

He ventured a foot further on the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch, and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished for prize, and just as he cried "I've got it!" the limb broke clean off, and he fell, but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches, and his head hung downwards.

"But are you hurt?" asked one of the boys. "Not hurt," answered the undaunted hero, "but sorry I wasn't how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb, because we have no knife." "I can stay here till you get one!" "We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye, and smother me in the smoke.—That won't do." "There was one named Randall in the group who was noted for being a crack marksman and who afterwards fought very bravely by Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed.

"Jim Randall, there's a ball in your rifle?" "Yes." "Do you see that a very little limb holds me here?" "I do." "Fire at it!" "What! to cut it down?" "Of course!" "But I might strike your head?" "Shoot! Better blow out my brains than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. Shoot!"

"But you will fall!" "Jim Randall, will you fire?" "The sharp crack of the rifle rung thro' the forest—the splinter flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after Putnam met Randall and the rest, and taking the nest from his pocket, said— "Here is that nest. I said I would have it, or perish; but I vented, because I determined no one should see me fall, and aid me to escape the consequences."

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap, and the many other dangerous and daring exploits performed by that gallant man in his efforts for the cause of liberty.—Noah's Messenger.

He that is unable to govern himself is unfit to govern others.

NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

Two ingenious rogues being in Florida lately, and hard up for cash, hit upon an expedient by which they "raised the wind," and replenished their purses.

They announced that they would exhibit an extraordinary animal hitherto unknown, which had been found on the prairie, at the foot of the Rocky mountains, called the "Hoosier Killenard." It was agreed among the spectators that one of them should represent the new animal and the other should act as showman. The hour announced for the exhibition arrived—the room was crowded to excess, so great was the curiosity of the natives to see what they had never seen before. Behind the curtain, horrible growlings were heard. After a little time the exhibitor stepped before the curtain, which was raised about a foot, and which discovered the legs of the animal—the hands and feet of the confederate encased in a bear's skin.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the exhibitor, "the animal which I have the pleasure of introducing to you is a wonderful curiosity. It is the first time the 'hoosier killenard' was ever exhibited. It is a most ferocious creature, and in all probability unmanageable. Here the confederate moved backwards and forwards very rapidly, and howled in as unearthly tones as possible.

"He would tear you all in pieces, if he could get at you; but don't be alarmed, he is securely chained to the floor, and cannot harm you. You hear him roar, but that is nothing to the dreadful noise he makes when he roars. Before exhibiting him, I will go behind, and prick him with the spike you perceive at the end of this pole, and you will then hear him howl."

The exhibitor stepped behind the curtain. A horrible noise was heard, another with the clanking of a chain to be immediately afterwards he rushed before the curtain, his hair and dress in disorder, and with fright and terror depicted in his countenance, exclaimed—

"Run for your lives! The 'Hoosier Killenard' has broken his chain!" It was sufficient. The room was cleared, and Leary Dabery would say, "in the twinkling of a bad post." The animal escaped by the back door, and has not been seen or heard of since.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

Came off at Cincinnati recently, which is too good to be lost. It is told by the Atlas in this wise—

"When the news was received there of the advance of sugars in the New York market, each grocer thought that he was the only one in the secret, and that it would be necessary to get the start of his neighbors. It was well understood that there was a large quantity of sugar for sale at Louisville. Now, if any one could get there in advance of the mail, a very handsome speculation might be made. Each of the grocers, filled with the spirit of speculation, forthwith resolved to go or send an agent to Louisville, and buy up all the sugar in the market before the unconscious holders or their neighbors should get the intelligence.

The thought was father to the deed, and immediately an agent from each grocer, in secret, was despatched on board the Pike, with strict orders to remain in their staterooms until after the boat had left the wharf at 11 o'clock next morning. Orders were obeyed. Some seven or eight staterooms were taken, and a person duly ensconced in each.

Soon after the boat had left the wharf the next morning, one of the stateroom doors was cautiously opened, and the head of a Pearl street grocer was carefully protruded. Seeing the coast clear, the owner of the head stepped out into the cabin, giving an inward nod of thanks to the grocer who had his neighbors. He was just hugging himself for his good luck, when another door was opened, and the head of a Front street grocer was thrust out, and "Hallo! who'd a thought of seeing you?" was the mutual salutation. A moment or two after, another door was opened, and then another, and another, and another, until the whole shoal of speculators were standing looking at each other in perfect amazement, and exclaiming, "Lal! who'd a thought of seeing you?"

The object was at once known, and a hearty laugh ensued, and the whole party addressed "forward," to discuss the matter over a glass of brandy and water.

The day passed on without any particular incident, and after tea our friends held a council of war, and determined, as they were all upon the same errand, to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, and buy out the Louisville merchants any how. It was finally agreed that a committee of one should be appointed to make the purchase, while the rest kept quiet, the amount to be divided among them. With this understanding they all repaired to rest, fully satisfied that they would accomplish a fine business on the morrow. But, alas! for the vanity of human expectations.

Among the passengers on the boat was a merchant from Louisville, who, seeing so many Cincinnati grocers on board, began to suspect something, and, accidentally hearing a word or two about "sugar," soon solved the whole problem, but wisely kept his own counsel.

When the boat landed at Louisville, he immediately went home and turned in. At the first peep of day he was up, and going round to all his friends among the grocers, he apprised them of what was in the wind.

As soon as the breakfast was served, the gentleman from Cincinnati smiled out to make his purchases, and his boatmen followed the merchant had the keys. The next day, and so on until he had gone the rounds. In despair, and chagrined, he started for the boat, cursing his ill luck.

Going through an obscure street to avoid observation, he chanced upon a man who had not heard the news, and from him he purchased two hundred bags of sugar. As soon as he returned his friends surrounded him and eagerly inquired the amount of his purchases. His story was soon told—the Louisville merchants had got the news, and they might return as they came! Sadly disappointed, our speculators took the first boat for Cincinnati.

COURTING ABOLISHED.

Height for the coming generations.—The great Reform broom which has swept and "is being" swept so fiercely throughout the world—brushing down old cobweb notions, and kicking up such a dust in every quarter—proscribing catables, drinkables, wearables, sleepables, and all kind of bes-lings got at last into love's own power. Courting has been seriously voted down solemnly and unanimously. A resolution against nighty courtship has recently been discussed in a Free Will Baptist Convention, sitting in Boston, and passed unanimously. A reverend Elder lifted up his voice against the wicked practice of courting. The custom of keeping company in the night, after the usual hour of retirement, is corrupting, and that it "ought to be done away with." Nine o'clock is the usual bed time. Now if we understand the elder, a "fellow" may keep company with a gal until the bell rings, but every moment he remains afterwards, he is guilty of sin. But let us hear the reverend gentleman's objections in full. Here they are:

"My objections to it are as follows: 1. It lowers the dignity of the matrimonial institution. 2. It subjects to great temptation. 3. It disqualifies the mind for deliberate action. 4. What merchant could you induce to close a bargain after the fatigue and excitement of a night's watching? Were he to purchase a horse, he would say that he was not fitted to conclude the bargain, till he had taken some rest. And if all business men are so cautious as to trifling engagements, how foolish and wicked is the custom of nighty watching to negotiate engagements as important as life itself!"

The elder reasons like a book. We don't like his idea altogether of making courtship a mere business transaction, however. It takes away a huge slice from the romance of the thing. We don't fancy this negotiation for a wife as we would for a horse or a quarter of beef. It smacks too much of the shop. In our courting days—long time ago!—we did not consider it so very foolish and wicked a habit of sitting up at nights. It depends, however, very much upon the temperament and motives—the moral stamina of a man; and our Elder may have felt very foolish and wicked in certain situations, while we, placed in similar ones, would have felt uncommonly sensible and innocent. It all depends upon one's bringing up. Major Noah says, and we will coincide with him, that a man's courting days are his happiest—and we will put the Major against the Elder any day in the matter of courtship.—Portland Transcript.

[From the Albany Cultivator.]

POTATOES.

The malady which has prevailed for a year or two, among potatoes, may operate as a discouragement to planting them as extensively as formerly. We venture not to give an opinion, from the little that is yet known, in regard to the origin of this disease, or to recommend any specific remedy; but, from what we have seen, should not hesitate to adopt the following rules in planting cultivation, &c. 1. To plant on loamy soils, of medium dryness. 2. If stable manure is used, let it be well mixed with the soil, and not left (especially if unfermented) in too great quantity in the hill. 3. Plant good sized sound potatoes, cutting only the largest ones. Very small potatoes or small pieces are very likely to sprout so vigorously as large ones. The first food of the young plant is the substance of the old potato, and the greater the supply of this food, the more rapid, of course, is the early growth of the plant. It is true that, under entirely favorable

circumstances of soil, season, &c., (both day of year, and soil), or from small admixt. may succeed, and the product fr. Adm. in such cases may not be much less; but it is reasonable that the stout from a good sized and sound potato should be stronger and less predisposed to suffer from any unfavorable influences laboring either to the soil or atmosphere. 4. Plant as early as the ground is in a proper state. Many cases might be cited where early potatoes escaped the blight or disease, and produced a good crop, when the same variety, planted later, on a piece immediately adjoining, were much injured. 5. Plant only varieties of known hardiness. Much depends on this. Some kinds have always been remarkable for their healthy, hardy constitutions; at the same time produce more than others under the same circumstances. Of the feeble sorts, there is the Mercer, called also Chenango, Methuen, (corrupted from Neshannock), which from its supposed or acknowledged good qualities for the table, has been widely cultivated for several years past, but which has always been subject to blight—more so than most other kinds. We are not aware of any good qualities possessed by this potato that are not to be had in several other kinds, which have the advantage of greater hardiness and productiveness as well as soundness. 6. In cultivation, keep the crop clean from the "first start;" but avoid ploughing or working it when the ground is so wet as to be in the least muddy, and do not use the plough or cultivator after the blossoms appear, as a mitigation of the roots after this may damage the setting of the tubers. Having used all these, and other reasonable precautions, we may say, in the language of a witty disciple of Esculapius—

VALUE OF THE PRODUCE OF DIFFERENT STATES.

From the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents, to which we have already alluded as a most valuable document and of which Congress ordered some 70,000 copies to be printed, we compile the following facts, founded upon estimates as to the agricultural produce of 1844.

Of WHEAT there were produced twenty-five million bushels, worth perhaps on an average 75 cents per bushel, equal to \$18,750,000.—Of this quantity Ohio produced the largest share about 16,000,000 bushels; New York comes next, with about fifteen million; Virginia raised about the same quantity each—between 10 and 11 millions; Tennessee comes next with near seven million, and then Indiana with five and a half. Michigan is next, four and a quarter million, being more than Maryland by nearly a quarter of million.

Of OATS there were raised 172 millions and one quarter bushels. In this grain N. York takes the lead, considerable, producing over 31 millions, Pennsylvania 24 millions, Ohio 20 millions, Virginia 11 millions; Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, each between ten and twelve millions. The value of this crop, at an average of 20 cents per bushel, would be \$34,000,000.

Of Indian Corn there were raised four hundred and twenty-two million bushels, equal at 25 cents per bushel, to 105,100 millions of dollars.

Tennessee is by far the largest raiser of this grain, being down in the table for 61 million bushels; Kentucky and Ohio each raised about 45 millions, and Virginia 25; Indiana 24; N. Carolina, Georgia and Alabama about 22 each; New York, Pennsylvania and Missouri about 19 each; S. Carolina and Illinois about 13 each. It is mainly, therefore, a product of the South and Southwest.

Of Potatoes the crop is put at 100 million bushels, worth, at 20 cents, \$20,000,000. N. York raises 17 millions, Maine 12; Pennsylvania 7; Vermont 6; Michigan 5; Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Ohio nearly five each.

Of Hay there were 172 millions tons, worth, at \$8 per ton, \$1,020,000,000, the second most valuable product of American agriculture, doubling that of cotton as will be seen below. New York raises about 5 millions tons; Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio, about two millions each; Maine and Vermont, one and a quarter million each; Massachusetts, N. Hampshire, and Connecticut, from six to seven hundred thousand pounds each; New Jersey and Illinois, about three hundred and seventy-five thousand each; and Virginia, four hundred and forty-four thousand.

Of Cotton the crop is put at eight hundred and seventy-two million pounds, equal, at six cents per lb., to \$52,220,000.

Georgia raises the largest quantity, two hundred and thirteen million pounds; Mississippi, one hundred and ninety-five millions; Louisiana, one hundred and fifty-four millions; Alabama, one hundred and forty millions; North Carolina, fifty-one millions; South Carolina forty-nine, and Tennessee thirty-nine, Arkansas fourteen, Florida nine millions.

Of Sugar the estimate is for two hundred and one million pounds, equal, at 2 1-2 cents per lb., to \$5,000,000. Louisiana produces one hundred and sixty million pounds, and the next highest is Indiana, with her maple sugar, seven and a quarter millions; Ohio and Vermont each produce about four and a quarter millions.

Of Rice there are one hundred and eleven million pounds, South Carolina has almost a monopoly of this staple, raising about eighty-four million pounds. Georgia raises between seven and eight million, and Louisiana about five millions.

Of Tobacco there are grown about one hundred and fifty-two million pounds.—Kentucky takes the lead in this article, raising about fifty-eight millions; Tennessee and Virginia each raises about thirty-three millions; Missouri twelve, Ohio six, and Maryland not much over half a million pounds.

From this estimate of the quantity and value of the chief agricultural crops of the United States, it results that Indian Corn is the most valuable of all our products.—Hay comes next, and only just below. Its value exceeds that of Wheat, which comes third, about 50 per cent, and doubles that of Cotton, which stands fourth. Oats stand fifth, and Potatoes sixth.

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