

Agricultural.

From the Farmers' Register.

THE PROPER DISTANCE FOR PLANTING CORN.—I hold it to be an axiom, that any subscriber to a useful and punctual periodical, who does not contribute to its support, by paying his subscription, and furnishing any useful facts or theories of which he is in possession, is worthy of any punishment which a jury of editors would inflict.

Not choosing to subject myself any longer to the penalty due to such an offender, I send you my subscription and my mite of matter. The first will, I hope, justify you in paying the post, whether the letter is worth printing or not.

In this world of fancies and Yankee notions, each man has his hobby. Some ride to the south; some glide swiftly on the bosom of the smooth canal; some fly through the air in balloons; some rattle on a rail road, and I, Mr. Editor, ride into the cornfield, and speculate on the value, which I am enraptured by the beauty of that queen of plants.

While all the world is agog for cotton, the poor corn is neglected by all but those who eat it. Let us turn our eyes to it while I give you the results of some experiments and calculations on its culture.

On the eastern shore of Virginia (that most prosperous of all corn countries) I am told it is the habit of the planters to plant their corn four feet each way—a single stalk at a place. When I first commenced farming, my impression was that the most economical method of cultivating corn, all things considered, was to plant it so as to plough it both ways, and thereby dispense with the hoe work, I tried it. Experience and reason have changed my opinion. In 1835, I cultivated a light sandy field in corn (much such land as that on the Eastern Shore, but not so good.) Part of it I planted 5 by 3, and part (the best land) 4 by 4—both were ploughed both ways, and received the same culture: the cut 4 by 4 was favored rather the most, because it seemed to suffer. The result was, the corn 4 by 4, suffered, for instance, while that 5 by 3, had a plenty of room, and was a good crop. This set me to thinking—and the result of my cogitations amounted to the conclusion, that corn must have a plenty of distance one way; else why was the corn 4 by 4 too thick, while that 5 by 3 had distance enough—when there were more stalks on an acre of the latter than on one of the former—which reminds me, that many persons, and they intelligent and educated farmers too, think—no, concluded without thinking—that because 4 and 4, and 5 and 3, and 5 1, 2, and 2 1-2, 6 and 2, and 6 1-2, and 1 1-2, 6 and 2, and so on, when severally added make 8—that, therefore, there are the same number of stalks on an acre, planted in either way.

This you know is not the fact, on the contrary, the number of stalks is inversely as the product of the two numbers. For instance, the number of stalks on an acre 4 by 4, is to the number on an acre 6 by 2, as 12 is to 16. The reason is this—more land can be contained in a square than in any other rectangular figure—consequently, there are fewer squares in an acre, than there are of any other rectangular figure—so, also, the nearer these figures approach to a square, or the farther they are removed from one, the less, or the greater is their number.

This important consideration, together with the fact above stated, resolved me to cultivate my corn this year on a different plan.

I accordingly planted it 5 1-2 feet one way, and 1 1-2 to 2 1-2 feet the other according to the quality of the land. My corn was as good, and better worked in this way, and I cultivated it with little trouble. By using an X wooden drag, twice in a row, about a week after each ploughing—first when the grass begins to spring, you leave your land as level and keep it as clean, as you can by cultivating it in any other way—hoe or no-hoe. Moreover, the greater the distance one way, the less your corn will be ridged by ploughing; and, therefore, the more dirt you can throw immediately around it without injury. If I am wrong in any of my deductions, I hope you or some experienced corn planter will put me right—for, until experience or reason changes my views, I will plant my land 6 by 2, which, according to old style, would be planted 4 by 4. There are one fourth more stalks on an acre of the former, than on one of the latter. I contend the last is the thickest. In the mean time, I am yours, &c.

SIX AND TWO.

IRISH POTATOES.

Extract of a letter to the Southern Agriculturist. "I have succeeded in raising, and keeping through the winter, as fine Irish potatoes as I ever saw in the Northern States. And I have come to the conclusion, that no man in the Southern States, need spend a single dollar in the purchase of Northern potatoes, except occasionally for seed. For even when they are most successfully produced, it is found best to exchange seed every two or three years.

The potatoe requires a moist, cool, loose soil. The common practice in the South, is to plant in hedges; and we take no care to protect the plant from our scorching sun. The consequence is, that in dry, hot weather, the plant is withered, and cannot therefore properly perform its office, in preparing the matter to be deposited in the tubes below the soil. The consequence of this is, that in summer, we eat imperfect, or diseased

potatoes; and we fail to keep them in winter for the very same reason that we would fail in keeping an imperfect, or diseased apple, or ear of corn. I have attempted to avoid these consequences. Ridges are necessary in England and Ireland, (both moist climates) for the purpose of drainage. Our climate being hot and dry, requires the opposite practice. I plant in trenches, 12 or 18 inches deep, according to soil; and put stable manure at the bottom, on which the potatoes are placed. The trenches are then filled with leaves, straw, and shucks, and these covered slightly with earth, taking care to leave the ground higher between the rows. When the potatoes are 6 or 8 inches high, the whole surface of the ground is carefully covered with leaves; leaving, of course, the tops of the stalks out. In this way, no heat of summer wilts the leaves. They continue fresh and green. Blossoms are produced in profusion, followed by seed, which comes to full maturity. The tubers are large, dry, and of fine flavor; and being dug after the vines are completely dead, (about the middle of August,) are kept without any trouble all winter, either in barrels, or spread on the cellar floor. My first attempt, gave me a product at the rate of upwards of 300 bushels to the acre; and now, the last of February, I see no difference between them and the best Northern potatoes, when brought on the table. Very respectfully,

JAMES CAMAK.

Athens, Ga. Feb. 27, 1837.

Miscellaneous.

READ THIS!—The New-York Era of the 18th says—"We saw a merchant this morning, who was obliged to pay ten per cent prem. for specie, to meet a custom house engagement. He did so, and paid his duties. Being entitled to debentures, he was obliged to take a check upon one of the deposit banks. He presented the check, demanded the specie—AND IT WAS REFUSED. We saw the check, and had the statement from his own lips.

DISH IS MINE ADVERTISEMENT.—Vare as, my wife Catherine Stofefunger has pen run a vat mit a fellow vat I has hired to work mit me, and has paid him too tollars a week, pesites eating, ant drinking, ant sleeping, ant poarting; ant he has also strayed or stolen mit him mine large fine gray horse, vat is a rone culler, mit white ant black hares all over his potty unter his pelly, ant top his pack, ant upon bote sides. He has got a long het pon one end of his potty, mit a long tale on tother end of his potty, ant ven he canters his legs goes too up ant too down, easy ant shentle like a sheep; but ven vonce he seare he run away mit every potty in de world. Now my wife ant dish feller hash pen run off togedder: dis is darefore to notify de publick not pay any debts vat mine wife has pen contracting; as I am turned not to pay dem: but if de fellow vill bring pack mine horse mitout trouble, I vill give him mine wife mit a bill of sale of his property py me.—STOKEN STOFFEUNGER.

SINGLE RAIL, RAIL ROAD.—A model of a single rail road, and car, the patented invention of Uri Emmons & Co., is advertised for exhibition at the Philadelphia Exchange. The advantages of the invention consist in saving more than half the cost of the double rail, in construction and repair, increased safety and speed, and decreased jarring and noise. Messrs. U. Strickland and Ezra K. Dod, lend it their recommendations.

THE TURKISH NAVY.—The grand seignior it seems, has determined to put his navy, which has hitherto been very defective in officers, upon a footing of equality with the fleets of his European neighbors. To effect this, he has resolved to employ American officers. We cannot but admire the wisdom of his sublime highness. A London paper states that the government there has received intelligence that the grand seignior has determined to employ American officers in command of his fleet, and that measures have already been taken to carry this resolution into effect. If Mahmoud Ali, should come to the determination, the combined fleets of Turkey and Egypt would then present a formidable front against such a naval power as Russia, whose fleet at present is little better manned and efficient than theirs, and not so well paid, and who would thus be placed decidedly at a disadvantage.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.—The Woolvereen, published at Ann Arbor, Michigan, gives us the following: "A man that would cheat the PAINTER would steel a meeting house, and rob the grave yard. If he has a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in a musqueteer's eye than a bull-frog has in the Pacific Ocean. He ought to be wanked at by ind people, and kicked to death across lods by cripples."

QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.—Lady Willis, seeing a gentleman sauntering about in one of her parties, said, "Pray sir, do you play cards?" "No my lady." "Do you dance?" "No," repeated the saunterer. "Then, sir," said she, "give me leave to say, you are neither useful or ornamental."

DEAR MARKETING.—A lady in Philadelphia lately passed away a \$100 more, by mistake for a \$1. She discovered her error too late to have it rectified. The good market woman who had received it, probably satisfied with her day's profits, had gone home.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer of yesterday morning says, "yesterday morning between the hours of 8 and 9, some male prisoners in the House of

Refuge, seized a favorable moment, knocked down the keeper opened the gate—and nearly forty of the inmates effected their escape. As soon as they arrived without the walls of the prison, they all ran together in one direction for some distance creating excitement and alarm by the cry of Mad Dog! Mad Dog!! Two of the prisoners divided from the main body, and were chased to the banks of the Schuylkill, where they plunged into the water, swam across and thus eluded pursuit. We have not heard whether any of the fugitives were taken. The keeper who was knocked down, was not, as we understand, seriously injured; but on recovering himself, expressed the greatest astonishment at the sudden depopulation of his dominions. He raised the "hue and cry" as soon as possible.

THE LADIES OF HOLLAND.—The Dutch women are distinguished for their amiable manners and purity of morals. They are usually well educated, and seldom fail to acquire the esteem of strangers by their polite and hospitable attentions. In the province of Gueldres, the females are generally speaking, noted for their beauty and neatness of attire. When you behold their countenance, observes a foreign writer, "the color of which is an evidence of the healthy climate of Gueldres, they seem to glitter amidst their large straw hats, lined with blue silk stuffs, like bright stars in the middle of the azure firmament." The dress of the females in North Holland may be described as no less elegant than simple, while their usually beautiful countenances render them objects of attraction. It would be an unpardonable omission not to remark that the Dutch woman are renowned in history for the heroism they have evinced on different occasions in defending the liberties of their country.

MAT STEALING.—PRESSURE OF THE TIMES.—Mary McLaughlin and Jenny O'Hoolie, brought up for stealing a mat from the door of Mr. Johnson, Hester-st, N. Y. The Sun gives the following dialogue, which we transcribe as an unvarnished tale, depicting in graphic colors the extent to which the misery inflicted on the country by the Government has reached.

Magistrate.—You have both been here several times before. I shall now have to send you to the penitentiary for a month.

Mary.—God bless you, and send us for six months, and that's as long as you can.—It's better to be in the penitentiary than no where at all.

Magistrate.—You seem to know all I can do with you.

Mary.—It's hard if I did't. I have spent many a comfortable day in the penitentiary, and hope I shall again; for it's better than to be starved to death in the streets.

Magistrate.—I shall not send you for a longer time than I have mentioned.

Mary.—Well, praised be the Lord, there's more mats than one in the city.

Magistrate.—Yes, and You'll get in the State prison, if you don't let them alone, and lead a better life.

Mary.—We're willing to get any where to keep the life in us; and, if we are to die, we should like to die decently under a roof.

Jenny.—Good luck to your honor! and lock us up as long as you can. We deserve it, for we havn't a cent in the world!

Communications.

FOR THE COURIER.

THE CRISIS NO. 1.

While the statesmen and financiers of the land are employed in researches for a satisfactory development of the causes which have led to the unprecedented pressure in the money market, and ruinous commercial embarrassments, it may not be an arrangement in a plain man to offer a few practical thoughts to the public, which a common sense view of the subject has suggested.

We now present to the world, the strange anomaly of a government far from a public debt, with millions of surplus revenue,—and yet an industrious and hitherto prosperous population, writhing under the most unparalleled pecuniary distress, forbidding universal bankruptcy, in every department, Commercial, Agricultural, Mechanical and Speculative. And we think upon mature and dispassionate enquiry and reflection, it must be apparent, that the present unhappy crisis, has been precipitated upon us, by the misguided policy of our own government. In assuming that, the administration is responsible to the country for the present state of things, we know, that we have taken a position that will be strongly controverted: but in error, let us be misinformed and set right, but claiming and exercising the prerogative of a freeman, we will, without hesitancy, proclaim this opinion to the public, until convinced of its fallacy. And to show that my view of the subject is not tenable, it has been said and reiterated that the pressure was first realized in England. This we do not deny, but let us look to the relation and natural affinity between cause and effect. And we would ask has it not been the policy of this government to drain specie from Europe and lock it up in certain Pet Banks, when not invested in the most unhalloved landed speculations in the West? Now let us consider in addition to that, the destruction of the United States Bank, the removal of the deposits—the Treasury ordering the payment of the Custom House Bonds in specie, and likewise of Post-office dues. In fact the very agitation of the deli-

cate subject of the currency, the "endless cant" about Bank rags and the hard money system, had a tendency to impair confidence. All these measures, together with the failure of the American importing merchants to remit specie to Europe as usual, forced the people of England and her Bank, to act on the defensive. And consequently, when the Bank of England had to contract her discounts, the very fact of curtailing her circulation, had an immediate and sensible impression on the cotton market. When they failed to receive from us the payment of our debts for the manufactured fabric; of course they could not sustain the high prices for the material. There is at this moment as great a demand for cotton as ever, it is not an excess of production, but evidently the derangement in the monetary system. Specie is like water, when unobstructed, it will find its proper level in its natural and legitimate channels. If demanded in the U. S. it will come here, and if needed in France it will be carried there, and so on, passing and repassing in the commercial community, answering the purposes of trade. And it must follow that any nation selling less than they buy, will have less of the precious metals; this is governed by the imperative result of cause and effect, and any system of Legislation to make it otherwise cannot fail greatly to injure and embarrass the commercial world. A YOUNG PLANTER.

FOR THE COURIER.

LINES ADDRESSED TO 'FANNY' AND 'P. C.'

"I've just dropp'd in."

"O blame not the LADIES dear boys!

If their fondness and frailty are such,

That they hang to their favorite toys,

And hug them a little too much.

'Tis their nature to do so—their fates

Implanted by heaven above—

And, if they should destroy their mates

It is not from malice—but love.

YOU ZEALOUS authors must forgive

Their faults for the sake of their charms;

And feel yourselves happy to live—

Or even DIE—in their arms."

PAUL PRY.

FOR THE COMMERCIAL COURIER.

A REVIEW OF "W." "P. C." AND "W. G. A."

"I've just dropp'd in, I hope I don't intrude."

MR. EDITOR—

Again, Sir, I find in your columns the signatures to communications of "W." and "P. C."—and a new one, with the signature of "W. G. A."

Well, Sir, as "W." has again ventured in the field, it becomes necessary for me to say a word to him on the subject of newspaper-scribbling, praising the ladies, abusing "P. C." and for killing "Fanny."

This writer assumes the character of an upright man—says nothing unless he intends it, favors the ladies, and abuses every thing that oppose them. He is, no doubt, in love with some of those beautiful creatures: who are "the fairest portion of creation." He's what you call a 'lady's man'—nothing is right, except with the ladies—and when without them, all is wrong.

He says of the unfortunate "P. C."

"Were all your lines together tost

Into the sea, nought would be lost."

All this for the lassies. What an advocate for the fair sex; risks "his life, his fortune, &c." for their future welfare and happiness.

I do not wish to say a great deal to "W." as I am disposed to think, that a man 'had better be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness.' It appears to me that this writer has chosen the part of door-keeper for the ladies—as he has clearly shown himself to be one of their warmest advocates, in every article he has written, for weeks past.

I think much of his pieces—they are ably written, and not very well. (Mum) He has performed his part well. He has killed "Fanny" to a certainty! and I expect, has laid out "P. C." by this time. Now kill your humble servant, Mr. "W." and the victory is yours.

"P. C."—What can I say for this beautiful writer? He, I see, has come out on the open square—made an acknowledgment, (noodle-like)—made his exit—retired to the shades of private life—bade farewell to all HIS FEARS—soars no more, (with poetry)—and to conclude, heaves a sob. (See apology in Courier No. 7.)

Now, Sir, I will take a retrospective view of this auditor—and shall endeavor to say as little as possible about his "disavowing any individual allusion," as I am aware that a remark from Paul would, I havn't a doubt ruffle his feathers; and as I am not very well versed with the general dispositions of POETIC MEN, I think it would be good policy to say but a few words more.

THE FASHIONS.—It is fashionable now-a-days to be ignorant—it is fashionable to

write POETRY—it is fashionable to wear a stock—it is not fashionable to wear a vest—it is fashionable to wear jackets—and it is also fashionable to wear GOWNS—and, in fact, it is fashionable to do just as you please.

"If I meet a lady of my acquaintance in the street, ("OR CROWDED HALL,") it is her part to notice me FIRST, unless, indeed, I am very intimate. The reason is—if I bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge me, and there is no remedy; but, if she bow to me—I as a gentleman, cannot cut her."

Now, Sir, you will readily admit, as Sam Patch did when he was about to make his last leap—"that some things could be done as well as others."

I am sorrow that my remarks are so lengthy, but owing to a sudden rain coming up, I was obliged to remain in doors, and pass off the time as pleasant as the case would admit—which I did in the above and following remarks.

My dearest Sir, I've just dropp'd in, Oh, do not think me rude— A practice which I've always seen, Is never to intrude.—THE PLAY.

By way of taking leave of the remarks above, I have only to ask—"has't P. C. fought bled and died."

I shall now take up "W. G. A."

This is a writer that I know but little about. He does not quote one single syllable; but goes on with his piece until he finishes, without even a blunder. How strange, passing strange—that any writer can (without committing to memory or having the print by him,) take a pen and ink, sit down and compose, word for word, letter for letter, and even the punctuation, precisely like a piece which appeared in a newspaper not long since.

The above is merely a caption of what I have for this little MAGICIAN. I must now dispense with my own remarks for a few moments, in order to give place to a letter, which I have just received from my cousin, Pete Whetstone, jr. And you must know that Pete is a merry fellow, and a great hand to find out small matters. The following is a copy of his letter.

Outskirts, Cashaw dist., June 21.

DEAR COUSIN PAUL—I have freed that are coon. I've cotched him a plagiarising it; he took it all from a scrap-book, because I seed it up town—and it is precisely like it, only he has changed a word here and there, to make it look sorter like 'twas his'n; but it wouldn't take no how. I'm not to be grinned at by these ere town fellers, I kin tell you. Bekase, Paul, I'm just as strait as a loon's leg; and if these ere ONE-WHEEL'D chaps come about me with their squizzing glasses or any thing, I'll make a case of some on 'em in less than no time. I've got a ONE-WHEEL'D knife I recking, and what's more I've got a patten for it—and I'd just as leave cut right away as not, and think nothin on't. But in cold earnest—talking about Buce Knives and sick things, I don't believe in em no how; kaze you see, I happened to see a sort of a fight out here in the sand-hills 'tother day, and I tell you what—John Bigmouth cut Jim Allmouth into inch pieces, jist kaze Aunt Nabby ginn'd a treat.

I've nothin more to say cousin Paul, only, if any of these squizzing-glass fellers comes foolin round you, jist bristle to 'em, they can't kill you bad or any thing before I'll be thar; and then look out my hunny's, or I'll be 'pon 'em in a minnet.

I remain yours still,

PETE WHETSTONE, jr.

Well Sir, you see what Pete has said respecting "W. G. A." You can judge for yourself—I shall not pretend to say that Pete speaks the truth, as his letter will show for itself.

In giving you a history of Pete, &c, I have lost my hero; (W. G. A.) it is however, no hard matter to loose so small an object. I will resume it, although I can not say much more, as I have already occupied more space by my rude intrusion than I at first intended; but my dear sir—you will look over it, as I have to ride a long distance every day in a one-wheel'd vehicle; and it is not often that Paul takes the notion to scribble. And the reason why I now write, is, because it has become so very fashionable.

The hero is off again, he can't stand it. Halloo—halloo there, I say—Why, the MAGICIAN is off sure enough. What is he riding in? says one; I can't imagine, says another! Why don't you know? says Pete. "Why that are is a one-wheel'd-rail-road-sulkey-machine, of his own make." Come Pete, you should never speak well of a man when he is in hearing.

In conclusion I must say, that I have greater reasons to feel SPOTTED this week than I had last.

More anon.

Respectfully yours,

PAUL PRY.