

moted; and in short, our land be made to approximate to that condition of prosperity which is everywhere apparent to the eye in those States where such Fairs are common, even though less favored in soil and climate than ours.

We earnestly call upon the people of this county and town, to bestir themselves, and make the coming and every successive Fair of the Cumberland Agricultural Society, superior to its predecessor in the number and quality of the articles exhibited, and the number of visitors. Let no one who has put his hand to the plow look back.

Among those who are vastly benefitted by these Fairs, are the business men of the towns in which they are held. This fact,—and any one who will open his eyes must see that it is a fact,—should induce every individual in those towns to contribute liberally to their getting up and proper accommodation. Look at what occurred in Boston on one day of the Fair there. 87,716 persons came into the city from the country and other towns on that day; and 82,106 left during the day; showing that 5,661 strangers who came in the morning stayed over night. Probably no individual of that immense throng left the city without spending some money; and some of them must have spent a great deal, for on that day the receipts of country bank notes at the Suffolk bank (deposits of merchants, &c.,) were \$360,000 more than the largest sum ever paid in previously during any one day.

Of the persons who came to Boston on that day, 25,938 were by railroad; 24,002 were in vehicles; and the remainder, 37,686, came into the city on foot. The number of vehicles that came into the town was 6669.

Besides this recent case of money making in Boston by a grand display, the Baltimore Patriot mentions the following:—

“When Boston, a few years since, got up her famous Railroad celebration, the lavish expenditure required to sustain worthily so bold a glorification, created no little surprise among citizens of other States, who imagined that the good people of the old Bay State were certainly paying remarkably dear for their whistle. But the acute descendants of the Puritans knew perfectly well what they were about. To have made a local affair of it—winding up the day by a cozy dinner to be discussed by the municipal authorities, the officers of railway corporations, and a few selected guests, would have been to have thrown just so much money away; while to spend largely, to extend their invitations to all quarters of the American Union, and to make their arrangements on so grand a scale as would secure the attendance of President Fillmore and his suite from Washington, and Lord Elgin and his of-

ficial attendants from Canada, was a speculation which would not only justify a large outlay, but would secure, in its results, a brave array of figures on the profit side of the account. So judged the business men of Boston, and they judged wisely.—“If we would make money,” said they, “out of this affair—we must spend money;” and, acting upon this sage conclusion, they opened their purse strings, threw their hearts into the measure, called upon the journals of the country to take note of their doing, and succeeded in handsomely fulfilling all their calculations.”

DEEP PLOUGHING AGAIN.—Sir: I read a communication in the N. Y. Tribune, referring to the action of the judges on ploughing at the Westchester County Fair. I have been, myself, the past summer, a martyr to the cause of Deep Ploughing, as follows:

The farm on which we are at work has been under an exhausting system of cultivation for a long series of years, with the exception of the last four or five, during which time it has laid idle. Well: our neighbors found no fault with our picking up stone, nor our hauling out manure, but when we first put on a heavy span of horses and a heavy yoke of cattle to a Wayne County plow No. 5 (two sizes larger than they use,) and commenced ploughing for corn, then they began to pity our infatuation.—“Why,” said one of them to me, “I would not have you plough my ground in that manner if you would plow it for nothing—turning up that cold soil eight or ten inches deep is enough to ruin any land. Four or five inches deep is plenty for corn.” But when ridicule (for arguments they had none) did not convince me that I was wrong, they gave up my corn for lost.

Well, the result was this: the season being very wet, corn on shallow ploughed land came forward very slowly, looking quite yellow and sickly. We hoed ours the second time before theirs was large enough to hoe once, though planted at the same time; and the same ratio held good through the entire season; so that an early frost, which came just as we were cutting up, caught theirs in time to ruin nearly one-half of the crop. Our crop is, I should think, fully one-third heavier, and perhaps one-half, in addition to being all out of the frost.

Next spring we intend putting in a subsoil plow, (which pattern do you think the best?) as our soil is clayey, with a hard, lean subsoil. I expect our affectionate friends will tender us each a straight jacket in that case.

Yours truly,

HENRY H. DOUBLEDAY.

Great Bend, Susquehanna Co., Pa., Oct. 9, 1855.