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## How to Plant Potatoes

**How to Plant Potatoes.**

A correspondent in the N. S. Farmer says: I planted mine in rows last season, some of which I manured heavily with stable manure, and the others with a mixture of lime (sacked) and unleached wood ashes in equal parts. This I put in the drills two inches deep, laying the sets about a foot apart immediately on top of the composition. When my potatoes began to grow I noticed that those which were manured with barn yard manure came up strong and rank, and perfected a much larger growth above ground than the others; but on digging I found the result underground quite reversed. Those grown with lime and ashes had decidedly the advantage in the size of the tubers, and I would earnestly recommend the lime and ashes

bestly recommend the mine and ash mixture to intending planters. My ground is sandy, and I feel sure it should have a much better effect on clay soil.

As a rule, however, I may remark that potato sets are planted very much too closely together, both in hills and drills. They ought to be at least eighteen inches apart, and in hills, not more than two sets in each; the sets should be cut to two eyes, and if the potatoes have few eyes in them, one is sufficient.

**A Battle Between a Robin and a Squirrel.**

We witnessed a battle the other day so singular in its nature as to deserve mention. On one of our principal streets, a robin had built its nest in a tree. In the nest were three or four eggs, which tempted the appetite of a squirrel who clung to a branch, hanging over the

to tossy them. He made a raid on the nest, and was just about preparing for a sumptuous feast, when the proprietor of the invaded domicile arrived. Seeing what was going on, the robin made a dive at the squirrel, inflicting a wound with his beak. Then ensued one of the most lively scrimmages ever witnessed. Up and down the tree with the rapidity of lightning, ran the squirrel; the robin in hot pursuit. From one limb and branch to another, they darted, both chattering and chirping in the utmost excitement. The robin would fly off a rod or so, and then dart, like an arrow from a bow, for the squirrel, inflicting telling wounds. It was soon evident that the squirrel was getting the worst of it, and he thought so too, for he finally forsook the tree for the ground, and beat a hasty retreat. He didn't

The miniature steamer "City of Glasgow," which is shortly to start from England to cross the Atlantic, is a truly considerable little steamer. Liverpool. She is only twenty feet long, and is the property of Captain Pinion, or, but to be sailed by Captain J. C. Buckley. Both gentlemen appear confident that with a course they have planned out for themselves, and with fair weather, they will be able to reach New York in about fifty days. The "City of Glasgow" is covered over her whole

ingth, and lined inside to the floor-  
ing, having a mahalo or cockpit  
midships. "Below" is fitted up  
with as much comfort as the limited  
space would permit of. There is a  
stove for cooking the provisions  
—there being three months' sup-  
plies on board— and a galley, and  
also a sleeping space for either skip-  
per or when he is not on a yawl,  
the boat is rigged as a yawl and  
spread about seventy yards of  
mains. Her tanks are capable of  
containing one hundred gallons of  
water; but should any accident  
occur by which it would be necessary  
to lighten the vessel, a tap can be  
done, and the water, if necessary,  
pumped to escape. The "City of  
Houma" is fitted up with a two-  
bladed auxiliary propeller, which  
can be worked by hand on the same  
principle as a hand pump. Besides  
these, Pimoretz and Buckley, the  
only living thing on board will be a  
Newfoundland dog.