

This poem had its desired effect; it aroused his countrymen to the labors of the field, peace was restored to Italy, and plenty and happiness reached the humblest cottage in the land.

Such being the benefits arising to a nation from attention to agriculture, let no one despise the employment. Our first parents cultivated the fruits and flowers of Eden's garden. The Senators of Rome went from the Councils of the Forum to the cultivation of their fields and vineyards. Washington, the hero of whom America is so proud, followed the plough on the very soil of Vernon where his ashes now repose.

Philosophers have known no pursuit more worthy of their precepts; poets have found no theme of song more pleasing. Theocritus delighted the courtiers of Grecian princes with rural lays, and Virgil charmed the minions of Augustus with the *Alternis versibus* of the happy swains. Xenophon taught the Greeks, and Cicero the Romans, that the cultivation of the earth is a source of more enjoyment to the husbandman, and of greater good to mankind, than any other pursuit—and their wise instruction clearly evince that they had gained some part of their living by the "sweat of their brow."

Agricultural pursuits are not only highly honorable and useful, but they must be ranked amongst the happiest that can engage the attention of men. There is something in our very nature that invites to the enjoyment of rural scenes.

The first wish of childhood is to break away from a mother's arms and roam along the fields, and groves, and brooks, and valleys of the country—and the last wish of old age is that they may die in the country—*Syracuse Daily Journal*.

COAL ASHES—A REMEDY FOR THE POTATO ROT.

The following interesting letter was recently read before the Brooklyn Natural History Society, on the subject of the potato disease; as it is the result of *experiment*, we would suggest to our agricultural readers a particular attention to the subject. If *coal ashes* should prove a successful remedy for the potato rot, a market will be opened for a vast quantity of what is now, in our towns and villages, entirely useless.

Hartford, Nov. 2, 1846.

To the Society of Natural History, Brooklyn, New-York.

Gentlemen,—The last time I had the honour of attending your meeting, I promised to give you the result of my experiments in the cultivation of the potato. I have finished my crop, and will now give you the result.

About the first of April last I prepared two acres of ground for an early crop. A part of the field was a strong sandy loam; the other part, a strong clay soil. About one-half I manured in the hill with good, rich, barn-yard manure. The potatoes grew finely.

I commenced digging them about the first of July, and finer potatoes I never saw. In the course of ten or fifteen days I found them very badly affected with the rot, so much so, that I gave up digging them, thinking it better to let them rot in the ground, than to dig them and lose all my labour; for the disease was so prevalent here that potatoes would not sell at any price. I let them remain till last month, and on digging them, I found at least three quarters of the entire crop were completely decayed.

Half of the other part of the field I manured in the hill with coal ashes, putting about half a shovel-full to the hill.

I found on digging at different times through the summer, that there were no rotten potatoes to be found where the coal ashes were.

To see how it would work, I let them remain till after I had gathered the other part of the field; and, to my great astonishment, on digging them, I must say that I never saw finer potatoes than these were: there were no rotten ones among them; they were all sound and very large, yielding at the rate of two hundred bushels to the acre; the rest of the field not yielding more than forty.

The next rows on each side of the coal ashes were badly rotted, while those planted with coal ashes were of the very best.

I prepared another field of about two acres for a late crop. The soil was a black strong loam, with here and there a patch of gravel. I planted a part of the field the last of May, but did not finish planting till the first week in June, owing to a long rain. Not having manure convenient, and having dry wood

ashes enough for about half of the field, I put a handful of the ashes to each hill until all the ashes were used up. On the other part of the field I used plaster—about half a handful to the hill. The result was, that where I used ashes, more than three-fourths of the entire crop were rotten, and where the plaster was, there were no rotten ones.

The potatoes were very small, owing to the extreme wet weather when planted. Some of those planted with plaster that were on higher ground—for instance, those on the ridge, where two furrows were turned together—were very fine and large.

Now, whether it is the soil, the atmosphere or manure, I am not chemist enough to determine; but this I do know, that where I used coal ashes, I had potatoes of the first quality, and where I used manure, they were of the worst quality.

I have made diligent inquiry among my neighbours, and find that whenever the manure came in contact with the potatoes, they invariably rotted: but where they were planted without manure, and where the manure was spread and ploughed in, they invariably had good crops.

I have, therefore, come to this conclusion, that strong manure, in contact with the potato, is *rank poison*.

I believe that if the ground is well prepared, and the manure well ploughed in, so that it will not come in contact with the potatoes, we should have far better crops.

If the above information will be of any benefit to the public, I shall be satisfied in contributing this small mite to their use.—I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

W. BIGLOW.

—Farm and Mech.

News, &c.

INDIAN CORN.—Indian Corn still continues to rise, and has now reached the extraordinary price of 38s. a quarter. The few cargoes which arrive in England are eagerly bought up for Ireland.

MESMERISM FOR TIC DOLORUX.—It is said that mesmerism will entirely cure this agonising malady, and the trial is certainly worth making if it only produces temporary cessations from pain.

Messrs Dryden, the celebrated engineers, are now employed in the construction of a printing machine for the *Times* warranted to produce 12,000 impressions per hour, or the inconceivable number of upwards of three sheets per second?

MYSTERY AND CONFUSION.—A mother and daughter being together in this county (Westmorland), were brought to bed on the same day, of each a son. In the bustle of the moment, both babies were placed in a cradle; and, to the confusion of the mothers, when the youngsters were taken from the cradle, the nurses were unable to tell which was the mother's and which the daughter's son!—a matter which, of course, must for ever remain a mystery. — *Kendal Mercury*.

Last week a cask of rum, carried in a cart at Patricroft, Manchester, burst, and its contents flowed into the street. Three navigators got a cup and saucer, with which they collected some of the liquor, and drank it as fast as they could. They soon became insensible. Medical aid was procured, and the stomach pump was applied, by which a quart of pine rum was extracted from the stomach of one. He soon after died, but the others gradually recovered.

In London, potatoes are now selling as high as 10s per cwt. The quantity of barley malted in 1845, was 28,937,976 bushels. The *Mining Journal* estimates the number of mines in Great Britain and Ireland at 1770.

The gales at the autumnal equinox this year exceeded in violence those of the last seven years.

CAFFRES IN LIVERPOOL.—A party of five Caffres arrived in Liverpool on Monday last from the Cape of Good Hope.

A Spanish proverb says, "Jews ruin themselves at their parades. Moors at their marriages, Christians in their law-suits."

Mr. John Lord, of Birmingham, has obtained a patent for a perfectly self-acting apparatus for supplying water to steam-boilers. The other day a pheasant, which had perched upon the wires on the Lincoln and Nottingham electric telegraph, was killed by the electric fluid.

The Ordinance Survey of England has cost nearly £600,000 that of Ireland above £750,000, whilst only £30,000 has yet been spent on that of Scotland.