

CURING HAY.—LIME.

IT has been affirmed by eminent agriculturists that hay could be safely deposited in the mow in a semigreen state, and come out green, fragrant and exceedingly palatable to stock, by sifting upon each load from four to six quarts of air-slacked lime. The philosophy of it lies in the chemical fact that lime is a powerful absorbent. The Rev. E. Willis, of this city, tested this process last season. It will be remembered that the weather was most unpropitious for making hay. Finding it would be impossible to save his hay by out-door exposure, he carted it into his barn in a heavy, green condition. He sifted the lime upon it, and it cured handsomely, and came out this spring as inviting as flowers pressed in a herbarium. His horses and stock devoured it greedily, and preferred it to the best sun-cured hay.

This is a valuable "chip" of knowledge for farmers. Necessity often compels hay-makers to choose between the alternatives of leaving out in a drenching rain, a few loads of half-cured hay, thereby spoiling it, or hurrying it into the barn with a "right smart chance" of its heating and moulding. Lime will absorb all the vegetable moisture and save the hay; while salt gathers moisture, and fails in many cases to preserve it. Persons desiring to inspect this hay can do so by calling on Mr. Willis and learn more fully his experiment. [*Rockford (Ill.) Register.*]

CURE OF THE POTATO DISEASE.

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DEAR SIR,—About the time Professor Dawson published his Agriculture for Schools, I communicated to him some of my experience respecting that mysterious disease which has been developing itself for the last fifty years in the potato plant. Having perused Professor Dawson's theory on the subject, I find it to agree so closely with the conclusions which I had come to, under my observations and practice as also by experiments I have been making in the cultivation of the potato plant for the last three years, that I am becoming more and more confirmed that the predisposition of the plant and tubers to decay and rotteness has been brought about by

a want of conformity to the law of nature, in the cultivation of the plant.

If my memory serves me right, I think I informed you that a farmer in the County of Argenteuil, in the winter of 1863, told me he had got a kind of potatoes that produced the balls in such abundance that he had pulled them off the stalks and fed them to his swine in summer. It struck my mind at the moment this must be a young and vigorous variety, at least capable of containing the species by the natural seed. I have not seen a single ball on any of the old varieties for many years, an evidence that they are dying out of old age and debility, and I believe it is impossible to regenerate these old kinds. Within the last twenty years, over and over again, I have not been able to save from the whole crop the half of the quantity of the seed planted. The potato is one of the most perishable of all our cultivated crops. If exposed to a temperature a few degrees below the freezing point, for a few hours, there would be an everlasting end to the potato. Supposing such an event to take place, and that every potato tuber in the world should be frozen to death, I hope, before closing this paper, I shall be able to show that Infinite Wisdom and goodness has ordained that even in cold Canada the potato need not become extinct.

Experiments since 1863.

In the spring of 1863, I obtained twelve bushels of the above mentioned (supposed) new variety of the potato; I had them planted about the 20th of May, in the same field with the old kinds, and all cultivated in the same manner. The old kind was struck by the blight about the second week of August; the tops became black as if scorched or charred by fire, and the crop would not pay for seed and labour; it is true, there was still a remnant left that might have been planted again, which in more favourable circumstances might produce better results, but a thousand acres of such a crop would not produce one single grain of the natural seed. The new kind was not at all affected by the blight; they kept a rich green colour, were covered with beautiful flowers, and became loaded with balls or the natural seed; they also produced a number of over ground tubers. About the end of September the leaves became yellow, and the stalks fall down, completely covering the ground, indicating full maturity or ripeness. From 12 bushels planted we harvested 240 bushels of sound