

get a share of them back again. Besides, there is no fear that the other avenues of industry will not be filled; for, in the constitution of our natures, there will always be enough unquiet spirits born into the world which the farm cannot hold, to keep the bustling part of it in motion.

Another, and a prominent advantage which we should receive from good agricultural education, would be, that of more stability of character in our farming population. It is proverbial among traveled foreigners in this country, and it would be a subject of wonder among our staid people at home—if an American could wonder at anything—that we are the most changing people in the world. We, as a population, have few, scarce any, local attachments. This, to an extent, is a true, although a severe censure. It arises, no doubt—and naturally enough, too—from the wide extent of national domain of which we are the possessors, and from the natural sterility of much of the soil in our older communities, which cause an effort, and a laudable one, too, to better their condition in our rural population. But more, I imagine, from the low standard of agricultural improvement, and a mistaken estimate of the value of the soil, and its application to the products which properly belong to it. But, no matter what the cause. The fact is so, and it is a defect in our national character. How many among us but will, with a slight tempting offer, sell his homestead without remorse, break up the cherished associations of his life—turn his back upon the graves of his kindred, and his children—his birth-spot—the old hearth-stones of his boyhood—his family altar, and even the brave old trees, which have, life-long, waved their branches over his childish sports, and shadowed his innocent slumbers when weary of his play, all—all, pass out of his hands, like a playing thing of yesterday, unwept and unregretted, for the fancied advantage of a fresh spot in a strange and a newer land.

REPORT OF WILLIAM HAWKES, ESQUIRE, ON MAKING AND SAVING MANURE.

Black River, October 11th, 1848.

To the President of the St. John Agricultural Society.

SIR,—As your Society has offered a premium for the best report on making and saving manure, I will tell you my own experience in the matter, not to get the premium, but for the purpose of assisting you in your efforts for the improvement of farming among us, of which, I must say, there is great need. I have often been filled with pain at seeing the poor cattle shivering in their stalls, in barns where they are exposed to every wind that blew, and the manure thrown out of a hole in the wall, there to lie, and have all the good washed out of it, not only by the rain, but by the dripping from the roof; and this, I am sorry to say, is a true picture of nine out of ten of all the barns in the country which I have seen.

Now, I will venture to say, that no farmer, however humble his circumstances, but might keep his cattle on far less feed, and double the value of his manure, by merely placing the cattle with their heads inwards, on the south side of his barn, with close boarding before and over them, and then, throwing over the manure a shed, ten feet wide, covered with slabs, or spruce bark, if shingles cannot be afforded.

I followed the fashion of the country when I first began farming, but found that my cattle took the horn distemper, and would not thrive as I thought they should. My manure was also mixed in winter with layers of snow, and all the substance was washed out of it in Spring, so I did not perceive the land to be much the better for it. I tired of this, and saw that I must either change my plan, or give up farming.

I therefore built a barn on the following plan. It measures 36 by 26 feet, and fronts to the South, with large doors at both ends, and a passage running along the south side. On that side the land falls away, so I brought the roof close down to the ground. By doing this I got breadth enough for a cow-house, and a manure-house behind. The cows stand with their heads to the barn, and I feed them from the thrashing floor. I sank the floor of the manure-house considerably, and left it open at each end, so that I can drive a team right through. My manure never freezes now, and my cattle being made comfortable, thrive in a way they never did before.

As I have found that turnips and carrots can be raised to advantage in this country, I intend to make a root-cellar in the middle of my barn, about five feet deep. I think the turnips will keep there, if well covered with straw, and they will be at hand for feeding the cattle.

I have this year a compost heap of the following dimensions—fifty-six feet long, thirty-three feet broad, and five feet high. It is composed of 136 loads of green seaweed, with about the same quantity of black bog-earth, and as much good vegetable mould; the two last mentioned I mixed together. I placed this and the seaweed, in alternate layers, of eighteen inches, and find that it heated, until the whole became one mass of very beneficial manure.

Wishing the Society the success it so well deserves;

I am Your Obedient Servant,

WILLIAM HAWKES.

POTATO DISEASE.—The potato disease being a subject of such universal and paramount importance, it is nothing more than right that any little experiments which may have been tried upon the suggestions, from the failure in the crops of preceding years, should be publicly communicated. It was presumed by many last year, that the failure might be owing to a degeneracy in the vegetable life of the fruit, from its being continually replanted from year to year: and by some theorists this circumstance was stated to be the cause of the disease, and they recommended as an obviating mean, that the seed in the apple of the potato should be planted, so as to rear a fresh stock. This suggestion has been submitted to an experiment by a gentleman in Coleford this year, and the result is as follows:—In April he sowed the seed, it grew and the haulm looked perfectly healthy, and flourished well, until about the latter end of August, when considerable symptoms of the disease appeared, and all at once the haulms went perfectly dead and rotten; on digging up the potatoes every one was in a pulp of putrescence. So much for sowing the seed. Last year the same gentleman amalgamated salt with the soil and planted the potatoes in it, the result was a plentiful crop, but small in size, this year he adopted the same plan, and a total failure in the produce has been the consequence. He also last year set off a portion of ground where he well mixed in lime and soot, a good average was then reared in a healthy condition—and this year, from the same process, all were diseased. I have read from the accounts this year that in well manured land the disease has proved to be greater than in a less rich soil—this does not hold good here, for I have known several patches of meadow land that have been fresh dug up this year and planted without having been manured at all, and a general failure in the crops has been the result—and *vice versa*. Now from all these conflicting circumstances, no definite conclusion can possibly be derived. We see the same soil rearing a tolerable crop one year, and failing in the next—rich soil and poor soil at equal disadvantages. About a month after the potatoes were planted this year, a week of excessive hot weather came in, then much rain and a considera-