EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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From the Cambridge Chronicle.

DORCHESTER FARMER'S CLUB.

The President, Dr. JOSEPH E. MUSE submitted to the Club, amongst other things two articles of much interest to the Club.—1st. The probable practicability, from a case he referred to, that a cow may be made to furnish rich milk for successive years without calf. 2d. Some remarks, on a new method of preparing Poudrette, cheap and readily made.

On motion, Resolved by the Club, that the President, Dr. Muse, be requested to favor them with a copy of the two aforesaid articles, read before them to day, for publication in the next Cambridge Chronicle, inasmuch as the subjects, are each of much importance, and calculated to induce further inquiry, and profitable experiment.

For the Dorchester Farmer's Club.

The question how long a cow will continue to give milk, from the time of calving, has engaged the attention of the English Farmers, and writers, as one of much interest:—In town and country it is desirable to preserve a good milker at the pail, as long as possible, without interruption; and various means have been tried for the purpose, and have failed.

Prof. Johnston of England who had every opportunity of information on this subject, from the best dairy establishments in that country, celebrated for its fine cattle, says "that in ten months, cows would become altogether, or nearly dry," and that if some few be found, that do not go dry throughout the year, they must be considered exceptions to the general rule.

Now, my present object, is, to report an extraordinary exception to this rule, which has occurred, near us, and is well authenticated by the owner, of whom I made particular enquiry; and he declares the fact to have occurred, and to be now continuing under his personal knowledge.

The case is with a cow of Sam'l. Lecompte's Esq. Sen'r., and one of our ordinary country breed, which not having had a calf, or been in calf, for the last five years, has continued, uninterruptedly, to give a good supply of milk, throughout that period, and so continues at the present time—giving now, by actual measurment, made under his own eye, at my request, eight quarts of rich milk, daily; and he believes there has been no abatement, except what usually occurs in the winter season.

This case is worthy of record, as a singular phenomenon; and it may be, that by fair experiment this useful occurrence may be produced with other cows in general—Prof. Johnston to the contrary notwithstanding.

I will further, call your attention to a very important discovery, recently made by the celebrated Dumas; and reported by him to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris, on an improvement in the manufacture of Poudrette:—this report, I received and read some months ago, and have mislaid, or lost it— tho' the subject was so impressive, that I have a full recollection of it.

The purport of his research was to discover some cheap, and expeditious method, of disinfecting the night soil, and converting it into the highly valued and costly manure, called Poudrette; which, from the heretofore tedious, and difficult preparation, has commanded, in the city of New York, where it is I believe exclusively manufactured, in this country, fifty cents per bushel, besides the expenses of freight, and barrels, to distant places.

This new method is simply through the agency of sulphate of Iron—a cheap article, that may be bought, I presume, for about a dollar and a half per hundred pounds.

By a solution of this metallic salt, to be incorporated with the material, to be acted upon, the offensive odour is dispelled;—the rationale is this,—the gases escaping from the offensive body, are ammoniacal gas, with sulphur, phosphorus, and hydrogen,—the other gas developed—"Carbonic," does not contribute to the odour,—the metallic salt consists of sulphuric acid and Iron; hence, by the influence of their chemical relations, the sulphuric acid unites with the ammoniacal gas, and renders it, *fixed* and *inodorous*, in the form of sulphate of ammonia,—the sulphur—phosphorus—and hydrogen, the other sources of offensive odour, unite with the iron of the salt, making hydro-sulphuret and phosphuret of iron, which is also inodorous, and thus, changing old Bodies, into new Forms and affording an instructive example of the infinitely revolving circuit of all organic nature. If the alchimists of old are not rivalled in their transmutation of the coarser metals into gold; yet, we have the transmutation of a nuisance, and a fatal source of disease, into a substance unoffensive, and capable of producing without limits, that precious metal.

It will be understood, too, that all decomposing animal bodies, and indeed, all organic materials, in a state of putrescence, will be subject to the same chemical laws, and be disinfected, by *fixing* for agricultural purposes, and not *dissipating*, their nutritive gases.

With regard to this discovery, I have made some practical experiments, to inform myself of its truth or error—the results have been highly favorable.

In New York, & elsewhere, the process for making Poudrette,—has been, to expose the putrescent substance to the air, mixed with earth, or lime and finally dried until the smell is lost; when it is sold under the name of Poudrette,—and it is even then, a valuable manure; but it is quite obvious, that under this process, the carbonates, and phosphates alone, fixed by the lime, are left, as its only valuable components,—the earth and lime, used to cleanse and to dry it, will not combine with, and fix the ammoniacal gas but, on the contrary, they will accelerate the escape of this gas, the richest constituent of the manure, and leave it comparatively feeble in its effects, as a vegetable nutriment.

The members of the "Dorchester Farmer's Club," generally—might confer a benefit on the community, as well as on themselves, by testing, and establishing the important fact alleged by Dumas,—which, it would seem, from the reasons offered above, are probably true, & if true, inestimably valuable, in the promotion of health & profit, to the citizen, as well as to the Farmer,—by concentrating, & fixing the noxious gases, incessantly generated, and diffused from decomposing organic bodies; and thus purifying the atmosphere; and at the same time, forming new combinations, unoffending to health, or perception; and conducive to the wealth, and gratification of all who may choose to appropriate and participate of the proffered fruits.

JOSEPH E. MUSE.

January 21st. 1845.

From the American Farmer.

GUANO—*pronounced by the Peruvians* HUANO

The slowness of the sale of the few cargoes of Guano which have yet been imported into the United States, is to be attributed to—what? It cannot be to the want of all evidence short of personal experience of its wonderful efficacy; because if any credit is to be put in the united testimony, of a great number of witnesses, in England; no doubt can be entertained of the efficiency of this manure, and the great increase of every species of crop to which it has been applied in that country; and it has been applied to all sorts of crops and under every variety of circumstance—Some perhaps will say, it may answer in the moister climate of England, but will not probably in the more arid one of the United States—Well, but how is it in Peru, where the climate is still dryer than ours, Guano is their universal dependence?—No it cannot be for want of evidence of its adaptation either to our crops, our soil, or our climate; for here, in our country, as far as experiments have been made, and results made known, the action of Guano has been as striking as in other countries—Some, nay many of these experiments have been published—The hesitation to make more universal use of this extraordinary substance must arise then from, either want of means to buy—or from the great difficulty that is always found, in diffusing generally, a knowledge of the existence and virtues of a new article, like this; or it may arise from that natural hesitation, which is salutary when not carried too far, which farmers are prone to entertain, about being the first to lay out the little money they have, on new things; but is the reluctance either rational or praiseworthy, where the evidence of the usefulness of the thing recommended, seems in all human calculation, to be so undeniable and where a small trial at least, say of two or three hundred pounds, may be made, on one acre of land, at a hazard, if there be any hazard, of losing only two or three dollars?—Some of the most thoughtful discreet, well judging men that we know of, after the best opportunities of judging, both on volumes of printed evidence in England, and on repeated experiments here, believe and maintain, that Guano, bought at $3 a hundred, and applied to land at the rate of 300 pounds to the acre is cheaper than barn yard manure, were that given to the farmer, if he had to haul it a few miles.

In his discourse, delivered by Mr. Skinner at Wilmington, he gives the following comparative estimate as furnished by Mr. Pleasants, an extensive horticulturist, of the soundest character and judgment, residing within 2 or 3 miles of Petersburg, Virginia:

Manure—Cost of 30 wagon loads	at 25c.	$7.50
Hauling the same 10 days, at $1 50 per day, for team and driver,		15.00
Carting out and spreading on 1 acre, with horse and cart,		3.00—$25.50
Bones—30 bushels bone dust	at 55c.	16.50
Expense of hauling & application,		1.50—$18.00
Guano—300 lbs. at $3 per hundred,		9.00
Expense of spreading		1.00—$10.00

In all localities where manure is higher than the price stated in the preceding estimate (and in how few is it not?) and the distance to be hauled greater, the contrast will be so much the greater.

More recently, to wit, late in January, (last month) Mr. S. received from the same respectable authority, a letter from which the following is an extract:

"I have been to-day to observe the progress of a guano experiment on wheat—"The guano was applied soon after wheat "began to come through the ground, at various rates from 100 to 300 pounds to the "acre. The effect is most striking. Though "the whole field is good, yet the guanoed "part is *fully three times better*, and the "difference is greater every week."

It would betray a degree of obstinacy little less to be censured and far less amiable than overweening credulity, not to admit that Guano has generally, on most crops which immmediately succeed its application a most salutary and fertilizing agency—but it is quite reasonable to inquire with apprehensive caution, whether and how long its action will endure? There has not been sufficient time yet in England to settle this question definitively, much less has there been in this country.

The following article copied from an English paper may be deemed worthy of the space it will occupy.

We cannot close these hasty remarks without exhorting *all cultivators of Tobacco*, to purchase a small quantity, if it be only enough to apply to their *plant beds*, by which it is confidently believed from experiments last year in Maryland that it will prove a comple protection against the fly, and a good supply of plants may be thus invariably insured, and a few hundred weight to try on tobacco in field, on corn and other crops, putting it, in all cases of *planted* crops, around the root of the plants.

We should not have ventured to devote so much space to a subject which some may think somewhat hackneid, if the season were not so near at hand for the trials which, if it be only to save time, ought every where to be made, with guano on spring crops.

To all those who are not familiar with the subject, it may be well briefly to advise them, that after very numerous experiments in England, the Peruvian Guano continues to maintain its superiority in the public estimation, over the African, as indicate I by the difference in price—the African being quoted at last accounts at £5 to £5 5s. and the Peruvian at £10 to £10 10s. per ton. With this item in the way of information for what it may be worth, and leaving the farmer to choose between them, we submit the following.

THE PERMANENCY OF GUANO AS A MANURE.

This is a subject of great importance at present, when the importation of this manure is going on to a large extent, and when the propriety of using it, and extending its use, must be occupying the attention of farmers in all parts of the country. Many of the best practical agriculturists in this neighborhood, have long been satisfied of the permanent advantage of guano to the land. At the Highland Society's competition at Glasgow, in October, for seed wheat, Mr. Lome Campbell, of Roseneath, who gained the £10 prize for white wheat, exhibited five varieties from his farm, the average weight of which was 65 1-2 lbs. per bushel. The Chevalier wheat, weighing 65 lbs. was after turnips raised upon guano & although sown as late as 23d December, was the heaviest crop on the farm. At a recent meeting of the Rhin Farmer's Club, and other agriculturists, held at Drumore, when Mr. M'Culloch, of Auchness, factor to Colonel McDowall, of Logan, occupied the chair, the same subject was discussed by those present. The chairman Mr. M'Culloch, said, —In 1842 I applied to turnips on three different plots of ground, which were all contiguous, to the first *guano*, at the rate of four cwt. per acre—to the second, *bone manure*, at the rate of 30 bushels—and, to the third, good *farm-yard* manure, at about 20 tons per acre. The crop grown upon guano braided first, and was singled four days sooner than the other, and continued throughout the whole season to have a more luxuriant appearance; and when weighed, were about one sixth heavier than those grown upon bones, and about one fifth heavier than those upon dung. And the oat crop upon the guano was superior in quality, and the quantity of grain and straw was greater than upon either of the other two plots, and now I can distinguish no difference betwixt the grasses in quantity and quality.

So far as I could judge from the foregoing, added Mr. M'C., guano, as a permanent manure, has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Following up the matter as a sow-out, have manured the green crop with guano, Mr. M'C. said he found his oats after a guanno green crop, decidedly superior to the sow-out of other manuring. The oats after bone manure were lightest. His pasture, after guano green cropping, was an equally good and thick sole of grass to any other.

Mr. M'Bride, Balkeer, having had occasion to make similar trials and experiments with Mr. M'Culloch, corroborated his views. Mr. Anderson, Drumore, stated that he had grown potatoes with guano, at the rate of 4 cwt. per acre, which yielded him as good a crop as potatoes put in with fifty cart loads of sea-weed, and twenty cart loads of good farm-yard manure. His wheat crop was as good after guano manuring as after ordinary manuring; his sow-out was also as good, the pasture affording an equally good sole of grass with guano, as the ordinary manure did. He had also tried nitrate of soda, soot, gypsum, & guano, as a top dressing for grass, and, on the whole, he thought guano the best, and equally cheap. Mr. M'Culloch had tried guano also as a top dressing for pasture land; the effect was rapid and great. Both these gentlemen recommended the practice of forcing on a portion of the hay land with guano early in the spring, as a great benefit to horses and cattle, for feeding in the house, after the turnip has become scarce and fibry. A small patch and a small quantity of guano will suffice to raise very early a quantity of good grass; and the second crop, or after cut, will be as heavy and productive as ever, while the premanent pasture will be greatly benefitted.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Copied from the Sheffield & Rotherham (Eng.) Independent of December 21st, 1844.

Since the above was in type, our eye has rested upon the following item, in the *Liverpool Mail* of 7th Dec. last:

"The Right Hon. Lod Moyston, who has tested the efficacy of Guano, on his extensive farm at Pengwern, both as a fertilizer, and for purposes of *permanent improvement*, has ordered a ship load of this valuable manure to be consigned to him at the Foryd."

☞The reader is referred to an advertisement in another column of this paper, by which it will be seen that the agents have further reduced the prices of their Peruvian Guano, and we think we hazard nothing in saying that the prices are such as cannot fail to give general satisfaction to agriculturists.

The fixed price is $2.50 per 100 lbs. with a discount of 10, 15 and 20 per cent according to quantity. We are requested to announce to our readers that the cargo of the George & Henry at New York is of the same quality as the cargo per Orpheus, and held at same prices, by the agent there —Edwin Bartlett, Esq.

VALUE OF CORN MEAL.

H. A. Pitts, after experimenting more or less as the spirit of invention moved him, during the past year, has at length completed a Corn and Cob Grinder, and put it in operation in Winthrop village, where he resides. As we stated sometime ago in the Farmer, it is so small and compact that, with the exception of the hopper, you may put the whole of it into your hat. It is a terrible *cob eater*, though if it is so small. We have had ears of corn—"*chawed*" up by it after the rate of a bushel in four minutes and this too, when it had ground so much that its teeth were dull, and the bands too loose it to give him "top speed."

The corn was green and damp, being a lot of "pig corn," sorted out from the best. Mr. Pitts has it so arranged that he can crack up your corn, without the cob, to any required fineness, from coarse samp to *superfine bannock*. But what's the use of grinding up the cobs?

Why not keep them to kindle your fire with, smoke your bacon, or make manure? Why, let us see what they are worth for horse or cattle feed. If we can prove to you that the cob meal is worth as much *bushel per bushel, as oats*, you will allow it is an object to save them.

Every body who has fed a horse on an ox much with "*corn nubbins*" in the fall of the year, has noticed that he will eat the whole cob and all, and seem to prefer it to shelled corn. We once owned a horse that wouldn't eat corn, any way you could fix it, unless it were on the ear, when he would "*munch*" the whole together very greedily. Every one knows, too, that when we feed an ox or cow on this a considerable portion of the kernels of the corn pass through whole, undigested, and of course are the same as so much corn thrown away. Now for some proof that the cob of the meal is equal to the same measure of oats, we find in the New England Farmer, the following statements quoted from the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository of 1823. It is a communication from Mr. Rice, of Shrewsbury. He is a stock raiser, and a man of great experience in feeding cattle. He gives an account of using cob meal, as feed, as follows: The second year, if I mistake not in which I made use of cob meal, I thought I would try an experiment by feeding one oxe with corn and oats ground, the other with corn and cobs, having a yoke of oxen so evenly matched that no one who viewed them was satisfied which was the best.—Accordingly, I fed as above. The cob is computed to make a little more than *one third*; therefore I mixed the other with one third oats, as was my former mode. I gave each ox an equal quantity at a time, except the one which had corn and oats sometimes became dainty and would not eat his allowance, while the other kept an equal course. The allowance of both was a little over three pecks per day. When taken to market and killed, they weighed twenty-eight hundred and a half. The one fed on corn and oats weighed half a hundred the most; while the one fed on corn and cob meal, was considered half a dollar per cwt the best beef. The one fed on corn and cob meal had 163 pounds of tallow—the other 162 pounds." From this experiment, it will be seen what the comparative value of cob meal is.

We have been informed by a farmer's wife, that the meal from the cob ground alone, when sifted fine, will make very good "flap Jacks." We have also found by experiment that hens are very fond of corn and cob meal. Our hens would eat that which Mr. Pitts ground for us, as greedily as they would corn, and this is the only way we know of to get cobs down a hen.

Here, then is a chance for farmers to make a great saving. If the cob meal amounts to one third of that made by corn and cobs ground together then the farmer who raises a hundred bushels of ears of corn and throws away his cobs, is equally as imprudent and foolish as he who raises *thirty-three and a third bushels of oats and throws them all away, when he has harvested and thrashed them.—Maine Farmer.*

LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes that befel an American gentlemen upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance into the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds:

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced. A regular series of servants appeared each instant at elbows, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine, under strings of names which I no more understood than I understood their composition, or they did my *gaucheries*. Resolute to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my pre-dominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *oui* to every thing that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by enquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth, and in order to reply as quick as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it hastily. Heavens! It was as hot as a burning lava. What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth was in a flame. I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side; while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with an expression of amusement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"M onsier is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired, I could bear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain; so quietly abandoning the point, I opened it to the utmost, and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to resibility ruffled the imperturable politeness of the lady. She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exerting the magic influence that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted; I even ventured to hope; may to congratulate myself that the catalogue of calamites was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death," said Solon, and he said wisely.—The Ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not yet extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I was fond of *chorfluer*, I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it. Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion.

Would to heaven that the *chorfluer* had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and as I gazed despondingly on the large mass that loomed almost as large & burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake although I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled manfully on against the mountainous heap at its base—and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of this nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken, and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnesteness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired when my plate, having got some what over the edge of the table; upon my leaning forward tilted up and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great portion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate righted itself—as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye around the table that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly rolled my handkerchief together with its remaining contents, and whiped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served round. Meantime I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper to hide the cauliflower should any one chance, in seeking for his own hat to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hands, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket, and clapped it at once upon the miscreant who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower, which was now plastered over her face like an emollient poultice, fairly killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Mon dieu!" was re echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand?" inquired one.

"No! no!—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished; the spray of the execrable vegetable had spattered; her dress from head to foot. For myself the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkercheif to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation "I declare I should think it had been living on cauliflowers."

At this moment I felt some one touch me; and on turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons, he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting on the fatal pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft paste like vegetable which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sacre! bete! sacre!" the *r* in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard ringing like a fierce tempest without the doors. Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained; we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheek, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward; his eyes forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but retaining my hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a "fiacre," and arrived safely home, heartily resolving that, to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

ATTEMPTED MURDER AT NORFOLK.—We learn from the Norfolk Herald that a negro man named Jas. Smith belonging to Baltimore, where he has a mother living, made a diabolical attempt on Friday, at that place, to murder Mr. Reuben Frethey, first mate of the barque Calisto, Capt. Hopkins of Sedgewick, Me. It appears that on the night previous, the negro made up his mind as he says himself, to murder the mate the first time he struck him for misconduct.—The next morning the mate did strike him and in a few minutes afterwards the negro came up behind him with an axe and struck him with the eye of it a heavy blow on the head, which felled him. The monster then repeated the blow a second and a third time, the latter with the edge of the axe which cleft the skull, making an incision of four inches in length. The outrage was perpetrated so suddenly as to elude interference on the part of the hands on board, who could do no more than secure the culprit; who was sent to jail. Smith was out in the U. S. ship Ohio, in her cruise in the Medeterranean, and was discharged on her return to Boston, April, 1842. He shipped on board the Calisto under the name of William Dixon, having a seaman's protection answering to that name, dated as far back as 1839.

FERTILIZING. Mr. Pell, of Ulster county N. Y., last season used the fertilizing process, that is becoming common in Europe, being lime and charcoal, and obtained 78 bushels and 21 quarts of wheat per acre, weighing 64 lbs. to the bushel.

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