

13s. as the probable expense of preparation by the machine and of carriage to the English or Scotch market, there would remain a nett proceed of £8 11s. 6d.; and, adding the value of twelve bushels of seed, at crushing price—say 3s. 6d.—there would be a total of £11 17s. 6d. per statute acre against the cost of the cultivation, which would leave a very fair profit to the grower. Although, from the novelty of this mode of preparing flax, and the absence of any exact data hitherto, the society was unable to verify this calculation, the committee conceived themselves warranted in calling attention to the subject, and in advising those flax-growers in the southern districts who had been unable to convert their produce into money, owing to the want of local facilities for steeping and scutching, to procure this machine, and prepare the fibre for sale in the dry state. At the same time it was judged advisable to urge the establishment of scutch-mills, by which alone the fibre could be brought to its full value.

PEAT CHARCOAL—(From the *Gardener's Chronicle*).—The fertilising qualities of peat charcoal, even in its plain state, are very great; but when mixed with night-soil its good properties are of course much increased, and in the latter condition a less quantity is required for an acre. Farmers often fail in raising small seeds—turnips for instance; more especially in the south of England. The turnip-seeds are sown in poor hot soil, without any stimulent being immediately available; the seeds in consequence vegetate slowly, giving the fly time to eat the seed-leaf before the rough leaves have been produced. This can only take place in poor soils. On the other hand, market-gardeners never fail in obtaining excellent crops, however hot the weather may be, a result owing entirely to their land being rich. This fact, therefore, should induce farmers to mix their small seeds with powdered peat charcoal before they sow them—all complaints of their failing then would cease. Everything ought to be done that can be done to stimulate young plants; they cannot grow too fast. Farmers, like gardeners, do not want to occupy the land six months with one crop, if the same can be grown in four. Charred peat might be used in many ways. It might be employed with advantage in cow-houses, piggeries, and in dung-heaps. When potatoes are planted, if charred peat is used instead of dung, the young crop will have none of those scabby appearances which always occur where dung is used in the furrow; and the latter offers a great harbour for all sorts of insects. Peat charcoal has been proved to be a perfect deodorizer, and mixed with this material, our town filth might be carted to the country and made available at once. This is the more necessary, as the hardness of the times will not allow the farmer to send his waggon and four horses, with a man or two to fetch home a load of dung, much of the goodness of which has been washed and heated out of it. For my own part, I have for

some years used nothing but liquid manure—water, salt, soot, and wood-ashes; but now I shall employ charred peat. All the plants I cultivate grow most luxuriantly in plain, as well as mixed with night-soil. To amateurs I am sure it will prove a boon, as it will do away with the filth and nuisance of dung.

GAS TAR PAINT.—We have received the following as the proportion of gas tar and water to make paint:

Gas tar,	2 parts.
Water,	1 " "

A few minutes after they have well boiled are fit for use. Pot this frequently, and keep boiling. A wheel-barrow, half full of sand, makes a good, portable fire-place, on which you may confine the fire with a few bricks, over which may stand the iron pot with gas tar and water.

It is essential to keep the mixture boiling whilst in use. The water acts mechanically; it never really mixes with the gas tar, and ultimately dries or evaporates, but enables a skin or surface to be obtained from the gas tar which is more lasting and more repellant of wet than plain gas tar.—Yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER.
Rostrevor, Feb. 4, 1852.

THE WILLOW TREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Tree of the gloom o'erhanging the tomb;
Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod;
Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men;
When the word is bright in summer's light—
'Tis only the wretched that love thee then,
The golden moth and the shining bee
Will seldom rest on the Willow Tree.

The weeping maid comes under thy shade,
Mourning her faithful lover dead;
She sings of his grave in the crystal wave,
Of his sea-weed shroud and coral bed.
A chaplet she weaves of thy downy leaves,
And twines it round her pallid brow;
She falls on her knees while she softly sighs,
"My love, my dearest, I come to thee now!"
She sits and dreams of the moaning sea,
While the night-winds creep through the Willow Tree.

The dying one will turn from the sun,
The dazzling flowers and luscious fruit,
To set his mark in thy sombre bark,
And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.
He is fading away like the twilight ray,
His cheek is pale, and his glance is dim;
But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,
Can yield a joy till the last for him;
And the latest words on his lips shall be,
"Oh, bury me under the Willow Tree!"