

ADVANTAGE OF CRUSHING THE FOOD OF HORSES.

As I have just concluded the experiments you wished, I hasten to forward you the results, which are as follows: Two horses in good health, in daily work and as nearly as possible equal in size and age, were selected for the experiment. They were each allowed 5 lbs. of oats and a sufficiency of good hay, of which they consumed about 17 lbs. per day each. The only difference in feeding consisted in one horse having the oats thoroughly crushed, and the other without crushing. On the fourth day of this mode of feeding, the solid excrements of each horse were examined. 100 parts of the dung of the horse fed on crushed oats were found to be deprived of all the nutritious matter contained in the food, and to consist of woody fibre, mixed with the animal secretions and some salts; while 100 parts of the dung from the horse fed on uncrushed oats, were found to contain 1.4 per cent. of nutritive matter, consisting of starch and gluten, which had not been acted on by the stomach, mixed with the ordinary constituents of the solid excrements of the animal—this arising from the inability of the horse to perform perfect mastication, and must vary with circumstances, such as age and rapidity of feeding. The same horses were then fed with hay, cut and uncut. At the expiration of the third day, the excrements were examined, but no chemical difference in their composition was detected; the food in both instances was found to be equally exhausted of its nutritive matter. But the shorter period occupied by the horse in filling its stomach, and consequently greater amount of rest obtained, and the prevention of waste, by cutting it into chaff, are advantages which require no illustration from me.—*A. Gyde, London Agricult. Gaz.*

A THING THAT OUGHT TO BE KNOWN.—The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians, whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder storm, leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech tree. In Tennessee the people consider it a complete protection. Dr. Beeton in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, states that the beech tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered into splinters. May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?—*American Paper.*

ICE-LAND TRANSFORMED INTO SUN-LAND.—M. Gaynard read to the French Academy of Sciences, at one of their recent meetings, a letter which he had received from Roykiavik, in Iceland, informing him that for an entire year there had been beautiful weather in that island, and scarcely any winter. The summer, of 1844, and as much of the present summer as had passed, have been delightful. The meadows are in the finest possible state, and the fisheries highly productive.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Poetry.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

BY E. H. BARRINGTON

Black sin will nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown,
As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest,
As under a golden crown.
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
Who greet the young morn with toil,
And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—the Kings of the soil!
Then sing for the kings who have no crown,
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread!

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold
The wealth of a distant strand,
But ships would rot and be valued not
Were there none to till the land:
The wildest heath, the wildest brake,
Are as rich as the richest fleet,
For they feed the glad birds when they wake,
And give the beasts to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade, and plough,
The gladdening hour shall come
When that which is called the "waste land" now
Shall ring with the "Harvest home."
Then sing for the kings who have no crown,
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread!

I envy him whose feet can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed,
It is more than music's tone.
There are prophet sounds that stir the grain
When its golden stalks shoot up,
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily, dine and sup.
Then shame, oh shame, on the miser creed,
That doles out praise or pay
To the men whose hand makes rich the land,
For who earn it more than they?
Then sing for the kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread!

The poet had gladdened with song the past
And still doth he strike the string,
But a brighter light on him is cast
Who can plough as well as sing.
The wand of Burns had a double power
To soften the common heart;
Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,
He shared a common part.
Rome lavished fame on the yeoman's name
Who banished her deep distress,
But had he ne'er quitted the field or plough,
His mission had not been less.
Then sing for the kings who are missioned all
To a toil that is rife with good;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer food!

Critic.

The Canadian Agricultural Journal.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

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WILLIAM EVANS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

J. C. BECKET, PRINTER.