

Salting in Damp Hay and Grass.

Damp hay, or even grass, may be stacked with layers of straw, or even of old hay, sprinkled with salt to prevent heating, and to draw out the juice from the damp grass, which is then absorbed by the straw. Mouldy hay, put together with salt, from eight to twenty-five pounds per ton, was better relished by the cattle, and did them more good than sound hay packed without salt, of which many instances are recorded. A good farmer at Landrake, in Cornwall, many years ago, stacked damped hay with salt, which came out almost a paste when the rick was opened, but the cattle devoured it greedily. In Germany they even cure fresh cut grass one pound to the hundred weight; it comes out quite a paste, and it is said to go farther in food than the same quantity of grass made into hay; and in this country other green food has been kept in like manner. The advantage of dry straw, to absorb the juice drawn out by the salt is twofold—first, in preventing the scouring of the grass—and second, in rendering the straw itself nourishing and palatable, by the juice thus absorbed. The proportion of straw may vary from one eighth to one fourth; and the salt from one to three pounds per hundred weight, according to the dampness of the new hay. If old hay is used instead of straw, it must be in larger proportion, because less absorbent. And when neither can be bad, chaff or young furze must do; or even bran, if salted enough to prevent fermentation.—*Agricultural Gazette*.

MANURE FOR FRUIT TREES.—No tree appears to be more benefited from animal manures than the peach tree. We may often observe that when it grows near a barn yard, so as to reach the manure, that the growth is greater, the leaves greener, and fruit larger, than when it stands on sterile ground, and even as a general rule, fruit of the same variety is flavored in proportion to its size; the larger, the finer. Urine may be very advantageously applied to this tree, especially while it is small, as well as to young apple trees. It not only hastens their growth, but its offensive odor repels the borer from the latter, and the peach-worm (*Ageria*) from the former. A small tree will bear a pint once a fortnight, and perhaps more and oftener; I have never injured my trees by this application, and consequently have not ascertained the amount which may be used upon them; certainly large trees will bear much more.—*American Quarterly Journal*.

Poetry.

Mr. Charles Dickens.

This rapid writer of fact and fiction, whose keen insight respecting the follies and fallacies of mankind is surpassed perhaps by no living man, has exhibited an anomalous antipathy against teetotalism. He is a staunch friend of all sanatory reforms, as far as he discerns their application, but fails to perceive that the root of much terrible mischief is in the drinking habits of the people, from which they cannot be delivered by moral disquisitions on moderation. Our lively novelist is a great enemy of "King Dirt," and Queen Slut or Slatern finds little mercy at his hands, even though she be enveloped in vast schemes of human philanthropy. We know it happens that drunkenness and tippling do not always revel in "dirt." The rich and affluent have often worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus. But from what we know of the condition of the poor and dirty in both the old and new world, we aver that another king—one Alcohol—generally bears away where "King Dirt" has fixed his throne. The poverty, wretchedness, and filth so truthfully delineated by Dickens would hasten to wash themselves in the pure streams of that cleansing liquid plentifully provided by the God of purity. Oh! if there were universal temperance, how would the power and authority of "King Dirt" be diminished!

We have sketched these thoughts to introduce the following piece from the periodical edited by the gentleman whose name stands above.—*Ed. C. T. A.*

KING DIRT.

A NEW SONG ADAPTED TO A SLOW SANATORY MOVEMENT.

(From *Dicken's Household Words*.)

Drink from the dark and mantling pool,
With festering weeds begirt,
A deep black draught to the lazy rule
Of poverty's king—King Dirt!
Though I stoop my head, and trail the skirt
Of my robe in the miry way,
All know that the ragged and old King Dirt
Hath a potent and patent sway.
I laugh to see
How all devoted my people be,
Groveling low, and bepraising me.

And many friends, wealthy and steadfast, have I,
Though they oft look askant, as they pass me by;
And many a purse-proud burgher, wise
In his generation, on me relies;
And many town councillors, seeing no hurt,
Sneer down my enemies—proud of King Dirt!
And I laugh on still, while they let me be,
And extend my realm unceasingly.

Opponents of progress, who love the inert,
Who claim for innamy wisdom's desert,
Loving friends, around me cling!
Fill high the bowl, and sing,
Long live your lazy king—squalid King Dirt!

There 's a low-roomed house in a ruinous street,
Where filth and penury lovingly meet;
And the cobwebbed roof, and the rotting wall,
And the rag-stifled caement, dark and small,
Are unheeded there, among many more—
So wretched the homes of the wretchedly poor.

A poor worn weaver there works for his bread—
Working on, working on, far in the night;
His daughter breathes hollowly, lying a-bed.
And the wasting clay
Lets the spirit play
Over her face, with a flickering light.

The clock of a neighbor ticks solemn and low
On the neighbor's side of the crazy wall;
And the loom clicks on with an answer slow,
And the shuttle flies silently to and fro,
As it weaves the robe for bridal or ball.

But the loom is stopped; and down by the bed
The father kneels by his dying child;
But vainly he speaks—her time is sped;
No answer there comes to his outcry wild;
For the child stares out with her glazed eyes,
Till the eyes turn back—and she silently dies

And they call it a fever,
Putrid or low;
But I and the weaver
Both of us know
That the fetid well-water, and steaming styes,
And the choked drains' gases, that unseen rise,
Subtle and still,
Sure and slow,
Certain to kill

With an unheard blow,
Are the fiends who poisoned that maiden's breath,
And cling to her still as she sleeps in death.

And the weaver, haggard and worn to the bone,
With clasped hands and despairing moan,
Knowing the poison that lurks in the room,
Still doggedly stays till he meets his doom.

I laugh to think
How they greedily drink
Of the poisoned cup,
Till they drink it up!
And ever to time-honored filth revert,
And love to the death their old King Dirt.