

should not exceed 15°; soils of a greater inclination are thin, and near the rock or subsoil.

**Elevation.**—1,500 feet may be considered as the limitation of natural fertility. Wheat seldom ripens at above 1000 feet. "High farming, however," adds Mr. Bravenden, "embracing the best modes of cultivation, is found to ameliorate the severity of the climate, and to place us as it were, in well cultivated districts, several degrees nearer the equator, and reduces the highest of our cultivated hills, several hundred feet.

#### ON THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX, AND THE FATTENING OF CATTLE WITH NATIVE PRODUCE, BOX FEEDING, AND SUMMER GRAZING.

BY JOHN WARNES, ESQ.

We take it that the name attached as the author of this publication will be quite sufficient to command a sale. The interest excited when ever we have had the good fortune to publish a letter from Mr. Warnes, was testified by letters from every part of the kingdom requesting us to give parties his address. The different letters which he has published from time to time in a vigour of style quite new, giving information most material to the farmers and agriculturists of the country, are all compiled with other useful and practical information. As a book of reference, nothing can be better. It is supplied with a curious index. In the preface he remarks:—

If I had ever any solid reasons for promulgating my plan, those reasons are rendered doubly urgent at the present crisis. The repeal of the corn laws is insisted upon by the League, with all the art that human ingenuity can devise, and with all the power that money can command; while agriculturists, formed into protective associations are equally determined to uphold the existing duties. Whatever may be the result of the conflict, it is evident that farmers who have adopted the cultivation of flax, the fattening of cattle upon native produce, &c., &c., must be better prepared to sustain the shock of free trade than those who resort to foreign manure for land, and food for cattle. At all events, it is certain that a high price for the common necessaries of life cannot be sustained, that profits upon land must be derived from increased production, and that farmers ought no longer to hold out against the adoption of new systems of improvement.

Thus it will be perceived that the object of this work is to circulate that money at home that now goes to foreign countries, to improve the soil and employ the poor. It is a most useful and original production.

**INDICATIONS OF CHANGE OF WEATHER AFFORDED BY PLANTS.**—Very many of our most common plants are excellent indicators of atmospheric changes. The opening and shutting of some flowers depend not so much on the action of light as on the state of the atmosphere, and hence their opening or shutting betokens change. The common chickweed, or stichwort (*Stellaria media*), may be considered a natural barometer; for if the small white upright flowers are closed, it is a certain sign of rain; during dry weather they expand freely, and are regularly open from nine in the morning till noon. After rain they become pendant, but in the course of a few days they again rise. The purple sandwort (*Arenaria rubra*) is another indication of a coming shower. Its beautiful pink flowers expand only during sun shine, and close at the approach of evening or before rain. The piupernel (*Anagallis arvensis*) has been very justly named "the

Poor Man's Weather Glass." This little plant blooms in June in our stubble fields and gardens, and continues in flower all the summer. When its tiny brilliant red flowers are widely extended in the morning, we may generally expect a fine day; on the contrary, it is a certain sign of rain when its delicate petals are closed. The goat's-beard (*Tragopozon pratensis*) will not uncloset its flowers in cloudy weather. From its habit of closing its flowers at noon, this plant has received the common name of Go-to-bed-at-noon; and the farmers' boys in many districts regulate their dinner hour by the closing of the goat's-beard. According to *Keilh's Botany*, if the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night the ensuing day will be fine; and if it opens, it will be cloudy and rainy. When the African marigold remains closed after seven o'clock in the morning or evening rain may be expected. If the trefoil and the convolvulus contract their leaves, thunder and heavy rain may be expected. Lord Bacon tells us, that the stalks of the trefoil swell and grow more upright previous to rain. The dark and lovely gentianella opens its blue eyes to greet the mid-day sun, but closes its petals against the shower. The germander speedwell (*Veronica chamaebryis*), so universal a favourite in every hedgerow, closes its blue corolla before rain comes on, opening again when it ceases. The red campion (*Lychnis diurna*) uncloset its flowers in the morning. The flowers of the white campion (*Lychnis vespertina*) open and expand themselves at the approach of night.—*Farmer's Encyclopaedia.*

**RULES FOR MARKETING.**—In marketing, the first rule is to purchase chiefly from known and respectable trades-people, who are likely to go themselves to the best markets, and who have to support the character of their shops.

The second rule to be observed, is that of not purchasing inferior articles under the idea of being economical.

A bargain is seldom a prize: and this is especially the case with regard to butchers' meat.

The best meat and the prime parts are unquestionably the cheapest in the end, although the first must be the greatest. In coarse and inferior joints there is always too great a proportion of gristle, bone, and hard meat, to render them truly economic; these may serve as the bases of soups, gravies or stews; but for roasting or boiling they are wasteful.

The criteria of bad meat, by which must be understood meat that has been too long killed, or meat from animals killed in a state of disease, ought to be well known by those who market, no less than than the value and economy of the different parts and joints.

#### THE TRAVELS OF THE LEAF.

From the hill to the valley, the grove to the plain,  
From the branch where thou never wilt blossom again,  
Thy green beauties faded, sere, withered and dying—  
Brown leaf of the forest, oh where art thou flying?  
I know not—I heed not—I go with the blast  
Which swept me away from the bow as it passed.  
The storm-gust which shattered the oak where I hung,  
Had ruth for the feeble, but none for the strong;  
It has rent the tough branch once my glory and stay,  
And—the wind for my wildmate—I'm whirled away.  
What rede I, or reck? On its cold bosom lying,  
I haste to where all things in nature are hieing—  
And the sweet garden rose-leaf floats off with the breeze,  
Where the zephyr wafts blossoms and buds from the trees.  
So lightly I drive to my destiny too.  
And it may be to glad me—it may be to rue—  
My companions the ilex, the ash the, bright laurel,  
And the beech, with its death bloom, as ruddy as coral.  
Now read my sad riddle, Sir Seer!—and its moral.

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