

*Agriculture.*—If Agriculturists are sometimes too hasty in adopting new and foreign ways, so on the other hand old farmer Jogtrot is one of those wisecracks steadily adhere to the determination of never putting a scythe to his meadow till the first day of old July; another never reaps his corn until the harvest moon has attained a certain age, no matter whether the corn was shaking in the wind or not. It was in consequence of this principle, that an Act of Parliament was obliged to be enacted to hinder the Irish from making their ploughing cattle draw by the tail; and even in improved England, though certainly the instances are not so barbarous or mischievous, Goodman Steady still sends out his team of six monstrous horses, to plough a little sandy soil, three inches deep, thus wasting three times as much horse labour as he need, at an unwarrantable expense, while the Scotchman will do much better with a single pair of cattle.

In nothing is this adherence to old and bad customs so evident, as in the neglect of farmers in neither changing or steeping their seed corn especially wheat. It is a well entertained belief that Irish wheat, as it is the worst sample, it bears the worst price in the English Market. Perhaps the dampness and coldness of our climate in common years is a great cause of deficiency in the quality of our bread corn; but certainly the fault is attributed to the want of attention in the change of seed—in the keeping of seed unmingled and unadulterated from the seeds of weeds and from smut. I have been in some of the southern counties, of Ireland especially Tipperary, and Limerick, where wheat that was grown on the sharp limestone hills that border on the Shannon, and the corn itself was a beautiful and plump sample, but was so mixed with smut and ribbery, as the seeds of the Darnel or Lolium, are there called, that it was almost unsaleable. I remember once calling on a tenant for his rent—which he had no just excuse for with-holding, as the season was plentiful, and a fair market price for it. I said, "Why don't you come in with your rent? You know I must do what is pleasant if you do not settle, and that soon."

"Why then please your honour, it is I that am willing to pay the rent, and why shouldn't I but Master agrá there's no price."

"How, no price," exclaimed I. "I got the other day at Greyford mills, 11 lbs. a barrel."

"Oh the theivín' rogue!" rejoined Tim Flannery, "and am'n't I after coming from the same miller, and by all the books in Father Kennel's house, all he'd offer was two-and-twenty."

"Come, Tim, let me see your sample?" So he took to the threshing floor, he produces a handful of wheat, which contained as many grains of ribbery and balls of smut, as of sound corn. "Why, Tim, how could you expect to get a good price for such trash as this?"

"Och, then, how can the likes of me help it?" "You'ven't put it through the wind in the mill; the wife has our best quilt all as one as fluff, sunning it and picking it;" 'Tis a bad sample, a plase yer honour, but what can a body do, or doing his endeavours?"

"Tim, how far once be an honest man, and the truth. Did you ever in all your life change your seed, or did you ever steep your seed before sowing?"

"Troth, sir, I never did. It's not for the likes me to be going after these new fangled ways; my father, and he that went before him, well without any such doings; this is the Irish red wheat, that is natural to the land, and may be I'd have no crop at-all-at-all, I to be making such ventures."

"Indeed!—don't you see that my land is just the same as yours; but I manage a little better—keep the ground a little clearer—change my seed often—and always steep it to get rid of smut; and here is a sample of my red wheat, and observe that there is neither smut ball or ribbery mixed with it, and is therefore worth 16s. per barrel more than yours, because its tail is not so black as yours."

I cannot say that I was successful with Tim Flannery; perhaps I may be more so with the reader, if he have occasion to sow wheat; and the practice, as adopted successfully in Flanders, in the eradication of smut, and which has also, to the fullest extent succeeded in Ireland, is this: To dissolve a pound of Roman vitriol in blue stone, or sulphate of copper, in twenty gallons of water, in a vessel containing about forty gallons, steep as much wheat in it as will allow two or three inches of the solution to flow over the corn; then leave it, (skimming off the smut balls and light corn) for one hour) and then raise it and rinse it in common water, and dry it in the usual way with slacked lime. In this way a large quantity of seed wheat can successively be steeped, and it is only necessary occasionally, until our whole seed is pickled, to add some more blue stone, dissolved into the same proportion of water, to make up for waste. With these observations I shall conclude my agricultural hints for the present.

Dublin Penny Journal.

*The Scottish Thistle.*—This ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity with its motto *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour, so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition: When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted. They had then reached the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unobliquely stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly pricked thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

Literary Gazette.

MISCELLANY.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite his faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Shakspear.

"*Hablo como hombre.*" I speak as man. St. Paul.

"*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

"I am a man; and being human, I respect humanity." Terence.

"—A creature so glorious in mind, and in frame." Sheridan

MAN.

To trace the system, in its various parts,—(That "little kingdom, man," that microcosm,) And all its wondrous, multitudinous Constitutes properties—and varieties,—Inspires devout and reverent homage,

To the Great First Cause—most adorable— "Parent Supreme of universal Nature."

*Man is a living miracle!*— Witness the innumerable components— Combinations and consolidations, In the whole aggregate identity, And the firm, beautiful, admirable Superstructure of a living being!

"A combination and a form, indeed," Of multifarious anatomy;— Subject to full and fair analysis, By mortal ken:— (As, in all beings' sure mortality: When the great *Chymist*, *Death*, decomposing This "tenement of clay"—shall loose the band, Ligaments, loops, rivets, pivots, swivels, And elastic springs and claps, imbedded, Inwrought, imbricated, and enamell'd In man's immateriality:— all which, In the one grand chain of involution, Do now sustain "the active principle"— "Vital essence," and mysterious spirit; In this "time's state" the cradle of its hopes, Cherish'd and honor'd, as *wisdom's* noblest work, In the frame and fabric of humanity:— Its sequel—glorious consummation— *Felicity*—immortal *Life*.)

Most astonishing design and wisdom; What innumensity of fibrous cordage;— Complex, interwolved, and interlacing Over lashings, tension, tenacity, Pliancy, compactness and endurance! The bone, flesh, cartilage, joints, muscles, nerves, The sinews, tendons, arteries, and veins,— Limbs, lobes, and auricles, and superficies; With all their myriads of sensitive, Lifeful, delicate, intwining tendrils;— Laminated in the fairest colorings, And all the essential decorations Of univalves, ivory, and volutings, In silken drapery—golden lustre And elegant luxuriance!— Exact symmetry and adaptation, Just proportion, convolution, action, Complicate, adhesive, full, free, graceful, All harmony! and in corresponding

Figure, form, shape, size—each answering each On either side—in truest equipoise; And all with flexible, porous, polish'd coatings Of such differing, varying textures, In wisdom, strength, and beauty—overlaid! And still the great design kept good.—that man Should "bear the image of his Creator," *Perfection!*—No addition can be made, Nor diminution, but makes the being, in its integral nature—form—stature— dimensions, constitution, incomplete!

What skill; what richness and variety; A *pediment* of perfect workmanship! Look in his *Face*,—contemplate all his powers, Traits, features, senses, and intelligence; These prove him *Human*—a noble fabric Of *Wisdom*, infinitely Great and Good!