

THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasma.

Volume XIII.

Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libans ut apes.

Number 36.

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, May 24, 1842.

AUCTION.

To be Sold by Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 3rd June next, at 12 o'clock, noon, in front of the Subscriber's Store, in the Town of Chatham, for payment of the Debts of the late NIEL MCGRAW, of the Parish of Glenelg, in the County of Northumberland, Farmer, deceased, in consequence of a deficiency of the Personal Estate of the deceased for that purpose, pursuant of a licence obtained from the Surrogate Court for said county:

The Lands and Premises

following, or so much thereof as will be necessary to pay the Debts due, viz:—Two Lots of Land, lying on the South side of Black River—bounded below by Lands occupied by Alexander Campbell, and above by Land owned by Donald McRae—each of which extends in front Eighty Rods, and together contain 400 Acres. There are between 30 and 40 Acres of Cleared Land on the Lots, and a Dwelling House and Log Barn on the lower Lot.

For further particulars, apply at the Office of Messrs. Street & Kerr.

By order of the Administratrix.

P. WILLISTON, Auctioneer.

Miramichi, April 25, 1842.

NOTICE.

All persons desirous of furnishing the undersigned Assessors for the Parish of Newcastle for the present year, with a statement of their respective Incomes and Properties liable to assessment for Parish and other Rates, will require to do so within Twenty Days from the date hereof.

ALEX. RANKIN,
EDWARD WILLISTON, } Assessors.
ALEX. GOODFELLOW. }
Newcastle, April 19, 1842.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

The Subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Chatham, and its vicinity, that he has opened a New and Fashionable HAT STORE in High Street, a few doors above Mr. Layton's Hotel; where he will keep constantly on hand an assortment of Warranted WATERPROOF HATS, of various shapes and qualities, and which he offers for Sale on the most reasonable Terms for Cash.

ROBERT CHRISTIAN.

Chatham, April 12, 1842.

N. B. HATS repaired and altered to fashionable shapes, and coloured. Hats made to order, of the latest patterns, on the shortest notice.

TO LET,

For One or more Years.

THE STORES, WHARF and Dwelling HOUSE, lately occupied by Richard Blackstock, Esq. situate in the Town of Chatham.

The DWELLING HOUSE is pleasantly situated—is well finished, and is capable of accommodating a large family—it would also answer well for a Boarding House. There is an excellent BARN and other OUTHOUSES near the House—which will be rented with, or distinct from the house.

The STORE is Four Stories high, fitted up very conveniently for carrying on an extensive Retail business.

The WHARF is now occupied as a Ship Yard—for which it has peculiar advantages. The Wharf, with the extensive Store standing thereon, will be let distinct from the other premises, if required.

The situation and advantages of this Property as a stand for Business, are too well known to require further description. For Terms and other particulars, apply to STREET & KERR.

Chatham 30th August, 1841.

HAY.

The Subscriber has for Sale,
12 Tons of Good Hay.
Deliverable in the Town.

JAMES JOHNSON.

Chatham, 18th April, 1842.

GARDEN SEEDS.

GRASS AND TURNIP SEEDS.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have on hand a large assortment of Timothy and Clover, Turnip, Garden and Flower Seeds, imported last fall from Great Britain and the United States; which are of the first quality—of which a Catalogue will be published.—They have also received a quantity of Dutch flax Seed and Spring Tares.

March 22.

TO LET.

THE HOUSES in Queen Street lately occupied by Mrs. Thomson, and Mr. Blanchard, These will accommodate either two or three families, and will be Let to suit applicants, at a reduced rent—if immediate application be made to

WM CARMAN, jun.

TO LET.

THE HOUSE, or HOUSE and FARM, formerly occupied by the Subscriber at Clarke's Cove, Chatham. Apply to

JOHN M. JOHNSON.

HAY.

For Sale by the Subscriber, 12 TONS of UPLAND HAY, of good quality—deliverable

THE GLEANER.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

MR. CHOULES' ORATION.

The Oration on the Fourteenth Anniversary of the American Institute, delivered by Rev. John Overton Choules, at the Broadway Tabernacle, October, 1841.

Continued.

But in accounting for this popular distaste, let me be more particular. I believe that parents have had much to do in the creation of this feeling. The men and women who enjoy the honor to have been the architects of their own fortunes, seem in many cases determined to place their children at the very farthest distance from the line of occupation, and the principles and the methods of life, which have rendered them happy, prosperous and respectable. No matter how many children they have, the sons are to do with as little labor as may be, and the daughters are to be lilies, they are neither to toil or spin. How many a parent would feel absolutely insulted if you supposed that he intended to put his boy to actual labour of any sort! When parents and children come to the conclusion that the lad must obtain his living by some exertion of his own, they put their minds to the rack, to discover a way in which it can be done without labour. The father perhaps, has made every cent he possesses by toil, yet, under the influence of the day in which we live, he cannot endure the idea that his son should be seen in a labouring dress, engaged in a mechanical or agricultural employment. When will men see the folly of the opinion, that the youth who labours on a farm or works in a shop, can be fit for nothing else! A young man upon a farm may qualify himself not only to pursue his calling, but to take a part in all the public concerns of life.

It is idle to talk of the want of time or the means for mental cultivation upon an American farm. Judge Buel was right when he declared that a man might devote three hours out of twenty four to study, without infringing upon his business, fatiguing his mind, impairing his health, allowing eight hours for sleep, ten for labor, and three for contingencies; and I ask what ordinary occupation affords a larger portion of time to the acquisition of general knowledge? Let no man on a farm complain of want of opportunity. How many such suffer money to be squandered, which would purchase a capital library, and fritter away time in taverns, idle talk, and lounging on winter evenings, and useless sleeping in long nights, which, if employed in reading and study, would make them able agriculturalists, and fit them for the halls of legislation and the council tables of the nation.

I believe too, that parents err in placing such an estimate upon the talents of their sons, as leads them to select professions as the only sphere in which they can have a proper scope for exhibition. The principals of our academies and the presidents of our colleges will testify, that at the opening of every term, and at the annual commencement, they receive from fond parents nothing but intellect and genius of 'the first order' and 'greatest promise.' Alas, that all this pre-eminence so soon finds its level.

I have ever regarded the best carpenter in a village as a more distinguished man than an ordinary, every day, common place lawyer; the best blacksmith, the ingenious, contriving mechanic, as a more valuable and respectable character than a half educated, conceited, lounging professional man, who has forgotten almost all he learned in the schools, and has never made advances in general knowledge since he commenced the profession which his apathy and dulness have so served to disgrace. The president of one of our colleges remarks, 'I have long thought that our graduates mistake their path to honor and usefulness in making choice of a learned profession. Agriculture not a science! Why, there is hardly a science that is not subservient to the promotion of agriculture; zoology, botany, geology, chemistry in a most essential degree, mechanical sciences, are all connected with it. But the great practical problem which this country has to solve is, to give the speediest return to the cultivator, and of yielding the largest amount of produce at the smallest proportionate expense; and though the science of theory and expensive experiments may not be adapted to the mass of our agriculturalists, yet happily we have a noble class of men of education, property and public spirit, capable of weighing the scientific speculations of the wise, and with means, and the inclination to apply those means, to a practical investigation of the result of theories.'

From the Northern Light.

THE BAD AND GOOD FARMER.

BY WM. H. SOTHAM.

I am aware of the difficulty of writing any thing that appears original; attempt what you may, you generally meet with something similar, language and opinions are so much copied. However, I will trust to the lenity of my readers to spare criticism, as the following is taken from my own ideas, and what I have beheld. I will endeavour to show, as far as is in my power, the difference between the bad and the good farmer.

When England's sons first turned their attention to the improvement of agriculture, it

expired, new ones were entered into of a much shorter date. The uncertain prices of produce would not allow the farmer to give an exorbitant rent; and the expenses of the latter would not admit of his taking even a medium rental. This year what would be worth 5s. per bushel would be worth the next 10s. and of course everything else in proportion; therefore many farmers preferred renting their farms from year to year, so that the prices might govern them to make it a safe undertaking. Under these circumstances the land, landlord and tenant all suffered,—the latter could not improve his soil, but drove it as much as the limits of his lease or the customs of the country permitted; preparing for the worst at the end of each year, to leave if his terms did not meet the approbation of his landlord—the latter well knowing he must have the highest rent to keep up appearances. This made bad farmers, of those who came under the tyranny of such proprietors, even if their hearts dictated a better course. The following illustration will prove this. I will take a turnip soil for example, commencing with the clover crop. This is mown early for hay, afterwards cut for seed, and the same year ploughed for wheat; the next comes a crop of barley, and the third white crop, oats—three white crops being the extent he could go, according to the customs of the country, if his lease did not express it, leaving the land completely exhausted, his fallow overcome with couch grass, and not half ploughed, so that it could not be made friable, which is very essential for a turnip fallow. His limited stock of cattle, horses, and sheep; produced but a very light dressing of manure, and a crop of turnips that will not pay for hoeing, and this crop on a light soil is the farmer's chief prop for winter's feed. When the cold weather appears, his scrub cattle set up their backs, look on the farm yard wall, and low for better keeping, or else wander all over his fields for every bit of old roughing left,—his half starved mongrel sheep walk to and fro, over the turnipless fallow and beat for the shepherd's scant foddering; his hogs constantly squealing for food, and his horses look as if they were drawing home their last load,—here lies a plough, there a harrow, roller and wagon, with other implements strewed about exposed to the sun and rain. Spring comes, and his cattle and sheep are turned out to grass long before there is enough to fill them, which keeps them short the whole summer, and drives them through the fences to feed on his scanty crop of grain,—his work is always behind, his servants know nothing of obedience, his mind is constantly worried, his home is as comfortless as his barn yard, his family grow up in ignorance—destined only for laborers, whose crude minds are not fit for a higher station, and are unnoticed by the enlightened and intelligent. A few years ago, many such farmers could be found in England, but they have been greatly weeded out by their own folly, and by their selfish landlords discovering their error.

What a different course the good farmer pursues. His landlord meets his improved farming with his utmost assistance—knowing his superior judgment will not lead him astray, he fears not his purse in the improvement of his superior stock, and his well tilled soil—fully assured of its safe return.

I will also commence with his system—with his turnip fallow. He ploughs in the autumn as early as his other business will allow, crop ploughs it with a wide furrow in November and December, leaving it as much exposed to the frost as possible,—when this is done, he anxiously and wisely collects every load of manure he can meet with,—this is drawn into a mine in the field, turned over, and all well mixed together. In the dry winds of March the fallow is harrowed, and if there is any couch grass, it is collected and burnt. In May, the first Swedes are sown—one or two teams are kept drawing a heavy coat of manure from the mine as fast as others plough it in, so that it may be protected from the sun's evaporation. A second sowing follows, and so on, with different sorts, until the whole field is seeded, leaving a space between each for the purpose of taking advantage in hoeing. With this process, an excellent crop of turnips is obtained, unless it is a very unfavorable season, or the fly is busy. Early in autumn the wether tugs are put on, the turnips pulled for them out in racks or troughs. The ewe tugs come next, and as soon as the grass is eaten,—and about the latter end of January, or as early as the turnips will allow before yeaning time (which commences on the 7th of May) the ewes are put on—all kept in separate flocks. The wether tugs are fed for market, and go off as soon as the lambs come in (bars shorn, for they travel much better to Smithfield out of their coats). It has not been the practice, until within the last few years, for tugs to go to market,—they were generally kept until they were two years old. Farmers are indebted to the Cotswolds for this early maturity. The ewe tugs and ewes are fed on the ground without chopping; a small patch is given them every morning after they have been foddered with hay,—they eat off the tops and scoop out the middle,—the remainder is picked up the next day by the shepherd and his boy,—the sheep always lie on the fresh piece of ground given, and the hay racks are moved regularly, so that the manure, which is very valuable, is equally distributed over the whole ground, leaving the land in excellent condition for a barley crop; with which is sown clover, rye grass, trefoil, and white clover,—or in some instances sainfoin. When the latter is

used, it gives the butter a better flavor; and the after feed is better to wean your lambs on than any other grass. When this crop is worn out for mowing, it is fed one, and sometimes two years; then breast ploughed and burnt—the sod generally producing a large crop of ashes, from which you are almost certain of an excellent crop of turnips. It is my opinion that the sainfoin would be a great acquisition to this country,—but the difficulty is in getting the seed to grow. I brought ten bushels, and could not succeed in raising fifteen roots,—those grew very luxuriantly, but generally the seed will not grow after crossing the ocean. It will not grow in England if kept over one summer. The seed crop is mown the first year, fed the next, and then ploughed once for wheat,—as soon as that is off, part of it is sown for winter vetches, the remainder for spring vetches, and eaten off by daily patches in a similar manner with the turnip crop. After this comes oats which are followed by the turnips, making the system, as it is called, a seven field one,—and in my opinion the most profitable that can be pursued for a turnip soil. Your land is always in high order, and does not cost half the expense and trouble to keep it so. It is like an animal when fat, or in good flesh, it does not require so much food. A lean animal is always hungry and uneasy, wandering about, instead of resting.

A hungry soil is full of pernicious weeds, searching for all the vegetable matter it contains, and keeping it always at work. A good farmer's stock is always in high condition, because he selects those that are well bred, and good handlers,—for they are always easy keepers, and quietly disposed,—he breeds from these only—not sparing his time or purse to procure the best male animals. A beast highly bred in quality of flesh is generally quiet in its place,—when rapidly thriving he becomes lazy and sleepy, but when at business is as active as any, and keeps in working order equally well. What pleasure and happiness the good farmer feels when reconnoitering the good acts he has done,—he views his superior cattle and sheep in the spring, spread over his well tilled soil, with delight. The winter he has enjoyed with fox hounds, greyhounds, and his gun, discussed all the new improvements with his neighbours, been to the agricultural societies, and if not a winner, he is animated for a trial another season,—and when strolling over his farm on a beautiful spring morning, meditating with elated spirits on his good conduct, he is charmed by the notes of the singing birds,—the sweet violet sheds its odor around, the cowslip growing on the sunny banks, and the wild primrose peeping through the hedges or bushes, whose leaves are coming forward to adorn their spreading branches; he surrounded with enchantment. The crafty hare steals from her form and skips along the stable fallow, as much as to say—coursing dogs are gone—I am left for another season,—the pheasant feeding on the new sown grain without fear of dog or gun, the partridges in pairs carelessly rolling in the dust, and the sly old fox creeps stealthily along by the side of the ancient walls, mindless of the view halloo. The fat wethers lie sleeping in the sun, the turnips sending forth their sprouts to feed the ewe and lamb. The shepherd meets his master smiling with approbation, satisfied that all things are going right, his faithful dog lying near—waiting his order. When called to the fresh turned sod, he finds each ploughman with a straight furrow: he is cheered by their merry song, and convinced that they not only know their duty, but are resolved to do it. The hedger and ditcher look for their master's eye; and well knowing that the fences must be substantial, every stick is laid in the most workmanlike manner. In short, every laborer under his employment welcomes his scrutiny, because he knows it is just,—and all do their best to please him, well assured he never finds fault without reason, and knowing from experience when a full days work is done.

ORIGINAL.

SIR WILLIAM COLEBROOKE'S ADMINISTRATION.

MR. EDITOR,

In the course of the following letters, it is my purpose to discuss this subject with coolness and moderation, and however I may feel justified in speaking of His Excellency's measures, or of his advisers, I shall scrupulously abstain from using one word of personal disrespect to himself, or of unguarded remark upon the high station which he now occupies in this Province. Whatever may be the views at any time taken of our public interests by the Representative of Majesty, and however much disposed any one may be to differ from those views, I for one cannot accord with any means which would tend to offer the slightest disregard to the dignified situation of the Lieut. Governor of a British Colony. It is a station honorable and to be honored, and one which every good subject must ever wish to see properly sustained by him who fills it, and heartily respected by those who surround it. I do not intend, further than illustration may render it necessary, to advert to the acts of His Excellency's predecessor, and only then in conjunction with some of the Assembly in regard