

THE GLEANER.

AND NORTHUMBERLAND, KENT, GLOUCESTER, AND RESTIGOUCHE
COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

New Series, Vol. I: *Nec aranearum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.* No. 23.

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, February 28, 1843.

THE GLEANER.

Agricultural Journal.

THE FARM HOUSE.

Mr Colman, in his eloquent and instructive address, delivered in October last at the Annual Cattle Show and Fair of the Monroe county Agricultural Society, in Rochester, N. Y. discourses most pleasingly and philosophically upon the improvement of Agriculture as an art and a profession; and, considering the subject in both relations, proves with peculiar simplicity and force, 'that there is not, on the part either of men or women, the slightest incompatibility between any household or out door care, any domestic service, any farm labor whatever, and the highest intellectual cultivation, the utmost delicacy and refinement of manners, and the most genuine courtesy and politeness, which are to be found in any condition of life, and which in their true character, constitute the charm of social intercourse.' In illustration of this beautiful truth, Mr Colman brings before the mental eye, the following lovely picture of real life, in which nature, agriculture and intellect, unite to create a household of peace, contentment and happiness:

I recollect on one occasion passing the night at the house of an agricultural friend in another State. He had been brought up to a mercantile life in England, and was a man of excellent education and extensive reading. He had retired from business to a farm, where he designed to pass the evening of his days in the calm pursuits of rural life, to which he was enthusiastically attached. He possessed an independent fortune, but his sound judgment and experience admonished him that an entire remission of labor would be fatal to his peace, if not to his health, and that the true secret of rational and solid enjoyment, lay in the constant, reasonable and healthful exertion of the bodily and mental powers, in the pursuit of some worthy object. Without regard to his fortune, he determined to devote a reasonable portion of his time to the improvement of his farm, to cultivating it in the best manner, and to render it as productive as possible; and to make this an object of pursuit as he would have done if his living had depended on it. He had three grown up daughters, who had enjoyed and improved the best advantages of a polite and substantial education which wealth in England could afford. They sympathized in their father's views, and with their brothers took their full share of the labours of the farm.

I found the house as I expected to find it; neatness and order, and simple elegance presiding in every department, and 'books and work and healthful play' dividing the hours and placing listlessness and fretfulness and ennui at defiance. My attention was first directed to a beautiful mahogany Bee Hive, of three stories, and so attached to one of the windows that it was easy at any time by removing a slide, to see the busy and indefatigable colonists at their tasks. The order and industry of this household,

'skilfully building their cells and gathering honey all the day from every opening flower,' were an index to the condition of the well regulated family whose hospitality I was enjoying.

I shall say nothing of my dreams that night; for that I confess was the golden age of youth, and the starry dawn of poetic fancy and illusion. I will not say what angels in white hovered around my head, decked my chamber with the fairest flowers, and shook from their lily white hands the sweetest perfumes over my pillow. I rose at the peeping of dawn, while as yet night was struggling with the morning, as if reluctant to quit her hold; and objects were yet covered with that grey light, which forms the transition state from night to day. I was determined to ransack the premises before the family should be stirring, and my first visit was to the barn yard to see the cows, which I have always regarded as among the best benefactors of man, and with a veneration approaching almost to idolatry, with which this beneficent animal is regarded by the natives of Hindostan.

But I found I was anticipated; for the well known sound of the streaming milk at once struck my ears, and as I entered, the vision of one of those charming girls, who had bid me good night a few hours before, presented itself before me, not in my mind's eye, but in real form and substance. With a neat tie cap, a plain cape bonnet, partly, and I believe, a little slyly thrown back, a short loose gown, a white apron, the very emblem of purity, her locks neatly combed on each side of her high forehead after the style of the Madonna; and her face as radiant with the freshness of health, as now the morning became radiant with the pure light, what object could have been more beautiful? Even my kind wife would have forgiven my admiration. Hers she told me, was the care of the milk establishment: and never did I enjoy a higher honor than to carry her full pails into the dairy room, presenting in its fixtures and its product, in its white and golden treasures, the perfection of neatness and order. This was the first duty of the morning; and when the breakfast hour arrived, the same bright vision in a style of simple elegance, 'when least adorned adorned the most,' presided at the cheerful meal, dispensing not only the products of her dairy skill, and the delicious bread and condiments made by other fair hands in the household, but intermingling with these the brilliant treasures of a ripened intellect, and a well cultivated mind, and the charms of an unaffected and improved politeness.

An English and German Cow.—In England, that paradise of countries the cow is a privileged and most luxurious animal. She lies down in green pastures, and by the still waters, at perfect leisure. In summer, she is half buried in plenty. In beautiful herds,—fair as those herds of Apollo which fed in the meadows of Trinacria or of Asphodel,—they graze in the most famous pastures in the world, and present to the eye of the lover of the

country one of the most lovely spectacles which the country can show. They slowly rove from one portion of their extensive bounds to another or lie down amid a blaze of golden and purple flowers and greenest grass, pictures of plenty, images and indicators of the farming wealth of England, which nothing can surpass. They stand in company, beneath the shade of drooping willows and polished elders, in the glittering passage of that brook at noontide, in groups rich enough to raise a Cuyp or Ruysdael from the dust. O Devon, or Hereford, Durham, Northumberland, Chester or Gloucester, what country on the face of the earth can show meadows like yours! What has this planet to exhibit of fat and milky like yours, enough to make the jolly hearts of the English farmer proud, and big, and buttery as it is? And what would you say did you see the life of a cow in Germany? Here, for the most brilliant portion of the year, she is shut up in close prison. There are no green meadows, no running streams, no roving in sleek, round bodied, dappled, and lowing herds for her. She is cooped up in a little dark stall. Old women and young women and children with creels on their backs, go out with hooks and cut rough grass and rampant weeds from under bushes in the woods, along the roadsides and in the corner of fields, for her. Docks, chervil, rough sedge from river's brink, anything that is green and eatable, is piled in baskets on old women's head and brought home to her shut up there, there the very smell of aught green is enough to make her devour it. In summer, the lower leaves of the dick-ruben are stripped off for her, lucerne is grown for her, and odds and ends of cabages, carrots, and turnip leaves fall to her share. She cannot rove in fields, for there are none. She cannot climb the hillsides for there climb the vines, and the plains are full of corn, green crops, and tobacco, without a hedge to keep her from picking and stealing. When she comes out it is to labor. With a fellow slave she is seized by the horns, a yoke is clapped on the back of her head, one end on her's and the other on the head of her fellow. This is strapped fast and secured to the pole of the wagon or the plough, and thus with her meek forehead fast in the stock of labor, she is driven a-field or to market, to perform all the work of her peasant master. It is a pitiable sight to see a couple of these mild and gentle animals coming along with their heads hung down, and immovable in any direction, 'for they must move together, if they move at all;' while behind comes the driver, whipping and bawling, 'wisht! wisht!' or 'yisht! yisht! oot! oot! oot! woa! woa! ah! uhoo!' and such like sounds. While she lives, this is the lot of the German cow! She has not the satisfaction of her milk flowing in warm and foamy streams into union with that of a score of her fellows, and thence arising piles of rich golden butter, and the splendid masses of Siltou or double Gloucester—such glorious productions as Siltou, Dunlop, or double Gloucester, never

enter the region of a German peasant's imagination, on the contrary, her isolated stream goes to furnish only a butter, meagre, pallid, and poor, or cheeses formed in the palm of the hand, and dried on the outside of the window sill, more like hen's eggs than anything beside. When she dies, too, miserable cow! she has not even the satisfaction of dying fat.—*Wm. Howitt.*

From the Colonial Farmer.

Clover Seed.—Clover seed is separated from the husks by threshing, frequently sifting the seed from the chaff to prevent it from being broken by the flail. It is a tedious operation, and for this reason when large quantities are raised, machinery is generally used to clean it. When produce is low, the farmer should always raise his own seed, which he will have no occasion to separate from the chaff, as when the heads are in pieces it grows as well, and is as easily sowed as if the seed were separated from the husk. Never attempt to raise seed from the first growth, but mow it when two thirds grown—the after growth will then be loaded with seed. Some instead of mowing seed Clover, draw a box over it with short teeth closely set in front, which tear off and collect the heads. The small early clover is hardy but too early for Timothy; the large Northern Clover on new woodland sometimes stands for several years, but on rich ploughland it often produces but one full crop.

Clover seed remains a long time without vegetating in ground which is not suitable for it. We have seen a wet mossy spruce swamp drained, which after the lapse of two or three years was fenced and topdressed with coal ashes and rubbish from the back yards in town, (it was not broke up.) During the course of the Summer a young growth of Red Clover appeared, and the next year and for several succeeding years it yielded from 2 1/2 to 2 tons per acre of hay, of which three fourths was red clover. No seed had been sowed, nor was there any manure, but Cattle had been accustomed to be often in the swamp which was near their stable.

Most old leys which have been long mowed will if topdressed in the Spring with ashes, appear to be clover fields after the lapse of a year; but if dressed with stable manure other grasses will prevail.

Very large Clover should always be mowed, if the weather permits, as soon as a few flowers are open; it will then often require four days to make it, and will lie very close and compact in the mow. Upon this hay thrifty cattle will fatten, and milk cows will do well; but if it stands till the flowers have turned brown the stems will be no better than straw and neither Horse or Cow will willingly eat them.

Useful Hints.—The feet and the back sinews of horses are sometimes injured by keeping the horse in a stable that has a very sloping floor. Any person who stands still for ten minutes on a board which raises the toes considerably higher than the heels