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OLD SERIES]

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

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Agricultural Journal.

From the Albany Cultivator.

A KITCHEN GARDEN—FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Reader, if you want to see something in the vegetable kingdom a little earlier, and a little nicer, than you ever saw it before in this climate, just drop into the fruit yards and gardens of Eleazer Burnham, Esq., and his son-in-law, Dr. Alexander Thompson, at Aurora, Cayuga Lake.

Only one mile east of this place, 400 feet above the level of the Lake, nearly every thing of the fruit kind has been cut off this season, by a biting June frost; but here, directly on Aurora bay, under the warning influence of this never freezing lake, the tomato, the egg plant, the tender grape, and the peach, are in luxuriant progress; corn, planted in April, begins on this, 20th of July, to glaze; early potatoes, very much pinched by drouth, are now ripe; most other kitchen truck is in great perfection.

Here are ornamental trees, deciduous and evergreens, and flowering shrubs of every hue and variety; to say nothing of the earlier berries, cherries, gooseberries, &c., &c.; here is the Bon apple fully ripe, as is also the luscious little apple of Eve, on its tiny, bush-like tree; the delicious Seckel pear tree is so thickly beset with its unripe blood-red fruit that its leaves are thrown into the shade. Apricots, nectarines, plums peaches, and clustering grapes, are giving an earnest of early fruition, such as but few, even in this fruitful land have it in their power to enjoy.

But how shall I describe the flower garden, with its winding, circular, any thing but straight, gravelled walks; with borders of stone crop, Phlox, and *Buzus sempervirens*; its concave, crescent-shaped, many sided beds; to undertake to name the genius, let alone the variety of these beauties of the floral creation, which now bloom here, is more than my poor pen can compass; suffice it to say, that here are flowers indigenous and exotic, from every clime,

"Where woman smiles or sighs"

That which occurred to me first, was, how so much labor could be done at so little expense; the absence of every weed, the finely ameliorated soil, the extreme good taste in the arrangement of the flowers and the house plants, in their rustic boxes, the picturesque disposition of the beds, and the flowering shrubs, above all, the order, beauty, freshness, which pervaded all; was *prima facie* evidence to me, that no mercenary hand, no clod-hopper foot had been tolerated here. It was evidence positive that the result here produced was the effect of that labor, and those combinations, which enthusiasm alone can originate and direct. Mr. Burnham himself is too far in the "sere and yellow leaf" to lend his physical aid to the work, but Dr. Thompson finds both mental and physical renovation in the labors of the fruit yard and garden; here is also a single young man, a servant of all work, an Englishman; but not the dull, leaden-eyed, stupid, obsequious, serving man of old England; I am told that he spends much of his leisure time in Dr. T's library; here under the doctor's instruction he has learned something of geology, agricultural chemistry, and botany; this "little learning," pronounced so "dangerous" in the old world, has come to be, under our republican institutions, the best "support to the throne," the only guarantee to popular civilization, the parent of that exalted enthusiasm, without which there is no upward progress; nothing to separate the intellectual laborer from that biped drudge of grossness and ignorance, who has too long been honored with the title of a laboring man.

DRAINING MARSHES AND PONDS.

Mr. Tucker.—Among the many little obstructions which nature has placed in the way of the practical farmer, none appear more repulsive than those little swamps and marshes which are here and there promiscuously seen in the midst of

fertile lands, often surrounded by high ground, which seem to baffle the industry and defy the skill of the agriculturist, to drain or fill up. The result of an experiment last summer in draining one of this kind, I purpose to give for the benefit of those who are similarly annoyed by a swamp surrounded by land so high that it is impossible to drain it in the usual manner of ditching.

There was situated in the centre of a field a pond of water, covering about half or three-fourths of an acre of ground, in which water has remained for a great number of years past, from three to four feet deep, surrounded by ground rising in every direction from the centre of the pond so that it seemed impossible to get a ditch deep enough to let the water out. The soil of the surrounding field is of a sandy quality, and in the bottom of the pond is of muck or blue clay, and for several rods around the pond where the water occasionally stood during wet seasons of the year. About four or five rods from the pond, and a short distance from the clay soil, where the ground was perfectly dry and sandy, I commenced digging a well about eight feet in diameter. After digging about two feet from the surface of the ground, the soil grew harder, and showed some indication of gravel, and continued to grow more hard and gravelly; and continued to grow more loose and porous to the depth of twelve feet, when it began to cave, and was but little else than a stratum of loose stones and gravel. I then filled the well with large stones, loosely thrown in, and in order to prevent their falling too hard and packing too tightly on the bottom of the well, several posts were placed slantingly towards the bottom for the stones to roll against; and from the well I dug a ditch to the pond, deep enough for the water to run readily from the bottom of the pond. This was done in the afternoon, and the next morning the pond was perfectly empty of water, which the evening before was from one to four feet deep, and covering near three-fourths of an acre; thus in less than fifteen hours this immense quantity of water was discharged from the bottom of the well into the bowels of the earth. A ditch was then dug leading from the well through the centre of the pond, and stored in the ordinary way of filling blind ditches, and the muck drawn out upon the high ground and mixed with the sandy soil of which the field is composed.

The ground has since remained perfectly dry and tillable, and bids fair to become more productive than any other part of the field. I am satisfied, from the success of this experiment, that most of the swamps, ponds and marshes which abound in our country, and are similarly surrounded by sandy soil, may be with trifling expense, drained and made permanently dry in this expeditious manner.

J. W. SEELY.

CANADA THISTLES.

Mr. Editor.—I fully agree with a writer in the July number of the Cultivator, that "prevention is better than cure." I have no doubt that old, deep-rooted patches of thistles may be subdued by constant and thorough plowing; but my plan is to save the trouble of a "cure." I know by my own experience, that any farm not already overrun with thistles, may, by a little work and constant vigilance, be kept entirely clear.

In 1807, I came into possession of the farm I now occupy. There was not then any thistles on it, but a neighbor adjoining had at that time one lot very full of them. He took no pains to keep them down, except by ordinary plowing and cropping, and his farm at length became completely overrun with them. In every head-land and joint of fence they were from year to year suffered to run to seed. The consequence was, that my farm, which adjoins my neighbour's for half a mile, in a few years showed Canada thistles springing up in different places. I made up my mind to commence not a Florida war merely, but an interminable war on the base intruders.

Believing in the theory that the root is

as much dependent for prosperity on the branch as the branch is on the root, I take a hoe, in the spring of the year when they first make their appearance, and just crop them off at the surface with one stroke, which a man can do and walk right along. I repeat the operation as often as the thistles appear, which may be three or four times in the season. I have frequently killed them in this way the first season, so that they have not appeared again in the same place; but if they should appear the next season they will look sickly and by repeating the same process the second year they will be entirely subdued. But if, unfortunately, you have neighbours less faithful than yourself, you will be constantly annoyed with new cases which will require attention.

I have pursued this practice of cutting thistles with a hoe for nearly forty years; and although my neighbour's farm is now filled with them in every field, there has never been on mine in any one year more than a man could cut up with a hoe in ten minutes, provided they were standing in one spot. But they will spring up in some new places every year or two, requiring, like the maintenance of liberty, "eternal vigilance."

AN OLD FARMER.

BLACK SEA WHEAT.

Mr. Tucker.—Having in several former numbers of the Cultivator, seen notices of the Black Sea Wheat, and learning that where it had been raised it was considered a valuable variety, I concluded to make a trial of it myself. Accordingly I last spring procured one bushel and a half for seed. This was sown the 24th of April on a little over an acre of ground. The crop I have just harvested, and for many years I have not had so good a one. The straw was bright, the heads long and remarkably well filled. Still I think it was somewhat injured by the drouth, as it was on dry land, and the season with us has been very dry. As many farmers in this vicinity have made no change of seed for many years, would it not be for their interest so to do? I think I have found it so. My wheat is not yet threshed, or I would give the number of bushels. In some pieces in this vicinity, a small worm has made serious depredation. Will you give the name? Have heard it from others, but not satisfied. It is about the eighth of an inch long, of an orange color, and it is found by the side of the kernel, or between the kernel and the hull.

In the last number of the Cultivator was a notice of a trial of the Centre Draft Plow. I have used this kind of plow several seasons, and believe that as yet, too much has not been said in its praise. In the beautiful work it performs, in the ease with which it is held, and in its lightness of draft, the farmer is sure of finding his reward.

WM. N. FORD.

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.

L. Tucker, Esq.—Several years ago, on a cold raw day in November, public business called me to the house and farm of Mr. Dudley Chase, then and still residing in the town of Winchester, in this state. I was so highly pleased with the amount of labor performed in doors and out, with the help employed, that I then made memorandums of the same in writing, and think it worthy of a place in your very worthy agricultural journal. I have no doubt of the truth of what I state, although it may seem extraordinary. The work was none of it slighted, but was all, in doors and out, done in an excellent manner, and in due season.

They then lived in an old inconvenient house in the middle of their farm, and had no public road to the house, but have now a good convenient house, and a good road passing by it. Mr. C. was, as might be expected, a subscriber to the New England Farmer, published at Boston, perhaps the only agricultural periodical then published hereabouts. He had that year kept and milked 16 cows and made 6,500 lbs. cheese, 450 lbs. butter, and fatted 3,700 lbs. pork, to aid in doing

which, he bought a load of bran and 70 bushels of corn.

Mrs. Chase and a hired girl did the work in the house. They had three children, the oldest then four years old, and the youngest born the preceding August.

Mr. C., with the help of a boy 16 years old, had done all the work on the farm, raised 3 acres of corn and potatoes, made 16 rods of stone wall, got out his manure, made and got in his hay, collected materials for a large and convenient farmhouse, and his year's wood; made 575 lbs. of maple sugar, of which he saved for his own use 30 lbs., and cleared on the rest over expenses of transportation, \$59.30, and 2 galls. of molasses sold for \$2.50. Sold 5,400 lbs. of his cheese for 8 cents a pound, and his calf-skins for \$9.30. Collected the apples for 25 barrels of cider, carried them more than a mile to the mill and brought back the cider.

His team consisted of a single horse and no more, and he used no other horse the year, except to break up one acre of sward land for planting. And with that same horse, he went to market in trips from 7 to 53 miles out, each, amounting in the whole to 428 miles, and he thinks about the same distance in shorter trips.

He bought his farm on credit, but by the industry and economy, not parsimony, above described, had been enabled to pay for his farm, and furnish himself and family with all the comforts of life. My daughter drank tea at his house a few days ago, and informed me that every thing is managed as well as when I was there.

Lest it should be thought I have some interest in puffing a particular friend or connection, I can say, and say truly, that I never saw or heard of the man or any of his family, till the occasion first mentioned, nor have I now any connection with them or any more friendship for them than for any others, that by industry and good management, make themselves comfortable and respectable. Such folks I wish to encourage, and as far as in my power, present to others for example, and therefore hope you will not refuse this a place in the Cultivator.

C. BUTLER.

METHOD OF PRESERVING PORK.

Mr. Editor.—I am aware that much has been written on this subject, and also that the great mass will continue in the beaten track of their good old fathers, because they are unwilling to run any hazard, and I am fully satisfied that there is a great difference in cellars, some favourable to the preservation of meat, others unfavorable; and so of other articles. The method which I have adopted for two years past, has previously been practiced by some of my friends with complete success, where the common mode had often failed. I pack my pork the same day of killing, (even though it be not fairly cooled through,) in the common mode, except I use Turk's Island or rock salt. The same day I scald and skim my brine till it is perfectly pure, then boil and pour to my pork boiling hot. It penetrates at once equally, takes from it all stringy and tough qualities, renders it brittle, adds much to its flavor, and is the safest method I ever practiced.

S. N. H.

The method of curing pork above described is new to us, and we should therefore be unwilling to ensure its success. If others have practiced it we should like to be informed of the Results.—Ed.

REMEDY FOR RINGBONE.

Take half a pint of the best whale oil, and half a pound of best box raisins. Cut the raisins open and put them in the oil. Simmer both together (do not boil) till the raisins are hard and crispy. Apply the preparation to the ringbone once a day, rubbing it in well. It will last about two weeks, and one preparation will generally effect a cure. I tried this on a horse three years ago, that was quite lame; the bunch is still on his foot, but he has not been lame in the least degree since.

Eston