

THE GLEANER.

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

New Series, Vol. III

Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se filigunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

No. 31.

Miramichi, Friday Afternoon, May 9, 1845.

Agricultural Journal.

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

[From a Review of Stephen's Book of the Farm, in the March No. of Blackwood's Magazine, we make the following selections.]

On one other point connected with draining, we are anxious to quote Mr. Stephens' own words. In reply to the question, is your land drained? we have often received the answer—"Oh, sir, my land is dry, it does not require draining"—that we request the serious attention of such of our readers as are interested in the improvement of land, to the following passage:—

"Land, however, though it does not contain such a superabundance of water as to obstruct arable culture, may nevertheless, by its inherent wetness, prevent or retard the luxuriant growth of useful plants, as much as decidedly wet land. The truth is, that deficiency of crops on apparently dry land is frequently attributed to unskillful husbandry, when it really arises from the baleful influence of concealed stagnant water; and the want of skill is shown, not so much in the management of the arable culture of the land, as in neglecting to remove the true cause of the deficiency of the crop, namely, the concealed stagnant water. Indeed, my opinion is—and its conviction has been forced upon me by dint of long and extensive observation of the state of the agricultural soil over a large portion of the country—that this is the true cause of most of the bad farming to be seen, and that not one farm is to be found throughout the kingdom would not be much the better for draining. Entertaining this opinion, you will be surprised at my urging upon you to practise draining, or at my lingering at some length on the subject, that I may exhibit to you the various modes of doing it, according to the peculiar circumstances in which your farm may be placed."

With the substance of these remarks we entirely agree. We would only not put the point so broadly as to imply, that the want of draining was the only cause of the bad farming we see. We have, however, been over large tracts of Scotland, and we are quite sure that whole counties might be made to yield the double of their present produce by an efficient drainage, and proper subsequent management.

In South Britain the oatmeal of the Scottish peasantry—the national food—is looked upon with as much prejudice, and those who live upon it with as much pity as the black bread-eaters of Germany and Sweden, or the potato-diggers of Ireland. But the health and strength of the Scottish peasantry, who live entirely upon oatmeal, is proverbial. On this subject, in speaking of the Scottish ploughmen, where the boot system is practised—that is, where the single men all live together in a room or booth provided for them, which serves them both for sleeping and cooking—Mr Stephens has the following characteristic passage:—

"The oatmeal is usually cooked in one way, as *brose*, as it is called, which is a different sort of pottage to porridge. A pot of water is put on the fire to boil, a task which the men take in turns; a handful or two of oatmeal is taken out of the small chest with which each man provides himself, and put into a wooden bowl, which also is the ploughman's property; and on a hollow being made in the meal, and sprinkled with salt, the boiling water is poured over the meal, and the mixture receiving a little stirring with a horn spoon, and the allowance of meal poured over it, the *brose* is ready to be eaten; and as every man makes his own *brose*, and knows his own appetite, he makes just as much *brose* as he can consume. The bowl is scraped clean with the spoon, and the spoon licked clean with the tongue, and the dish is then placed in the meal chest for a similar purpose on the succeeding occasion. The fare is simple, and is as simply made; but it must be wholesome, and capable of supplying the loss of substance occasioned by hard labour; for I believe that no

class of men can endure more bodily fatigue, for ten hours every day, than those ploughmen of Scotland who subsist on this *brose* thrice a-day."

After describing how every favourable day should be taken in preparing the land for wheat, beans, oats, potatoes, turnips, tares, or naked fallow, in their respective order, he continues:—

"And when every one of all these objects has been promoted, and there is found little or nothing to do till the burst of spring work comes, both horses and men enjoy a day's rest now and then, without incurring the risk of throwing work back; but before such recreations are indulged in, it should be ascertained that all the implements, great and small, have been repaired for work—the plough-irons all new laid—the harrow-tines new laid and sharpened, and fastened firmly into the bulls of the harrows—the harness all tight and strong—the sacks new patched and mended, that no seed corn be split upon the road—the seed corn thrashed, measured up, and sacked, and what is last wanted put into the granary—the horses new shod, that no casting or breaking of a single shoe may throw a pair of horses out of work for even one single hour—in short, to have every thing prepared to start for work when the first notice of spring shall be heralded in the sky."

"But suppose the contrary of all this to happen; suppose that the plough-irons and harrow-tines have to be laid and sharpened, when perhaps to-morrow they may be wanted in the field—a stack to be thrashed for seed-corn or for horse's corn in the midst of the sowing of a field—suppose, too, that only a week's work has been lost, in winter, of a single pair of horses, and the consequence is, that six acres of land have to be ploughed when they should be sown, that is, a loss of a whole day of six pair of horses, or of two days of three pair—suppose all these inconveniences to happen in the busy season, and the provoking reflection occurs that the loss incurred now was occasioned by trifling offcuts in winter. Compare the value of these trifles with the risk of finding you unprepared for sowing beans or spring wheat. Suppose, once more, that instead of having turnips in store for the cattle, when the oat seed is begun in the fields, and that instead of being able to prosecute that indispensable piece of work without interruption, you are obliged to send away a portion of the draughts to bring in turnips, which must be brought in, and brought in, too, from hand to mouth, it being impossible, in the circumstances, to store them. In short, suppose that the season of incessant labour arrives and finds you unprepared to go along with it,—and what are the consequences? Every creature about you, man, woman, and beast, are then toiled beyond endurance every day, not to keep up work, which is a lightsome task, but to make up work, which is a toilsome task, but which you said you could easily do, when you were idling your time in a season you consider of little value; and, after all, this toil is bestowed in vain to obtain the end you wish, namely, to prepare your crop in due season. You who are inexperienced in the evils of procrastination may fancy this to be an overdrawn picture—even an impossible case; but unfortunately for that supposition, it is drawn from the life. I have seen every incident occur which I have mentioned, both as to work being in a forward and in a backward state."

The Politician.

The British Press.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

From the European Times, April 19.

The last accounts from the western shore of the Atlantic, bring the unexpected tidings that the young Republic of Texas is not so enamoured of annexation as the friends of that project in Congress and throughout the Union, expected or desired. The intelligence has not proved unpalatable to the popular taste on this side of the water. It has excited some surprise, because it was unlooked for—Every

one regarded the question as virtually settled when Congress adopted the annexation, and people had resigned themselves calmly to what they could not prevent. This hiatus has awakened fresh hope in the public mind that Texas will continue independent, and that, by repudiating the alliance with the leviathan Republic, it may afford, irrespective of the United States, a supply of cotton for the English manufacturer. The cotton spinner and abolitionist look alike with hope to Texas, and they fix their faith in President Jones.

Another American topic—The Oregon.—has attracted much attention since it was mooted in Parliament by Sir Robert Peel and the Earl of Aberdeen. The language of President Polk, has of course, been unsparingly condemned, and, in the same breath, the merits of the English, in contradiction to the American claims, have been duly set forth and insisted upon. But this is not all—the *dernier resort*—War—has been pointed at unmistakably in some of the most prominent and respectable journals, as a thing that is to be, that *must be*, unless the Americans lower their pretensions.

As to the Oregon itself, that appears to be the last matter regarded in the controversy. It is the manner, not the matter in dispute, that is offensive, and sneers are provoked neither pleasant nor complimentary. Let us hope that the storm will blow over; a hostile conflict between the countries would inflict deadly injuries on both. England would, probably, suffer most; for, at the outset, her manufacturing population would become paupers by the cotton trade being cut off; and the commerce of America would be literally swept from the ocean. Fortunately, the papers which provide mental food for the public mind have had their attention distracted, during the last week or two, from this painful topic, by the events in Parliament and out of doors, connected with the great agitation respecting the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth.

The agitation is daily increasing. Meetings are every where called, strong denunciations are made, and fierce resolutions are passed, respecting the increased grant to that seminary for the priests of Ireland, which Sir Robert Peel has announced his intention of carrying. Since the Reform Bill passed the public mind has never been so excited. It is strange to see parties of the most dissimilar views agreeing and coalescing in opposition to the grant. The Dissenters, who advocate the voluntary principle, and the Episcopalians, who cling to an endowed establishment, are busily engaged in fighting, side by side, against the proposed measure. What the upshot will turn, a few days more will show. At present the crusade is proceeding at a railroad pace. The whole country, through its length and breadth, is stirring; and the discordant materials, to which we have alluded, sinking their differences, work hand in hand in the common cause.

The contemplated visit of the Queen to Ireland has set the people of that country on the *qui vive*. That Her Majesty is anxious to go there is no doubt. She would have gone last year but for the events arising out of the Repeal movement; but the Irish mind is so exclusively *Repealed*, (if we may coin a word for the occasion) that fears appear to be entertained in high quarters that the royal lady might possibly be embarrassed in consequence. Indeed, so strong does this objection weigh in certain quarters, that an organ of the palace stated, no later than last week, that the visit had not yet been determined upon. In the meantime, by the way of taking the initiative, Mr O'Connell has formed a Committee of the Dublin Corporation, for the purpose of ascertaining the best mode of "raising the wind," to entertain the Queen in suitable style on her visit. To make matters perfectly unanimous, the committee consists of six Repealers and six Conservatives, the object being that all differences should be fused into harmony on the occasion. This seems likely to attain the purpose; and the way in which the matter has been taken up by all parties, will probably accelerate the visit. The Queen will be delighted, there is little doubt. She may safely calculate on, and will receive a cheerful, probably, an enthusiastic reception. Mr O'Connell has consented to toast her ministers, in compliment to the Sovereign, without any deprecatory remarks, and matters will proceed as merry as a marriage bell. Ever the ministers, nay Peel himself—now in favor with the Irish by his battle in behalf of Maynooth—will come in for a portion of the general greeting. The visit will demonstrate to the Sovereign and her advisers, the beauty of the country and the wretchedness of the people. They will witness with their eyes, facts, the recital of which, in times gone by, has failed to impress; and if Victoria has the ambition to "read her history in a nation's eyes," she could not possibly, throughout her wide dominions, upon which, as they tell her, the sun never sets, select a better spot than the green "isle of the ocean," on which to commence the experiment.

From Charles Wilmer's News Letter. The fact cannot be concealed that a very

large majority of the intelligent classes in this country hold very strong opinions on the propriety of preventing Texas from becoming a member of the American Union, both on commercial and political grounds. A third reason weighs much with another class—namely, the desire they feel to prevent human slavery from being spread over a larger surface, and this object they consider would be much easier accomplished by the friends of abolition having to deal with an infant state like Texas, compared to what would be the result of its absorption into the American Union. On one or all of these grounds, the intelligence that annexation was likely to be determined opposed by the *de facto* Government of the embryo state, added to the conviction that the stronger power will be deterred from attempting coercion, has produced very general satisfaction.

From the London Punch, April 19.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF MR POLK.

Hearken, Mr Polk, President of the United States of America, to the friendly whisper of advice from PUNCH. You have been lately expressing an intention of seizing on the Oregon Territory; and, in defiance of the British Lion, appropriating the lion's share. You have thereby caused the said lion to wag his tail and roar. Attend to that roar, Mr Polk—mark that tail—be warned, and beware! Run not your head into the lion's mouth. In other words, do not engage yourself in a contest with Great Britain.

In the first place, you want money to buy powder and shot; you have no national Uncle, nor anybody else, to lend you a sixpence, for those who lend sixpences expect to see them again.

Secondly, Mr Polk, there is a circumstance on which it behoves you well to ponder. Among your glorious institutions, that of SLAVERY is very conspicuous. You have a large Negro population. That's a fact, sir, as your countrymen say; a great fact. You will hardly venture to arm your negroes. You dare not trust your slaves with arms. It would not be against the friends of freedom that they would direct those weapons. Would you expect them to fight for their chains and drivers, and to defend the law of Lynch? Do you calculate that they would rally round their whipping posts, and be faithful to their colours—the SPRIGS?

On the contrary, does it not occur to you that England might present them with their freedom in cartouch boxes? We should need to send few men to Kentucky, if we sent plenty of muskets. Liberty, remember, is inscribed on the British flag; it would be awkward for you were we to hoist that flag in America.

You are yourself a slave owner, Mr Polk. What would be effect of a proclamation of the O'Connell species, addressed to your 'hereditary niggers?' Think of that, Master Polk. No, sir; vapour, hector, bully, bluster, swagger, as much as you please. Shake your fist, cock your chin, make faces, take sights across the Atlantic at the Britishers, and welcome. You will only divert us—ourselves especially—by affording us subjects for jokes and caricatures. In a word, talk as long and as big as you like about going to war; but don't do it. If you do, depend upon it, that, as Richard the Third says, 'a black day will be for somebody;' and who that somebody will be, you may pretty particularly considerably guess.

European News.

From British Papers to the 19th April, received by the Hibernia, Steamer.

From Charles Wilmer's American News Letter, April 19.

FOREIGN NEWS.

France.—In the Chamber of Peers, on Saturday, the Colonial Administration Bill was passed by a majority of 103 to 59. The report of the committee on the bill admits that slavery is to be abolished; the only question being, as to how and when that object is to be carried into effect. The *Constitutionnel* publishes a second note addressed M. Guizot to the Swiss Vorort, in which he expresses his friendly disposition towards Switzerland, disclaiming any intention of interfering with the independence of the Confederation, but calls upon the Diet to take prompt and effectual measures for putting an end to the anarchy and disorder that prevail in that country.

Spain.—The Cortes were to sit on the 8th. A fierce opposition was ex-