

# THE GLEANER:

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*Nec araneorum 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 New York Tribune.  
SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

A VISIT TO THE FARM OF JUDGE MEACH.

That Vermont is one of the best agricultural States of the New England group, there can be no question. Her valleys are rich, and her mountains are covered with good soil quite to their summits. The town of Shelburne, in which I am writing, is territorially small, but the soil is well husbanded and productive, and the inhabitants industrious and independent. Here Judge Meach resides, on his splendid farm, which stretches along the shore of Lake Champlain, and contains 2,300 acres in one body. This farm is admirably located, and presents some beautiful points aside from the richness of the soil and the great amount of agricultural wealth which now covers it. The mansion house where the Judge and his wife reside, is situated but a few rods from the shore of the lake, and stands in the centre of about five acres which are inclosed by some two or three rows of tall, handsome cedars. Here is a spot worthy to be described. You enter the gate and find yourself upon a wide and beautifully-gravelled walk, overshadowed by large forest-trees of many kinds. You travel along a few rods and then cross a crystal brook, that runs into a fish-pond below, where you might have seen disputing themselves some score or two of large speckled trout, well fed and fat, if some infernal scamps had not caught them out a few weeks ago, when darkness covered their evil deeds. The rascals who perpetrated that theft, would steal the butter from a Negro slave's hoe cake, and rob the dead of the pennies that cover their eyes, even if the dead were their own mothers. You will ask what small house is that which stands upon the margin of the brook, with an arch of woodbine in front, and roses about its entrance? The answer will be: "The house where the pans of milk are set for the cream to rise, and where the yellow, sweet butter is made." You pass under this beautiful arch of woodbine and enter the neat little house, and there you see, well arranged upon clean shelves, the pans of milk covered with delicious cream, which would certainly make your mouth water, if you had seen the beds of rich strawberries which are in the garden beyond.

You come out from this retreat, and wide gravelled walks branch out before you in various directions. You now stand in front of the house, overshadowed by forest trees, surrounded by various kinds of flowers, and your ears filled with the sweet music of a thousand birds. Every object that meets your view, except the gravelled walks and the mansion house, seems to be the work of Nature. Yet all the trees of this little forest were set out by the tasteful proprietor forty years ago. They are so arranged that you don't once imagine but they grow as Nature planted them, and you are almost cheated into the belief that you have been set down in some forest in a tropical climate. Now, the Judge, in his old straw hat, may be seen, perchance, stalking, like a giant, among the trees of his own planting, or sitting under the piazza, taking a pinch of snuff. At first you will be sure that he is some "fine old English gentleman," enjoying his country seat in the summer months. But half an hour's conversation will show you that you are in the presence of a Vermont farmer, who began life by carrying a bushel of wheat on his back ten miles through the woods to mill, and trapping furs. Now his wife appears, and you will see one of the handsomest women, both in face and form, of her age, you have had the pleasure of meeting in this or any other country. "Can these be farmers?" you will ask yourself. Indeed, they are, and Vermont farmers, too. But my object is to speak of things, and not of persons. You pass thro' a neat, airy, well-furnished house, and now one

of the most beautifully arranged flower-gardens opens to your view you have ever seen. It will seem as if Flora had spread out all her treasures here. Every variety of flower is before you, and the air is all perfume. You pass on, and gooseberries and strawberries, almost as large as hens' eggs, invite you to pick. You are now in the midst of every thing that can please the palate and regale the eye, and you will say: "This is one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen." And bear in mind this is the garden of a Vermont farmer.

But I must get you out of this enchanting spot, and let you see the rich fields and the green pastures. I have said this farm contains 2,300 acres, but this is not all his farm. The Judge owns another *small patch*, as he might call it, a short distance from the home farm, but not joining it, that contains 1,300 acres of most excellent land. But I will not weary you by asking you to travel over this Vermont farm, which contains 3,600 acres of land, all fertile and under good improvement. Judge Meach owns just such a farm as this, and keeps 4,000 sheep and a great many cattle and horses on a great many hills. Some years he cuts a thousand tons of hay, and raises a great amount of produce. How many human beings such a farm will feed and clothe! This is unquestionably the largest farm in New England, and I very much question whether there is one in the Union that produces more. There may be some farms in Virginia or other States that embrace more acres, but I don't believe there is one that is really worth so much money. Some Virginia landlord may own more territory, and have half as many slaves as Judge Meach has of sheep, but then the profits may be small when compared with the products of this Vermont farm.

I have endeavored to give a plain, unvarnished account of this farm, but I am quite sure the description falls far short of the reality. I have visited a good many farms in this State and in the Great West, but I have never seen one that is equal to Judge Meach's, taking everything into the account. Who would not be a farmer, if he could be such a farmer? After all, a farmer's life is the most happy one. And is it not strange that so many hale and hearty young men will congregate in our cities when such a variety of soil and climate as our country affords are within their reach? We must have merchants, it is true, and they are a useful class of the community; but then their lives are full of perplexities, and often of great adversities. Seed-time and harvest are promised to all, but we have no warrant against the convulsions in the mercantile world. Besides, it is easier to be honest on a farm than in a trading-house. The farmer has no inducements to be otherwise than honest, while the trader is all his life time subject to temptation, if not to absolute bondage.

### FACT IN ORNITHOLOGY.

The quills of the feathers of birds are air-vessels, which can be emptied and filled at pleasure. The gannet or solon goose is a beautiful instance of this wonderful provision; it lives on fish and passes the greater portion of its time either in the air or on the water; even in the most tempestuous weather it may be seen floating like a cork on the wildest waves. It can even force air between its skin and body to such a degree that it becomes as light and buoyant as a bladder.

A San Francisco paper announces that several gentlemen of that city have resolved to make the experiment of manufacturing porcelain out of the immense quantity of powdered quartz which is to be obtained in the mining districts. The labor of the Chinese, who are daily flocking to California, it is thought, can be advantageously employed in this business.

Intemperance is the grossest abuse of the gifts of Providence.  
Live and learn.

## The Province of New Brunswick

From the St. John New Brunswicker.  
THE SHIP HARBOURS OF NEW BRUNSWICK,

WITHIN THE GULF OF SAINT LAWRENCE.

The following description of the Ship Harbours of this Province within the Gulf has been prepared with relation to the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway along the Eastern coast of New Brunswick, on the line proposed by the Government Commissioners who conducted the preliminary survey.

The most Southern of these Ship Harbours is SHEDIAC.—The entrance to this harbour, at the Southern end of Shediac Island, is in latitude 46 deg. 15 min. 15 sec. North, and longitude 64 deg. 32 10 West. Longitude in time 4h. 18m. 840 sec. The variation of the compass, 19° West. During the summer solstice, the time of high water at the full and change of the Moon is 7 A. M.; and during the winter solstice at 12, noon. The vertical rise of a medium spring tide is from three to four feet, and the neaps from one and a half to two and a half feet. In the fair-way, or ship channel, at the distance of two and a half miles from the harbour, twenty-five feet of water is to be found, which is to be continued up to the entrance of the harbour, with little variation. From thence, there is nineteen to twenty feet in the channel, gradually lessening until off the anchorage at Point DuChene, where sixteen and a half feet can be found, at one-third of a mile from the shore. The anchorage is good all over the fair-way, to the northward and westward of the Medea bank, in blue clay, with three to five fathoms of water. Vessels discharging ballast lay in sixteen feet water, off Point DuChene, alongside a bank, upon which there is only three to five feet water, and cast out their ballast in tubs. Messrs. James and William Milne, the able and intelligent pilots of this harbour, have taken loaded vessels safely out, drawing eighteen feet water.

Captain Bayfield, R. N., Marine Surveyor in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, says, that Shediac harbour is the easiest of access and egress on this part of the coast, and the only harbour of New Brunswick, eastward of Miramichi, which a vessel in distress could safely run for, in heavy northerly gales, as a harbor of refuge. The space in which shipping can be moored, in 12 to 17 feet at low water, is three quarters of a mile long, and from 170 to 300 fathoms wide. The bottom of the channel is of mud, as is also that of the harbor within. Although a slight swell may be felt in this harbor at high water, in a north-east gale, yet it is never sufficient to endanger in the slightest degree a vessel with good anchors and cables; even in the bay, outside the bar, a vessel could ride safely in any gale, not unusually strong for the summer months. Two rivers, the Shediac and the Scadonck, fall into the harbor of Shediac.

COCAGNE HARBOUR.—It is ten miles by the coast, northwardly, from Shediac harbor to the harbor of Cocagne, at the mouth of the river of that name. The entrance to this harbor is nearly a mile in width between Cocagne Island and Point Renouard on its southern side. In ordinary tides, there is nine feet water on the bar at low water, and fourteen feet at high water; at spring tides, there is two or three feet more. Within the harbor there is abundance of space for shipping, and good anchorage in five fathoms water. The tide flows seven miles up the Cocagne; there is much good timber near this river, and the land on its banks is of excellent quality for settlement. Some vessels of large size have been built in Cocagne harbor, which offers every facility for shipbuilding.

BUCTOUCHE HARBOUR is at the mouth of the Great and Little Buctouche rivers, nine miles by the coast, northwardly, from Cocagne. The entrance to this harbor, between

two low sand beaches, is narrow. Owing to some cause, not explained, the water on the bar at the entrance to Buctouche harbor has gradually deepened within the last seven years, to the extent of 18 inches. Formerly there was only 12 feet water; but latterly vessels drawing thirteen and a half feet have gone over the bar, not at the highest tides. The bar is only sixty yards in breadth; outside it there is instantly three fathoms water, gradually deepening to sea-ward. Inside the bar there is five fathoms water, and this gradually deepens up to the loading place at the Bridge, where vessels lie in nine fathoms water.

The tide flows up the Big Buctouche river about thirteen miles, and up the Little Buctouche about ten miles. The ship Greenock of 1500 tons, was built above the bridge on the Big Buctouche. This river is about forty miles in length; the land on its banks is a deep, rich loam, exceedingly fertile, and covered with much valuable timber. The Little Buctouche is about thirty five miles in length. There is said to be but little large timber on this river, but the excellence of the soil is testified by several very fine farms.

The entrance to Buctouche Harbour is in latitude 46° 27 north, longitude 64° west. The rise and fall of the tide is from two to four feet.

RICHIBUCTO HARBOUR.—Twenty miles north of Buctouche is the harbour of Richibucto, at the mouth of the river of that name, which enters the Gulf 45 miles south of Point Escuminac. The entrance to the harbor is rather narrow, between low sand beaches. Formerly there was twelve feet water on the bar at low water, and seventeen feet at high water; but owing to a new channel having broken out to the northward of the old one, and divided the water, the entrance to this fine harbour has of late shoaled very considerably. By a little attention and some labor, it is believed that this difficulty may be remedied to a very considerable extent, if not removed altogether.

The Harbor of Richibucto is extensive, safe, and commodious; the river is navigable for vessels of large size upwards of 15 miles from the Gulf, the channel for that distance being from four to six fathoms in depth. The tide flows up the river 25 miles. The banks rise moderately, on either side, from the water, presenting easy slopes of very fair land. At ten miles from the Gulf, the land begins to improve in quality, and from thence up the river westwardly, the land is of excellent quality.

At the entrance of Richibucto Harbor, the tide rises from 2½ to 4 feet. The variation of the compass is 19° 50 west.

THE HARBOUR OF MIRAMICHI.—This extensive harbor is formed by the estuary of the Miramichi, a beautiful river, 220 miles in length. At its entrance into the Gulf, this river is nine miles in width from Neguac, on the north shore, to Point Escuminac, on the south. Escuminac, as its name implies, is a long, low, sandy point; there is a light house at its extremity, beyond which a sandy shoal stretches itself three miles to seaward. The light-house was erected in 1841; it is a white wooden building, 58 feet in height; the lantern is 78 feet above high water. It shows a fixed white light, which can be seen 14 miles in clear weather. This light is in latitude 47° 4, 36 north, longitude 64° 47, 46 west. The variation of the compass, 19° 40 west. Rise of tide three to five feet.

There is a bar at the entrance of the Miramichi; but the river is of such great size and pours forth such a volume of water, that the bar offers no impediment to navigation there being sufficient depth of water on it at all times, for ships of 600 and 700 tons, or even more. The ship entrance to the Miramichi is on the south side, around Escuminac Point, and thence up between Fox and Portage Islands, where the channel is three miles