

# THE GLEANER:

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OLD SERIES]

*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.

### THE TALKERS AND THE WORKERS.

At the last annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, Lord Ashburton, in proposing the toast of "The Laborer," said,—I have been commissioned to announce to you that the time is now arrived when, according to the programme of this festival, you may pay your tribute of acknowledgment to your associates in the field, the partners of your toils, the participators in your gains—the agricultural laborers. Without them the boasted implements which have for successive weeks been crowded upon your sight at the Great Exhibition, would, for the most part, remain as profitless as the metal from which they were made when it lay hidden in its native ore, fathoms deep under the earth. Deprived of the laborer, you would be like generals without soldiers. Nor are they, the laborers, less dependent upon you; it is from the savings husbanded by your self-denial, and the self-denial of your forefathers, that they are housed, and fed, and clothed, and furnished with implements that multiply a hundred-fold the efficiency of their work; without your savings they must have lived like New Zealanders, upon grubs and roots. Alone they would be thus helpless. Alone you also would be well nigh as helpless. Separated, you would scarcely raise food to drag on a toil-worn existence, and continue a stunted race. But united, hand in hand, you raise food not for yourselves alone, but for the operative and manufacturer, for the artist and philosopher, for all who deck our homes with comforts and luxuries, for all who confer dignity and refinement on the national character. Without you and your capital—without the laborer and his sinews—these things could not be. You form with him the piers whereon the gorgeous, the complicated framework of society rises like an arch. As surely as the arch, with all its columns, and parapets, and tracery, would crumble into ruins were either pier removed, so surely would operative, manufacturer, tradesman, artificer, poet, philosopher, topple down into one universal wreck, were your support, or the support of the laborer, withdrawn. And yet there are those who think lightly of the laborer—who call him rude and boorish—who make his ignorance a bye-word. They say he is uneducated because he knows little of things which do not concern his own calling; but, above all, because he is taught to do, and he is not taught to talk—because in this land, where we choose members of parliament by their talk, and cabinet ministers by their talk—a false test of ability, a false test of knowledge, a false test of education, has been set up, and by this false test the laborer has been judged. But it is not by this test, it is by his works, that you should know him. Try him by what he does, not by what he says. Try him by what he knows of his own business, not by what he knows of his neighbor's. Put a plough into his hands, and, although he cannot define a straight line like others taught by rule in set forms of speech, he will run a furrow mathematically between its extreme points, though they be as distant as the eye can reach. Is there no education there? What say you of the training of that eye, of that hand, of that head, which can not only see the line, but follow it so truly, making an unerring instrument out of two rude horses and a plough,—or do you hold that to be education only which is to be gained in books—that only to be knowledge which is the development of abstract rules and general ideas? Take another case. Give one of these ignorant peasants a quarter of corn, bid him sow it over six, or eight, or ten acres; he will not sit down to pen and ink, and consult books. If he lost hours at that work, the world would forthwith dub him a scholar, and doff its hat to him; but he goes straight into the field and distributes the grain so ex-

actly over the space assigned, that at the harvest you will see no spot unoccupied—no spot more crowded with plants than another. Is there no education in this? Is there no education required to give so exact an appreciation of quantity, so intimate a knowledge of the capacity of a given space? Propound the same problem to a philosopher. (A laugh.) I believe the laborer would sow a whole farm before the other could make out his rule; and when he had his rule, I doubt if he could ever teach a scholar to apply it. But this is not all; I have, as yet spoken only of the mechanical skill of the laborer. I come now to that knowledge which he possesses in common with yourselves, the knowledge of the art of farming—an art which has ever formed the delight of the noblest and most elevated characters of all times—an art which exacts from those who practise it, the power of dealing with the incidents, occasions, and emergencies, as presented by the varieties of the seasons, by the nature and constitution of domestic animals, by the nature and properties of plants—an art which elevates and dignifies the mind by the perpetual study and constant contemplation of God's most interesting works; and yet the laborer so gifted, so trained, is held to be a boor, because he cannot talk! But you are not led away by this sophism. Whatever you may do on the hustings—whatever you may approve in parliament—you have never chosen your shepherd for his talk. You judge the agricultural laborer by what he can do; you love him for his honest worth; you reverence him for his woodrout sagacity, for the genius of his instincts; and now when we are met together at this high festival, with the magnates of the land, with the distinguished in arts and literature of the civilized world; now that we have expressed our loyalty to the throne—our respect for the illustrious prince, our patron, and the patron of all that elevates society—now that we have expressed our gratitude to our distinguished guests for their presence—to our especial leaders and benefactors for their services—we find no toast so satisfactory to our judgment, so grateful to our feelings, as the toast of "The Laborer," even though he cannot talk.

### TO HAVE GREEN BEANS, PEASE, AND CORN IN WINTER.

A gentleman says, that he saw in the month of January, green peas as succulent to all appearance, as they were when plucked from the vine some five or six months before. The mode of preparing them is to pick, when of the proper size for eating, shell, and carefully dry on cloths in the shade. All the care necessary, is to prevent them from moulding; this done, they will be fine and sweet the following spring. Beans may be preserved in the same way, and with perfect success.

Green Corn may be preserved in the following manner: Pluck the ears of green corn when fit for boiling, strip off the husks, and throw the ears into a kettle of boiling water; leave them in until the water boils over them, when they must be taken out; shell off the corn by running the prong of a fork along the base of the grain, holding the ear with one end against the breast; this is more expeditious, and saves all the grain, including the heart or germ, which is the sweetest part.

After being thus prepared, it must be spread out thin on cloths, in a shady, airy place, to dry; it should be stirred every day until dried thoroughly. When cooked it should be put in cold water, and boiled an hour or more, the water to be pretty well boiled off. When the water is nearly off, a little milk added to it will improve the taste.

Beans, pease, and green corn will retain their original flavor more perfectly by being preserved in hermetically sealed cans.

Many are willing enough to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

Use your wit as a buckler, not as a sword.

### From the New York Spirit of the Times. A SONG FOR FARMERS' BOYS.

*The Farmer's Home is the Home for me.*

Oh, the farmer's boy is a jovial lad,  
So healthy, bright, and free;  
In his country home he is ever glad,  
Oh, that is the home for me.  
With a whoop and a haw to his lively team,  
With the lark abroad is he,  
With his bread and milk unrob'd of cream,  
Oh, that is the home for me.  
Oh that is the home for me,  
For me, for me, for me.

In the morning bright he drives away,  
Ere the rising sun we see,  
The lowing herd to a silver stream,  
And to pastures green as free.  
In the summer time to the harvest field,  
With a cooling drink we see,  
Both the farmer boy and the farmer girl,  
Oh, that is the home for me.  
Oh, that is the home for me, &c.

When the autumn winds are sweeping wide,  
He is gathering nuts, you see—  
For a winter store he will lay them by  
For his sister, himself, and me.  
To the orchard then he hies away,  
For he knows each favorite tree,  
And he saves the fruit for a coming friend,  
Oh, that is the home for me.  
Oh, that is the home for me, &c.

When the winter comes with its driving blast,  
Then the farmer's boy is in glee,  
For he loves the snow which is falling fast,  
As it's drifting o'er the lea.  
And he says to himself, to-morrow morn  
With my sled and skates I'll be,  
While the cattle are munching their hay and corn,  
Oh, that is the home for me.  
Oh, that is the home for me, &c.

### AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.

No class of the community have an interest in geology with farmers. No science is so interesting to farmers as geology, in connection with chemistry. The two cannot be separated and justice done to either. While the elements of our globe, especially of soils, require chemical tests to determine their character, these very elements are absolutely essential for experiments to determine the fundamental principles of chemistry. Oxygen, the most powerful chemical agent in creation, is also the most abundant material in rocks and soils. The one as an element, the other as an agent, are alike essential to each other, and both indispensable, are at the foundation of all agricultural science.

A knowledge of each is as feasible as it is important, entirely within the comprehension of a child six years old. Each is a science of facts more than of abstract reasoning—of facts, too, equally delightful and instructive to every young mind.

Take an example: the child has placed before him two glass tumblers,—the one containing quartz, the other lime, or sand and chalk. The name of each is as readily learned as the name of iron, lead, gold, tree, horse, or any other object in nature or art. Into each tumbler is poured some sulphuric or muriatic acid. In the tumbler of lime the pupil observes an action—in that of quartz no action. He is told that this action is called effervescence. He hence learns to recognise lime and quartz, and the more certainly from the recollection that the one effervesces with acids, and the other does not.

Here is an example of geology and chemistry, alike useful to the farmer and interesting to the farmer's child, or any child. The same simplicity and direct fundamental instruction runs through the whole of both of these exceedingly practical sciences.

To cure Ring-worms on the head, or other parts of the body.—To one part of sulphuric acid add sixteen to twenty parts of water. Use a brush or feather, and apply it to the part night and morning. A very few dressings will generally cure. If the solution is too strong, dilute it with more water; and if the irritation is excessive, rub a little oil or other softening applicent, but avoid soap.

### From the London Family Economist. THE YOUNG WIFE'S SECRET.

"Now Anne, after such a delightful wedding-holiday as we have had, would it not be a good time to tell me your secret?"

A young and happy-looking couple were seated at breakfast, on the morning after their short honeymoon trip, when this question was asked.

"A better time, dear James, could not be chosen, but would you really like to hear it now?"

"Why not? the sooner we begin to act upon it the better."

"That is true, James, but would you not prefer to find it out for yourself?"

"Oh, I have been trying to guess ever since you first told me of it. Perhaps, Anne, it is no secret after all?"

"I assure you that it is, and a most valuable one too."

"Is it much known?"

"Well dear, I can hardly say; but judging from appearances I should think not."

"How came you to know it?"

"I learnt it from my mother; she often told me that all her happiness was owing to it. Were she alive now, she would witness its effects in us."

"You quite puzzle me, Anne: it must be something extraordinary if, as you say, it prevents man and wife ever having a second quarrel. You may as well tell me at once."

"I am quite ready to tell you James; but I am sure that your pleasure will be greater in finding it out yourself. Fortune favors the persevering."

"Ah, I know now; you mean that we are to count a hundred; or fill our mouth with water; or twirl a chain, or some such way of getting cool when we happen to be angry."

"No, James, none of these; it is much more certain, and attended with better effects."

"Perhaps you mean that we should shut ourselves up in different rooms, or not speak to one another for a week?"

"No, dear James, nothing so cruel as that. Heaven forbid that ever we should be driven to such extremities. By persevering in my secret, we shall always love one another as truly as we do now. Our trust in one another will increase; and the longer we live the happier we shall be. You will very likely say that it is no secret after all, now that I tell you:—the surest way to avoid a second quarrel is never to have a first!"

"Capital!" exclaimed James, laughing: "I will stick to that with all my heart." He would have liked to prolong the conversation but the wedding holiday was over, and he wished to be punctual at work. So taking up his hat, he imprinted a good-bye kiss on his wife's rosy lips, resolving as he went out to put her secret into practice.

### A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

It is universally admitted that the first draughts of knowledge are apt to intoxicate the soul. A deeper acquaintance with the mysteries around him may indeed tend to humble any man, by fixing his eyes on his own absolute lack of knowledge, rather than on his relative superiority. But as he first emerges from the mere level, it is rather with those below than with the heights which soar far above that he is disposed to contrast his standing place; and so the lowest eminence may swell easily into a mountain, and the half-learned man may be fearfully elated with an amount of knowledge which would seem to one above him to be nothing but a marvellous ignorance.—*Bishop Wilberforce's Sermon at Oxford.*

KEEPING OF THE HEART.—The tradesman who keeps his heart in his cash box will not be long, whatever may be his intentions, ere he will find it to be corroded by unjust gains. If our heart does not sanctify our wealth, we may rest assured that the wealth we obtain will soon corrupt our affections.