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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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From Blak's Every-Day Book for Farmers.
THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

Allusions have been made in other parts of this work to the article of clothing appropriate in this country; but it may not be amiss to refer to it here, as one of the main features of living prettily. To dress neatly at all times and yet so as to occasion no pecuniary outlay, incompatible with the ordinary means in rural life, requires good taste and good management of a high grade, especially in the female head of the family.

The mother who can clothe the children, as well as herself, in a style of comeliness—always in a condition to be seen by strangers without mortification, and without an expenditure to embarrass her husband, deserves of him and of others high commendation. This is one of the most valuable accomplishments of the house-wife; and nothing in a greater degree, contributes to the end made the subject of the present chapter. Where we see a family of children decently clad, clean, tidy and of good breeding, especially in the more humble walks of life, we immediately exclaim, they must have an excellent mother! The country district school, with its forty or fifty little boys and girls, attired in the manner described, furnishes one of the best specimens of the healthful simplicity and the good domestic economy in rural locations. Here the farmer's wife may gather laurels of unfading beauty and verdure; in comparison of which the jewels and costly attire of the fashionable lady in the ball room are contemptible and worthless. And indeed, what are the fashionable accomplishments of a lady of rank—her music, her drawing and her flippancy in French, to that ability of the farmer's wife to rear up sons that will be eminent statesmen and divines, and daughters that will hold the highest position in society?

While the farmer's wife is doing this much towards living prettily, we have a few things to add to the farmer himself to do in this good work. Who is to see that the Sunday waggon which takes the family to church, and now and then appears on a holiday, is free from mud and has been duly honored with a coat of varnish? The farmer himself, or his sons if he have them of sufficient age. Who is to see that the court yard and garden fence is in good repair, and made white with paint? Not the farmer's wife but the farmer himself or some one under his direction! Who is to see that the family mansion and the various outbuildings have been properly regarded; the hinges and fastenings upon the doors all sound; the paint kept bright; the windows free from broken glass; and no loosened weather-boards to become Eolian harps to the rats and mice while the family is asleep? It need not be said that this is the duty of the male portion of the household! Let not the male reader be displeased, if one question more be propounded on this subject. Lastly then whose duty is it to see that the walks about the mansion be made clean and hard, and the grounds contiguous to it be relieved from nuisances of every description? Surely this is not the work of the farmer's wife! Nor of his daughters. He should himself see that it is done! Hence, let it be said to the reader, male and female, do respectively what is here set forth, and when the minister, or the doctor, or your relatives from the city, make you a visit they will say to you in sincerity and truth.—How prettily you do live.

GOOD PROPERTIES AND VIRTUES OF MILK.

An experienced physiologist and chemist, declares milk to be a most perfect diet.—There is probably nothing better adapted to our sustenance, for the development and formation of muscle—butter for the production

of an adequate supply of fat—sugar to feed the respiration, and thereby add warmth to the body, the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the peroxide of iron, the chlorides of potassium and soda, with the free soda, required to give solidity and strength to the bone—together with the saline particles so essentially necessary for other parts of the body. It contains lactic acid, or the acid of milk, which chemists inform us is the acid of gastric juice so requisite for the proper dissolving of our food in the stomach. It is therefore, obvious that milk should be chemically correct in all its constituents, and that its beneficial effects on the constitution should not be neutralised by adulteration. 'It is,' Dr. Prout properly states, 'the true type of all food.'—How necessary, therefore, is it that it should be pure; otherwise this wonderful and wise provision of Providence will be a curse rather than a blessing.

In the city of New York, however, it is almost impossible to get pure milk. It cannot at least be purchased but in a few groceries; the most of it is composed of disgusting and injurious compounds.—*American Paper.*

LABOR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardship, toil, and pain
Like vigorous winter in the sod,
Which doth manure the hardy grain,
Call forth in man his noblest powers;
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self respect,

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
You ermined slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord, who owns the soil,
Is not a man so free as I,
He wears the fetters of his clan—
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in
And to the great of mind akin.

Thank God, that like the mountain oak,
My lot is with the storms of life,
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock,
And patience in the daily strife.
The hardened hand the furrowed brow,
Degrade not, however sloth may deem;
'Tis this degrades—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardships whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood;
And for that sad experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood;
Which leaves us tears for others' woe.
Brother in toil respect thyself,
And let thy steadfast virtues show
That man is nobler far than pelf.

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth, nor rank—fear only sin,
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within.
Give me the hand, my brother give
The hand, yet honest hand, to me;
We are not dreamers—we shall live
A brighter, better day to see.

LABOR.

Man was made to toil. The structure of his body, as well as his wants, proclaim this truth. How marvellous, then, that ever there should have existed a human being so sunk in mind and morals as to brand industry with reproach! Not so the ancients. Paradise required dressing and keeping. The pair were gardeners; and when clothes became necessary, the Almighty Creator constructed their robes. The early princes, princesses, and monarchs worked at various arts and trades. It is a fignent of modern times that toil is a degrading occupation, and that idleness and uselessness, sinecureism and helplessness, are honorable and majestic. Strange that we should pour contempt on our guardian angel, or despise the hand that ministers to our wants! It is not going too far to say, 'that labor is a divine ordinance.' A Latin poem tell us that Jove intended to sharpen our genius by necessity and care. The animals made no improvement, because they have few wants. What need has the peacock of millinery, the horse of a weaver, the leopard of embroidery,

the iron of a palace, or the eagle of steam power.

TERRESTRIAL CHANGES.

That the face of the globe has successfully undergone total changes, at different remote epochs, is now a fact beyond all dispute; as also, that long anterior to the creation of man this world was inhabited by races of animals, to which no parallels are now to be found; and that those animals themselves only made their appearance after the lapse of ages, during which no warm-blooded creatures had an existence. It has been further remarked by zoologists, that the animals which first appeared in these latitudes were analogous to such as now inhabit tropical regions exclusively; and that it was only at a period immediately antecedent to the creation of the human race, that species similar to those of the existing æra, began to appear in the northern latitudes. Similar peculiarities have been also found to mark the vegetation of corresponding periods. It would hardly be credited by persons unacquainted with the evidence upon which such facts repose, that on the most dreary and desolate northern regions of the present day, there once flourished groves of tropical plants, of Conifera, like the Norfolk Island and Araucarian Pines, of Bananas, Treeferns, huge Cacti and Palms; that the marshes were filled with rush like plants fifteen or twenty feet high, the covets with ferns like the undergrowth of a West Indian Island, and that this vegetation, thus inconceivably rich and luxuriant, grew amidst an atmosphere that would have been fatal to the animal world. Yet nothing can well be more certain that such a description is far from being overcharged. In the coal formation, which may be considered the earliest in which the remains of land plants have been discovered, the Flora of England consisted of ferns in amazing abundance, of large Coniferous trees of species resembling Lycopodiaceæ but of most gigantic dimensions, of vast quantities of a tribe apparently analogous to Cactæ or Euphorbiaceæ, (but perhaps, not identical with them,) of Palms, and other Monocotyledones; and, finally, of numerous plants, the exact nature of which is extremely doubtful. Between two and three hundred species have been detected in this formation, which two-thirds are ferns.

THE FARMER.

As a producer of the necessaries of life, he may be looked upon as a steward, commissioned to unlock and throw open the gates of nature's storehouses, that man and beast may eat and be satisfied—the medium, so to speak through which a beneficent creator deigns to hand his blessings down. His business is an important one in every respect, the pursuit of it too is at once ennobling and delightful, to live and move, as he necessarily must, amid the beauties, the wonders and the bounties of nature constrains him one would think to look up more frequently than others, with feelings of awe and gratitude, to Him who crowneth the year with gladness, and blesses his humble labors with success; and does the farmer really occupy this dignified position? The answer is, if he does not he might and ought to do so, at all events he will have to give an account of his stewardship. How comes it then that any farmer can remain indifferent, while the broad acres are lying around him uncultivated and consequently unfruitful? I mean of course comparatively so. How is it that he persists in clinging with such limpet-like tenacity to the keel of his favorite old vessel, *Prejudice*, when the light of nature, the light of reason, and the implied injunctions of Omnipotence, are united in their influence to dissipate these shadows from his mind. Be assured this *Prejudice* is a sorry old ship, and I trust the overwhelming breakers of truth and reason will soon drive her ashore a perfect wreck—

for often have I sighed for the good cause of agriculture, when from her masthead I've seen unfurled and jauntily floating on the breeze, a banner with this inscription, 'We'll farm like our fathers before us.'

POULTRY.

Gapes and Pip in Fowls.—It is very commonly but erroneously supposed, that these two diseases are identical, the mistake arising first, from similarity in the symptoms, gaping being usual with both, and indeed many other diseases among fowls; and secondly from want of proper observation. They are however decidedly distinct, and consequently require different treatment. Gapes is occasioned by the irritation arising from a number of small worms in the throat of the fowl; the seat of the other disease is the tip of the tongue, which on examination will appear discoloured and dead; it is fact covered with a hard scale the result of internal fever.

As to the remedy many opinions exist, and as a matter of course no little difference is observable among them: acting, however on the principle that prevention is better than cure, it will be found the safest plan to secure early chickens, those hatched in March or April are seldom attacked, while late birds in many situations are frequently effected. Among the predisposing causes to both these diseases, we may mention damp roosts a most prolific source of trouble and disappointment to the owner of poultry of every kind. To cure the gapes, dip a feather or small straw into sweet oil and thrust it about to inches down the windpipe; this disease is very dangerous and must have immediate attention or the maggots increase, till they cause suffocation. In cases of pip, remove the horny scale before mentioned in a careful manner; with the aid of a strong needle or piece of wire. By a little care and dexterity in holding the fowl, it may be accomplished in a few minutes, after which the tongue will swell considerably, but in a few days is entirely recovered. Dirty water, want of green meat, and any unwholesomeness in the air or food, are alike productive of these diseases.

RECIPES.

To make Cloth or Outer Clothing of any description Waterproof.—Take a quarter-of-an ounce of yellow or Castile soap, one gallon of rain water, boil for twenty minutes, skim, and when cold, put in the cloth or garment; let it remain soaking twenty-four hours; take it out, and hang to drain; when half dry, put it into the following solution:—Alum, half a pound; sugar of lead, quarter of a pound; dissolved in four gallons of rain water. Let the cloth be thoroughly soaked and then hung to dry. This process entirely destroys the capillary attraction in the fibres and threads of the cloth, and the rain or wet pours off the surface without lodging or penetrating through the cloth: the solution has no effect in altering the texture or appearance of the cloth or article immersed. Great care must be taken as regards the sugar of lead, not to leave it where children or any persons ignorant of its qualities can get access to it, as it is a powerful poison.

To make an Oilskin Coat or Wrapper.—If a stout coat or wrapper is wanted, let the material be strong unbleached or brown calico. If a light one is preferred, make use of brown Holland. Soak it (when made) in hot water, and hang to dry; then boil two ounces of India-rubber in one quart of raw linseed oil until dissolved; (this will require about three hours' boiling,) when cold mix with the oil so prepared about half a pint of paint of any colour which may be preferred, and of the some consistency as that used for painting wood. With a paint brush lay a thin coat over the outside of the wrapper; brushing it well into the seams; hang it to dry in a current of air, but sheltered from a powerful sun