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Nec arancorum sane textus id eo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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CHINESE AGRICULTURE.

At the present moment, when the most heart-rending scenes of human misery are occurring in Europe, it cannot be uninteresting to turn for a moment to the subject of Chinese Agriculture. Every one is familiar with the story, that from the remotest period, once in each year, the Sovereign of that empire descends from his throne to hold the plough, while the Empress plies the loom. This lesson of industry is not without political object, and in a nation ruled by patriarchal sway, may have been quite as "protective a policy" as any tariff that the ingenuity of economists could devise. China proper contains about 830,716,360 English acres of ground, and it is supposed that one-half of the land is capable of cultivation, whilst each acre can sustain an individual. If such be the fact, we find that there is arable land in the empire to sustain 415,000,000, and that the census of 1812, by making the number 191,279,806 brought within about 54,000,000 of its utmost capacity of internal production.

The paternal government has, therefore, with provident foresight, always maintained store-houses and depots, whilst it taught the people the necessity of careful and economical cultivation. By dressing chiefly in cotton and silk, and importing the few furs and woollens they consume, a large part of the empire is saved the waste of grazing, especially as their animal food is pork. The Chinese laborer would consider meadows of every kind, as land in a state of nature, and utterly useless. Their great crops, therefore, are grain. For rice, the staff of Indian life, every thing else is sacrificed. They allege that a field of grain will yield as much straw for the nourishment of cattle as it would have produced hay, besides taking into account the advantage of the cereal product for the sustenance of man, of which they can spare a small portion in plentiful seasons, to nourish such beasts of burthen as are absolutely required on their farms.

It is said upon good authority that a Chinese agriculturist would smile if it were intimated that the soils had need of rest occasionally, and would be destroyed unless permitted to lie fallow for a season, or employed in cultures designed only for manures. The result is that China is wrought like a garden, and that no soil is lost that can contribute to the minutest improvement of the earth. The Chinese soils, in general, are not superior to those of Europe, and all the farms, even in the northern provinces, yield annually two crops; while it is asserted that those in the south often produce five in the course of two years, without having been permitted to lie fallow for a single season during the thousands they have been devoted to the use of agriculture. The whole country is irrigated with the greatest care. A net-work of canals laces the empire, diffusing water throughout the whole country, as in the trenches of a garden; and as all the immense transportation of the country is conducted on them by the sail and oar alone, the innumerable beasts of burden that consume the products of the earth in other countries, are dispensed with in China.

The Chinese do not lose an inch of available ground. The rocky hills which in Europe are converted into vineyards, are by their industry made productive of grain. Pleasure grounds of great extent, parks for the maintenance of deer alone, and waste land devoted to the sports of a dissipated court or nobility, have no existence in the empire. The small gardens surrounding their country retreats, diversified by useful and beautiful culture, are the only luxuries of this sort permitted by the national spirit of economy; yet, by delightful situations, judiciously improved, and by picturesque scenery, they endeavor to compensate, in miniature, for those vast domains, which, in other countries, are at once the objects of an aristocracy's pride, and the causes of a people's poverty.

GERMAN AGRICULTURE.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together by wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn plot, his plot of mangold wurtzel, or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and he, therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motive for constant exertion. You see the effects of this in his industry and his economy.

In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market; much fruit is dried for winter use. You see it lying in the sun to dry. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook, where the grass grows by the roadside and river, and brook, is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home on the heads of the women and children in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost; weeds, nettles, hay, the very goose grass which covers waste places, is cut and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, in the streams which generally run down, busy washing those weeds before they are given to the cattle.

They collect the leaves of the marsh grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking of the enormous waste of such things in England—of the vast quantities of grass on the banks, by road sides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church yards, where grass, from year to year springs and dies, but which if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy. The very cuttings of the vines are dried and prepared for winter fodder. The tops and refuse of hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after all the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss, and all our readers familiar with Germany, will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn, the falling leaves are stacked for the same purpose. The fir cones, which in England lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasants are an example to all Europe. They have for years, nay ages, been doing that, as it regards agricultural improvement, to which the British public are just now beginning to open its eyes. Time, also, is as carefully economized as anything else. They are early risers, as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come a considerable distance, are in school at 6 in the morning. As they tend their cattle or their swine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantities of stockings and other household things which they accumulate are astonishing.—*Hovitt.*

A SAVOURY DISH.

Put one pound of rice into five pints of cold water, boil it gently two hours, by which time it will be a thick paste, then add two pints of skim milk, and two ounces of strong Cheshire cheese, grated fine, a little pepper and salt, and boil the whole very gently for another hour. It will produce nine pounds of macaroni rice.

The Railway.

NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE.

[Below we give the Speech of MARTIN I. WILKINS, Esq., on the Railway Bills introduced by Mr Howe.]

Mr Chairman, though I come to this house entirely untrammelled by pledge on any subject, I nevertheless promised some of the good people who sent me here, that when I came to vote on the all-important subject of the Railroad, I would record the reasons by which I was actuated; by the indulgence of the Committee I will now proceed to redeem this pledge. I am fully alive to the deep responsibility of my present position. To this subject I have given the fullest consideration, and after examining it in all its parts, I have arrived at the conclusion that on the result of the present debate the happiness and prosperity of the people of this Province in a very great degree depends, and that the authority of the Queen in America hangs on the issue of our deliberations. My patriotism and my loyalty therefore conspire to demand my support and zealous advocacy of the Bill now under consideration, and I request your attention to the grounds on which my conviction rests.

Behold this Province. She proceeded from the hands of her Creator endowed with greater natural advantages than any other territory of equal dimensions on the face of the globe; encompassed by waters comprehending the finest fishery in the world, she stands at the gateway of America; from her bosom she yields all the necessaries of life in ample abundance; she carries in her womb a progeny of inexhaustible mineral treasures; her water courses, her coal, and her iron, have marked her out as the birth-place of manufactures; she is exempt from all those natural evils with which most other countries are afflicted; no earthquake rocks her gentle hills, no tornado prostrates her peaceful dwellings, no pestilence decimates her healthful population; and yet we behold the paradoxical spectacle of a people starving in the midst of plenty—famishing in the presence of abundance! And how is this? Separated by an impenetrable forest from our natural allies, the millions of our fellow subjects of Canada, we are forced into unprofitable intercourse with a people that love us not, that have no sympathy for us; they fence and hedge themselves in on every side; our fences are thrown down, our crops are consumed, our fisheries are pillaged. The surplus population of the mother country, unable and unwilling to endure our miseries, pass by to add strength and power to our oppressor. We purchase from him, and when we present ourselves at his markets we are rudely and indignantly repulsed. Our manufacturers, our artisans, and our mechanics, exposed to ruinous competition here, fly to a country where labor is protected—where industry is rewarded—our sons and our daughters follow them to seek for that encouragement in a foreign land which is denied to them in their own. While our own laborer is neglected, we are feeding those of our adversary. We are indeed, sir, of all people the most dependent—we rely on a foreign country for all the most trifling conveniences, nay, sir, for the very necessities of life. Our body-politic is sick and fatally distempered; there is no sound part about it: its lungs are affected, its heart palpitates, its stomach is disorganised, it is covered with hideously-disgusting blotches of disease from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet. Some wise and sagacious counsellor suggests a union of the Colonies by means of a Railroad from Halifax, for natural support, self-protection, and self-defence. See how the artful Yankee starts at the suggestion! His keen eye at once detects in this project an omen of our regeneration, and of the certain loss of his prey, and he instantly sets himself to work with all his energy to frustrate and to counteract it. He runs his railways into Canada; well knowing our natural stupidity, he invites us to join him in the construction of a line of Railway communication with our sister Colonies through his territory, thus to hold our communications in his own hand, that he may keep us asunder or separate us at his pleasure. He pretends to know all about our disease; he invites us to meet him at Portland, and offers us a cup of quack medicine of his own mixing, and to make it more palatable he tinges its edge with the honey of reciprocity, which he has not half as much intention of granting to us as he has of devouring us. "I regret your sickness," says he, "and I have provided a cure for you. Don't be so foolish as to make a railroad from Halifax to Quebec, it will ruin you, I will give you a shorter and more profitable route through my territory." It is melancholy to reflect how readily the people of this devoted colony yielded to the artful suggestions of

our insidious neighbors; but no sooner is the cup offered to them, than away they send a messenger to the great family physician, the colonial minister, to ask for the means of purchasing the quack nostrum of the Yankee. Perceiving, however, the madness of our placing our railroad communications with our sister colonies in the hands of our adversaries, he at once rejects the proposal and says to the messenger, "go back to the geese that sent you, and tell them that their Queen loves them too dearly to suffer them to fall a prey to the foxes. I am your physician and your friend; I know the nature and the seat of your disease—take this prescription—go to the apothecary and purchase the medicine. If you have not money to pay for it I will lend it to you; take my advice and you will recover; but rest assured that if you touch the quack medicine of the Yankee, it will but aggravate your disorder and you will surely die."

Our existence, sir, depends upon our implicitly following the advice of the noble secretary, which has been conceived in the happiest vein of political sagacity, and if the blind inatuation of the colonists do not frustrate his wise purpose of uniting these Provinces by means of the projected railroad, he will wreath a new halo of glory round the throne of his sovereign—he will render her reign illustrious on the page of history; he will cover his name, a name already favorably inscribed on the annals of his country, with imperishable renown; he will do more, sir, he will lay the foundation of a British empire in the new world that will contribute to the power and participate in the glory of its mighty parent in the old.

But, sir, this railroad is not only necessary to our prosperity, but our very existence as a British dependency is involved in its construction. We live in dangerous proximity to a warlike republic. We are at peace with them now, and so long as we continue victims to their cupidity, they will let us alone; but we must not forget that they have already shed the blood of our fellow subjects on the soil of the Canadas. There is an element of expansion in democracies that acknowledges no boundary but the ocean or the bayonet. We stand between them and universal dominion in America. At present their avarice is satisfied; but let us but make a stand for our independence—let us close our markets against their manufactured goods—let us exclude them from our fishing grounds, and we shall soon experience a change in their disposition towards us. Aggression and territorial acquisition are as essential to the existence of a republic, as a safety valve is to a steam boiler. Let us but form a determination to protect ourselves, and we shall be invaded; witness their ruffianly assault upon Cuba in defiance of all the virtue and integrity of their general characteristic, whose most distinguishing characteristic is its entire inability to govern. But, sir, let this railroad be constructed, and from that moment the illusion of conquest vanishes. If, then, we would avert the direful horrors and calamities of war—if we would preserve those very possessions of which we are so jealous, that the most insignificant taxation alarms us—if we would escape the heart-rending spectacle of our altars, our hearths, and our thresholds, stained with the blood of our children—if, what is nearer and dearer to our hearts, we would preserve our wives and our daughters from violence and from pollution; if, indeed, we would avoid plunging into the lowest depths of unutterable woe, let us not lose a moment in planting this railroad.

Let us now see how this great work is calculated to remedy those evils to which I have adverted, and in what degree it is destined to minister to our prosperity. The Hon. Provincial Secretary has justly remarked, that the pigmy voice of Nova Scotia would not be listened to at Washington. But, sir, if these colonies be united we at once become a Nation of three millions of Englishmen—we can speak to them in the language of defiance; we can close the Strait of Canso against them, and bid them find their way to the fishing grounds around Cape Breton, and through the gates of death—we can command them to reciprocate or retire from our markets; in either event our fortune is made, for if they agree to trade with us on fair and equal terms, we can overtrade them, or turn the balance of trade in our favor; if not, we can exclude their manufactures, and by manufacturing for ourselves, shake off our disgraceful and ruinous dependence upon them, and rise from the degraded condition of dupes and dependents, to our proper position of rivals and competitors; we can say to them in a voice of thunder, "we have been imposed upon by you long enough—you may choose between reciprocity and the loss of the most profitable foreign trade you enjoy," and with the most perfect indifference await the result of their determination. Sixty years ago the Republicans were more helpless than we are now, they were not much more populous—