

# 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.

BOB FLETCHER.

### A Picture of Domestic Happiness in Humble Life.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,  
Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame;  
Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife,  
Bob Fletcher the ploughman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east and the right morn away,  
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day,  
And the song of the lark, as it rose on the gale,  
Found Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage in front of a grove,  
Where in youth they first gave their young hearts up to love,  
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,  
As it called up the past, with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,  
That mingled in youth, the warm wish of the heart;  
That thorn was still there, and the blossoms it bore,  
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over nature was spread,  
And Bob had returned from the plough to his shed,  
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,  
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gay,  
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,  
And have heard from the cottage with grateful surprise,  
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with scorn,  
On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,  
And felt that the riches and tinsels of life,  
Were dross, to contentment, with Bob and his wife.

From the Journal of Agriculture.  
SLOVENLY FARMER.

Farmers generally possess too much land to be well cultivated. Fifty acres well tilled, will ever produce more than one hundred acres poorly tilled. The net profit, that is to say, on fifty acres well tilled, will be more than one hundred acres badly managed. Now, all know, or should know, what good cultivation is; but do all cultivate well? Do you take time by the forelock in preparing your grounds, and at a proper season? Do you plough deep? Do you use the subsoil plough where the lands want renovating? Do you pulverise the soil well by harrowing and dragging? Do you get the fairest, best seed you can find? Do you use the best farming implements? Do you keep them in order or do you leave them about the fields to rust? Do you hoe your crops well, and at the proper time? and do you harvest at the proper time?

Farmers, these are questions which you should all answer in the affirmative; and there are many more, of a like nature, for your serious consideration. A thing well done gives pleasure to the doer. To go into one's fields, and behold the fences buried in brambles and bushes—to see the grass and weeds peering over the tops of corn and potatoes—to view fields that have lain for ages uncultivated—to behold a stunted growth of sward-bound grass on such fields, where clover ought to grow three feet high—to view an old rickety shed there—and a faded, patched-up sleigh there—a pair of old wheels in one corner—a rusty plough in another, all

exposed to the elements, gives pain to the beholder, unless he is proof against feeling.

When we travel along the highway, and see the want of taste, arrangement, symmetry and proportions in buildings and fences, ungravelled walks, broken down door yard fences, with an old gate perchance hanging on one hinge and half prostrate upon the ground, we can hardly believe that this man recognizes "Order" as "Heaven's first law." We are rather inclined to think that if human beings do dwell in such places, they cannot possess those noble traits of reason, judgment, skill, perseverance and energy that characterize the human family generally. It is not because poverty weighs down their energies that we behold a lack of order and neatness around, but it is caused by sheer neglect and slovenliness—a lack of energy to put things in their right places to begin with, and then to keep them there—a lack of taste in executing, and a lack of spirit to learn how to give the best and most pleasing effect and shape to things pertaining to the spirit in which they dwell.

### THRESHING MACHINES.

Mr Brown, of Markle, states that the threshing machine, if generally used, would save one-twentieth of the whole grain produced in this kingdom. Now suppose this to be 30,000,000 of quarters, the quantity presumed to be left in the straw is 1,500,000 quarters, which, at 40s. per quarter, amount to £5,100,000 sterling saved to the country.

### From the Gardener's Chronicle. TASTE OF TURNIPS IN BUTTER.

About six or seven years ago, I saw it stated in a provincial newspaper, that to feed cows with turnips immediately after being milked, and on no account to give them any a short time before milking, prevented the milk or butter from tasting of the turnips. I adopted the hint, and ever since then there has been no occasion to complain of the milk or butter tasting of turnips. The method I pursue is this: immediately after being milked in the morning, they get as many turnips as they can eat. During the day they are fed on hay, and immediately after milking at night they get the same quantity of turnips. The milk and butter are very much admired by all who take them, both for color and flavor, and I have often been called upon to give a statement of our system of feeding by visitors. I have several times given the cows turnips a short time before being milked just to prove the thing. On such occasions the milk and butter tasted strongly of turnips.

### GARDENS FOR WORKING MEN.

The possession of a garden, with a disposition to cultivate it, and its non-possession, with a tendency to undervalue such an appendage to a cottage, constitutes a broad line of separation between two great classes of the poor. It is impossible to look even at the humblest dwelling with a few plants in the window, and a tidy, well-cultivated garden in front, without feeling a conviction that its inhabitants must be happier than their neighbours, whose plots are neglected, and whose rooms are guiltless of green leaves and flowers. We are not disposed to run into the absurd error of thinking that such tastes are always associated with poverty—far from it. But we can affirm from long and close acquaintance with the habits of the poor, that a raised state of moral feeling is both the cause and effect of a love of a nature. The productions we cultivate have a strong charm, and secure the attention with extraordinary power. If, therefore, a working-man has a garden at home, and loves to cultivate it, he will desert the public house for that spot of quiet and cheering occupation. Domestic misery is in this way often prevented, and children are trained to find pleasure in a harmless and elevating pursuit.

A little pot is soon hot.

## European News.

From Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper.

### IRELAND.

*Condition and Prospects of the South.*—In the course of an elaborate article upon the condition of the South of Ireland, as it had been affected by the depression in the prices of agricultural produce, and the decline of the population consequent upon the emigration mania of the last four years, the Belfast Northern Whig draws a hopeful presage, and looks forward to the increase of manufacturing industry as the panacea for the evils which have fallen so heavily upon the fertile province of Munster. After giving a sketch of the fearful "clearances" which have been made since the year 1845, the northern journal proceeds to say:—"All this is as true as it is painful. But it is wisest now to turn from the past and look forward; and, so looking forward, we cannot but see that, however those who were, and are gone, may have suffered, the numbers who remain have a better future before them; and, weighing every fact as we find it, we are forced to believe, in spite of much that is painful to contemplate, that the tide of prosperity is setting in for the South of Ireland. The condition of the leading towns too gives cause for hope. There are signs in them that show they need not despair. Though old trades have decayed, new enterprises are growing up, and branches of manufacture are slowly creeping in where they were never seen before. Henceforth we may hope that they never will again be so completely dependent on the agricultural districts for their own prosperity. Had we space at our command, we could give proofs of this, which, though small as yet, are decidedly promising in their nature. Then there is much to gratify in the new spirit that animates the people. The anxiety that is evinced by every rank to avail itself of all facilities for improvement is highly encouraging. And of this no better example could be given than the universal favor shown to the new system of education. Wherever the traveller goes, he finds that the schoolmaster is before him. The National Schools flourish on every side, upheld by the support of all classes and creeds, the rich and the poor, the priest and the minister. Education is stretching out its tenacious roots in all directions; model schools are springing up with gratifying speed; and the Queen's College in Cork is gaining at each renewed examination larger accessions to its numbers, and thereby extending the precious fruits of a noble educational system unequalled, we believe, in the world. Of a truth there is great hope for the country. It will not be a desert after all. There are still 6,000,000 of souls to recruit its strength—a powerful aggregate of vitality. Cromwell's iron rule did not leave us many hundreds of thousands, yet the people multiplied. We live under far brighter auspices now; and, 'taking all in all'—weighing every chance that exists for the nation—we see sufficient reason to hope for the growth of a great and universal prosperity.

*The Exodus.*—The thinning of the population proceeds, in spite of wind and weather, as briskly as it did in the month of May last. The quays of Dublin are just now crowded with emigrants, chiefly from the western counties, and the bulk of them of the most wretched class of the peasantry. There are, no doubt, exceptions, but whole hordes of the poor people who are taking shipping here have not sufficient covering for the journey to Liverpool, not to speak of an ocean voyage of some 3,000 miles. A Dundalk paper contains the following statement in reference to the "flight" of farmers from the northern counties:—"An M. P. of an Ulster county passing through this town last week stated that the Government were becoming alarmed at the crowds of emigrants leaving Ireland. He informed the persons with whom he was conversing that the ministry will devise some measure early in the ensuing session to check emigration. It is probable, he said, that they will pass an act limiting the ports from which emigrants shall sail to one or two, and compel the owner of each emigrant vessel to pay a tax of £4 or £5 for each passenger taken on board. We give this information as we have received it, without vouching for its accuracy." The Waterford papers state that the tide of emigration from that port is as brisk as ever. On Friday two steamers left for Liverpool, having on board between them 400 passengers, and those for the most part consisting of the "energetic and persevering portion of the peasantry. In addition to all this an Ulster correspondent of the Western Star writes thus:—"In my last I gave an intimation of the extent to which emigration from Ulster was proceeding, although the local journals seem to have taken very little notice of the matter. I have since heard,

from trustworthy sources, sufficient to convince me that if some of the landlords do not soon come to some arrangement with their tenants, different from that which prevails at present, another year will not elapse before there is as great an exodus from Ulster as from your own province."

### ENGLAND.

*Atrocious Murder at Tollesbury.*—With feelings of humiliation and sorrow we have to add the details of another atrocious murder to the blood-stained deeds which have blackened the criminal annals of the county within the last few years. The scene of the horrid tragedy in this case is Tollesbury, a considerable fishing village, lying upon the marshes of the Blackwater, and close to Tiptree-Heath; and the victim is the wife of an oyster dredgerman, named James Cobb, thirty three years of age, who was murdered while asleep in her bed, after her husband had left her, early on Tuesday morning. Cobb was employed in the oyster layings, of which there is a large extent in the neighborhood, and, it appears, left for his work about six o'clock in the morning, a lodger having previously left the house, the wife being at the time awake; a girl, seven years old, whom they had adopted, having no children of their own, slept in a crib close to their bed. Other houses adjoin, but nothing was heard to create alarm or excite surprise, till eight o'clock, when the little girl awoke, and finding the woman dead, gave an alarm, and admitted the neighbours. The victim was then found in the bed apparently in the position in which she had been sleeping, with an indentation in her skull, several other wounds in the head, and her throat cut, life being extinct. The object of the murderer was clearly plunder; and the presumption is that, having entered by the window, he proceeded up stairs, struck his victim with a hammer on the head as she lay asleep, and having rendered her insensible, cut her throat with a razor, thus effecting the murder without awaking the child, who lay slumbering within a few feet, and who, if she had been disturbed, would probably have been silenced in the same summary manner. The murderer then appears to have ransacked the boxes in that and another room in search of money, but he did not succeed in finding more than 12s. belonging to the lodger, which was taken away, a tea caddy, containing about the same sum, standing close to the bed of the murdered woman, having escaped his search.

The dreadful deed produced awful excitement throughout the village and the adjacent parishes; the police were early on the spot, investigating all the circumstances, and suspicion soon pointed to Henry Harrington, a young man about twenty years of age, who lodged in a house adjoining, as it was ascertained that he had not quitted his house till after Cobb and his lodger had gone, and the same morning proceeded to Wivenhoe. The evidence against him at first appeared exceedingly slight, but the officer felt it his duty to take him into custody, and facts have since come out that tend strongly to fix him with the guilt. A hammer belonging to the person at whose house he lodged has been found exactly to fit the indentation in the head of the deceased; and on Wednesday a labourer, at Salcot, two miles off, found in the woole of a stile, in the direction the prisoner went to Wivenhoe, a handkerchief and a razor in a case, both bloody, the former of which has been identified as belonging to Harrington, and the razor is the property of Wash, with whom he lodged, and who, on going to look for it, found it was gone. It was further found that the prisoner's trousers were marked with spots of blood, and it appeared that he had endeavored to hide some by putting ink over them. He remains in custody at the police station in Witham. Though youthful in look, he has a determined and somewhat forbidding appearance. He has been sometimes employed as a laborer on a farm, and at other times as an assistant in dredging. The husband of the murdered woman, though in humble life, occupied a respectable position in the village. The deceased bore a very excellent character, and the comfortable, clean, and respectable appearance of the interior of the cottage excited attention when it was visited by the coroner and jury.

*Extraordinary case of imputed Witchcraft.*—Among the popular delusions which are rapidly yielding to the influence of education and intelligence, a belief in witchcraft appears to linger, with remarkable pertinacity, in some of the rural districts in Devonshire. Numerous are the cases, on authentic record, where individuals, fearing the denunciations of reputed witches, have allowed the threat so to prey upon their minds that they have eventually surrendered themselves as the passive victims of their own disordered imaginations; and we regret to add, upon the authority of a most respectable and intelligent cor-