

THE GLEANER:

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OLD SERIES,

Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster melior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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Agricultural Journal.

From the Mark Lane Express.
PLOWING IN GREEN CROPS.

It is yet a common notion that herbivorous animals have some distinct and peculiar mode of action upon the various constituents of their food, by which those parts expelled as excreta are rendered more fit for the food of plants than could be the original food, rotted or decomposed in any other way. It is also ordinarily received that the deposit of a number of animals fed upon an acre of any green crop, will be more beneficial to the land than an acre of the same crop, ploughed in and properly decomposed in the land.

For some time past, I have endeavoured to combat with those opinions, but as they are still retained at some quarter, I intend in this letter to repeat my arguments and give instances where *practice* has proved the truth of theoretical productions. I shall not here argue as to the amount of profit and loss attached to the mode of proceeding as that always must depend upon circumstances, of which the farmer is the best judge. Nor shall I attempt to prove that under all possible circumstances to give a greater produce than to feed it off. For in case of exceedingly light lands, the mechanical actions of the treading of the feet of sheep, however, is, that under general circumstances, in ordinary soils, the ploughing in of a green crop, and its subsequent decomposition in the soil, will give more manure to that soil than if the crop had been fed off; and that the effect of this great amount of manure will be seen in the subsequent crops. The argument in proof may be stated as follows:

Firstly: It is well established that animals, in breathing, give back more to the air than they receive from it. They receive nitrogen and oxygen, carbonic acid and aqueous vapor. Animals also transmit to the air much insensible and sensible perspiration.

Secondly: The experiments of Boussingault and others have shown that the liquid and solid excrements of animal weight is much less than the food from which they have been derived, and that as regards the food, excreta are almost deficient in nitrogen in carbon and in hydrogen.

Thirdly: It is well known that animals consume a considerable portion of the farinaceous and oleaginous portions of their food for the production of animal heat, and the greater portion of the excess is laid up in the form of fat; part of the nitrogenous portion is consumed by the voluntary and involuntary motion of the muscles, and part forms fresh flesh for the growing animal. Of the inorganic matters of the food, a portion is required for the formation of bone. It is, therefore, quite clear, that there must be less manuring matter in the excrements than in the food, of which they are merely the unconsumed remains—that is just the ashes.

Fourthly: It is known that animal and vegetable substances are composed of the same original elements; that all animal particles have had vegetable life that though the proximate changes and combination of their elements are innumerable yet the result of ultimate decomposition of animal and vegetable matter in contact with the air are the same.

Fifthly: To sum it up; it, as it has been proved, the excreta of animals weigh less than the food they have eaten; if there is a diminution of the most valuable of the ingredients in passing the animal; and if, in their ultimate decomposition, the food and excreta give the same products, it follows that the products of the decomposition of the original food will be greatest in quantity and richest in quality; but practical experiments are in this instance, so easily made, that I should be wrong if I omitted to mention the numerous facts which experimentally prove the truth of my assertions.—Mr W Trumper, Mr Oakley and others have forwarded me the results of trials made on their respective farms. Mr Trumper in a field of rape, part fed off by sheep and the other ploughed in, found in the succeeding wheat crop a difference of 1-4 per acre in favor of ploughing in.

Communications.

THE FISHERIES.

Our last communication concludes with the following remarks: "We entertain too high an opinion of the good sense, the high moral character, and christian feeling of the majority of the American people to believe that they are anxious for War, either with us or any other Nation." That is our firm and candid belief. Though if we were to judge of the true state of National feeling, grandiloquent, bombastical, and bullying phraseology of some of the American Journals, we should forthwith conclude that Pandora had once more opened her fatal Box, and let loose the demon of discord. Take the following extract from the New York Times as a specimen.

"Let our British friends make us unpleasantly sensible of their existence, let them stand one moment in the way of the National prosperity and obvious destiny, and there is no telling how soon we shall swallow them, headland and inland, lake, river and town. We speak more in sorrow than in arrogance. We shall have to do it, that is all."

Bravo! Hurray for the New York Times! After that we fear that the gentleman, who pens the leaders for the London Times, will be struck dumb, and never again presume to set himself up as the sovereign of the press. No, no friend Scroggins or Bombastes, whatever their name may be, thou almighty and transcendent genius who rulest the destinies of the New Yorker, thy fortune is made—for the millionaires of the *ex-Leviathan* must either buy thee at thine own price, or close the Printing House Square establishment for ever.

But surely Mr Editor you are not in earnest?—'tis really awful to contemplate, and the perusal of this electrifying intelligence has so thoroughly shaken our nervous system that we can scarce hold a pen. Only imagine the hubbub it will create in the sea-girt Isle. The threatened invasion of "*la perfide Albion*," by either of the Napoleon's was trifling compared to this!

"Unpleasantly sensible of our existence." Bless us Mary Ann how funny—the Editor of the New York Times has only just got to that part of History which informs him that there is a spec on the Ocean called England! "Stand one moment in the way." What does the man mean? Egad I would not be so rude as to stand in any persons way. My good Mother paid something handsome to the Domine to have me taught manners—and I always take care to stand out of the way of chimney sweeps, scavengers, and other such gentlefolk.

"Obvious destiny"! Destiny we believe belongs to the future—hence we conclude our Editorial prodigy combines with his numerous other talents that of clairvoyance. Some men, 'tis said, are born to be hung, others to be drowned. We wonder if he knows his own destiny! "There is no telling how soon we shall swallow them &c." What a monster! Leaving the head and inland, towns &c. out of the question, for the present, as we fear such a quantity of bricks and mortar might prove indigestible, and the Cross on St. Paul's Cathedral might stick in his throat, as a *premier essai*, we propose that he should stand under the Falls of Niagara, and dry up Lake Huron and the other little ponds. When he has accomplished this feat, we will give him credit for all the rest. We would not for the world hurt the feelings of a Brother Scribe—like him we speak more in "*sorrow than in arrogance*." But, in sober earnestness, if he has any friends or relatives, we implore them to look after him, and lose no time in causing a commission of *lunatico inveniundo* to be issued, in order to determine the precise period the unfortunate Editor of the New York Times became a fit inmate for a Lunatic Asylum. These fighting gentlemen of the Union should have been born in the good old times, when Knight Errantry was in vogue, and the Holy Wars, as they are called, were fashionable. Don Quixote must have been a favourite class book during the last half century.

We have ever been and ever shall be

averse to war, under any pretence or pretext whatsoever. May a bitter curse rest upon the head of the man or men, who, by word or deed, shall cause our two Nations to be again engaged in deadly warfare. But if war yet will have—if nothing short of bloodshed, will satisfy you—Then be it so—we fear not the result. "Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just." And never will the glorious Banner of St. George have been unfurled in a more righteous cause.

Annexation, we are coolly told, will be the inevitable result. "The brightest gem in the British Diadem" is to be added to the Stars and STRIPES. More easily said than done Uncle Sam. It will require something more than Bowie knives and revolvers to enable you to gain your point. We the Colonists must be consulted in this matter—and you will find it somewhat difficult to convince us that we are to prefer Yankee Doodle to Rule Britannia and God Save the Queen. Do not imagine that the majority or even a tenth portion of the population of these Colonies has any wish (even the most distant) to become part and parcel of your *dis* Union. We have no interest in common with you. A brighter destiny is in store for us. The time will come when the British North American Colonies, united under one Government, will form a mighty and truly great Nation. As yet we are minors, and many years must yet elapse ere we attain our majority. In the mean time we justly pride ourselves on being members—and not insignificant ones either—of the great John Bull family. What, we beg leave to ask, is there so much to be admired in your so-called land of Liberty—a gross misnomer we opine—that we should so readily join in this your hue and cry for annexation? Is it your fugitive Slave Bill? Your damnifying Repudiation Code—that indelible stain in your History so admirably portrayed by the late Dean Smith. Is it your buccaneering propensity—or your aptness for bullying and bombast? Let some of your wiseacres enlighten us on this point. Speaking seriously of annexation. Have your Southern *Freemen* coolly calculated the inevitable consequences of such a step? We advise the slave holding gentlemen to let well alone, and mind their own business. They may have ample need, ere long, of bowie knives and revolvers, in the use of which they are such adepts, to protect their own hearths, without wishing to kindle fires in those of their neighbours. Sambo will not always submit to their *gentle* chiding. The day is at hand when Negro emancipation will become with you—not a question of moral rectitude, or a measure of National honor, but a measure of dire necessity, wrong from you by an oppressed and injured race.

You have bullied Mexico, and now to all appearances you intend bullying Spain out of Cuba, and the Lobos Islands out of Peru. But you will not bully us out of one iota of our just rights. Commodore Perry was himself an eye witness of the encroachments of your fishermen—and in company with H. M. Steamer *Devastation*, he warned some thirty odd of your Schooners off the shores of Prince Edward's Island. Fishing within the limits is not the only charge we have against them. We are credibly informed that in former seasons they were in the habit of landing on the Magdalen Islands, driving our own people from the beaches, when in the act of seining herring, and only allowing them to regain possession of their own shore, when they had either completed their cargoes, or taken all that were within reach. These shores are but thinly populated, consequently if a number of crews unite they can commit any excess, unless we are protected by our own cruisers. A short time since an American fishing craft anchored in the Bay of Port Daniel, the Captain purchased Pickled Salmon, Provisions &c. of one of our fishermen, and coolly paid him in Kossuth Medals—which he made the poor ignorant Canadian believe were gold coins of the value of ten dollars each. The unfortunate dupe travelled a distance of 18 miles to send off his hard earned savings to purchase flour at Quebec, for his winter stock, and it was with some difficulty he was convinced that, like the dog in the fable, he had parted with the substance for a shadow.

In conclusion Uncle Sam, permit us to remind you of that golden rule transmitted to us all by the Sovereign of the Universe. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

MERCATOR.

New Carlisle, 30th October, 1852.

To The Editor of the Gleaner,

SIR,—The population along the entire sea board of your Province being deeply interested, in common with us, in the profitable prosecution and increase of the Sea Fishery, I beg leave to transmit you the following remarks relative to that important branch of British North American trade for publication should you deem them worthy of notice.

A committee of the Canadian House of Assembly, having, thanks to our zealous members Messrs. Robert Christie, and David Le Beutillier, been named to enquire into and report on the present state of the Fisheries: Circulars have been sent by order of said Committee containing the following queries.

1st—As to the disadvantages under which we labour and the mode best calculated to remove them.

2nd—Whether it is expedient to afford any and what encouragement by bounties or otherwise. How and in what shape.

Upon receipt of this Circular a meeting of Gentlemen to whom such had been addressed took place at Paspebiac, when the following general answer was unanimously agreed to.

Our disadvantages are twofold—first by reason of the high duty paid in this Province on most articles required for the fishery. Secondly the absence of bounties.

We therefore consider that the Legislature of this Province would not only assist the fishermen but benefit the farmers of Upper Canada by affording a Bounty of twenty shillings per ton on all small vessels built and fitted out expressly for the Mackerel, Herring, and Deep sea Cod Fishery. The poverty of the inhabitants, generally, precluding them from building decked craft for want of means to procure, to them, the only costly part—the iron work rigging, sails, &c.—these the Bounty would enable them to obtain. And unless some timely assistance be afforded, the fishery on this coast will gradually sink into insignificance. In our present position we cannot compete on equal terms either with the neighbouring Provinces or the Fishermen of the United States.

We would further recommend a Bounty of Two Shillings to be granted to the fishermen on every Quintal of Dry Codfish.—Seven Shillings and Sixpence on each Barrel of No. 1 Mackerel, Five Shillings per Barrel for No. 1 Herring and a proportionate rate on the lower numbers of each.

These Bounties would give new life and vigour to our gradually expiring fisheries. A large fleet of fishing vessels would be built and equipped in a couple of years, affording profitable employment, not only to our own population but to hundreds of young men from the Parishes below Quebec. Thus causing an increased consumption and demand for flour, pork, manufactures, and imports generally.

In addition to the Bounty, we beg leave further to recommend a reduction of duty on Nets, Lines, Cordage, Sail Cloth, and all articles required for the fishery—all of which are obtained on more favourable terms in the neighbouring Provinces. We will instance the article of molasses, an absolute necessity for the fishermen which pays only 2d. per Gallon in New Brunswick against 5½d in Canada equal to about 50 per cent on the first cost.

The following remarks in support of the above were forwarded by me to the Committee, on my own individual responsibility.

In old and wealthy Nations like the Mother Country I fully admit the inexpediency of Bounties. But our position is widely different. Capital, the great motive power of all extensive commercial operations is wanting. The entire population of British North America, engaged in the fisheries may be said to be poor—the result of past improvidence. When the shore catch was abundant and prices remunerative, the uneducated fisherman had no