

# THE GLEANER:

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OLD SERIES]

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

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## Agricultural Journal.

From the Berkshire American.  
EVERY MAN A FARMER.

The cultivation of the earth is congenial to the nature of mankind, and a very large proportion of men, during some share of their lives, either do, or have a desire to become farmers. Besides those who, in civilised countries, are bred to the culture of the soil, and take it as their sole pursuit through life, there are thousands of others, who retire from the troubles and anxieties of trade, the vexations of a professional, or the turmoils of a public life, to rural quiet, and the undisturbed possession of an acre of land.

Nor is this prevailing love of agriculture, which sooner or later in life discovers itself, to be wondered at, whether we consider it as implanted in our nature, or whether it be the result of reason and experience. If it be innate, it is merely kept down for a while by the engrossing pursuits of wealth, the calls of ambition or the strife of glory. But these being satisfied or disappointed, the mind set free, returns to its native desires, and applies its remaining energies to their peaceful gratification. But reason and experience may well be allowed their share, in bringing so large a portion of mankind ultimately to the cultivation of the earth. Who, at the value of his native dignity and independence, would not prefer to be lord over a few acres of land, with nobody's humors to consult but his own, and nobody to please but his Maker, to the cringing, the fawning, the lying, that are apt to enter so largely into political, professional, mercantile and mechanical life? If any man on earth can say, 'I ask no favors,' it is the farmer. Skilful and honest labor is all that the earth requires, and it yields a due return—no favors dearly bought with the surrender of independence, of honor, of truth, and of all noble and manly feelings; no truckling for office, no fawning for popularity, no lying for gain. No man can say of farming, 'I have served a faithless master. I have sacrificed honor and conscience, and independence of mind, and what have I gained?' Among farmers there are no deserted Walseys, and no Belisarius lives a reproach to agricultural pursuits. The choristers of the field never sing to deceive, the flowers of the field never bloom to hide a deformity, and nature never smiles to betray.

From the Prairie Farmer.  
SALT.

A subscriber asks, "what is the use of salt; why not discontinue it to stock?" This question is not new, either theoretically or practically. It is not necessary to go into any extended discussion of the subject, since we apprehend that two simple facts ought to decide it, were there no others, which is not the case. These facts are, that salt is a constituent of the blood of men and animals. This would show that there must be a constant and universal demand for it in the system, from some quarter; and though it might be elaborated from, in cases of necessity, yet it admits of no doubt that the simpler and easier mode of supplying it, is that practiced. The other fact is, that the taste for it among men and animals is universal, or so nearly so, that all cases to the contrary are mere exceptions. This is a fact which ought not to be slighted. Animals do not universally take to eating that which is poisonous or useless to them. Nature is a pretty sure guide to those who from necessity are obliged to depend upon her directions. Thus the *a priori* reasons are for its use, and so conclusive are they to us, that we might as soon think of debating whether it would not be as well to dispense with the use of water.

But there is at this time a good deal of investigation in progress among medical men into the diseases of the West—how far they may be owing to deficiency of salt in the system. A late Medical Journal published in this city, gives several cases of cure of different forms of disease by the use of salt. The diseases alluded to are dysentery, typhoid and intermittent fever. Some of them were remedied permanently

by salt alone, and others by it associated with other curatives.

The known use of salt as a curative operating upon the blood is in perfecting and preserving its globules, which in many forms of disease are disintegrated. It would seem indeed to deserve investigation, whether the dreaded scourge which creeps along our rivers annually, the cholera, may not be of the nature of disease, for which the use of this article may be found either a preventive or in some degree a remedy.

If salt may be used as a curative agent for our Western diseases, it would seem to be indicated that its proper use would prevent many of them. We believe it is a fact that such diseases among cattle as bloody murrain, quarter-all, &c., are known to be prevented extensively by a free use of salt. Our advice—if it is proper that we give it—is that salt be supplied to all farm stock plentifully and constantly; and that it be used sufficiently in the house, and especially in the food of children.

From Boswell's Poultry Yard.  
A SPLENDID POULTRY HOUSE.

The most magnificent poultry place, perhaps, that has ever been built, is that of Lord Penrhyn, at Winnington, in Cheshire. It consists of a handsome, regular front, extending about 140 feet, at each extremity of which is a neat pavilion, with a large arched window. These pavilions are united to the centre of the designs by a colonnade of small cast iron pillars, painted white, which support a cornice, and a slate roof, covering a paved walk, and a variety of different conveniences for the poultry, for keeping eggs, corn, and the like. The doors into these are all of a lattice-work, also painted white, and the framing green. In the middle of the front are four handsome stone columns, and four pilasters, supporting, likewise, a cornice and a slate roof, under which, and between the columns is a beautiful mosaic iron gate; on one side of this gate is an elegant little parlour, beautifully papered and furnished, and at the other end of the colonnade a very neat kitchen, so excessively clean, and in such high order, that it is delightful to view. The front is the diameter or chord of a large semi-circular court behind, round which there is also a colonnade, and a great variety of conveniences for poultry. This court is neatly paved, and a circular pond and pump are in the middle of it. The whole fronts towards a rich little paddock, in which the poultry have liberty to walk about between meals. At one o'clock a bell rings, and the beautiful gate is opened. The poultry being then mostly walking in the paddock, and knowing by the sound of the bell that their repast is ready for them, fly and run from all quarters, and rush in at the gate, every one striving which can get the first share in the scramble. There are about 600 poultry of different kinds in the place, and although so large a number, the semi-circular court is kept so very neat and clean, that not a speck of dung is to be seen. This poultry place is built of brick, except the pillars and cornices, the lintels and jams of the doors, and the windows, but the bricks are not seen, being all covered with a remarkable fine kind of slate, from his lordship's estates in Wales. These slates are close jointed, and fastened with screw nails or small spars fitted into the nick; they are afterwards painted, and fine white sand thrown on while the paint is wet, which gives the whole the appearance of the most beautiful free-stone.

PREPARATION OF FLAX WITHOUT STEEPING.

This simple and economical mode of preparing the fibre for the spinner, is attracting much attention at this moment. The machinery employed is singularly facile and inexpensive. The flax may immediately be taken from the field, dried, and prepared, and the yield of fibre is one third more, and the strength one third greater, than when it has been treated in the ordinary way. Not being tanned by steeping, it is bleached as easily as cotton, and the essential oil remaining in the fibre, imparts a lustre to the flax, and imparts that "nature" which will enable the spinner to rival the finest hand spinning both in quality and brilliancy. So economical

is this process, that the woody part broken clear away from the fibre, and returning much of the essential oil of the plant, is admirably adapted for cattle feeding, and thus not one single atom of this valuable produce of our soil need be lost. The flax so prepared, unites kindly with the fabrics of silk or wool, imparting great strength and beauty, and considerably lessening their cost.—*English paper.*

In consequence of this improvement, and the new light which agricultural chemistry has shed upon the innocent action of the plant in abstracting plant-food from the soil, a new stimulus is given to flax husbandry, which promises a rich reward to the associations now formed for the purpose of cultivating flax on a large scale. We have seen a very encouraging statement of the net profit per acre, resulting from the improved system of cultivation, which after allowing 3*l.* per acre for rent, and a corresponding charge on seed and labor, gives a clear profit per acre of 26*l.*

We are aware that the soil and climate of Nova Scotia is eminently adapted to the growth of Flax, and we cannot doubt, if our enterprise were equal to the task of forming a Flax-growing association, a reward awaits us as rich as that realized by the Irish and Scotch associations, and we know of no branch of agriculture which holds out a prospect of more rational or profitable employment to our rural population.

We are apt enough to embrace our advantages, and work in harmony for the general good of our common country, our sons would get good employment on their own soil, and a home more congenial to a contented and well regulated mind, than can be found in the neighboring republic. Had we all the privileges which a British subject can desire, without enterprise and industry, our situation would be little improved. To obtain the reward, we must bestow the labor.

J. IRONS, Sec. C. B. A.

Halifax, 1851.

PLEASURE OF AGRICULTURE.

I cannot but feel that few of us, who are farmers, esteem our noble calling as we ought. With many it is a life of ceaseless, unending toil, no higher aim or object is seen in it, save to plough, to sow, to reap, to do business and to get gain! so that the dollar be made, no matter whether the soul be buried under the body's toil or not. Lost in its toil, we think not that it has a pleasure. But let us pause a moment and look around us; there are things that come to us in the way of our business, that to other men, in other occupations, would be looked upon as luxuries. It is in the power of every farmer to have a good garden; from this garden, during the season of vegetables, his table can be supplied at a trifling expense, with the choicest and freshest of them; so too of fruits, apples, peaches, cherries, plums, and a variety of others; all can appear at his social board. During the summer months the inhabitants of the city go to the country for health and fresh air, whenever opportunity offers: but the farmer and his family, if health and fresh air are to be found in the country of his abode, will be sure to possess them. Contrast the pale and sickly appearance of many children inhabiting our large cities, with the rugged and healthy look of our farmer boys and girls, and tell us if we have not cause of rejoicing. Need I tell you of the many rides you enjoy through the still sweet summer morn, which to the mechanic or man of trade, would be so welcome? Need I point to the sweet flowers around your dwelling, growing there almost spontaneously, whose perfumes greet you. Different, ah! different is your abode, amid fruits and trees, to the abode of him who is hemmed in the busy mart of trade. There is no time or season, but hail his joy for us. From the first note of peepers, in the early spring time, through summer, the rich and glorious autumn, and social hearth of winter, each and all in their good time, bring to us cause for rejoicing. What we stand in need of most, is contented hearts, and minds to respond to the soft influences of nature that are ever around us. Let us not be so wrapt up in the toil of our life, as to forget the pleasures in our path.

How CATTLE KILL TREES.—It is a noticeable fact that a tree, ever so thrifty, and of whatever kind, to which cattle can gain access, and under which they become habituated to stand, will soon die. In the case of a solitary shade-tree in a pasture, or by the road side, this is of common occurrence. The query may have been suggested, to what is this owing? In the first place, the rubbing of a tree by the necks of cattle is highly pernicious, and if persisted in, it will commonly destroy them sooner or later. But if the body of the tree be cased, so that their necks cannot touch it, death will ensue just as certainly, if they are allowed to tramp the earth about it. But why should the trampling of the earth destroy the tree? The reason is one of wide and important application to the laws of vegetable growth. The roots of plants need air, if not as much, yet as truly as the leaves and branches. Their case is analogous to that of fishes, which, though they must have water, must have air also; just about as much as permeates the water. If it be all shut off, so that none which is fresh can get to them, they will exhaust the supply on hand, and then die, precisely as a man in a close room will use in the air he has, and then die for want of more.

So the roots of trees and vegetables want air. When the earth is in a normal or natural condition, it is full of interstices and channels by which air gets to them. But if cattle are allowed to tramp down the earth, and the sun aids their work by baking it at the same time, a crust like a brick is formed, wholly impervious to the atmosphere, and the tree yields to its fate. So a tree cannot live if its roots are covered with a close pavement. They will struggle for life by creeping to the surface, by hoisting out a brick here and a stone there, or discover a crack where their noses can snuff a little air, but if fought down and covered over, will finally give it up. So if a tree be thrust into a close clay, or its roots are kept under water, it refuses either to be an aquatic or to put up with its alreminous prison. It will grow as little as possible, and then die the first opportunity.

A CHINESE LAUNDRY.—About ten o'clock last evening we stepped into a pretty extensive laundry on High street, carried on by Celestials. At one glance we were impressed with the order and system observable in the establishment. Those who were at work greeted us with a "chin-chin" as we entered, and kept on with their work. A grave looking Celestial sat at a table a great deal like pine, inditing a letter to a San Francisco correspondent. From a glance at the letter, we thought there was considerable character in it. Still another Celestial drew a bench towards a table, and kindly motioned us to a seat. He had, of course, a shaved head—and thereby hangs a tail.

We subsided into the seat, or rather upon it, and took a general survey. What a truly industrious people they are, at work cheerfully and briskly at ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under clothing disposed in baskets around the room, near the different ironers. Those at work dampening and ironing—peculiar processes, both. A bowl of water is standing at the ironer's side, as in ordinary laundries, but used very differently; instead of dipping the fingers in the water, and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head into the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes from his mouth in a mist, resembling the emission of steam from an escape pipe, at the same time so directing his head that this mist is scattered all over the piece he is about to iron; he then seizes his flat-iron. This invention beats the Yankees all to pieces. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep metallic wash-basin, having a highly polished flat bottom, and a fire of charcoal continually burning in it. Thus they "keep the iron hot," without running to the fire every few minutes, and spitting on the iron to ascertain by the "sizzle" if it be ready to use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the hand by the slipping of the "ironing rag." Ladies who use the ordinary iron will appreciate the improvement.—*California paper.*