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AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

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"Truth, Justice, Freedom, here shall find a home."

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VOLUME I.



AGRICULTURE.

POTATOES.

The potato is now considered a precarious crop, and that not without reason. The rust and the rot to which it has been subject have so often baffled the skill of the farmer and cut off his crops, that many are now inclined to give up the potato in despair, having no confidence that it will yield a remunerating return in future. Others, too, may be deterred from planting by the difficulty of procuring good potatoes for seed. We hope that the causes of the potato disease are but temporary—that it has already passed the crisis; and that before many years are passed we can again raise good crops of sound and excellent potatoes as heretofore. And while in most cases we doubt the expediency of entering largely into the business at present, still we hope every farmer will continue to have his "potato patch," and learn all he can of the disease, should it continue, or should it disappear, be prepared to enter more extensively into the business another season.

From our limited experience and observation for a few years past, we are of opinion that, even should the disease continue in the same form and with equal severity, with a suitable soil and proper care in the management and cultivation, a fair crop of good potatoes may still be obtained.

SOIL. To raise good potatoes a dry soil seems requisite. Before the plant was diseased, potatoes were liable to rot where the soil was too wet for them, and especially if the water should stand around them for a short time. Seed potatoes, when planted in a cold and wet soil, will rot sooner than corn. And now, since the potato has become so peculiarly susceptible to disease, it seems more than ever important to select for it a soil that is sufficiently dry. All stiff, heavy or adhesive soils, which are much disposed to moisture, we regard as very unsuitable for the potato, and on such, since the disease commenced, so far as we have noticed, but few potatoes have been raised and those were of inferior quality. A light, sandy soil we think is preferable to any other. The best potatoes we have seen of last year's growth, ripe, mealy and good, were raised on a soil of this description in East Livermore.

MANURING. We believe it is the general opinion among farmers that potatoes are much more liable to rot where a liberal supply of animal manure is used. By manuring highly, both spreading and putting it in the hill, a more luxuriant growth may be obtained, and in some instances more potatoes, perhaps, but many of them will most probably be rotten, and all of them of inferior quality. Nor do we think concentrated or liberal manures can be used to any considerable advantage in the cultivation of potatoes. From the result of two year's experiments, with sixteen kinds of manure in Germany, we learn that "with gypsum the product was not only smaller than without any manure, but it had also thirty six per cent. of diseased potatoes, and seventeen per cent more than the average of all the kinds of manure. The proportion of starch meal in those manured with the plaster was only eight per cent, while the average was twelve per cent.—The greatest product was from the purest manure with the carbonate of potash (pearlash.) The disease was least in the unmanured parcels, and the greatest in those manured with gypsum, nitrate of lime, carbonate and sulphate of potash."

We are confident that the most satisfactory results might be obtained by the use of vegetable manure which decomposes slowly and answers the purpose of keeping the ground loose and light. Potatoes delight in turf and seem perfectly at home in a heap of sods. A field which has not been exhausted of its vegetable matter by tilling, deep position or long continued cropping, might yield a fair crop of good potatoes; and perhaps where the ground is not rich enough, decayed leaves from the forest might be a safe and valuable dressing. We should expect much better potatoes from a soil which contains a fair proportion of vegetable matter without any further manuring, than from the same soil when highly manured with animal and mineral substances. If animal manure is applied it should be well rotted.

SEASON FOR PLANTING. From our own experience we should most decidedly recommend early planting. Since the commencement of the disease, the spring and first part of the summer have appeared more favorable to the growth of the potato than the latter part of the season. We would plant them as soon as the ground becomes warm enough and dry enough to receive them. Where potatoes are planted early the tubers may attain considerable size while the plant is in health, and should the disease afterwards appear they will not be so much injured by it. Potatoes that ripen early in the season have kept as long and as well with us as the later ones. In 1840 we planted potatoes early in April and dug them and put them into the cellar the last of July or first of August, and they kept better and were better and more mealy than any we have raised since which we planted and dug later in the season.

VARIETY. While they are so liable to disease we can hardly afford to raise potatoes as food for cattle or swine, nor shall we probably raise many to be made into starch, we would cultivate a variety suitable for the table, and for the reason above mentioned, we think an early variety is preferable. Some seem to have escaped the disease more than others. We should altogether prefer, if they were in other respects what we want, those varieties which have generally been the least affected by the rot. The early "White Blue Nose" has done as well with us as any we have cultivated. The *Chenango* has rotted much worse and yielded but little if any better. Some potatoes have been obtained from New Brunswick, within a year or two, which have as yet been free from rot. For cattle, swine, and starch, the Long Reds are unrivalled and the yield is generally large when they are free from disease. They are, however, not an early variety, and they have rotted badly both in the field and in the cellar. *Maine Farmer.*

PROTESTANT CORNER.

From the Dublin Evening Mail.

HIBERNIAN CHARITY.

Be it remembered that on Sunday last, the 11th day of March, 1840, amid the cries of many thousands of women, and children, and able bodied men, for bread, a collection was made in the Roman houses of prayer, throughout the city of Dublin, for the Pope; and that one parish alone made up the monstrous sum of *Four Hundred and Forty Seven Pounds, Ten Shillings, and Two Pence*, for that object.

There was not an individual among the contributors who did not know some famishing, naked family, to whom a trifling benefaction would have been a sensible relief. Few of them could have been ignorant of the frightful scenes of death, which are daily exhibited in the remote districts of the south and west, under the conjoint operation of Free Trade and a Poor Law. The population are suffering all the miseries that attend upon an actual dearth of food, though surrounded by "plenty and cheapness;" their pangs aggravated tenfold by the abundance of food that is placed apparently within reach of their hands, while a absurd and merciless law precludes its distribution to the wholesome channels of industry and independent labor. The same law renders the gentry and respectable farmers as powerless to assist their poor neighbors as the wretched sufferers are to help themselves. All their substance is extracted from them by force, to support a delusive and ruinous system, which only tends to make the evils of our social condition more hopeless. Only those whose income is derived from other sources than the land, are in a condition to relieve the miseries of the people; and they bestow their charity upon—*he Pope.*

Four hundred and forty seven pounds were collected last Sunday, in the short space of half an hour, in the Church of the Conception and its Chapels, to solace a single gentleman, a bachelor, the pampered guest of a king, who is in no want of ready money for his personal occasions, who is in unlimited credit with despots and absolutists to sustain his political ambition; while four hundred and forty seven pence were not collected in all the Roman chapels of Dublin for the poor, miserable, famine-clung Irish peasant. They cry for a morsel of food, and their affluent countrymen buy muskets for the Pope. A gift of a shilling would cause the widow's heart to sing for joy; but—*Di meliora pias!*—there is better interest to be had for the money by obtaining a share in the masses which will be offered up and the Indulgences which will be lavished upon the contributors to the "Papal Fund."

This *Pity* in our land and age of humbug; and a journal, which plumes itself on being recognised as the organ of the Romish Church, hails such an application of the superfluities of the faithful with "pride," and declares that "the spirit of religion never displayed its power more fully, or evinced its benign influence more triumphantly," than in such "manifestation of its holy gifts."

The very same columns which "bray out" this triumph, detail the following cases of death from starvation in different parts of Ireland. At Kilmurry, *Michael Griffin*, "the fourth famine victim in the Griffin family," is stated to have met the doom anticipated for him in a previous publication. *John Downes*, of the same district, a young man shares the same fate, *Denis Cleary*, a young lad from Mountcullen, returning with his rations from a relief depot, falls in a state of exhaustion, and expires on the wayside. *Pat Culburn*, having refused to break stones, is cut off from the lullaby, and dies on the road. A boy named *King* is led from want; and eight of his family are in a state of idioy through the same cause. At Prull an inquest is held on the body of *Michael Lyons*, and the verdict of the jury attributes his death to the want of a sufficiency of food. *Ten deaths* are stated, on credible authority, to have occurred from destitution and starvation during the past fortnight in the Island of Gorumra and Killeen, off the Galway coast. *Mark Murray* and his wife, with a young man named *Michael Connell*, died from the same cause in the parish of Rahoon (one of the suburbs of Galway,) on Wednesday last. *Patrick Conolly*, of Claremorris in Mayo, is the subject of a coroner's inquest—the verdict being "died of starvation;" and the medical man deposing that the body presented "the appearance of a skeleton covered with a tense skin."

Every one of these cases is set forth in the same publication of the *Freeman's Journal*, which celebrates the spirit and benign influence of religion, as manifested beyond all former precedent, on Sunday last, by the magnificent sums presented to the Pope by the countrymen and co-religionists of the victims. Surely "the force of *Tartuffism* can no further go."

In addition to the "holy gifts" gathered in the Metropolitan Chapel, the following sums were reported to have been received in other parts of the city:—

St. Michael and John's parish, about £200—Church of St. Andrews, Westland Row, collected at the doors, £130 (Donations, not yet declared will make the whole sum equal to double this amount).—St. Paul's Church, Arran-quay—£70. St. Michael's Church, Anne-street—£100 Church of St. Andrew—£200 Church of St. Catherine, Meath-street (in a district of which the misery is only surpassed by that of *Skibberen*)—£180 Church of St. Nicholas, Francis-street—£18.

This latter collection is boasted of as "truly magnificent, when we consider the extreme poverty of a great portion of this parish."

This a sum total of fifteen hundred pounds was actually laid down, in ready money, between the hours of eleven and two o'clock, on Sunday last, by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the city of Dublin, to be remitted to a foreign potentate, who wanted it to subsidize troops, or hire factious agitators, in order to regain possession of his temporal dominions. One farthing they have not given, nor been exhorted to give, to feed the parchment-covered skeletons, or put clothing upon the shivering or attenuated limbs of their perishing countrymen.

It is easy to gain a name for benevolence by pampering the prejudices of mankind. A very reverend doctor is lauded by names by the sarcastic *sobriquet* of "The Father of the Orphans," for his successful advocacy of *Plus IX.* A rare sample truly of a motherless infant is that Holy Father, with the fat and fair Queen of Naples tending him like a nursing mother, and the pure widow of a most Christian King entreating him to share with *Manoz* the hospitality of her roof.

Another divine—one Father Flannigan—lops all a nice by squeezing so much blood out of the wan and feeble inhabitants of Francis street. The indefatigable exertions of Dr. Meyler, "in this good cause," are not unmentioned; and the "pious and zealous pastor" Dr. O'Connell receives his full meed of glory, for sweeping the loathsome cash of Fishamble-street, Snock-alley, Dirty lane, and the demesnes that there adjacent lie, into the fisherman's net.

But all the while, they leave it to Lord John Russell to assume the part of almoner to the Irish poor before the world, and by the terms in which he pleads their cause, to bring of locust and contempt upon the very name of Ireland. And who shall say it is undeserved? After the Catalical demonstration of Sunday last, are not the taunts