

The Carleton Sentinel;

AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

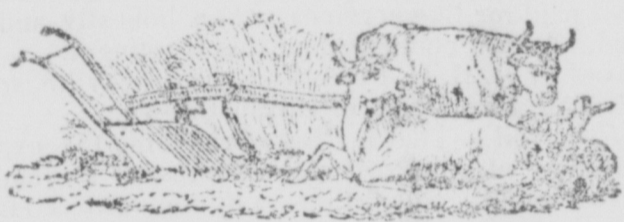
Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, and General Intelligence.—Neutral in Politics.

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

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AGRICULTURE.

TREATMENT OF SICK ANIMALS.

There are many erroneous notions prevalent in the community, respecting injured or diseased domestic animals, and such unnatural or injurious practices as a consequence of these incorrect views, that no apology is necessary for an attempt to subvert the cause and interest of these useful creatures, which, if they had tongues to speak would tell sad tales of the wrongs to which they have been, and still are, too often subject.

We do not propose to give an essay on the particular cases that require attention—our object is rather very briefly to ask the owners of domestic animals to be guided by a few correct principles, which are applicable to nearly all cases, and which will at least prevent us from doing harm, and be the means, probably, of doing much good.

In the first place, then, we would insist that when an animal is well he never requires any medicine; and when he is sick, we would protest against his being dosed with articles that are said to be "good" for a particular disease, without any reference to its violence or the symptoms, as common sense would dictate, that remedies the most opposite in their character and effects, may be equally advantageous in different periods of the case.

Always distrust a man and the remedy, when your friend declares that an article is good, or a certain cure for a disease, without any reference to its symptoms—prescribing for the name of the disease itself—this is the very essence of quackery, in man or beast.

A large portion of the diseases of animals closely resemble those of the human family, and require a treatment conducted upon the same general principles—with some variations and some peculiarities, it is true; but none of those outrageous departures from common sense, which are too frequently witnessed.

A horse with pleurisy, or inflammation in the lungs, or apoplexy, requires a widely different treatment from one with colic or worms. There is no more mystery about the disease of a horse or an ox than about those of a man, and a violation of natural laws is as productive of pain and injury in one as in the other.

There is too great a propensity, everywhere, to resort to active treatment in all cases—a feeling that is encouraged by the ignorant or designing for selfish purposes.—An adviser in sickness is often most useful, and shows most skill, where he only tells us what is to be avoided and waits for indications for more active measures—doing little more than preventing ignorant but well-meaning persons from interfering with the salutary and useful changes that may be going on.

Remember that there is a restorative power in nature to which it is always better to trust than to direct active remedies without knowing for what particular purpose they are given.

There is never occasion for the administration of the disgusting combination which the poor animal is made to swallow, from the mere whim of an ignorant horse or cow doctor. Many a fine beast has been lost by his owner trusting to such prescriptions.

When your animal has fever, nature would dictate that all stimulating articles of diet or medicine should be avoided. Bleeding may be necessary to reduce the force of the circulation—purging to remove irritating substances from the bowels—moist, light, and easily digested food, that his weakened digestion may not be oppressed—cool drinks to allay his thirst, and to some extent, compensate for diminished secretions—rest and quiet, to prevent undue excitement in his system, and so on through the whole catalogue of diseases—but nothing to be done without a reason. Carry out this principle, and you will probably do much good—hardly any harm; go on any other, and your measures are more likely to be productive of injury than benefit. But as we have before said, our object now is not to speak of diseases in detail; it is rather to encourage our agricultural friends to think before they act; to have a reason that will bear examination for every step in the management of a sick or injured animal; to remember they have a powerful assistant in nature, (being fairly

used,) and that specifics, as they are called, are much fewer and less to be trusted, than their proprietors would have us to believe.

We might, indeed, almost sum up what we would desire, in one general direction of five words:—TREAT YOUR BRUTES LIKE MEN.

PROTESTANT CORNER.

BLINDNESS OF THE POPE.

It is plain from all that has occurred within the last two or three months, that the present Pope has taken no account whatever of the time or season—that he imagines himself living in the twelfth, thirteenth, or fourteenth centuries, when Popes were all-powerful—when Popes made and un-made Kings, and upset kingdoms. Of the progress made by the people of Italy, as well as the rest of Europe and of the world, he is wholly unaware, and fancies he may play the antics that were played by his predecessors three, four, and five centuries ago. Unfortunately, some of the Cabinets of Europe sustain the Prince Potentate in these views, against the whole of the people of Italy and the enlightened public opinion of Europe; and the result must be, that unless some steps are taken formally to depose him from his temporal dominion, the various Sovereigns of Italy must be at issue with their subjects, and the whole Italian Peninsula must be given over, perhaps to the horrors of a servile war. All the cities and principal towns of Italy have already and frequently within the last four months, pronounced against the temporal power of the Pope. Genoa, the superb—Venice, the beautiful—Milan, the majestic—Florence, the fair and intellectual—Naples, the gay and pleasure-loving—Vienna, the learned and pure spoken—Lucca, the orderly and cultivated—Parma, the artistic—Turin, the regular and stately—Rome, the mistress and Queen of Nations, beautiful and undying even in ruin and decay—all and each have by the mouths of their best citizens cried out against a Government of priests. Yet such a Government it is that the Bourbon of Naples, the Bourbon of Spain, the innocent Isabella, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Prince of Parma, the King of Sardinia, and the House of Hapsburg would seek to restore by the co-operation of the infamous and unpopular Def Caretto—by the vain and servile Martinez de la Rosa—by the uxorious Count de Spaur—by the gay Esterhazy—and by that betero-ox Russian of the Greek Church who so unnecessarily concerns himself in the affairs of Italy, with which he has no kind of concern, either moral, material, or religious.

Such is the Caurilla that has influence at Gaeta, and the consequence is, that the public opinion of universal Italy is not heard: for the Pope, a vain, weak, and flexible man, only listens to the voices of foreign flatterers, and the voice of the College of Cardinals by whom he is encompassed. How otherwise can we account for the seizure of forty copies of the Bible translated by Diodati?—for the re-establishment of the inquisition—not merely in name, but with its staff of officers, public accusers, prisons, &c.? How otherwise can we account for the arbitrary arrest of Dr. Giacinto Achilli—a man who never mixed in politics, but who has committed the irreparable and unpardonable crime of relinquishing the professorship of moral philosophy at the College of Minerva, and of conforming to the Protestant Church? How otherwise can we account for the expulsion of thirty-six compromised families from the Pontifical Palace?—for the refusal of the Pope to return to Rome, and for the transference of the seat of government to Bologna? How otherwise can we account for this year of our Lord, for the institution of an order of chivalry to recompense those who distinguish themselves by hostility to the ever-glorious but unfortunate Romans. This order has for a device St. Michael overcoming the Dragon—St. Michael being, we suppose, meant to represent the godless, creedless sans culotte Republican Frenchman—and the dragon, Mazzini, Armellini, Garibaldi, and the mass of Roman citizens. As if to show that there could be no mistake, the virtuous Pius IX. has sent his order to Oudinot, to Filangieri, to Aspre to Wimpfen, to Welden, and to every general, native and foreign, who has bombarded Italian towns and shed Italian blood. Has not Great Britain, we say, a right to remark on these infamous doings?—*London Morning Herald.*

CONVENT LIFE—THE LATE RECEPTION OF NUNS.

It is stated by one of the officiating clergymen, at the late reception of nuns in this city, that it, after residing for two years in the convent, the newly made nuns were

dissatisfied with their condition they might return again to their families. This sounds as if they were at liberty to exercise their own free choice in the matter, but such is far from being the case. When once the door of the convent closes upon the nun, she finds it next to an impossibility to regain her liberty, for, we presume, that she has already made a surrender of her property to "the church," and, therefore, in many instances, cannot obtain a living outside of the walls of the convent. Besides, the strictness of conventual discipline is relaxed in her favor, until she has taken vows irrevocably upon herself.—The delusive idea that by enrolling herself in a "religious order" she secures her eternal happiness, is likewise constantly impressed upon her mind by the priests, and by the superior who is their instrument, and her seclusion cuts her off from every opportunity of learning the truth. The fear of scorn and derision, if not of actual persecution, to which she would undoubtedly be exposed were she to return to the world, likewise confirms her in her resolve, and thus it is that in very few instances do those who have once taken upon themselves monastic vows ever venture to cast them off, a moral force being put upon them which constrains them to adhere to their rash and unhalloved promises.

And what an existence is theirs after they have made the cloister their permanent abode. The very consciousness that they are prisoners for life preys upon their spirits and fills them with gloom and discontent. The daily routine of "duties" becomes irksome. Prayers in a language of which they are ignorant, and ceremonies still more empty and unmeaning, engross the larger portion of their attention.—Social converse and enquiry are forbidden, and in solitude the understanding becomes contracted, until they sink into imbeciles or maniacs.—The Rev. Hobart Seymour, an Irish Protestant Clergyman, who visited Rome a year or two ago, states, in the work which he published descriptive of his visit, on the authority of a most respectable Roman, that the majority of the nuns in that city die of madness, before they reach the age of twenty-five! The self-mortification and austerities practised by some of these inmates of the Convent reduce them to such a state, that they appear only like walking skeletons, and fit tenants for the tomb. Such is the history of those who are styled *par excellence* the "religious." Now, we ask, is there anything in this resembling Christianity, which dissolves none of our social or domestic ties, and classes those who want "natural affection" with the vilest of characters? Assuredly not. Monasticism is an invention of Antichrist, intended for the purpose of supporting his unhalloved power, and augmenting his resources.

HOLY WATER SPRINKLED ON ANIMALS AT ROME.

Mr. Seymour, in his "Pilgrimage in Rome," thus describes a scene which he witnessed on the occasion of sprinkling a donkey with holy water, on the Feast of St. Anthony (the patron of the brute creation)—when horses, asses, sheep, dogs, and every species of inferior animal, are brought to be sprinkled and blessed by the priests:—"The ludicrous part of the scene was when some luckless wight had to conduct some obstinate mule or some sulky ass to the priest; the crowd made it their business to shout and halloo so as to terrify the animal, and often to make it still more obstinate and sulky than before.—Then they jested and jeered with unending assiduity at the poor fellow, till the mule or ass, plunging violently, would sometimes fling the rider to the ground; and sometimes, when brought almost within reach, and the priest would raise his brush to sprinkle the water, the animal would again dart away, scared at the sight of his robes, the raising of his arm, and the lifting of his brush. It was at such times that the mirth and merriment of the crowding people would become uproarious. The priest at times fell in good naturedly with this humour of the people, and would intentionally give such a flourish of his brush and arm as was sure to scare the animal. And then hats were waved and hands were clapped, and the cheer went round and round again, till the frightened animals became wholly unmanageable, and were obliged to be brought sometimes by main force within reach of the holy water. At times asses were dragged by main force applied to their tails, going backwards with no very graceful step to receive the blessing of St. Anthony. It seemed to a stranger as if the evil of all others most dreaded by the unwilling and unbelieving animals was their participation in the blessing of the saint. Altogether it was a strange and comical scene, and such a scene as could only be witnessed among a laughter-loving and superstitious people."