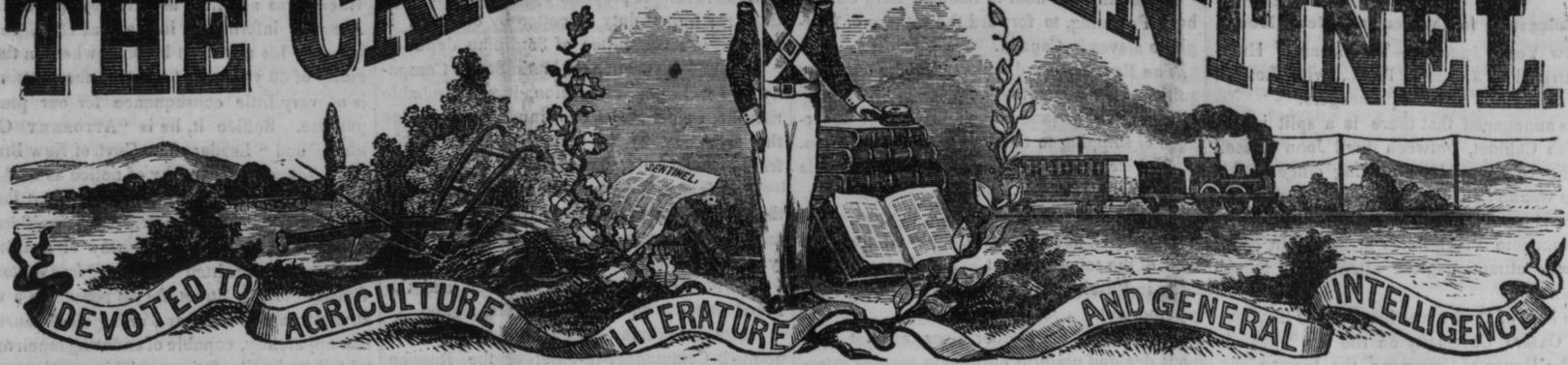


# THE CARLETON SENTINEL.



Published and Edited

Vol. V.

"Our Queen and Constitution."

WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1853.

By James S. Segee.

No. 52.

## Agricultural.

### FARMERS' WIVES.

We gladly give room to the following extract, and doubt not but the sentiments therein expressed will agree with those of our readers generally:

The farmers of this country occupy a position of honor and usefulness. They are the source of a nation's wealth and prosperity, and by their vote and influence can, at any moment, decide its destiny. Farmers' wives occupy a position of corresponding importance in our own country's history; they are and have been the mothers of the men whom our nation delights to honor, whose voice of wisdom and warning is heard in our nation's councils. Lebanon shorn of its stately cedars, would be her sad emblem, were our land bereaved of our patriotic and heroic men whose early youth was associated with rural scenes, with woods and streams, and the bird voices that fill the air with melody. But the sweet voice that stilled the cry of infancy, the kind hand that led them to the altar of prayer; the counsels that conducted them in the paths of wisdom, the influence that developed their moral nature—those were the pledges and presages of their future greatness.—The wives of our farmers, whose thrift and industry have secured for their husbands a competency, whose intelligence is the light of the social circle, and whose piety is the guardian of domestic peace, are emphatically "the mothers of our men." A failure in the country—with all the opportunities of success, away from all the moral contaminations of a crowded city, amid the free refreshing winds, among all that is pure and poetic in nature, amid all that is suggestive of truth and beauty, and all that is bountiful and beautiful in agricultural pursuits and success—rightly to train up children, should awaken the voice of instructive warning. There may have been no failure in accumulating wealth, none in making home beautiful and tasteful to the eye; but the failure has been where it is most fatal, in training the heart and directing the footsteps of childhood. There may have been lavish expenditure to gratify fashion and perverted taste, but little care to develop the intellect and train the heart. There may have been great expense to teach children to sing, and play and dance well, but none to make them useful, virtuous and happy. Hence the failure, and need of warning. There is a tendency in these days of wealth and luxury among our farmers, to imitate the ostentation of fashionable city life. We wage no war against refinement. We are not averse to the elegancies of life; but to train up our daughters only to shine in the parlor, to play the guitar and speak correctly the French accent, and our sons to despise the honest toil of the husbandman, to feel that they must aspire to a profession, if they would become men; this is a sin not to pass unrebuked. Our fathers, who laid the foundation of our nation's greatness, were the humble tillers of the soil; and many who have ploughed the field and sowed the seed, have risen to guide the affairs of state, to hold converse with the muse, or to sweep with a Milton's hand the harp strings. Our mothers, whose names and heroic deeds are immortal, cultivated the domestic virtues, plied the loom and the needle, and made the garments of the men whose names are associated with the heroism of the past. We must look still to farmers' wives, who are blessed with children, for the men of strong frames, of iron nerves and heroic hearts, to accomplish our nation's destiny. Let them not be recreant to their high trust. If they fall, to whom shall we look for the men and the women, that shall be worthy to steady the ark of God, and train the coming generation for usefulness in the blessedness of Heaven.—Anonymous.

### "TIRED OF FARMING."

A few months ago a man who had been a farmer from his early life, came to the city to buy stoves to sell again. Said he to the stove dealer, "the weevil begins to infest the wheat, and all things considered, 'I am tired of farming,' and so have sold my farm." The stove dealer remarked that he thought within himself that just as like as not, the discontented farmer would find a weevil in the heart of the new business—and so it proved, for when the day arrived on which the note matured, given for stoves, the old farmer, now turned tradesman, confessed that he had not been able to sell his stoves—that he had most of them on hand.

"Tired of farming," the most independent business a man can engage in, because, forsooth, there are disappointments and perplexities and trials and vexations attending it.—Remember, you who are tillers of the soil that your cares and troubles and anxieties are few and far between, compared with those suffered by commercial men. If your chances to become rich are not so inviting and profitable as those of the tradesman, bear in mind that the dangers of being very poor and destitute are far less. Farming and abject poverty seldom overtake the farmer, or haunt him in their ghostly visits. He lives on the high table-land of promise, rising far above the murky region of want and destitution. His children can say there is bread enough in our father's house, and a piece to spare to the hungry of other less fortunate callings.

"Tired of farming!" Suppose you are. What is to be done in such a case? Do you expect to find an employment without trials and perplexities? If so, you are doomed to disappointment.—There is no vocation in this world that will exempt those who engage therein from cares, and fears, and vexations. So if you are tired of farming, the best way is to get rested as soon as you can, and prosecute anew the business for which you were early trained, and which, if diligently followed, will yield a good supply of all the necessities and comforts of life, together with opportunities for mental and moral culture.—Hallowell Cultivator.

### ORCHARDING.

Orcharding, with us, is yet in its infancy. But few among us understand well the management of fruit trees, even apple trees, as common as they are. Most of us, who have old trees, if we do any thing of the kind to them, scrape their trunks early in the spring. Few think of doing it after having got about the ordinary farm work. Yet it appears that early spring is the only wrong time to attend to it. Mr. Cole, in his fruit book, says, "it may be done any time except spring. June is a good time." If done early, the wounded bark turns black and causes decay.

Washing trees is very strongly recommended by experienced fruit growers. Washes are desirable in destroying insects and their eggs, and in giving a healthful and vigorous appearance to the tree itself, beside serving as a manure, as they run down round the roots. For this purpose, lime, wood-ashes, or potash, make a useful wash for destroying wood-lice, and for arresting the operation of the borer. It is said that a very convenient and excellent wash may be made of the lye of wood-ashes, and that the ashes applied with it would be beneficial. Fresh lime is valuable; but it should never be applied as a whitewash. In this form it closes up the pores of the bark, thereby preventing a free and natural circulation, and excluding the favorable effects of the air, the dew, and the rain. Besides, so caustic a coat, as lime would make, remaining long on the bark, is liable to kill it. Strong soap-suds make a valuable wash.

If we had trees which we had coated with white-wash we should endeavor to get it off with soap-suds as soon as possible. In using lime for wash, it is well to mix with it hen or other manures, which will destroy its tenacity, so that the rains will gradually work it off. Mr. Cole says, "a compound may be made of soap-suds, tobacco water, soot, a little salt, hen, pigeon, or cow dung, sulphur, and other rich and nauseous substances, more or less, that will be highly useful in destroying insects, cleansing and improving the bark, and enriching the soil." These washes may be applied to the trunk and large branches of the trees with a stiff brush at any season, and if repeated two or three times a year, the better.

### AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

The following remarks from the *Bangor Courier* contain more truth than popetry. It has ever been the policy of the Maine Government to induce Farmers to settle on the Aroostook, because it is the finest farming county in the whole State; but it is in no way superior to Richmond, Jackson-town, Williamstown, Greenfield, and many other parts of this County. We do not believe that many settlers go from this Province to Aroostook at present, the same cause does not exist to drive them there that formerly did. Land now can be obtained in this Province on easy terms by the Labor Act, that is, settlers can pay for the land by labor on the roads, except the cost of survey, about five dollars. The *Courier* says:—

A friend who has recently visited the county of Aroostook gives very cheering accounts of the prospects of that county, the success of the settlers there and the increase of population. The county is getting to be the garden of the State, and several farmers from Kennebec county have recently gone in, with their packs on their backs, and have purchased clearings, have put in their crops, and will soon remove their families to their new farms, and soon erect the schoolhouse and the church.

Dr. W. H. Jewett, of this city, who has been devoting a portion of his time for several years in this city, in the propagation of choice fruit trees, has sent forward several thousand young grafted trees, and is now engaged, with a number of workmen in setting them upon a rich and beautiful domain on the border of a lake on a hill side crowned with lofty maples. This early outlay for a fruit orchard and nursery, by one so well located in this city, to secure all the choice varieties of fruit, will be of essential advantage to the settlers in Aroostook.

One farmer in Aroostook went there a few years since, borne down with a debt of between four and five thousand dollars, and almost discouraged. He went to work like a man, has paid off his debts, and has accumulated in addition at least fifteen thousand dollars. There are quite a number of others in this vicinity who have done about as well.

The liberal policy pursued by the State in almost giving away the settling land is bringing into Aroostook many settlers from the Province of New Brunswick and the activities, this delightful and promising spring, in Aroostook, in the way of farming are very cheering, and should the season prove as prosperous as the last, the influx of population next season will surpass any thing of the kind ever seen in that region.

There is one farmer now there who sometime since removed with his family to Illinois, where he and they were all taken down with the fever and ague. He suffered as long as he well could, sold out and packed back for Maine, and finally reached Aroostook county, with only two hundred dollars in his pockets, and this was all he possessed. He borrowed one hundred dollars, bought out a farmer, and is now about the most thriving and certainly as happy a man as there is in the county.

### THE AUSTRALIAN DIGGINGS.

The following portions of a letter from the well known William Howitt, will be found well worth perusing. The extract is dated Dec. 15.—

"The season has been frightfully unhealthy, and the journey to the gold fields has been fatal to many. Thousands have been struck down by sickness; hundreds have already returned, cursing the parties who sent them such one-sided statements of the gold fields and the climate; hundreds are still lying ill from the insidious influence of this 'fine salubrious climate.'" In a letter just received from Melbourne, I hear that scarcely a soul there but has been ill, and all up the country it is the same. Gentlemen who have been in India, China, and over the whole continents of Europe and America, say that this is the worst climate they know. Without any apparent cause, people are everywhere attacked with dysentery, rheumatism, cramp, and influenza. All this ought to be fully and fairly stated. One-sided statements are a dishonest procedure—a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." The little black fly of Australia is a perfect devil. The grass seeds in summer, which pierce your legs like needles, and actually run through the sheep-skins into the flesh of the sheep and into their lungs and kill them, (but this is more particularly the case with the seed-spikes of a wild geranium, which act like cork-screws,) the dust winds, and the violent variations of the atmosphere—often of no less than 100 degrees in a day—these are nuisances which ought to be well known. A deal is said about sending out young women to marry the men in the bush. God help such women as marry the greater portion of such fellows as the common class here. Their very language is perfectly measled with obscenity and the vilest oaths and the basest phraseology, and they drink all they can get. In short, this is a country to come to, as people go to India, to make money; as to spending it here, that under present circumstances would require different tastes to those of most cultivated men and women. The greatest thing that can be said of the country is, that the better classes are so exceeding kind and hospitable, and, considering their isolated lives, not deficient in general information. I am sure we shall always have occasion to remember the kindness of the inhabitants of the bush. Every house, if we desired it, would have opened itself to us a home, and but for bus's kindness, I should, perhaps, not have been writing this."

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water.—Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea—that is, about twice the height of Saint Paul's Church in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance. Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—*Arnott's Physics.*