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## Agriculture.

### THE FARMER'S SONG.

BY WILSON FLAGG.

A late dismal story our ears hath assailed,  
That your banks and your merchants and brokers  
had failed;  
But ne'er in the wealth of our country despair,  
While the weather and season will smile on our  
care.  
From the banks of our rivers good specie we raise,  
Fine silver in wheat, and bright gold in our  
maize.

In the banks of the earth we deposit our wealth,  
And reap, with the interest, vigor and health;  
Kind Nature's our bank-r, and all our wide fields  
Are the mart that the profits of industry yields.  
Though our traders have failed, we are not so  
forlorn,—  
Bring the notes of your banks, and we'll pay them  
in corn.

We learn that your bankers have issued their  
notes,  
Till like leaves in the autumn, their paper coin  
floats;  
They promise to pay "on demand" you'll peruse,  
Yet the gold for their paper they often refuse.  
Trade with us, and you'll neither be shaven nor  
shorn;—  
The farmer's ne'er give you the husks for the corn.

We speculate only in weather and soil;  
Our gains are the well-earned rewards of our  
toil;  
Though moderate, still they are solid and sure,  
And while we have vigor, our wealth will endure.  
Our banks, where we safely deposit in Spring,  
A rich dividend in the Autumn will bring.

What a treasure of wealth will our pastures un-  
fold,  
Our woodlands are surely far better than gold;  
And all your bright silver no profit will yield,  
Except as 'twill purchase the fruits of the field!  
And unless your bank money a change soon re-  
ceives,  
'Twill ere long be too worthless to purchase our  
leaves.

Yet of our own calling 'tis idle to boast;  
And now both our merchants and bankers we'll  
toast:—  
Here's to banking and commerce and all honest  
trade;  
Our wealth would all perish without their just aid;  
And while both to justice and truth they are  
sworn,  
Bring the notes of your banks and we'll pay them  
in corn.

### "Tired of Farming."

A few months since, 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 remark-  
ed, that he thought within himself, that just as  
like as not the discontented farmer would find a  
weevil in the heart of the business—and so it  
proved, for when the day arrived on which the  
note matured, given for the 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 busi-  
ness 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 tradesmen, bear in  
mind that the dangers of being very poor and des-

titute are far less. Fame 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 call-  
ings.

"Tired of farming?" Supposing you are.—  
What is to be done in such a case? Do you ex-  
pect to find an employment without trials and per-  
plexities? If so you are doomed to disappoint-  
ment. There is no vocation in this world that  
will exempt those that engage therein, from cares  
and fears and vexations. So if you are tired of  
farming, the best way is to get rested as fast as  
you can, and prosecute anew the business for  
which you were early trained, and which, if dili-  
gently followed, will yield a good supply of all  
the necessaries and comforts of life, together with  
opportunities for mental and moral culture.—*Ru-  
ral New Yorker.*

HOW TO JUDGE A HORSE.—A correspondent of  
the *Pravie Farmer*, contrary to old maxims, un-  
dertakes to judge the character of a horse by out-  
ward appearance, and offers the following sugges-  
tions as the result of close observation and long  
experience.

If the color be light sorrel or chestnut, his feet,  
legs, and face white, these are marks of kind-  
ness.

If he is broad and full between the eyes, he  
may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and  
capable of being trained to almost anything.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you  
treat them, the better you will be treated in return.  
Nor will a horse of this description stand the whip  
if well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish-  
faced; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but  
he will have too much go ahead in him to be safe  
for everybody.

If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom,  
get a deep bay, with not a white hair about him;  
if his face is a little dished, so much the worse.—  
Let no man ride such a horse who is not adept in  
riding—they are tricky and unsafe.

If you want one that will never give out, never  
buy a large over-grown one. A black horse can-  
not stand heat nor a white one the cold.

If you want a gentle horse, get one with more  
or less white about him, the more the better.—  
Many suppose that the parti colored horses belon-  
ging to circusses, shows, &c., are selected for  
their oddity, but the selections thus made are on  
account of great docility and gentleness.

### Economize the Manure.

Let every substance capable of supplying ali-  
ment to vegetation, be sedulously economized.—  
All the refuse matter made about the house, in the  
kitchen and laundry, should be conveyed to the  
compost heap, the barnyard, or some other conven-  
ient place where its fructifying virtues may be made  
available for the purposes of vegetable enrichment.  
In this way much valuable sustenance may be  
economized for your garden and other cultivated  
enclosures, and the sickly and dwarfish vegetati-  
on which has so long disfigured and disgraced  
them, be made to assume a renovated and refresh-  
ing aspect. Very decided improvements may  
often times be effected by small expenditures. It  
is not always the most extravagant expenditure of  
time and capital, that produces the most gratify-  
ing results in husbandry.

A REASONABLE HINT.—As the cold season is  
at hand, and economy in fuel is a subject of some

importance, it may be well to mention a very sim-  
ple way of shutting out the cold from our dwell-  
ings, and thereby adding much to the comfort of  
home. Those who are annoyed by the clatter of  
windows when the mercury is considerably below  
zero, and by a current of air sufficiently strong to  
turn a good-sized windmill, can easily obtain re-  
lief by attending to the following directions. Pro-  
cure a shilling's worth of list from the tailor, and  
a paper of small tacks from the hardware store.

On the first pleasant day take out your windows,  
and tack a strip of list, of suitable thickness, on  
the outer edges; so that it will be entirely out of  
sight—return the sash to its place, and your job is  
done. By this simple process almost any room  
may be rendered delightfully warm, and the wife  
and children remarkably pleasant. Try it.

[*Cleveland Free Democrat.*]

TRIAL FOR MURDER IN AROOSTOOK.—At the  
September Term of the Supreme Court for Aroos-  
took County, Appleton, J. presiding, James Mat-  
thews was tried and convicted of the murder of  
one Samuel James, committed under circumstan-  
ces of an aggravated nature. The facts, as they  
appeared upon trial, were as follows. The accu-  
sed, Matthews, and a girl by the name of Mary  
Ann White, occupied a camp last winter, on the  
Western Aroostook road, enjoying domestic felici-  
ty, untrammelled by the bands of matrimony. On  
the evening of the 5th of April last, James enter-  
ed the camp somewhat intoxicated, and in the ab-  
sence of Matthews turned the girl out, and she  
was compelled to pass the night in an adjacent  
hovel. Matthews being informed of this, procured  
a gun the next morning from one of his neighbors,  
saying "he was going to shoot a man who had  
been down to his camp." He and the girl were  
next seen by two men in a sleigh, Matthews car-  
rying his gun. James was at the time walking a  
short distance behind the sleigh. A moment or  
two after passing them, the men heard the report  
of the gun, and turning around, saw James in the act  
of falling, and Matthews lowering the gun from  
his face. Being asked why he did it, Matthews  
replied "he would have shot him anywhere."—  
There was evidence of James' having previously  
threatened to flog Matthews.

I. W. Tabor, counsel for the prisoner, rested  
the defence upon two grounds:—that the gun was  
discharged accidentally, or that the jury must be  
satisfied from the evidence that it was done in the  
heat of passion, and under strong provocation.—  
Mr. Tabor's argument was ingenious and eloquent  
and sustained his reputation as one of the ablest  
lawyers in the state. In the absence of the At-  
torney General, who was expected to be present,  
Mr. Trafton, the County Attorney, conducted the  
prosecution with his usual ability. The jury, after  
an able charge from Judge Appleton, returned a  
verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree."  
—*Bangor Mercury.*

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.—Under the re-  
cent "reciprocity treaty" the following articles,  
being the growth or produce of the British Provin-  
ces or the United States, shall be admitted into  
each country respectively free of duty.

- Grain, flour and breadstuffs, of all kinds.
- Animals of all kinds.
- Fresh, smoked, and salted, meats.
- Cotton-wool, seeds, and vegetables.
- Undried fruits, dried fruits.
- Fish of all kinds.
- Products of fish, and of all other creatures liv-  
ing under the water.
- Poultry, eggs.
- Hides, furs, skins, or tails undressed.
- Stone or marble in its crude or unwrought state.
- Slate.

- Butter, cheese or tallow.
- Lard, horns, manures
- Ores or metals of all kinds.
- Coal.
- Pitch, tar, turpentine, a-shes.
- Timber and lumber, of all kinds, round, hewed,  
and sawed, unmanufactured in whole or in part.
- Firewood.
- Plants, shrubs, and trees.
- Pelts, wool.
- Fish, oil.
- Rice, broom corn, and bark.
- Gypsum, ground and unground.
- Hewn, wrought, or unwrought burr or grind-  
stones.
- Dye stuffs.
- Flax, hemp, and tow, unmanufactured.
- Unmanufactured tobacco.
- Ra.s.

VERY TRUE. A poor Irishman who applied for  
a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned by  
the Board of Excise as to his moral fitness for the  
trust, replied, "An, sure, it is not much character  
a man need to sell rum."

A RECOGNITION.—"My son, can you take a  
trunk for me up to the hotel?" said a passenger  
stepping from a boat on the levee, to a ragged  
looking youngster, who sat balancing on the tail  
end of a day. "Your son," cried the boy eyeing  
him from head to foot. "Well, I'll be dod drap-  
ped of I hain't in luck. Here I've ben tryin' to  
find my daddy for three years, and all of a sudden  
up comes the old boss himself, and knows me  
right off. How are you? stretchin' out a muddy  
looking paw. The traveller was nonplussed.—  
Between a smile and a frown he inquired, "What  
is your name sir."

A man with small intellect and large self-es-  
teem, is a bore to society while he with large in-  
tellect and small self esteem, is fearful of being  
one.

Never joke with ladies on matrimony or bread  
baking, it is very wrong. They are both sacred.  
One refers to the highest interests of the heart, and  
the other to the stomach. Young men will please  
chalk it down on their hats.

"Well, Nimrod, how long were the children of  
Israel in the Wilderness?"  
"Till they found their way out."  
"Who was cast into the lion's den?"  
"Van Amburgh."

KEEPING A GOOD LOOK-OUT.—An Irish brick-  
layer was one day brought up to the Edinburgh  
Infirmary severely injured by a fall from a house-  
top. The medical man in attendance asked the  
sufferer at what time the accident occurred.—  
"Two o'clock, yer honor," was the reply. On be-  
ing asked how he came to fix the hour so accu-  
rately, he answered, "Because I saw the people at  
dinner, through a window, as I was coming down."

THE HEIGHT OF MANNERS.—The *Knickerbock-  
er* tells of a man who stole a five dollar bill out  
in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the  
note was not worth five dollars, it being at a dis-  
count. The prosecutor said he knew the thief  
was the meanest man in the States, but he did  
not think he was so all-fired mean as not to be  
willing to steal Indiana money at par.

TEARS.—The Tears of suffering that men forget  
to note, God will count.