

# THE CARLETON SENTINEL.



"Our Queen and Constitution."

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## Agriculture.

**PROFIT OF KEEPING SHEEP.**—It has been frequently demonstrated that a farm which will support four or six cattle will support forty or fifty sheep at the same time, with very little increase of labor, when the horned cattle could not be increased with any profit.—*Maine Farmer.*

**PLASTER ON POTATOES.**—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, plastered one half of a field of potatoes at the first hoeing, leaving the other half unplastered. At the second hoeing, there was a great difference in favor of the plaster and at harvest the plaster yielded double the quantity of the other, and of a much larger size.

**A PROFITABLE FARM.**—The farm of Bryan Jackson, near Wilmington, Delaware, consists of 220 acres. On this farm he employs three hands all the year, at \$132 per annum, each; two men extra for six months, at \$12 per month, and day hands, whose wages amount to about \$50 a year; making in all, for labor, a cost of \$590 a year.—Mr. Jackson, in the American Farmer, says: "The sales of the farm the past year will not vary much from fifty-three hundred dollars.—*Maine Farmer.*

**REMEDY FOR PLANT LICE.**—Mr. E. G. Mygatt, of Illinois, offers the following remedy for plant lice, so destructive in the early part of the season in the green house as well as out of it. We commend it to our friends for a trial.

"If you have any species of the aphid in your nursery, please make a trial of the following decoction:—Get from a druggist 1-2 lb. of Quassia; boil it fifteen minutes in six quarts of water; pour off the decoction into a dish pan with handles.—When cool, get an assistant to hold the pan while you carefully bend down and immerse the branches—giving them a little motion to wet all the insects.—Look at the trees two days after, and if the aphides are dead, and the tender shoots uninjured, use and recommend the Quassia and let the whole oil soap perform some other office.

For young and tender buds or grafts, I use the spray from a nearly spent syringe where it is not safe to bend them over the pan.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

## SOWING CORN FOR FODDER.

We have labored for some years past to induce farmers not only to sow corn for fodder, but, to do it right. We observe repeated recommendations in the agricultural papers to sow broadcast, and in a late volume of the Transactions of a State Agricultural Society, the writer of this paragraph is quoted as recommending broadcast sowing. Now, it happens that we have repeatedly for several years, pointed out the great inferiority of broadcast sowing, to planting in drills, which is simply this: Sowing in furrows or in drills requires only about one-half or two-thirds of the amount of seed needed for broadcast sowing, a consideration of some importance when it is remembered that at least four or five bushels per acre are required for the latter mode. Drills, by admitting the cultivator leave the ground clean and mellow, and this greatly adds to the growth of the crop; they admit of easier harvesting; and yield about one-third more fodder per acre.

The great difficulty with this crop is *curing it properly* before stacking. The leaves may become perfectly dry while a large quantity of water remains in the stalks, which causes fermentation and the complete loss of the value of the fodder when placed in large stacks. The remedies are early sowing, so as to give the warm weather of late summer a chance for drying the fodder; stacking in large shocks in the field, till wanted in winter, or in numerous small stacks if drawn off the ground; building moderate sized stacks, with a liberal application of salt to successive layers as they are deposited, and building each round three rails, set upright to serve as a ventilator.

There are very few farmers who do not run short of good succulent pasture early, in autumn. An acre or two of ground for *soiling* at that season, would be almost invaluable. Any good soil will answer—moist is best; plow and furrow three feet apart—strew along in each furrow from a hand-basket, at the rate of two or three bushels per acre—cover by harrowing—run the cultivator between when the corn is a foot high,—and the whole thing is done. Fourteen tons of green fodder, and five to seven of dry, may be had from a good acre.—The month of June will do for sowing, but the earlier the better.—[Country Gentleman.]

## Items of News.

Eighty thousand persons have left Marseilles, it is said, driven away by a cholera panic.

A Scotch giant died at Laporte, Ind., on the 18th ult. He was over seven feet long, but he could not live any longer than other men.

It took 36,000 pounds of gold to pay the check for \$7,000,000 given to the Mexican Minister in accordance with the late treaty.

An extensive milk dealer in Paris was lately fined 20,000 francs and condemned to six months imprisonment, for mixing water with his milk.

E. C. Delavan, the great temperance apostle, states that of 300 persons who died of cholera in Albany in 1832, only five were strictly teetotalers.

A Catholic, named Callaghan, kicked a priest away from his door, the other day in New York.—His reverence wanted to see Mrs. Callaghan, in spite of the husband.

The army of Paris, including the garrisons of Vincennes, Versailles and St. Germain, is 50,000 strong. A new Imperial Guard, of 30,000 men, will shortly be on foot.

A large farm without skill, capital, and industry, is a plague to its owner.—It is like what somebody said of self-righteousness, the more you have of it the worse you are off.

A CHILD WITHOUT FEET.—The Rev. J. B. Giguere De St. Michel d'Yamaska, baptised on the 30th ult., a male child born without feet and without a right hand.—*Transcript.*

THE CHOLERA DEAD.—The Lewiston Touchstone says:—"The case of Cholera mentioned yesterday died last night!" Glad to hear it. How much Cholera was there in the "case?"

QUEER NUTRIMENT.—A man was picked up at sea recently, who had spent six days floating about upon a mast, "his sole nutriment during that time consisting of a small piece of tobacco!"

The wife of an officer of the 11th hussars, and sister of the awful Cumming, lion hunter, accompanies her husband to the east. She wears revolvers in her belt, knives, and other weapons, to protect herself.

There are 38 iron foundries in Pittsburgh. One of them, the Fort Pitt Works, is now engaged on a government order for twenty-one guns, called Columbiads, having a ten-inch bore, and throwing a one hundred pound shot.

A NEW ENGLAND GIANT.—Henry D. Kimball of Littleton, is "six feet eleven inches in height, and weighs 300 pounds." He is only 25 years old, and has grown five inches in the last three years. He expects to reach seven feet.

About 12 o'clock on Friday night last, some diabolical miscreant covered a large dog with tar and turpentine, fired the coating, and sent the tortured brute, howling most fearfully into the press room of the "Montreal Gazette" office.

About two thousand dogs have been slaughtered in New York within the last five weeks, at the public pound, in addition to as many more which have been redeemed by their owners. The amount of money paid to the dog catchers during the same period, out of the city treasury, is \$2000.

The United States Constitution, is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. It is the most oppressive instrument ever devised, as affecting the destiny of millions now groaning in slavery, and millions more yet unborn, and also the liberties of the world; and William Lloyd Garrison in giving it to the flames on the 4th of July at Framingham was only professing his own judgment of the Constitution.—*Boston Liberator.*

DOES LIGHTNING COME OUT OF THE GROUND? We believe this is a question among scientific men. An instance is recorded where a man was driving his team at a distance of more than a mile from where the shower was, when an electric bolt came up from the ground and killed him—a strange illustration of the fact that in the midst of life we are in death. In Rutland Vt., recently, a flock of sheep were killed by lightning. They were under a tree, and fragments of wool were lodged up among the branches!

## Miscellany.

A PERPLEXED IRISHMAN.—A few days since, a gentleman connected with one of our railroad corporations, while taking a ride through one of our country towns, accompanied by his Irish servant, had the misfortune to have his vehicle smashed up, and himself and companion thrown violently to the ground, by his horse taking flight and running away. The gentleman was somewhat bruised, but not seriously. His principal loss being that of his wig, which had been shaken off; and on picking himself up, he found Pat in a much worse condition, holding on to his head with the blood trickling through his fingers, and his master's wig in his other hand, which he was surveying with the most ludicrous alarm and horror.

"Well, Pat," said his master, "are you much hurt?"

"Hurt is it? Ah, master, dear, do you see the top of my head in my hand?"

Pat, in his terror and confusion, had mistaken his master's portable head piece for his own natural scalp, and evidently regarded his last hour as arrived.—*Ex.*

AN EXTRAORDINARY LEAP FOR A COW!—A gentleman of our acquaintance, in whose word entire reliance may be placed, informs us that while riding a few days since between Honeoye and Rush, on the Canandaigua and Niagara Falls Railroad, a cow was seen upon the track, running with all speed to keep ahead of the train. The animal persisted in keeping the track, notwithstanding the rapid rate at which the thundering train gained upon her. The train was travelling at lightning speed, and very soon struck the cow. The long nose of the "catcher" struck under the beast just as she was making one of her highest bounds, when she was in an instant thrown to the height of 30 feet in the air, and again struck upon the track just as the last car shot from under her! The train consisted of the locomotive and tender, a baggage and two passenger cars. Our friend assures us that the cars did not pass over the animal, and the conductor and engineer testify to the fact that the animal was tossed up as described, and he, being in the last car, saw the dead creature after its fall upon the track. It was her last somerset!—*Rock Dem.*

LOVE, SUICIDE AND MARRIAGE.—On Monday we gave a brief account of an attempt at self-destruction with a pistol, at Ypsilanti, by a young lady who arrived from Chicago in search of a young man who had been trifling with her affections, to "break an honest promise in love." The young lady was not one of that kind who

"Never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud Feed on her damask cheek."

She sailed out in search of her truant lover, who lived at Ypsilanti. She came prepared for desperate things. On her arrival, "the girl he left behind him," found he was absent at Adrian, and she tried to shoot herself, to assuage her grief. The mother of the young man supposing he had been playing falsely with the fair one, immediately set her off in charge of another son—giving him a hundred dollars to pay expenses—to hunt up the ungrateful boy, and get an explanation, and have full justice meted out, if justice was in the premises.

After starting for Adrian, the two proceeded easily on the road as far as Saline—a distance of nine miles—whence the next day the mother very unexpectedly received a letter from her son, saying that after looking the subject all over, he had concluded to marry the girl herself—that the job had been done up; and that they had concluded to proceed on to New York, Saratoga, Nahant, Newport, &c., to spend the honeymoon, and the— one hundred dollars.

After making the acquaintance of the brother, she evidently said to herself that

"Now my love is thaw'd,

Which like a waxen image 'gainst the fire Bears no impression of the thing it was,"

toward the brother, at Adrian. Under the circumstances, inasmuch as it was "all in the family," and "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," she concluded to take the one she could make sure of. Surely, "the tide of true love never did run smooth."—*Detroit Advertiser.*

## Our Chip-Basket.

Since Greece has been backing up Russia; it has been called "The Russian Bear's Greece."

Why are mosquitoes the most religious of all insects? Bekaze they first sing over you, and then prey on you.

A late waggish printer, while on his death bed, was requested to be composed. "Distributed, you mean," was his faint reply.

Life is short, and they mistake its aims and lose its best enjoyments, who depend for true happiness on outward things and not on the state of the heart.

The other day an old lady rushed frantically into the garden in search of her daughter, upon being told that the young lady had gone there with a "rake."

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular northeaster.

Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be beloved.

## A WARNING EPITAPH.

Here lies a Sabbath-Breaker,  
Who had he glorified his Maker,  
Would have escaped the undertaker.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Queen Victoria does not like the very small fly-away bonnets, and wears a large sensible one herself. But she cannot counteract the younger and fairer Eugenie, who is a despot in the matter of fashions, as her consort in statesmanship.

At the close of a silly book, the author as usual printed the word FINIS. A wit put this among the errata, with this pointed couplet:—

Finis! an error, or a lie, my friend!  
In writing foolish books—there is no end!

Not long since an Eastern man, while on his way to Boston, was stopped by a robber and requested to hand over his money, or have his brains blown out. "Oh," said the traveller, quietly, "blow away! blow away! it's better to go to Boston without Brains than without money."

"Mr. Jones, have you got a match?" "Yes sir—a match for the devil—there she is mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife, and then put for the front yard. The last we saw of him he was putting down the road, closely pursued by a red-headed lady and a cistern pole.

UNSOPHISTICATED.—A very pretty young woman went to the post-office, with a letter and no direction, and said to the post-master, "send that to my sweetheart!" The post-master took it, looked at it and said—"What is his name and where does he live?" The girl replied, "Ah! that is the very thing that I don't want any one to know!"

A GOOD RECIPE.—The following is a certain cure for that terrible disease of the mouth, commonly called Scandal:—

Take of "good nature," an herb called by the Indians "mind your own business," one ounce; mix this with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your own teeth," simmer them together in a vessel called "circumspection," for a short time and it will be fit for use.

Our John remarked the other day, that the next time he put up at a hotel he would enter his name as "John Sharp, Judge."

We asked him, says an exchange, if he had tried it, and he replied:

"Yes, I tried it once, and it worked like a charm. I had the best accommodations in the house for about a week, without any expense, till the landlord one day touched me on the arm. Says he:

"You are a judge of probate, are you not?"

"No," I replied.

"Not of the Supreme Court, certainly?"

"No," rejoined I, "not of any court!"

"Of what are you judge, then?" continued he, thinking of the many fixings he had sent up to my room.

"I am judge," I pompously replied, "of good living."