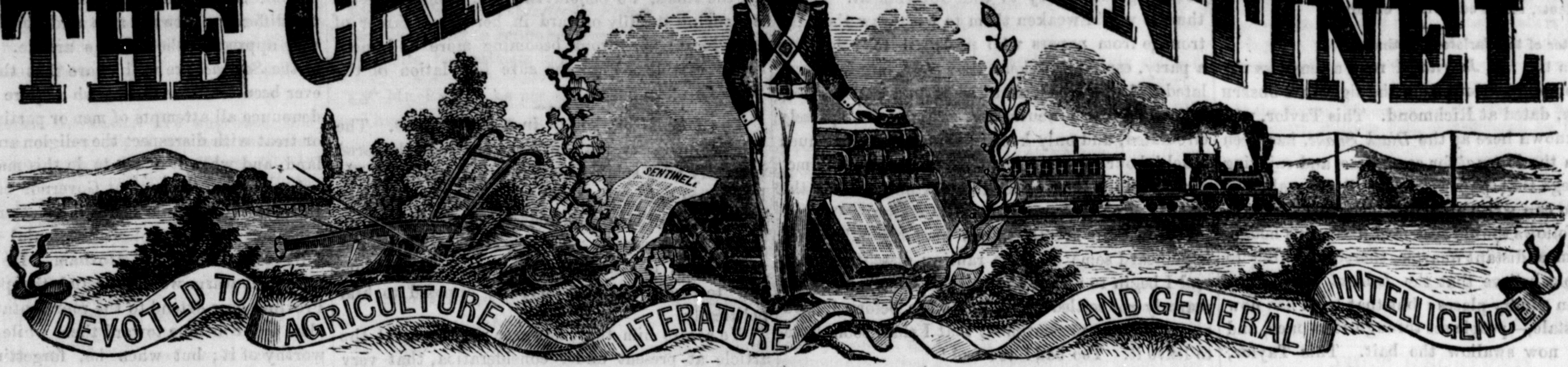


THE CARLETON SENTINEL.



SAMUEL WATTS, Editor.]

"Our Queen and Constitution."

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Poetry.

WINTER.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness—those unsolid hopes
Of happiness—those longings after fame—
Those restless cares—those busy bustling days—
Those gay-spent, festive nights—those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanished! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To Reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Y vainly wise! ye blind presumptions! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause
Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,
And died neglected,—why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul,—
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude, while Luxury
In palaces lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants,—why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge,—why licensed Pain,
That cruel Spoiler, that embosomed foe,
Embittered all our bliss. Ye good distressed,
Ye noble few who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil is no more;
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.

—Thomson.

Agricultural.

FROST AS A MANURE.—We know of no treatment so directly beneficial to almost every class of soils as that of throwing up land in narrow ridges, in the fall or early winter. There are few soils worth cultivating at all, that do not contain more or less materials which can be made available to plants by the combined action of air and frost.

Take two plots of heavy soil, side by side, and let one lie unmoved till spring, while the other is deeply ploughed in autumn, and the result will be very visible in the spring crop. But the manner of plowing is important. To secure the greatest possible advantage, a single furrow should be thrown up, and another back furrow directly upon it, so as to produce a high ridge, and another ridge is to be made in the same manner with a dead-furrow between the two. The process is to be continued thus through the field, so that when finished, it will present a surface of high ridges and deep lead furrows, succeeding each other, about once in two or two and a half feet. If prepared in this way, the frost will penetrate far downward, loosening and disintegrating the soil below the furrows, while the ridges will crumble down, as they will not hold water, the air will circulate freely through them, decomposing the mineral portions, and conveying in the ammonia and other gasses. This operation will be equal to ten or more loads of good manure, upon clay or compact soils.

In the spring it will only be necessary to run a plough once or twice through the centre of each ridge, and then level the whole down with a heavy harrow.

Another advantage in this process, is, that when land is thus prepared, it dries out and warms several days earlier in the Spring. Again, there are soils that are exhausted upon the surface, but which contain poisonous substance in the subsoil. If this subsoil is thrown up in contact with air and frost during winter, these poisonous compounds (usually proto-sulphate of iron or magnesia) will be destroyed, or changed to a harmless form during the winter.

The above practice is especially to be recommended in the garden. One of the most successful cultivators of an acre of ground in our acquaintance digs it up in the Fall to the depth of three or four feet, making deep trenches and high ridges, so that the whole acre appears to be covered with high winrows of hay placed closely together.

We strongly urge every farmer who has not tried this method, to lay out their plans now for experiment in this way, on a larger or smaller scale, during the present season.—*Agriculturist.*

ROTATION OR SUCCESSION OF CROPS.—The subject of rotation of crops has been discussed ever since the days of the earliest cultivators. The wisdom of doing it has never been disputed, for it is founded upon the natural laws. The principal difficulty has ever been to ascertain what system is best adapted to the soil, climate and markets where you operate. In this there must, of course, be variation of practice and variety of opinion. Each one, on experiment, generally comes to some conclusion what will best suit his soil and situation.

A gentleman from Ontario county, N. Y., while in conversation the other day, on this subject, observed to us that he had found the following a good rotation, and one that was much followed in his section. First, manure the land highly, and plant Indian corn; next year, sow to barley; after harvesting this crop, plough the stubble under and sow winter wheat with clover seed, either with the wheat or in the spring. You take off your crop of wheat next year, and a crop of clover the year succeeding that. Then turn the clover roots &c., under, and go through the same course as before.

General News.

POLITICAL DIALOGUE.

NEW EFFORTS AND SPECULATIONS.

Governor.—Yesterday was a very pleasant Sabbath—the most pleasant one that I have spent for six weeks. His Lordship's preaching "dropped like the rain and distilled like the dew." To have our first Session close as it did on Saturday, with every object accomplished—to find myself sustained by a fine majority—to have that odious Prohibitory Law swept from the Statute Book. Were not these matters for real thanksgiving? And this Law declared by our prelate to be "hurtful to religion," on Saturday last was doomed to death.—Religion now must flourish, when the spiritual agencies will be superabundant. Therefore, to every lover of good cheer, of equal right, and privileges, of freedom of appetite, yesterday was a high day in New Brunswick—yes, a BLESSED SABBATH!

Mr. McPhelim.—I suppose it was, and it was of course. We had a blessed time on Saturday afternoon. It was a rum time, this Session, and it had a rum end. Tilley wasn't there, the spalpeen, who would drive the good crater from the Province.—Fisher put his nose in, but was afraid to take a decent drink. Smith is the dearest among the concern. My head ached a little yesterday, but I spent the day ruminating. I was just thinking, Gray, of the wonderful event which put you and myself in our present elevation. I was thinking of the last sermon I heard in Buctouche, about Providence.

Gray.—Well, what about that?

McPhelim.—His reverence took for his text something about the wicked walking on every side, when such people like you and I are exalted, and he discoursed very learnedly and piously. He told us that some men worked up hill, and had to work all the time, and that others got elevated by accident, or by chance, or he would say Providence took them and gave them a lift up, in spite of everybody, and put them in great elevation. He said some very worthy people were suffered to be kept toiling up the sides of the hill, while some miserable scapegraces, without character or morals, were put on top. He called these last "children of Providence."

Gray.—I don't see what that sermon had to do with my "elevation," as you call it. I am sure I earned it, for I served for a time with every party. Take care of yourself, Mac. Why in the name of common sense were you thinking of me so much?

McPhelim.—You're disturbing the train of my reflections. I was thinking as I was ruminating yesterday, that you and I were "children of Providence," for the people never would have put us where we are; it was, yes it really was a providential interposition!

Hazen.—Tol de rol lol. It was the Governor who did the whole. Get on your marrow bones and thank him if you will. I'll certify that Providence had nothing at all to do with it. Providence would have left you piling slabs, and Gray making after-dinner speeches, or singing peans on the top of a water plug.

Chandler.—Come, come, we must now talk about business. We have several appointments to make.

Governor.—The Surveyor General, and Chief Commissioner of Works, should both be appointed immediately. Who do you propose for Surveyor General?

Wilmot.—The Hon. John Montgomery.

Hazen.—But you said Earle was promised this office?

Wilmot.—Promises are like pie crust. I'd promise any thing to carry a point. We are sure of Earle. He has not courage to vote against us.

Hazen.—I am not so sure of that. Earle is an obstinate man. He comes from a County where the opposition to us is very strong, and you have made it worse by trifling with Harry Gilbert. You have deceived that young man grossly, without any good to any one; he is rich, highminded and will not forget it, nor forgive it—mind what I say.—The story of your promise has got out, and he will be a laughing stock among our enemies. Suppose he and Earle put their heads together, as they will do, if both are cheated and you will have no chance in Queen's County. Ferris hates us with perfect hatred, and will join any one to clear us out. Now I say, let Earle be appointed, according to promise. He is an agriculturist, and lives in a rural district, half dissenter, half churchman—just the man we want; he is popular, generally respected as an honourable man, of good family, and above all, the Chief among the Orangemen. What will they say, Wilmot, if McPhelim is put in one of the best offices in the country—a man totally unfit for it, and an unexceptionable man like Earle slighted? Won't it be just as palatable to the people of this County to give Earle £600 a year as to such a man as McPhelim?

Wilmot.—I'll undertake to satisfy the Orangemen. As to Earle, I'll get rid of him by writing him a very kind letter, saying that the North pressed too hard, &c., but telling him that his time would come.

Hazen.—Do you think he will believe one word you say? Do you think that he is such a perfect simpleton?

Chandler.—Then let us give him the first vacant seat in the Legislative Council.

Hazen.—But that, when it comes, is promised already to five or six. Don't you see you are getting into a labyrinth.

Wilmot.—I'd give Earle the seat and get rid of him. But I'd make it a condition, precedent, that he votes to sustain us next winter.

Chandler.—That'll not do, I'll warrant. You see we have already humbugged him, that's flat. Suppose the thing stands thus until the session opens. Fisher gives notice of a Want of Confidence motion. Earle may say, "I'll not stay and vote for you, for you may be put out, and then I'm gone, 'hook and line, bob and sinker.' Put me up stairs, or I will vote against you."

Hazen.—So I think. Earle will never stay and vote for us. He may refuse to vote at all; but as to voting for us after such treatment as this, John Earle will never do that.

Wilmot.—I am not a man to stand at trifles. I never designed to appoint Earle, or Gilbert either; they may do their prettiest. I'm for Montgomery. He don't talk much, it is true, but he *grumbles*, and is a first-rate hand to interrupt the opposition. I'm for him.

Allen.—Montgomery is very valuable in that way, especially in annoying my predecessor.

Chandler.—We must appoint Montgomery; but I think we are very much involved by our promise to Earle, if he has only spirit enough to resent it. I don't think he has. But I think, Wilmot, you can get him at your quarters, and fix him up for this winter.—*Morning News.*

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE RE-ESTABLISHED.—The English ministerial papers publish, in conspicuous type, the following:

The *London Globe* says:

"The alliance between the Emperor Napoleon and Her Majesty Queen Victoria, is as cordial as ever it has been at any hour since it was first established. Moreover, the alliance has been unbroken, and has at no time been interrupted or even impaired. We have persevered in that statement throughout. We did so when all of our contemporaries were against us; and when even the course of events appeared to cast a doubt upon our assurance. The truth of our assertion is confirmed by the general knowledge."

The *London Morning Post* says:

"It is of the highest importance, at a moment like the present, to dispel the exaggerations of rumor, and to regard the truth simply. We, therefore, emphatically state that we have reason to believe that never at any time was the alliance between England and France more solid and faithful than it is now."

"It is true that, of late, though no dispute ever occurred, different views and different positions in reference to a number of minor questions, apparently of trifling importance, have been assumed by the two Governments. This was, perhaps, the result of accident. Certainly it was not attributable to any real divergence of sentiment or opinion between the Emperor Napoleon and Her Majesty's Government."

"We believe that there is now the certainty that the two Governments will act together as in the past, and that together they will insist on the fulfilment of the treaty for which they both fought and conquered."

"The nations and the monarchs are friends whom it would be, indeed, a difficult enterprise to divide,—one which has failed, and which would fail again if ever attempted. The public opinion of this country has never for one moment doubted the sincerity of the Emperor Napoleon, and cordially ratifies the high opinion which the Sovereign has so much reason to entertain of his strict honor and unswerving truth."

BERMUDA.—The fever has again taken one of those favorable turns which encourage the hope that it is on the decline. There have been only three or four new cases in Pembroke since this day week, and well informed persons from all the other Parishes westward of St. George assure us that the number of cases are exceedingly few and scattering in country districts.

There were prospects of a fine sugar crop at Trinidad. The market was glutted with breadstuffs.—American superfine flour had lately been sold at that Island, at \$8 per bbl; a price that must prove extremely discouraging to the American shipper.

Jamaica dates to 25th October, convey nothing of moment. The planters were exulting over the high prices which sugar was realizing in England, *Bermudian Nov. 12.*

The New York and London Telegraph Company announce that they will have the wire in working order by the fall of 1857 or spring of 1858. The cable is to be ready for laying down on the 1st July. As to the mode of laying the cable, that has been carefully considered, and it was thought the most advantageous course to have that accomplished, was in two lengths, having the point of junction in the middle. Two steamers, it was intended, should meet midway across, and having completed the junction of the two halves it should be dropped, and one steamer proceed on her way toward the American shore, while the other made the best of her way to Europe. In this way each of them might lay six miles an hour, so that the whole distance might be completed in a week.