

The Carleton Sentinel

SAMUEL WATTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The Child at Play.

A rosy child went forth to play
In the first hope of youth and pride,
Where sands in silver beauty lay,
Made smooth by the retreating tide;
And kneeling on the trackless waste,
Where ebb'd the waters many a mile,
He raised in hot and trembling haste,
Arch, wall, and tower—a goodly pile.

But, when the shades of evening fell,
Vetting the blue and peaceful deep,
The tolling of the vesper-bell,
Called that boy-builder home to sleep.
He passed a long and restless night,
Dreaming of structures tall and fair,
He came with the returning light,
And lo! the faithless sands were bare.

Less wise than that unthinking child,
Are all that breathe of mortal birth,
Who grasp, with strivings warm and wild,
The false and fading toys of Earth.
Gold, learning, glory—what are they?
Without the faith that looks on high?
The sand-forts of a child at play,
Which are not when the wave goes by.

Select Tale.

CALL A MAN!

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh will do well to read on.

John Jackson was a hard working man of twenty-three. Being the eldest and only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had thought she would like to be Mrs. Jackson. But John was no "ladish" man. The fact was, he was bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, common with all bashful and well meaning men, entertained the very highest respect and admiration for them. And this no doubt was the principle cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize.

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a very respectable farmer, whose land adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy, little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and when he was a few years her senior, was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in coming and going. At last, John became so much of a man as to be kept from school, as he had been in past years. John discovered, too, he was growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; his face pained him, and taking all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half pat together.

As novelists say, it was a lovely day in August. The sun was clear, serene, and beautiful, the trees were loaded with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the tranches. Earth (there, we've slid down to earth once more; such lofty heights—they make our head dizzy.) We were prepared to say that earth yielded a bountiful harvest of grass and clover, and honeysuckles, which this noble yeomanry of Chesterville had garnered within her store-houses—but upon a second thought have concluded it thus:

"The farmers of Chesterville have done harvesting."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to "Kath's Mills" to get some wheat ground, and left John to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow, to commence mowing the meadow grass. Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about the house that afternoon, he would be called in at tea-time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this, he quietly shouldered his sythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, so as to avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants, he might be more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it for he was entirely concealed from observation and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he had made from meeting the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around its neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed across his mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his sythe and springing like a top, he was ready to strike a 240 gait, when at that moment the snake was near enough to hook his crooked teeth into John's shirt just above the hem. With a tremendous spring he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as he stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to see the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the rapidity with which he rushed forward, kept the serpent extended to an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped, the snake would coil about his body and squeeze him to death; if he continued the race he must fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of home: a feeling of security came over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone—the quilting, and worse than all, the girls! The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping around them in a sort of cozening way, as by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance. With

a yell, such as man never uttered, save in mortal terror, poor John set forward at a breakneck speed, and once more he had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume his horizontal position, somewhat after the tail of a comet.

On, on they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake.

His active exercise (he paid particular attention to his running,) together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose bleed, and as he ran, ears erect and head thrown back, his chin, throat and shirt bosom were stained with the flowing stream.

His first shriek had started the quilters, and forth they rushed, wondering if some Indian was not prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head so that he might keep one eye on the snake and with the other observe what course he must take. The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew the girls were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to enfold the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had no control," poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn the snake came round with a whizz, somewhat after the fashion of a coach-whip.

Having reached the barnyard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air, snake ditto; and as he alighted on the other side, his snakeship's tail cracked across the upper bar, snapping like an India cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corner, his snakeship came round with a whizz that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out:

"Call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and as quick as thought re-appeared at the other end of the house:

"Call a man!"

Away he whizzed again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whizz of the snake sounded halfway between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another revolution.

"Call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop-pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John re-appeared, brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's nether garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea-time appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little worse for the race, and to all appearance entirely cured of his bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year they were married; and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, or call another peculiarity, she has only to say, "Any other man," and he instantly sobers down.

USEFULNESS OF CHARCOAL IN AGRICULTURE.—In reply to several inquiries, we say that charcoal is useful. Whether it acts directly and specifically as a manure, to any perceptible degree may perhaps be questioned. Whether it decomposes at all may well be doubted, but it acts as an excellent absorbent of gases and liquids, and so contributes indirectly to the fertility of the soil. Even sparingly used it increases the warmth of the land, darkening its color. When prepared in the old-fashioned way,—piling together 20 or 30 cords of hard wood and covering it with sods, &c.,—we get not only good coal, but also in the sweepings, refuse coal and dirt around an old pit, a good deal of potash, soda, lime and some phosphorus. Besides the effect of charcoal and ashes, we have also that of "torrified" or baked earth which is often of considerable importance.

Every experienced florist will tell us of the fine effect produced by it, when spread in coarse lumps on the surface of his pot soil. Who has not observed how charcoal dust gives the grass of lawns a dark, rich lustre? An acquaintance of ours, who frequently burns coal for market, collects the refuse dust and ashes from his hearths, and mixing it with common soil about half and half spreads the same over his grass and wheat fields at the rate of about five cords per acre. The effect he assures us is quite marked. The superior green of his fields is noticeable to every passer by. Another farmer uses the leavings of his "coal hearths" for mixing with manure on his stables, and as a deodorizer in drains, privies, vaults, &c. This compost he uses on corn, potatoes, and cabbages, and where it is used he has no trouble with worms of any kind, and his crops are large and of the first quality. Cases are not uncommon where charcoal dust is thrown into hog-pens, and in other ways incorporated with offensive manure uniformly deodorizing the manure, to some degree at least.

In an old garden, once under the writer's care, worms and vermin of various kinds infested the ground. It was almost impossible to raise crops of radishes, beets, onions, and cabbages. Lime and salt were tried, but with little apparent benefit. At length, we spread a coating of charcoal dust and salt over the entire surface, and worked the mixture thoroughly. From that day to this the worms have diminished, and now are few and far between—killed or driven away by the treatment we know not which. Another year we mean to use the same composition under our currants and gooseberries to see if it will not kill out the moths; and around our young fruit trees to drive away the borers. For young evergreens and all trees, we presume charcoal dust will prove an excellent dressing.—*American Agriculturist.*

SHE NEVER LEAVES HIM.—Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; that man visited by misfortunes! How often is he left by his fellow men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded, alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his afflictions with unshaken affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtues; resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distresses, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow end together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardent affection which death itself cannot destroy.

SOWING HAY SEED IN AUGUST.—The plan of sowing grass seed in August, is a very good one. It succeeds as often as other modes do, and when you have been prevented, by any cause, from putting in what seed you designed with other crops in the Spring, you need not hesitate to scatter it liberally now. It should be done rather earlier in Maine than in Massachusetts, in order that the grass may get well set before winter, and there will then be less danger of its being winter killed. Those who have tried this mode of cultivating grass, have succeeded very well. We first saw it recommended by Dr. Buckminster, of the Ploughman, but some others claim the honor of the mode. Nature certainly is before them all, as she has sown all her grass seed during the latter part of Summer and in the Autumn, from time immemorial. It is some credit, however to be observant of Nature, and to ascertain her laws so as to follow them out successfully. The Grasses that we have seen cultivated in this way, were Herd's Grass and Redtop, but Clover is said to do pretty well also, if mixed with them. The sward was turned over after a pretty light crop of Hay had been taken off, and after the ground had been thoroughly harrowed a liberal quantity of seed was put on, harrowed in, a roller was used to smooth it down and bring the top of the soil in close contact with any seeds that may be lodged in the cavities. The seed was soon up, and the proprietor is now rejoicing in a bountiful crop of hay, the results of his industry and skill.—*Maine Farmer.*

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, sixty pounds.
Corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds.
Corn, on the cob, seventy pounds.
Rye, fifty-six pounds.
Oats, thirty-six pounds.
Barley, forty-six pounds.
Buckwheat, fifty-six pounds.
Irish potatoes, sixty pounds.
Sweet potatoes, fifty pounds.
Onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Beans, sixty pounds.
Bran, twenty pounds.
Clover seed, sixty pounds.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Hemp seed, forty-five pounds.
Blue-grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

A man in Louisville, who is in the habit of sending his boots out to be blacked, could not find his polished understandings one day last week. He sent his little son to the darkie's cellar, but he returned, saying it was shut up. The gentleman went himself in his slippers, and after rapping some time he heard a noise inside. Presently a window opened, and Cuffy's head poked through.

"I want my boots," said the gentleman.

"Sorry to 'form you, massa, dat you can't bat um," replied Cuff. "Ee's is I giv out bat, failed, broke, cleaned out, jammed up, split, I is."

"But, Cuff," said the gentleman, "I can't help that. I must have my boots."

Cuff, finding his customer riled up, poked one of the boots out of the window, and said:

"Massa, I isn't tellin' no lie. I is clean bat and no mistake. I see taken an 'inventory of my affec's and as I b'live on the honor of a gentleman, dat I shall be able to pay fifty cents on a dollar, I is willin' to gib you yours now. Dar it am. Take de boot."

So saying, he slammed the window, leaving our friend to go home in his slippers, with one boot in his hand—his fifty cents on a dollar.

ORIGIN OF THE INCH.—The British inch had its origin, says John Taylor, a high authority, in the measurement of the earth by the founders of the Great Pyramid. They determined with great exactness, the proportion with which the diameter of a circle bears to its circumference, and having ascertained the measure of the circumference of the earth, supposing it to be a perfect sphere, they divided the diameter into 500,000,000 of units, which we shall call inches. This appears to have been the origin of our inch. The polar diameter of the earth, according to calculation, is equal to 500,401,440 of these inches, which measure so little exceeds the mean diameter of the earth, according to the ancients, as to require the addition of only one-thousandth part, to render it, with all but mathematical precision, the five hundred millionth part of the earth's axis of rotation.

The writer of the following is envious as well as impatient:

Men scorn to kiss themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women often want to kiss so bad,
They smack and kiss each other.

"Don't cry little boy. Did he hit you on purpose?" "No, sir; he hit me on the head."

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I have often read of people poor, but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich, but honest?" "Tut, my son, said his father, 'nobody would believe them.'"

"What stingy fellows they must be in New York," exclaimed a fine country girl, "Our Sallie says she never could get a buss without paying five cents for it."

Items, Foreign & Local.

IMPEITY.—The London Court Journal contains a reference to a remarkable case of impeity which occurred recently in a village in the West of England. A man of large fortune died, and directed in his will that his horse should be companioned and led to his grave, and there shot and buried with him, that he might be ready to 'mount at the resurrection, and start to advantage.' To the disgrace of all concerned, this was actually performed.

A new French infernal machine is described as capable of destroying six iron-plated ships a distance of more than 5,000 yards. The British Admiralty, it is said, are already acquainted with the secret of the invention.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS BEATEN.—The England Eleven were beaten at Sydney, N. S. W., lately by the United Eleven of New South Wales and Victoria. In the 1st innings the score was—All England, 60; in the United Twenty-two, 101. Second Innings, All England, 75; United Twenty-two 30; winning with 12 wickets to fall.

The Northern papers say that Acting Master Stone, who was in charge of the Emily St. Pierre at the time of her re-capture by Captain Wilson, has been dismissed from the Federal service.

Under the heading of "Jealousy, Murder, and Suicide," the New York papers give details of the case of a German tailor on Prospect Street, who shot his wife, and then blew his own brains out, a few days ago.

The Colonial Empire states that the Intercolonial Railway is taken up by the new Canadian Ministry; delegations are invited from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and Mr. Attorney General Archibald and Hon. Benjamin Wier go to Quebec to represent Nova Scotia.

The power of a horse is understood to be that which will elevate a weight of 33,000 lbs. the height of one foot in a minute of time, equal to about ninety pounds at the rate of four miles per hour.

A resolution censuring Mr. Cameron, late Secretary of War, for his rather discreditable connection with army contractors, was passed by the House of Representatives recently.

The Emperor of Russia is proceeding with his reforms. He has decreed the organization of an elective municipal council for Moscow, similar to that instituted at St. Petersburg.

Archibald Connolly of Nova Scotia, accompanied by the Rev. Canon Garey, left Halifax on the 1st inst. in the America for England, en route for Rome. Bishops Mulick and Duley of Newfoundland were also passengers for the same destination.

The Hon. Chancellor Vankoughnet has signalled the commencement of his career on the Chancery Bench of Canada West, by decreeing that Council practicing in his Court shall be prohibited from sporting moustaches.

Fifty millions of Lucifer matches are daily consumed in England. Those employed in making lucifers are liable to a fearful disease called "necrosis," caused by the fumes of the phosphorus, which attacks the jaw-bone, sometimes quite destroying it. The disease has induced a philanthropic inventor to invent a "safety match," in which no phosphorus is used.

The tax on dogs in England for the past year is said to have produced \$956,700.

The Suez canal approaches completion. Twenty-two thousand men are employed on the work.

In the London Exhibition, Bibles will be exhibited in one hundred different languages.

The number of stitches in a crochet counterpane, sent by a young lady to the exhibition, is estimated at 2,921,821; the quantity of crochet cotton used is 62,000 yards, or 35 miles; the time taken for its entire completion was three months, working on an average twelve hours per day.

There are now 3,323 sick soldiers in the Hospitals about Washington.

The sum received for season tickets for the International Exhibition, exceeds by nearly £5,000 the amount received up to the same time in 1851.

For the sole privilege of taking the photographs in the great International Exhibition, the Stereoscopic Company have, it is said, paid the Royal Commissioners £1,500 guineas.

Three French steam frigates are said to have been ordered from Vera Cruz to Halifax.

The "representation by population" scheme has been again defeated in the Canadian Parliament.

Nova Scotia has sixty five exhibitors at the International Exhibition, and this Province thirty-six.

Mr. David Patterson Jr., son of Mr. Patterson, King-street, St. John, was killed in the Federal service, on board the Galena, at Fort Darling near Richmond.

A negro woman named Jordan, 90 years of age, was burned to death in her house in Digby township on the 15th inst. She was living alone at the time.

The Daily Telegraph states that at the London Exhibition the Duc d'Annam visited the French court again, and remained in it for a long time, being dogged from spot to spot by a French detective who took down the name of every exhibitor at whose stall the royal exile lingered.

The Duke of Newcastle has refused to accede to the Request of the Roman Catholic Bishops, Clergy and other inhabitants of Newfoundland, for the recall of the Governor, Sir A. Bannerman.

In a freshet near Fort Kent, on the Upper St. John, eighteen head of cattle were drowned, out of a herd of twenty.

Notice is given in the London Gazette that the Queen will hold no levee or drawing rooms this year.

Perhaps every one does not know that beeswax rubbed on when the iron is moderately heated, and the iron smartly rubbed on a woollen cloth, will remove rust entirely.

The distress among English operatives is increasing every day. Large sums of money have been raised in London and other cities, and forwarded for their relief. The Poor Law guardians are also very zealous in assisting those who are suffering. A statement which seems almost incredible is made in the English papers, that in Blackburn 10,000 persons—or about one-sixth of the entire population—are absolutely dependant on the Board of Guardians or the Relief Fund, and about 20,000 are on short time.

A petition bearing 35,000 signatures has just been placed in the hands of Sir James Hudson, British Ambassador at Turin, imploring the diplomatic assistance of Great Britain in securing the evacuation of Rome by the French troops.

A movement is on foot for procuring funds to erect a statue in Dublin to the memory of Edmund Burke.

The people of Belfast, Ireland, have resolved to erect a splendid clock-tower as a memorial of the late Prince Consort, the cost will not be less than £3000.

The loss from the shrinkage of hay betwixt July 20 and February 20 is 27 1-2 per cent., therefore hay at \$15 per ton in the field is equal to \$20 and upwards when weighed from the mow in winter.

THE FUTURE OF THE PROVINCE.

(Hon. Mr. MITCHELL'S Speech, continued from our last.)

With reference to the present School system, it was partly introduced by my hon. friend, Mr. Chandler. It is indeed like the Railway, an offspring of his own. And I am rather surprised to hear my hon. friend deprecating his own children. I think as a matter of good taste, he should have left their failings to be exposed by others less intimately connected with them. The evils connected with the Parish School system are not unnumbered evils, but a large amount of benefits accrue from them. The system has been introduced as the result of years of agitation and Legislation, and does my hon. friend suppose that the people of this country would be willing to give up this result, wipe off the system, abolish the officers, all before it has been tested, and by one retrograde step undo the labour of years in the work of reform and go back to our old and incompetent system. No! As in the case of the Liquor Law, I protest against such action, as being undignified and unbecoming in us as Legislators, and unfair to those who originated the system, and to the whole people who are to reap whatever advantages there are connected with it. My hon. friend fails when he endeavors to establish an analogy between a prudent man controlling his own means and a government having charge of the interests and revenues of the country. The individual can do as he pleases with his resources, he is only responsible to himself, he may give very largely to the poor, but can we take the provincial revenues and dispose of them in this way? most certainly not. Had he compared the government to the executors of an estate held in trust for heirs, he would have illustrated the case better. For the public, we hold in trust the public property, and in our use of that property it is our duty always to consider the public interest, and wish that my hon. friend contended that we can turn a man out of office whenever we please. We cannot do so even when we may desire, because the public will not justify us in the act.

Hon. Mr. BORSBORN.—Mr. Chandler was a subject of just such a principle.

Hon. Mr. MITCHELL.—As an abstract principle the best man should always fill with office, but my hon. friend knows full well that in practice this cannot always be carried out, and a certain latitude must be allowed. I agree with my hon. friend that there has been too large an increase of a certain class of teachers, and that a considerable saving can be made by cutting off that class, and limiting the facilities for obtaining office. I agree with my hon. friend that the remuneration to that class of teachers is too large, and I may likewise state that the government have, for some time, had under their consideration the subject with a view of endeavoring to remedy the evil complained of.

How is the introduction of the present school system to be justified if the old system, back to which we must go to perfect it? I differ from my hon. friend, moreover, in this, as in other propositions, which all involve the principle of retrograding, and which all hold up as a model worthy of imitation, the old system. If we find our present system is bad, we should rather look forward to an improvement than back to already exploded ones. The fifth, seventh, eighth, and the some extent, the same with him that the remuneration to that class of teachers is too large, and I may likewise state that the government have, for some time, had under their consideration the subject with a view of endeavoring to remedy the evil complained of.

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