

The Colonial Herald,

AND

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND ADVERTISER.

NEW SERIES.]

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POETRY.

ODE,

ON THE EDUCATIONAL PROSPECTS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The would-be poet, emulous of fame,
Will court the muse, to dignify his name;
Pretend he met her by some murm'ring rill,
When darkness reign'd and other sounds were still;
Or shift the scene, and wand'ring with her, go,
Where frightful tempests vomit "polar snow";
There catch the spirit of the raging storm,
And learn from nature pensive lines to form.
Thus purling rills his tender passions move
To sympathy, and furnish strains of love.
The fearful tempest, howling through the air,
Supplies the image when he paints despair.
I, too, must beg the favor of the muse,
To grace a subject poets seldom choose;
To sing of Education's dawning day,
Which soon shall break, lit by a brighter RAE;
When ignorance unweild, away shall fly,
And hide beneath a less effulgent sky
Prince Edward Isle! the magic of thy name
Enkindles in my breast the patriot-flame;
Well pleas'd, I view each cultivated scene,
And challenge Erin for a richer green.
But though enraptur'd, I can not forget
How large a part remains a forest yet;
Where stately trees, in grand luxuriant style,
Proclaim the riches center'd in thy soil;
And e'en from this a heartfelt pleasure flows,
For all thy forests "blossom as the rose."
From pleasing scenes like these I turn awhile
To dwell upon thy intellectual soil,
Which soon "unforested," shall richly yield,
And bloom a smiling cultivated field.
For whichsoever way I look around,
Scions of science cover all thy ground—
A cheering sight of healthy, vigorous shoots,
Which promise harvest rich of mental fruits;
Thy sons, of various talent, shall arise,
Some future Wiggins, who shall read the skies;
Some Cooper, deeply skill'd in nature's laws,
Of winds and currents, shall explain the cause;
Widely the "healing art" shall spread abroad,
From "learned doctors" of the Malpeque Road;
Some native Bigney shall to future men
Give scientific lectures on the brain;
Some one (but this appears a doubtful case)
May rival Knox, and well supply his place.
Ev'n hoarse St. Lawrence now pretends to "taste,"
Proud of the gem he wears upon his breast,
And gently, when "the stormy tempest blows,"
Kisses thy shore and "murmurs soft applause."

SCRIBO.

Darnley, 15th April, 1841.

AGRICULTURE.

IMPORTANT RESULTS OF INDUSTRY.—Two hundred years ago the Isle of Axholme was one of the most remarkable places in England. It is not an island in the sea. It is a part of Lincolnshire—a piece of land hilly in the middle and surrounded by rivers. The Trent runs on the east side of it; and some smaller rivers formerly flowed round the rest of it, joining the Humber to the north. These rivers carried down a great deal of mud with them to the Humber, and the tides of the Humber washed up a great deal of sea sand into the mouths of the rivers; so that the waters could not for some time flow freely, and were at last prevented from flowing away at all; they sank into the ground and made a swamp of it—a swamp of many miles round the hilly part of the Isle of Axholme. This swamp was long a very dismal place. Fish and water birds inhabited it; and here and there stood the hut of a fowler or a peat stack raised by people who lived in the hills round, and who obtained their fuel from the peat lands in the swamp. There were also sprinkled over the district a few very small houses—cells belonging to the Abbey of St. Mary at York. . . . At last a Dutchman having seen what wonders were done in his own country by good draining, thought he could render this district fit to be inhabited and cultivated, and he made a bargain with the King about it. After spending much money and taking great pains he succeeded. He drew the waters off into new channels, and kept them there by sluices, and carefully watching the embankments he had raised. The land which was left was manured and cultivated, till, instead of reedy and mossy swamp, there were fields of clover and of corn, and meadows of the finest grass, with cattle and sheep grazing in large numbers. The dwellings that were still standing were made into farm houses, and new farm-houses were built. A church here, and a chapel there, was cleaned, warmed, and painted, and opened for worship, and good roads crossed the district into all the counties near. [From the *Playfellows*—a series of stories by Miss Harriet Martineau, intended for the entertainment of children, which by the information and facts communicated, is intended and calculated equally for the enlargement of their minds. These stories are a great improvement upon the ordinary run of juvenile books, and indeed may be read with interest by the "children of a larger growth" with advantage, as well as by the smaller ones for whom they are immediately designed.]

CREAM.—We publish the following suggestions from the Vermont Farmer, not knowing from experience whether the proposed improvements would be useful.

The peculiar rich cream of Devonshire, England, called clouted cream, is obtained by using zinc pans of a peculiar construction, consisting of an upper and lower apartment. The milk is put into the upper apartment; and after it has stood 12 hours, an equal quantity of boiling water introduced into the lower one. At the end of another 12 hours the cream is taken off much more easily and perfectly than in the common way, and is also more abundant and richer. The result of 12 experiments carefully made was as follows, 4 gallons of milk treated as above, gave in 24 hours, four and a half pints of cream, which yielded, after churning 15 minutes, 40 ounces of butter; 4 gallons treated in the usual way, gave in 40 hours, 4 pints of cream, which yielded after churning 90 minutes, 36 oz. of butter. The increase in the quantity of cream is 12½ per cent. The same principle may be applied in the use of common pans. It would be easy, for instance, to prepare some kind of trough, of tin, perhaps, or even wood, into which the pans could be set, and hot water afterwards

be introduced. As a close trough would be much better than an open one, you may have a cover in which to set the pans. If it is true, that you would thus get some two pounds more butter a week from each cow, the apparatus and trouble would soon be paid for—to say nothing of the time saved in churning. We do not see why zinc pans—which are said to be decidedly preferable to any other for the dairy—with the tin range as above, would not be quite as good as the complicated and expensive Devonshire pans. And it would be easy for the dairy woman to satisfy herself respecting the principle, without either. By using cold water instead of hot, the range would serve to keep milk sweet in warm weather.—*Vermont Farmer.*

CARE OF COWS.—At this season of the year milch cows should have a little meal daily—one quart will be sufficient. Meal is far preferable to roots for new milch cows. Roots may be given when cows begin to give a diminished quantity of milk, but now, and on their first going to grass, they need something to sustain them rather than to cause their milk to flow more freely.—*Ibid.*

EVERY FARMER SHOULD ATTEMPT THE FIELD CULTURE OF ROOT CROPS—he may raise as much cattle food from one acre as from two acres of meadow.—*Ibid.*

BREEDING SWINE.—Farmers who raise their own pigs should be very careful to let the breeders have room enough, and not to disturb or shift them from pen to pen for some weeks before littering. Sows will often devour their own offspring when shut up in close pens or when disturbed, about that time. Some good farmers practice throwing into the yard some pieces of salt pork or other meat, on the supposition that the female has an unusual craving for animal food at this season, and that this occasions her unnatural destruction of her young.

GREAT CAUTION MUST BE USED IN FEEDING THE MOTHER DURING THE FIRST 24 HOURS—if she be then cloyed with food she loses her appetite and will pine for a long time in consequence of it.—*Boston Cultivator, May 1.*

IMPORTANT TO HORSEMEN.—A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—The day before yesterday, we happened to be passing in the front of the United States Hotel, when we observed a large crowd attracted by an omnibus laden with passengers, which the horses refused to draw. The driver had tried every expedient to urge on the animals—such as the ordinary modes of whipping coaxing, &c. but all in vain, when our townsman, John C. Montgomery, Esq. suggested the plan of tying a string tightly round the horse's ear close to the head—the driver apprehending that Mr. M. was disposed to quiz him, refused to make the trial, but upon Mr. M.'s tying the twine round the horse's ear—having requested the driver to resume his seat and to give the horse a loose rein, without applying the whip—it operated like a charm, and the animals started off without further difficulty, to the infinite amusement and gratification of the bystanders. Mr. M. stated to the crowd, that he had tried the experiment more than a hundred times, and had never known it to fail but once.—*Philadelphia Standard.*

ANXIETY OF ANIMALS FOR THEIR KIND IN DANGER.—The inhabitants of Ireland say, that the cows of Kerry are the prettiest, the sweetest, and the kindest little creatures in the world. They pay very well, and though rather wild at first, a little skittish—and coquetish, too, like the ladies of a different race—they become, under proper treatment, exceedingly gentle and familiar. "When I buy them," says the relator of this anecdote, "I always choose them by the head and the horn. I pick out those I consider to have good countenances, as most people do ladies that please them. Last year I was lucky in the three which I bought; they became in a short time very great pets. I generally go out in the morning, before breakfast, and they always meet me at the gate of their pasture, expecting to have their heads scratched and be spoken to. One in particular, a quaint, crumple-horned little lass, used to put her nose into my pocket, like, to feel for bread and potatoes, which I generally brought with me. Her breath was so sweet, and her eyes so placid, that I was almost even tempted to be of the humour of the man who loved to kiss his cow. Now, there happened to be in this field a swing, and my dear kind Kerry lass, who was inordinately curious, seeing the younger part of my family often swinging, thought (I suppose) she might take a swing too herself. Be this as it may, one day, about noon, a constant and loud lowing of the cows was heard at the gate nearest the house; and my brother, who was within, hearing the unusual and continued noise, went out to see what was the matter. As soon as he came to the gate, he saw two of the dear Kerry cows very uneasy, but the third was not with them; so he proceeded into the grounds. As he went, the cows seemed anxiously following, still lowing, till he arrived at the furthest end of the land; when he saw my pet, the third pretty Kerry, entangled in the rope of the swing, and caught by her head and horns, where she must have been soon strangled, if not relieved."

THE CANARY AND CATERPILLAR.—A nursing canary bird eats its own bulk in a day, and a caterpillar eats 500 times its own weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly.

Precept, without example, is like a waterman, who looks one way and rows another. What avails the knowledge of good and evil, if we do not what we ought to do? A direction post may point out the right road, without being obliged to follow it; but human finger-posts, especially teachers and preachers, have not the same privilege. When a man's life gives the lie to his tongue, we naturally believe the former rather than the latter. Pharaical professions are but a tinkling cymbal; we cannot listen patiently to the voice of the hypocrite, charm he never so wisely; but there is a silent eloquence in the morality of a whole life that is irresistible. Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end, when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility. Tertullian says, that even our writings blush when our actions do not correspond with them. Ought not this inconsistency rather to produce a contrary effect, and to prevent our writings from being read?

SCRAPIANA.

SMALLEST SEA STEAMER IN THE WORLD.—Malta, March 20.—The Peninsular and Oriental Company's iron steam-packet Lotus, (John Moody, Commander,) is worthy of particular notice. She is only 34 tons burden, and 24 horse power. She draws only two feet of water. She was built by Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare, London; the engines are by John Penn and Son, Greenwich. The engines and boilers of the Lotus are of very superior construction, having oscillating cylinders, well-known and valued for the exceeding small space which they occupy, as well as their lightness, simplicity, and elegance. Indeed, the whole construction of this steamer is a miracle of art and mechanical skill. The Lotus is, perhaps, the smallest steamer in the world which has made so long a voyage at sea. She encountered the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and got safely across; from Gibraltar she was towed by the Oriental to Malta; she leaves here shortly for Candia; thence she will proceed to Alexandria and the Nile, the place of her destination. On Tuesday noon, the Lotus cruised in the Great Harbour and about its mouth, attracting the attention and commanding the admiration of everybody. She made eight knots an hour; she went as smooth through the water as a duck, or rather an arrow shot through the water. Outside the harbour the Lotus was saluted by the "monsters of the deep," a shoal of porpoises, who frolicked and gambled about her prow, reminding one of Venus sailing in her shelly car across the briny wave, with all the finny tribes in gay and silvery attendance.

ENGLAND THE PROTECTRESS OF THE NEGRO.—Few persons consider the immense increase of power which England has obtained by the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. Heavy as was the expenditure for that great act of justice, it secured for our colonies the only cheap and secure defence of nations, the hearts and hands of a grateful people. Besides this, it has given this country the power of shaking to the centre every slave-holding State in America. There is probably not a Negro in the French or the Spanish possessions in the West Indies, in the United States of America, or the Brazilian empire, who has not heard that England has liberated all her slaves, and who does not, therefore, look on the English nation as its natural friend. This feeling cannot be eradicated except by the granting of a similar boon to that which has been granted by the British Government, and as there is very little prospect of this in any of the countries or colonies enumerated, and none whatever in most of them, there is no danger that these feelings of sympathy will be diminished or changed. England now stands in the proud position of the guardian of the Negro race, and so far from having any reason to apprehend an attack on the free population of her own West India colonies, can at any time use those colonies as a lever to shake the power of any nation with whom she may be called to contend on the western shores of the Atlantic. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande, she has earned herself innumerable friends and allies by that single act of justice.—*Liverpool Times.*

EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT AT SEA.—During the passage of the John Bull steam-ship from Hamburg to London lately, an accident of a most singular nature happened to a young man named Clark, an apprentice on board, who is nearly out of his time. Clark was sent into the main chains some hours after the vessel left Hamburg, for the purpose of heaving the lead. He was on the larboard side of the vessel, and had been for some time taking soundings, when he was suddenly misse by the mate, who was at the wheel, and who heard a noise resembling that of a man splashing his hands and feet in the water. The vessel was immediately stopped and backed astern, and the boat lowered, and the men who rowed it looked about for nearly twenty minutes, but without being able to find him. The boat returned to the steamer, and was hoisted up, and the vessel proceeded on her voyage, everybody supposing he was lost. Directly after some of the men went to the side of the vessel and hauled in the lead line, and to their great surprise pulled up the body of Clark who had been for nearly 20 minutes in the water, suspended by the line, which had made a complete hitch:ot round his neck. Captain Corbin, the command of the ship, the mate, and all the hands that could be spared, lost no time in using every means in their power to save him. He was conveyed to the fore cabin stripped, and placed in a hot bath, water having been recoured from the boilers for the purpose. Captain Corbin and his mate applied the means recommended by the Royal Humane Society for saving life, but it was long before the young man exhibited the least signs of animation. The captain and his men would not despair; they continued their exertions, and exactly on hour after the sufferer was taken out of the water, he began to show some signs of life. Stimulants were then supplied, and he soon after became conscious of his situation. His neck and throat were much swollen, and leeches were applied. The swelling was soon reduced by the application of the leeches, and by the time the vessel reached London the young man appeared to be out of immediate danger. He is now doing well. It appears that when he fell overboard his head was kept above water while the ship was moving, and he was dragged through the sea with it; but when the vessel stopped he sunk, and remained suspended under water with the rope round his neck.

THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.—The surviving members of this illustrious family are the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, Lady Anne Culling Smith, the Duke of Wellington, the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley and Lord Cowley, whose united ages, within a few years, amount to the extraordinary number of 443 years. Since March, 1794, there has not been a death in the family, excepting their mother, the late Countess of Mington, a circumstance unparalleled in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

Dr. Knight of Sheffield, is the first Roman Catholic conneed with the medical profession, on whom the honour of Knighthood has been conferred since the reformation.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.—A native of China now at Rome, furnishes the following statistical details to the *Franconian Courier*:—"There are, at present, about 300,000 Christians in China. The greater part of them are indebted for pastoral care to the Lazarists, but some likewise to the Dominicans and the Franciscans, and to a small number of Italian priests. The whole number of priests, European and Chinese, does not exceed 300. Of seminaries there are but few, and those few are little more than common schools. The Christians are not allowed to practice their religion publicly, but with their private assemblies no interference will take place. The churches are but few in number, and those not capacious enough for their several congregations, and the faithful are obliged to meet privately. Singularly enough, a church, erected at Pekin, by the Emperor Hang Hi, who was very friendly to the Christians, has remained intact. A notion has long prevailed among the Pagans of China, that, as long as the cross remains standing on the steeple of this church, no serious calamity can befall the empire. In Canton there are between 8,000 and 9,000 Christians, who, in that city, enjoy greater liberty than in any other part of the country.

HIP, HURRA!—"Hip, hip, hurra!" originated in the Crusades, it being a corruption of H. E. P. the initials of *Hierosolyma est perdita* (Jerusalem is lost), the motto on the banner of Peter the Hermit, whose followers hunted the Jews down with the cry of "Hip, hip, hurra!"

In Flacourt's History of Madagascar there is the following sublime prayer, said to be used by the people we call savages:—"O Eternal! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away. O Infinite! because I am weak. O Sovereign of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave. O Omniscent! because I am in darkness. O All Bounteous! because I am poor. O All Sufficient, because I am nothing!"

EFFECTS OF TEETOTALISM IN IRELAND.—The accounts from this country continue to be of the most interesting and encouraging character. At the late assizes, the judges generally remarked on the extraordinary improvement that had taken place, and was then in progress. The statements in the public papers are of a corresponding character. The *Waterford Mirror* says, "There is not a single prisoner for trial at our approaching assizes." The *Sligo Champion* observes, "The crown business is a mere trifle;" other papers give accounts almost equally favourable. Judge Cramp-ton, in his address to the Grand Jury of the county of Cork, after remarking on the astonishing improvement that had taken place in the moral habits of the people, observes, "The calendar presents a striking effect of the moral good brought about. A crime that had been of almost daily occurrence, and from which such lamentable results spring, is now nowhere to be found on the calendar. I allude to those faction fights that had so long disgraced the country, and as arising from which species of offence, the calendar, when I last had the honour to preside here, was prolific. It is now swept away altogether. Gentlemen, most sincerely do I hope that the improvement will extend; and as example is of the utmost consequence, the higher the example in society, the more certain will be the beneficial results."

A temperance and a total abstinence society have been established in Sydney, New South Wales, which are patronized by the Governor, there being at their head the Attorney General, Mr. Judge Stephens, and many others of the colony. There are also published at Sydney a teetotal and a temperance magazine, and a temperance newspaper, and teetotal hotels are on the spread.

A HOAX ON AMERICAN TRAVELLERS BY A KILLARNEY PEASANT.—This anecdote was told Mrs. Hall by the peasant himself, and she quotes his own words with infinite unction:—"There were two young gentlemen here last summer, mighty dandy chaps they were entirely, and we couldn't make out what country they belonged to, purtending they couldn't understand us. And sure enough we could return the compliment, for their words war fine drawn, finer than flax twenty cuts to the dozen—they bothered the life out of us wid questions, and kept putting down everything they saw or heard in their bits of note-books. One of 'em was from Ameriky, I believe, and his comrade called him "Willey." Well, they war just the sort—for we're used to 'em, and can see asy enough whether they have a good heart to the country or not; they war just the sort to misrepresent every thing, not out of badness, but from being strangers to our ways; and so we thought we'd give 'em some fine big lies to carry home; and we met that baste in the gap (pointing to a long-haired donkey a few yards off), and "that's the original Irish ass, your honours," said I, "the true breed"—well, that went down in the book wid a sketch. "That's the descendant, and the only one living in the country, your honours, of the rale one that O'Donoghue was riding the evening the waters broke in on him." "Are you sure of that?" said one. "It's as true, Sir," I made answer, "as that it's the rale animal"—well, that went down, too, and they chatted together and said, "that's a singular fact!" And so I thot I'd give 'em another to make it plural. "There's an ould, ancient woman in the Gap makes beautiful stockings out of his hair," I says, "and if your honours would like a pair, just as a curiosity, I think I could get them may be as a favour; and then no one could misdoubt, when you had them to show." Well they took wonderful to the stockings, and got some; fine grey stockings they war, made out of the wool of the Kerry sheep; and the ould woman caught the wind of the word "cute enough, and was up to the thing at once;—well, they paid her for them more than what she axed, and yet her conscience was not altogether tender about the price; and oh, to hear how they talked to each other, in a foreign tongue that sounded mighty like bog Latin, and put the stockings by so careful! Sure the strangers get many a laugh out of poor Paddy, and it would ill become us not to return the compliment.—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland—last part.*